

LIVES  
OF  
EMINENT MISSIONARIES.

BY  
JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

---

VOL. I.

---

LONDON:  
FISHER, SON, & JACKSON, NEWGATE STREET.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, KNT.

LATE PRESIDENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S COUNCIL ON  
CEYLON.

---

SIR,

IN offering the tribute of this volume to You, I beg to express my sense of the kind interest which you have taken in its production, and of the aid I have received from your valued communications respecting the distinguished Missionary, Swartz. The praise bestowed upon my undertaking by an individual, himself so eminent in the pursuits of literature, was a powerful incentive to exertion; and I trust my work will not be deemed altogether unworthy of being dedicated to You, in testimony of the gratitude, esteem, and respect, with which I have the honour to subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN CARNE.

KENNIE, PENZANCE,  
*June 20, 1832.*

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
JOHN ELIOT . . . . .	1
EARLY MISSION TO TRANQUEBAR . . . . .	82
CHRISTIAN FREDERIC SWARTZ . . . . .	96
HANS EGEDE . . . . .	185
THE MORAVIAN MISSION . . . . .	222
JOHN KIERNANDER . . . . .	299
HOCKER AND ANTES . . . . .	319

LIVES  
OF  
EMINENT MISSIONARIES.

---

JOHN ELIOT.

THE early life of Eliot is involved in some obscurity; even the place of his birth is unknown. His intimate friend and biographer says, quaintly, "It is not necessary for me to look back to the place of his nativity: the Atlantic, like a river of Lethé, causes us to forget many things on the other side." The condition of his parents must have been respectable, and their circumstances easy, for they sent him to the university of Cambridge, where he formed a friendship with a few of the remarkable men of the age.

While there, his progress in his studies was rapid and various: to an extensive knowledge in theology, he joined that of the liberal arts and sciences; but his favourite study was the Scripture in its original tongues. On leaving Cambridge, he was invited to reside with the Rev. Thomas Hooker, a distinguished divine, who, on account of his nonconformity, was suspended from his ministry at Chelmsford, in Essex. He then established a school, at the request of some

friends, in the village of Little Baddow. Eliot became his assistant: his services were very useful as well as acceptable to the former, who soon took a strong interest in his welfare, won by his amiable temper and manners, as well as by the liveliness and energy of his converse, the more striking, as his exterior did not promise "any such." Eliot ever afterwards spoke of his residence at Little Baddow as the beginning of all his happiness: till then, he had learning, talent, and ambition to turn them to the best account; but till he came to the dwelling of Hooker, he never knew religion, he said, in its power or beauty. The change was gentle and gradual, that led the gifted scholar to the riches of Christ: many a conversation did he and his friend Hooker hold together; and weeks and months past away ere he yielded. The lonely communion with his own heart was not neglected, often retiring into the woods around the village. Hooker let his spirit calmly take its own course, for he saw that it was of a character, slow to embrace, but unchanging, and even impetuous, when decided. He was right—and Eliot, after a while, looked abroad into the world with a changed hope and purpose. His friend, who had been the means of this change, now directed his thoughts to the ministry. The situation of things in England was unfavourable for a young divine who had embraced Hooker's opinions, and Eliot made the bold choice of going to America, where a wide and free career was open to him. "It was a singular privilege," observes his biographer, "that he had so long the society of Hooker, who filled his mind with many accomplishments for his great work, while he was yet in the purity of his life."

He now resolved to lose no time in putting his design into execution: he embarked for New England in the summer of 1631, and arrived at Boston

in the month of November in the same year; so long were voyages oftentimes at this period. On his first arrival, he joined himself to the church at Boston; Mr. Wilson, the pastor, being gone back to England to perfect the settlement of his affairs, the former supplied his place in his absence. On his return, the congregation wished much that Eliot should be chosen for his colleague; but another destiny awaited him. It appears that he had engaged to some friends at home, that if they came over before he had the pastoral care of any other people, he would be for their service. It happened that they came over the year after, and chose their habitation at Roxbury, a town in the interior. Many of the old planters came over at the same time, as well as some hundreds of persons, who, unable to enjoy their religious privileges at home, crossed the Atlantic, having the royal charter to form congregational churches on the western shore, free from oppression or persecution. Thus a church was gathered at Roxbury, to which he was soon after ordained.

But Eliot was not to live alone in this distant land: if he was indebted to his friend for the first raising his hope to immortal things, he mainly owed the comforts and blessings of this life to the care and love of an admirable wife. "He left behind him, in his native land," says Mather, "a virtuous young gentlewoman, whom he had pursued, and proposed marriage unto; and she, coming hither the year following, they were united. And this wife of his youth lived with him until she became the staff of his age."

Certainly his career, at this period, had few of the privations that have so cruelly tried many of the eminent servants of God. He was not called to solitariness or bereavement; the wife of his love, the friends of his native land, were with him.

Many years passed away in the quiet exercise of his ministry among the people of Roxbury; they were years of unwearied diligence: it was necessary to study the language of the Indians long and painfully, ere he could preach to, or converse with them; the obstacles to his success were unusual. The enormous length of many of its words, that allowed but a slow interchange of ideas; the harshness of the sound, and the little affinity to European tongues: "it was enough," says the biographer, "to make one stand aghast;" for the simple words, "our question," were expressed by an Indian word of forty-three letters; and, "our loves," by one of thirty-two. No doubt, while thus occupied, he recalled with a sigh the once-loved studies on the banks of the Cam; the melody and nobleness of the classic tongues, contrasted with this barbarous guttural Indian; the misery, also, of transferring his own glowing ideas into such awful diction. He at last became so complete a master of it, that he reduced it to method, and published a grammar; and when the martyrdom was over, he wrote at the close, under a full sense of all he had passed through, "Prayers and pains, through faith, will do any thing." I have a copy of this grammar by me; it is a singular monument of toil and perseverance; like those Egyptian tombs, covered with strange forms and characters, which we gaze at in silent wonder and awe, as a hopeless mystery; and Mather never said any thing more truly, than that the words looked as if they had been growing ever since the confusion of Babel.

The study of this unhappy tongue was, however, subordinate to the duties of his charge; his activity therein was great, and his humility kept pace with it; the fearful tarnishing that vanity so often casts on the efforts of ministers, dwelt not on those of Eliot: "these things do not lift up my heart, that

rests sweetest in the lowest place," were his words. The scene of action at Roxbury was confined: a town newly reared; a people motley and various; many old planters, devoted to agriculture, who loved to make the land bare to the eye, and cut down the luxuriant woods; many traders also; and frequently new dwellers arrived from England, of varying, and perhaps discordant creeds, each bent to seek the good things of this world beyond the Atlantic. No small skill was required, to be a useful, as well as favourite minister to all these people; but for sixty years that he filled this office, no discord was known to arise, no unkind or estranged feeling, even for a moment. There could be little, perhaps, that was flattering to the talents or pride of a man, in the ministry over such a people, among whom was scarcely a kindred mind with which Eliot's could hold intercourse, save on the things of religion. Men who wrested their fields, almost daily, from the desert, and whose hearts were set on their hard-got gains, or else repining at the habits as well as privations of the New World, could have little taste or leisure for the cultivation of the intellect, or the delights of converse; they struggled hourly to make their homes comfortable, and keep the fiend poverty from the door. And Eliot laboured to the full as hard as his people; the hewing of the forests,

The breaking up the wild prairie,

was less severe than the mental toil he early marked out for himself, and persevered in to the last. In his preparation for the pulpit he was unwearied, for he early saw the difficulty of giving to each of his hearers such addresses as would be acceptable as well as useful. Numerous families of Puritans came from England, who were rigid and austere in their views of religion; others who had also come from beyond the sea, and were altogether as loose and as careless.

The planters were the wealthiest and proudest, they, like the patriarchs of old, saw their flocks and stores increasing, and began to feel themselves as the princes of the land. The pastor took care, it was said, that his sermons should be the result of personal observation, as well as of private study: he went to the forest, where the settler was painfully clearing his way, and stood beneath the ancient trees and talked with him. While thus seeking the good of his people, he was, in the mean time, silently toiling for the greater work that was soon to occupy him, though he hardly could have dreamed of its extent or glory.

One part of his pastoral duty peculiarly resembled that of his after years: the new settlers often abode at some distance from the town, on the rich prairie, or the wild shore. Here, amidst danger and trouble, their first years were spent; exposed to the attacks of the Indians by night; the flood and the tempest also wasted their hastily built dwellings, that had few comforts within. Eliot said truly, "that this was the time to cherish the divine life in their souls." To them, his coming was like that of a prophet to the desolate home: and he came often, for he knew that religion, when talked of round the hearth, or beside the way, or in hours of sadness and fear, is much dearer to the heart than in public ministrations.

The mention of his qualities and conduct as the pastor of Roxbury and its vicinity, is necessary, in order to shew how slowly and surely he prepared himself for his mission. He did not rush on it like many others, from the bosom of comfort and civilization, with no aid save a naked enthusiasm; but painfully and incessantly he grew to be the apostle of the western world. His chapel was situated on the summit of a hill; here he would often stand and look on the country on every side; interminable

forests, within which dwelt the savage—in Mather's expressive words, "those forlorn ruins of mankind;" then far on the right, where the river came from regions as yet untrodden, but which "knew not God." Was it any wonder if his heart burned within him at the view? this was the land, and he knew it, that God had given him to tell of "life and immortality," "and erect a home of peace, and righteousness, and love," that was now one of hideous vice, and darkness, and death. There was truth as well as quaintness in his words, "that when we would accomplish any great things, the best policy is to work by an engine that the world knows nothing of;" and he calmly waited till the time should come, and the way be made plain.

He rose with the break of day, and he had need to do so: these were the only hours he could allow for his beloved study. After his simple meal of vegetables was over, the cares of his people came thickly upon him. He said that he was "their instructor, their counsellor, their comforter;" and when he went forth, he never entered a family but he called all the children about him, and laid his hands on, and blessed them. He was their only teacher in the wilderness—perhaps he remembered how Hooker, in his native land, had sown the seeds in his own heart. There was another, and a silver cord, by which he drew the affections of his people to him—charity; as pure and lasting as was ever exercised by any man. "How often," says his biographer and friend, "with what ardour, what arguments, he became a beggar to others, for them that were in sorrow!" The poor of his people, and they were many, for disasters often came on the colony, seldom failed to repair to his home with the tales of their distress. A hinderance, however, like the interpreter in the Pilgrim's Progress, stood between them and success: and this was Mrs. Eliot, who would

look keenly and coolly on the petitioners, and sift the tares from the wheat, and even then deal out the dole with a prudent hand, while she suffered little ingress to her husband's study.

This good lady had great skill in physic and surgery, and hundreds of sick, and weak, and maimed, owed praises to her; while her husband would often stand by, and urge her to do the most good to the worst enemies he had in the world. He never had but one enemy; and it seemed as if the malice and hatred of a thousand were concentrated in this man's breast: in his speeches and his writings he reviled Eliot without ceasing. One day he received a very dangerous wound in a wood, and the latter instantly came with his wife, to cure him; this she accomplished: and when the man left his home, the first thing he did was to seek that of Eliot, who made him eat and drink with him, and never once alluded to past times. It was a joy to the poor, when they spied him coming across the fields, or through the forests, to their lonely homes; for they knew that his charity had little prudence in it. Dr. Dwight says, that one day, the parish treasurer having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it into as many hard knots as he could make, to prevent him from giving it away before he reached his own house. On his way, he called on a poor family, and told them that he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots; but finding it a work of great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house, saying, "Here, my friend, take it; I believe heaven designs it all for you." Such a man had need of an excellent manager at home. But when dying, at the age of ninety, and a group of those he had often aided were standing by, his eye kindled as he gazed on them: "Alas! for human nature," he said, "I have lost every thing; my understanding

leaves me, my memory fails me, my utterance fails me, but my charity holds out still; all fails, but thou growest and endurest for ever."

The happiest of his days was the Sabbath, when all the people, with their families, from wood, and shore, and prairie, as well as the thriving town below, made towards the chapel on the hill-top; it had been built under his own eye; all this congregation had been formed by his own care. Was it not enough to make the heart take pride to itself? But the man who afterwards shrunk, with sorrow, from the title of "Indian Evangelist," and protested against it with vehemency, was not likely to be elevated by his success at Roxbury. "I do beseech you," he says, in a letter to the Hon. R. Boyle, alluding to this glorious title, "to suppress all such things; it is the Redeemer who hath done what is done. I wish that word could be obliterated, if any of the copies remain: let me lie low!" How strong must have been his emotion, when the aged Hooker toiled up the hill to listen to the words of the man whose soul he had first guided; it was one of the most touching scenes of Eliot's life, when the former, well stricken in years, came to America, to lay his bones there, and found his once young and valued friend thus surrounded with comfort and respect.

Many years, nearly fifteen, had now passed away, and several children were born to him—five sons and a daughter; on the education of the former he found time to bestow great pains, and he consecrated them all to the ministry; in the hope, perhaps, that they would aid his designs, and go forth by his side. He had much to make home dear—a faithful and attached wife—a family that were justly the pride of their father's eye. When at evening they drew round the hearth, and a few friends came also, and his chapel on the hill was in his thoughts, vanity might whisper, "What will my people do without

no?" But the hour was come that he must leave these things.

On the 28th of October, 1646, he set out from his home, in company with three friends, to the nearest Indian settlement: he had previously sent to give this tribe notice of his coming, and a very large number was collected from all quarters. If the savages expected the coming of their guest, of whose name they had often heard, to be like that of a warrior or sachem, they were greatly deceived. They saw Eliot on foot, drawing near, with his companions; his translation of the scriptures, like a calumet of peace and love, in his hand. He was met by their chief, Waubon, who conducted him to a large wigwam. After a short rest, Eliot went into the open air, and standing on a grassy mound, while the people formed around him in all the stillness of strong surprise and curiosity, he prayed in the English tongue, as if he could not address heaven in a language both strange and new. And then he preached for an hour in their own tongue, and gave a clear and simple account of the religion of Christ, of his character and life, of the blessed state of those who believed in him. Of what avail would it have been to set before this listening people the terrors of the Almighty, and the doom of the guilty? This wise man knew, by long experience as a minister, that the heart loves better to be persuaded than terrified—to be melted than alarmed. The whole career of the Indian's life tended to freeze up the finer and softer feelings, and make the more dark and painful passions familiar to him. He resolved to strike a new chord, and when he saw the tear stream down their stern faces, and the haughty head sink low on the breast, as he painted the ineffable love of Christ, he said it was "a glorious and affecting spectacle to see a company of perishing forlorn outcasts, so drinking in the word of salvation." The impressions

this discourse produced, were of a very favourable nature: as far as the chief, Waubon, was concerned, they were never effaced. Afterwards the guest passed several hours conversing with the Indians, and answering their questions. When night came, he returned to the tent with the chief, and the people entered their wigwams, or lay down around, and slept on the grass. What were Eliot's feelings on this night? At last, the longing of years was accomplished; the fruit of his prayers was given to him.

“ Could the walls of his loved study speak,” says his friend, “ they would tell of the entreaties poured forth before the Lord, of the days and nights set apart with fasting—that thus, thus it might be.” A few of the chiefs' friends alone remained, after the people were retired. One of the Christians perceived an Indian, who was hanging down his head, weeping; the former went to him, and spoke encouraging words, after which he turned his face to the wall, and wept yet more abundantly: soon after, he rose and went out. “ When they told me of his tears,” said Eliot, “ we resolved to go forth, and follow him into the wood, and speak to him. The proud Indian's spirit was quite broken: at last we parted, greatly rejoicing for such sorrowing.” He now resolved to continue his labours; but, on the 26th of November, when he met the assembly of the Indians for the third time, he found that, though many of them had constructed wigwams at the place of meeting, for the more readily attending his ministry, his audience was not so numerous as on the former occasions. The Powahs (or soothsayers) had strictly charged the people not to listen to the instructions of the English, and threatened them with death in case of disobedience. Having warned his auditors against the impositions of these men, he proceeded to discourse as formerly, and was heard with the greatest attention. “ It is wonderful,” observed one of his friends, “ to see

what a little light will effect, even upon hearts and spirits most incapable."

On the night after this third meeting, many were gathered in the tent, looking earnestly at Eliot, with the solemn gravity and stillness which these savages affected; when the chief, Waubon, suddenly rose, and began to instruct all the company out of the things he had heard that day from Eliot, with the wild and impressive eloquence of the desert. And waking often that night, he many times was heard speaking to some or other of his people, of the words of truth and mercy that he had heard.

Two or three days after these impressions had been made, Eliot saw that they were likely to be attended with permanent consequences. Wampas, an intelligent Indian, came with two of his companions to the English, and desired to be admitted into their families. He brought his son, and several other children with him, and begged that they might be educated in the Christian faith: the example quickly spread, and all the Indians who were present at the fourth meeting, on the 9th of December offered their children to be instructed.

The missionary was himself surprised at the success of his first efforts, as well as at his facility of preaching and conversing in the Indian tongue; it was the reward of his long and patient application. "To think of raising," says Mather, "these hideous creatures unto the elevations of our holy religion must argue a more than common or little soul in the undertaker: could he see any thing angelical to encourage his labours?—all was diabolical among them."

Eliot saw that they must be civilized ere they could be christianized; that he must make men of them, ere he could hope to see them saints. It is, no doubt, far easier and more flattering to the soul of the agent, to see men weep and tremble beneath

his word, than to teach them to build, to plant, to rear the walls and the roof-tree, and sit at their own hearth-side: this is slow and painful work for a man of lofty mind and glowing enthusiasm. But in his own words, "he abhorred that he should sit still, and let that work alone;" and lost no time in addressing himself to the General Court of the colony, in behalf of those who shewed a willingness to be placed under his care. His application was successful; and the Indians, having received a grant of land on which they might build a town, and enjoy the Christian instruction which they desired, met together, and gave their assent to several laws which he had framed, to enforce industry and decency—to secure personal and domestic comfort.

The ground of the town having been marked out, Eliot advised the Indians to surround it with ditches and a stone wall; gave them instruments to aid these objects, and such rewards, in money, as induced them to work hard. It was a strange and novel thing to see these men of the wilderness, to whom a few months previous all restraint was slavery, and their lakes and forests dearer than the palaces of kings, submit cheerfully to this drudgery of bricks and mortar—chief as well as serf; the very hands that were lately red with slaughter, scooping the earth at the bidding of Eliot, from morn to night. He soon had the pleasure of seeing Nonantum completed.

The progress of civilization which followed, was remarkable for its extent and rapidity: the women were taught to spin, and they soon found something to send to the nearest markets all the year round: in winter they sold staves, baskets, and poultry; in spring and summer, fish, grapes, strawberries, &c.

In the mean while, he instructed the men in husbandry, and the more simple mechanical arts: in hay-time and harvest, he went forth into the fields

with them. All this was not done in a day, for they were neither so industrious nor so capable of hard labour as those who had been accustomed to it from early life.

No doubt there was a resistless charm, to a mind like Eliot's, in watching, from day to day, the progress of light, and hope, and order, in the spirits of this people. Not Dulo, amidst the walls of her Carthage, felt perhaps more exulting joy than he did, as the dwellings of Nonanetum rose, one after the other: still more, when the songs of praise burst from the lips of the earnest assemblies, and the groups were gathered round their own hearths, eagerly talking of the words of salvation. "It was very early in the morning," says a stranger, "when I passed by this newly-raised town: its people seemed to be buried in sleep, for no sound came from the dwellings, which surprised me not a little, for the sun was risen. At last I saw an old man kneeling on the grass outside the walls, his hands were clasped, and he was so engaged that he heard me not: going on my way, I saw that the people were at work in the fields."

At a funeral, on the 7th of October, 1647, a change in the usages and prejudices of the Indians was evinced in a striking manner. The deceased was a man of some consequence. Their custom had been to mourn much for the dead, and to appear overcome with grief, especially when the earth shrouded them from their sight. The departed was borne to the grave on a light bier, and interred in a sitting posture; in his hand was placed a calumet and some tobacco, that he might present the ensigns of peace to the people of another world. If the corpse was that of a warrior, his quiver full of arrows, a bow, and a hatchet, were placed by his side, and also a little mirror, that he might see how his face looked after passing through the region of death;

and a little vermilion to take away its extreme paleness. His was a bold hand that could at once tear aside these loved usages, and make the dust of the warrior of no more consequence than that of the meanest of his followers. The cemetery of the new town was in the woods, and the procession of all the inhabitants moved slowly beneath their shadow, in deep and solemn silence, with the missionary at their head: no wail was heard—no wild gush of sorrow. To estimate this sacrifice, it is necessary to recur to the Indian belief, “that after death they should go to a very fertile country, where they were to have many wives, and, above all, lovely places for hunting:” often, no doubt, the shadowy chase of the bear and the stag came on the dreams of the dying man; and afterwards, beautiful women would welcome him, weary, to his home. When the dead was laid in the grave, Eliot read the funeral service over him, and then told the many people, that in heaven they neither married nor were given in marriage; that the passions of this world, the wild chase or the warrior’s joy, could never come there; *there* was neither chieftain nor slave; that in the love of Christ, who was the resurrection and the life, all these things would be lost. And they believed him—those fierce and brutal men—and wept, not for the dead, but for themselves; “so that the woods,” says a gentleman who was present, “rang with their sighs and prayers:” he also adds these words,—“God was with Eliot, and the sword of his word will pierce deep, in the hand of the mighty.” His opinion of the mental powers of this people was not a very low one:—“There is need,” he says, in one of his letters, “of learning, in ministers who preach to Indians, much more than to Englishmen and gracious Christians; for these had sundry philosophical questions, which some knowledge of the arts

must help to give answer to, and without which they would not have been satisfied. Worse than Indian ignorance hath blinded their eyes, that renounce learning as an enemy to gospel ministers." So acute were many of the questions proposed by the Indians, and so deeply expressive of a gentler and better nature, that more than one educated stranger was induced to attend regularly the assemblies of the missionary.

"What get you," said some Indians from distant tribes, who were drawn by curiosity to visit Nananctum, "by praying to God, and believing on him? You are as poor as we, our corn is as good as yours, and we take more pleasure than you: we hunt, we roam amidst our boundless forests and lakes, while you dwell in these walls; we have many wives! Did we see that you got anything by it, we would pray to God, and serve him also." Eliot's reply was well suited to the queries: he avoided to condemn one of these pleasures, but rather allured them to greater. "I answered them, first, God gives unto us two sorts of good things; one sort are little things, the other sort are great things. The little mercies are riches—as clothes, food, pleasures, with plenty of beasts of chase; these are things which serve but for our bodies a little while in this life. The great mercies are wisdom, the knowledge of God, eternal life, repentance, faith; these are mercies for the soul, and for its everlasting life." The Indians became silent and thoughtful at this reply: a more ordinary mind might have set forth the sinfulness of their barbarity, their revenge, their many wives, and heathenism, and thus sent them dissatisfied away.

The civilizing of the Indians in this new town raised a great noise among their brethren in different parts of the country. A sachem, from Concord, who attended one of the lectures, was so much

struck with it, that when he returned home, he gathered his chief men together, and informed them of his intentions on the subject; that he was resolved to forsake his barbarous habits; he pointed out the increased comfort of the change, and entreated them to support his views. He was so far successful, that they expressed a desire to have a town granted to them, where they might settle, and entreated Eliot to visit them as often as he could. The regulations which they adopted for the management of their affairs, and which were dated at Concord in the end of the eleventh month, 1647, were very judicious. They strictly prohibited intemperance, impurity, and gambling; threatened murder and adultery with death; enjoined neatness, cleanliness, industry, and the payment of debts.

No doubt the desire of the comforts of Nonantum had some influence in these changes. "These shiftless Indians," says Mather, "their housing is nothing but a few mats tied about poles fastened into the earth, where a good fire is their bed-clothes in the coldest season: their diet has not a greater dainty; a handful of meal and a spoonful of water being their food for many days; for they depend on the produce of their hunting and fishing, and badly cultivated grounds: thus they are subject to long fastings. They have a cure for some diseases, even a little cure: after they have terribly heated it, a crew of them go and sit there with the priest, looking in the heat and smoke like so many fiends, and then they rush forth on a sudden, and plunge into the water: how they escape death, instead of getting cured, is marvellous; they are so slothful, that their poor wives must plant, and build, and beat their corn. All the religion they have is a belief in many gods, who made the different nations of the world, but chiefly in one great one of the name of Kicktan, who dwelt in the south-west regions of the

heavens, who created the original parents of mankind, who, though never seen by the eye of man, was entitled to their gratitude; that we have in us immortal souls, which, if good, should go to a splendid entertainment with Kicktan; but, otherwise, must wander about in a restless horror for ever." From their subtle and cruel priests arose the fiercest opposition to the efforts of Eliot; they terrified the people with the threats of their Manitou, or evil spirit; often in the woods, and at the departure of day, the hunters fancied they saw him in the form of a stag, or bear, that they could neither overtake nor subdue, and from whose pursuit they would sometimes fly in turn. In the hollow blasts of the wind in the forests, or the wild echoes, they imagined the rushing of his footsteps, and the awful tones of his voice.

All the Indian tribes acknowledged the authority of a chief, the sachem or sagamore, to whom they were accustomed to render blind obedience; they viewed him as the legal proprietor of the whole territory, and, when inclined to raise crops, they first solicited his permission to cultivate the lands. The government of the sagamores was despotic in the extreme; they ordered their paniese or counsellors, who were generally the wisest, strongest, and most courageous men, to be early subjected to a severe discipline, to be better qualified for their office, as well as for enduring the greatest hardships. They pretended to be always guided by the principles of justice; but cruelty and caprice often marked their punishments, for the lives and fortunes of the people were conceived to be entirely at their disposal. The only restraint to their evil purposes or deeds, arose from the fear lest their people should forsake them, and place themselves under the protection and government of other sachems. The most fierce or despotic chiefs, however, practised the rites of hos-

pitality, freely and generously; and took especial care of the widow, the fatherless, the aged, and those who had no friends able to provide for them.

It is no wonder, that the freedom from oppression, and the evils of despotic chieftainship, enjoyed in the new settlements, were great temptations to the Indian people. At Concord and Nonanetum the word of the sagamore was no longer a law of life or death; the iron discipline that trained the youth to war was relaxed; a system of greater equality prevailed. The dwellings were built of wood, divided into several apartments, the floors covered with neat mats; formerly they contained but one room for all purposes: so that the homes of the lowest class were here superior to those of chiefs in other places. To the women, the change was delightful: it is no wonder that they deemed the coming of Eliot like that of an angel; for he sternly forbade the men to take more than one wife, and commanded to treat *her* with gentleness and kindness. Before, they were the slaves of slothful and brutal husbands; and when their attractions began to fade, they were thrown aside as outcasts, and younger women supplied their place.

On the other hand, it must be admitted, that this people of the wilderness surrendered many feelings, and even passions, that were very dear to them. Could any influence less than a divine one, induce them to yield the love of revenge, of war, of cruelty; the stealthy march through the forests, where scarcely a broken branch or a crushed leaf betrayed their footstep; the ambush, the surprise, the tomahawk and its deadly work: what were walled towns, and matted floors, and peaceful meals, to the burning and delicious excitement of this wild and savage life? The only obedience the chief of the Recharitcs required of his people in the scripture, was to drink no wine, and to live in tents in the wilderness, and

never in walled towns; an artful blending of a bitter with a welcome thing, for the sweetness of a wandering and unfettered life would make the loss of wine a light privation; to this day (for their descendants still exist) they have never broken their vow. And who can persuade an Arab to leave his deserts and dwell quietly, even in a palace? but Eliot went forth to assail all that was dear to these stern and gloomy men. It was like Christian in the "Progress," loosening the bars and bolts of the dwelling of Despair and Cruelty, and rushing forth at once into light and freedom.

In the heart of the savage, there lived also some noble and redeeming qualities; he could be faithful, even unto death, to the friend or the stranger who had dwelt beneath his roof, or sat under the shadow of the same tree. He could be generous also; could endure all tortures, rather than shew weakness or fear.

"An instance of this occurred," says Bossu, "when the French were in possession of New Orleans: a Chaetaw, speaking very ill of them, said the Collapissas were their slaves; one of the latter, vexed at such words, killed him with his gun. The nation of Chaetaws, the greatest and most numerous on the continent, armed immediately, and sent deputies to New Orleans to ask for the head of the murderer, who had put himself under the protection of the French. They offered presents to make up the quarrel, but the cruel people would not accept any! they even threatened to destroy the village of the Collapissas. To prevent the effusion of blood, the unhappy Indian was delivered up to them: the Sienr Ferrand was charged with the commission. The Indian was called Tichou; he stood upright in the midst of his own people and of his enemies, and said, "I am a true man, that is, I do not fear death; but I pity the fate of a wife and four children, whom

I leave behind me very young; and of my father and mother, who are old, and for whom I got subsistence by hunting." (He was the best hunter in the nation.)

He had hardly spoken the last word of this short speech, when his father, penetrated with his son's love, rose amidst the people, and spoke as follows:—

"It is through courage that my son dies; but, being young and full of vigour, he is more fit than myself to provide for his mother, wife, and four little children, it is therefore necessary he should stay on earth to take care of them. As to myself, I am near the end of my career; I am no longer fit for anything: I cannot go like the roebuck, whose course is like the winds, unscen; I cannot sleep like the hare, with my ears never shut; but I have lived as a man, and will die as such, therefore I go to take his place."

At these words, his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and their little children, shed tears round the brave old man: he embraced them for the last time. The relations of the dead Chactaw accepted the offer; after that, he laid himself on the trunk of a tree, and his head was cut off with one stroke of a hatchet. Every thing was made up by this death; but the young man was obliged to give them his father's head: in taking it up, he said to it, "Pardon me thy death, and remember me in the country of spirits."

All the French who assisted at this event were moved even to tears, and admired this noble old man. A people among whom such things could be done, hardly deserved the sweeping censures of Mather and other good men, who painted them rather as fiends in human shape. Courage is, of course, the virtue held in most honour: those who run away or desert in an action are not punished, they are considered as the disgrace of human:

nature : the ugliest girls will not accept of them for husbands ; they are obliged to let their hair grow, and to wear an alconan, or apron, like the women. ' I saw one of them,' says Bossu, who dwelt a long time among the Indians, ' who, being ashamed of his figure, went by himself to fight the Chicachas, for his misery was more than he could bear : for three or four days he went on creeping like a snake, and hiding himself in the great grass, without eating or drinking ; so he came to their country, and watched a long time to do some exploit ; often lying down in the rushes, when his enemies came near, and putting out his head above the water from time to time, to take breath. At last he drew near a village in the night, cried the cry of death, killed one of the people, and then fled with the speed of an arrow. He was out three months upon this expedition : when he drew nigh to his own village, weary, and bearing the head of his enemy, they came down the hill to meet him. The women were fond in his praises—the warriors gathered round him ; and then they gave him a wife.'

To a people like this, who valued strength of limb, and a fine mien and deportment, above all other gifts, a "weak bodily presence" would have placed a stranger at great disadvantage. Nature had been eminently kind to Eliot ; he was of a tall stature, with a countenance very expressive of the undying energy and charity of his soul. He was able to bear the greatest fatigues and hardships without sinking ; through frost and snow, in the dead of winter, and along howling wastes, he went on his way rejoicing. "For five days," he says, in one of his letters, "his clothes were never dry once, or taken off all that time." Next to bodily gifts, and, perhaps, above them, the Indians prized eloquence : they would listen for hours, with the wild delight of children, to

the speeches of those of their warriors who could speak well.

And here their missionary was on his vantage ground; in his church, at Roxbury, his delivery was "solemn, powerful, and graceful;" the "unsearchable riches of Christ" was the beloved theme of his discourses. "But when he would earnestly reprove sin," says his friend, "his voice, otherwise grateful, rose with the fervour of his feelings, and made his pulpit like another Mount Sinai, for the flashes of lightning therein displayed against the breaches of the law." Mather has an image still more quaint and original: "Eliot," he writes, "was on such ill terms with the devil, as to alarm him grievously with the sound of his voice, when it rung, like a silver trumpet, through the silent forests and wastes, so as to draw the people from all sides to him." His influence over their minds was certainly astonishing; and the "simplicity of his intentions, the ardour of his spirit, and his dependence on divine aid," were, no doubt, not a little assisted by the appearance of the outward man: and his eloquence and power in preaching increased, perhaps, almost unconsciously to himself. To a man of strong imagination, these sermons in the wilderness borrowed "wings, and light, and glory" from the scenery around. If Wesley's discourses were observed to possess more vigour and beauty when he stood on the rugged shores of Cornwall, with the wild rocks and the wilder waves on every side, much more did Eliot's, when he spoke in the bosoms of the eternal forests of America, or on the shore of her mighty rivers. No man could tell of the "things of immortality," in such scenes, with the wave, the boundless plain, the awful gloom of the forests, like that of the shadow of death—the dark, solemn, and listening circle of warriors around—without feeling his fancy kindle, and his

heart burn within him ; how then felt Eliot, who wept night and day that he might bring the Indians to God ?

He had strong prejudices to combat, and beliefs that differed not a little, according to the tribes or nations among whom he went : how rooted they were, we may form an idea from the following instance, from the narrative of Bossu. " The Natches who lived here were a very considerable nation ; they formed several villages, that were under some peculiar chief, and these obeyed one superior of the whole nation. All these chiefs bore the name of suns ; they adored that luminary, and carried his image on their breasts, rudely carved. The manner in which the Natches rendered divine service to the sun has something solemn in it. The high-priest got up at break of day, and marched at the head of the people with a grave pace, the calumet of peace in his hand. He smoked in honour of the sun, and blew the first mouthful of smoke towards him ; when he rose above the horizon, they bowed by turns after the high-priests, and contemplated it with their arms extended to heaven. They had a temple in which they kept up an eternal fire. So proud were these chiefs, who pretended to trace their origin to the sun, that they had a law, by which every Natchez, who had married a girl of the blood of the suns, must follow her in death, as soon as she had breathed her last. There was an Indian, whose name was Etteactéal ; he dearly loved a daughter of one of these suns, and married her ; but the consequences of this honour had nearly proved very fatal to him. His wife fell sick : he watched over her day and night, and with many tears he besought her not to die, and they prayed together to Wachil, or the sun, that he would spare her life ; at last he saw her at the point of death, and then he fled : for the moment she ceased to breathe, he

was to be slain. He embarked in a piragua on the Mississippi, and came to New Orleans. He put himself under the protection of M. de Bienville, the then governor, who interested himself for him with the Natches; they declared that he had nothing more to fear. Etteactcal, being thus assured, resolved to return to his nation; and, without settling among them, made several voyages thither: he happened to be there, when the chief called the Stung Serpent, brother to the head of the nation, died; he was a relation of the late wife of Etteactcal, and the people resolved to make the latter pay his debt, and arrested him. When he found himself in the hut of the grand chief of war, he gave vent to the excess of his grief. The favourite wife of the deceased Stung Serpent, who was likewise to be sacrificed, and who saw the preparations for her death with firmness, hearing the complaints and groans of Etteactcal, said to him, "Art thou no warrior?" he said, "Yes, I am one." "However," said she, "thou criest, life is dear to thee; and as that is the case, it is not good that thou shouldst go along with me—go with the women." Etteactcal replied, "True, life is dear to me: it would be well if I walked yet on earth: wait, O wait till the death of the great sun, and I will die with him." "Go thy way," she said, "it is not fit that thou die with me, and thy heart remain behind on earth; the warriors will obey my word, for now, so near to the Spirit of life, I am full of power: go away, and let me see thee no more." He did not stay to have this order repeated; he disappeared like lightning. Three old women, two of whom were his relations, offered to pay his debt; their age and their infirmities had disgusted them with life; none of them had been able to walk for a great while; but the hair of the two that were related to Etteactcal, was no more grey than that of young women; the third was a hundred and twenty

years old; they were sacrificed in the evening, at the going down of the sun.

The generosity of these women gave the Indian life again, acquired him the degree of *Considered*, and cleared his honour, that had been sullied by his fearing death. The hour being come for the sacrifice of the favourite wife of the deceased chief, she came forth, and called her children round her, while the people stood a little way off: "Children," she said, "this is the day on which I am to tear myself from your arms, and to follow your father's steps, who waits for me in the country of the spirits; if I were to yield to your tears, I should injure my love, and fail in my duty. I have done enough for you by bearing you next to my heart, and by suckling you with my breasts. You that are descended of his blood, and fed by my milk, ought you to shed tears? rejoice, rather, that you are sons and warriors: go, my children, I have provided for all your wants, by procuring you friends; my friends, and those of your father, are yours too. And you, Frenchmen," she added, turning herself towards our officers, "I recommend my orphan children to you;—you ought to protect them: we shall be longer friends in the country of the spirits than here, because we do not die there again. And now the day is sinking behind the hills; yet a few moments, my husband, and I come!" Moved by these words, a noble woman came to join herself to the favourite wife, of her own accord, being engaged, she said, by the friendship she bore the Stung Serpent, to follow him into the other world. The Europeans called her the Haughty Lady, on account of her majestic deportment, and proud and beautiful features: on this account the French officers regretted very much her resolve, and strove to dissuade her from it, but in vain: the moving sight filled them all with grief and horror

To people like these, the words of scripture might be applied, that "they had no bands in their death, for their hearts were firm," and yet these hearts and wills of iron, were drawn gently, as by a silver cord. "O! how sweet is the trodden camomile!" exclaims Eliot; "how powerful the ministry of the cross, that can thus bow the strong warrior, and lead him like a little child." One day he visited a young chief, who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth; he was reputed one of the best warriors of his tribe; and how did Eliot find him employed?—not in dressing afresh the scalps of his enemies, that hung in fearful array against the wall, by the side of tomahawks, wampum belts, and scalping knives: "he lay dying of a mortal distemper, and in his hand was Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, which I had translated, and circulated a thousand copies; he was so much delighted with it, that he continued to read it with floods of tears, while his strength lasted."

From Nonanetum and Concord, the "sound of the Word had by this time spread a great way, even further than I will speak of," he writes to the Hon. Edward Winslow. There is a great fishing place upon one of the falls of the Merrimack river, where a vast number of Indians come every spring, and there I have gone these two years. These confluences are like fairs in England, with their great gladness, covering the shores, and pursuing their sport amidst the fierce rushing down of the river. This spring I did there meet the great sagamore Passaconway; last year he and all his sons fled when I came nigh their dwellings; but this year it pleased God to bow his heart to hear the Word."

Near this water-fall he dwelt, by the river side, among the Indians, waiting the pauses of their games and fishing, to draw them around him. He mixed cheerfully and familiarly with them, partook

of their repasts, that were never too rude for his taste, and led them gently and artfully to converse on his beloved subjects as well as on their own. 'I preached,' he writes, "from Malachi, i. 2., whence I shewed them what mercy God had promised them; if they would but believe in Christ for the remission of their sins, he would give them a heart to love him. When I had done speaking, they began to proponnd questions. After a good space, in which Passaconway seemed to be lost in thought, he spake to this purpose:—"Indeed I have never prayed unto God as yet, for I have never heard of Him before, as now I do. I am purposed in my heart henceforth to pray to Him, and to persuade all my sons to do the same." His sons present, especially his eldest, who is a chief at Wachaset, gave his willing consent to what his father had promised, and so did the other, who was but a youth. A good while after, he spoke to Captain Willard, who trades with them in those parts for beaver and other skins, that he would be glad if I would come and live at some place thereabouts; if any ground or place would be acceptable to me, he would willingly let me have it. I do endeavour to engage the sachems of greatest note to accept the Gospel, because that doth greatly animate those who are well affected, and is a damping to the scoffers and opposers, for many such there be, though they dare not appear so before me."

From this letter (and there are many similar) it will be seen, that though it was his policy to confine his converts within walled towns and peaceful settlements, he never ceased to journey to the savage parts of the country, in prosecution of his works. At times, he came again to the farmers, to inspect their progress and welfare, and at far greater intervals he returned to dwell in his home at Roxbury. If the richest moments of our life arise from vivid

and startling contrasts, those of Eliot's sojourn with his loved wife and children were enviable: then his friends gathered round him; not the stern men of the desert, but men of wit, and talent, and education—for the society at Roxbury had greatly changed with the progress of years; many settlers, and emigrants, of better attainments, had come over.

From his own lips, the troubles he endured were seldom uttered; that they were very great and manifold, is certain; the iron frames of the Indians sometimes fainted by the way. "I rejoice," he says, "even when many weary days and nights roll over my head, in perils by the heathen, in perils by the wilderness; when the tempest beats upon me, and I have nowhere to take rest. Often, in passing rivers, the flood hath risen suddenly; then I think of the many precious promises on which to rely: "Thou art my God, a refuge from the storm, when the blast of the terrible one is nigh; a refuge from the heat, even the heat without the shadow of a cloud.'" But weariness and pain of body were inferior, perhaps, to other evils: when travelling through the wild parts of a country, without a friend or companion, he was often barbarously treated by the natives, and was many times in danger of his life. Many of the chiefs, or sachems, were greatly opposed to the truth, and viewed its progress as calculated to destroy their authority; they, therefore, plotted his destruction, and more than once would have put him to a death of torture, if they had not been awed by the power of the English colonists. Undismayed by their opposition or menaces, he persevered with a courage that his ardent faith alone could inspire. "They plainly see," he says, "that religion will make a great change among them, and cut them off from their former tyranny. This temptation much troubled Cutshamoquin, a powerful chief: his anger was raised to such a height, that,

after the lecture, he openly contested with me. When he did so carry himself, all the Indians were filled with fear, their countenances grew pale, and most of them slunk away: a few staid, and their looks towards me were changed,—and I was alone. But it pleased God to raise up my spirit, not to passion, but to a bold resolution: I told him there was One mightier with me; that I feared not him, or all the sachems in the country; that I was resolved to go on, do what they would; and his spirit sunk before me. I did not aim at such a matter, but the Lord carried me beyond my own thoughts and wont." Could any description be more striking or beautiful than these few and simple words? Pity that no painter's hand was nigh, to embody the undaunted man surrounded by the angry warrior and his Indians!

The opposition of the priests continued, even after that of the sachems had ceased: their anger was raised to madness by the progress of the Gospel, because it destroyed their influence, and took their gains from them. They strove to excite the minds of the people by many arts and tales; the power of these arts is told in the following simple narrative from an old and excellent traveller:

"We arrived at the village of the Peorias, allies of the Illinois, through a fine large meadow, which is many leagues long. This village is situated on the banks of a little river, and surrounded with great pales and posts; there are many trees on the banks, and the huts are built beneath them. When we arrived there, I inquired for the hut of the grand chief; I was well received by him and his first warriors. They had just been beaten by the Foxes, their mortal enemies, and were now holding a consultation about it. A young Indian lighted the calumet of peace; then they brought me a dish of maize flour, called *sagamité*, sweetened with the syrup of the maple-

tree ; and afterwards a dessert of dry fruits, as good as Corinth raisins. The next day I saw a great crowd in the plain : they were for making a dance in favour of their new Manitou ; the high priest had a bonnet of feathers, like a crown, on his head. I was at the door of the temple of their false deity ; he begged me to go in. Judge of my astonishment, for this is the picture of their Manitou : his head hung upon his breast, and looked like a goat's ; his ears and his cruel eye were like those of a lynx, with the same kind of hair ; his feet, hands, and thighs were in form something like those of a man.

“The Indians found him in the woods, at the foot of a ridge of mountains, and the priests had persuaded them to adopt him for a divinity. This general assembly was called, to invoke his protection against their enemies. I let the Indians know that their Manitou was an evil genius ; as a proof of it, I said that he had just permitted the nation of Foxes, their most cruel enemies, to gain a victory over them, and they ought to get rid of him as soon as possible, and be revenged on him. After a short time, they answered, ‘Houé nigcié, tinai labè,’—‘we believe thee, thou art in the right.’ They then voted that he should be burnt ; and the great priest, after some opposition, pronounced his sentence, which, according to the interpreter’s explanation, was in these terms : ‘O thou, fatal to our nation, who has wrongfully taken thee for her Manitou ! thou hast paid no regard to the offerings which we have made thee, and hast allowed our enemies, whom thou dost plainly protect, to overcome us ; therefore our old men, assembled in council, have decreed, with the advice of the chief of the white warriors, that to expiate thy ingratitude towards us, thou shalt be burnt alive.’ At the end of this sentence, all the assembly said, ‘Hau, hau,’ which signified ‘yes.’

As I wished to get this monster, I went to the priest,

made him a small present, and bid my interpreter tell him that he should persuade his countrymen, that if they burnt this evil genius, there might arise one from his ashes that could be fatal to them; that I would go on purpose across the great lake, to deliver them from it. He found my reasons good, and got the sentence changed, so that it was strangled. I got it instantly dissected, in order to bring it to France, where its skeleton is now in the cabinet of natural history of M. de Fayolles. The assembly dispersed, and returned to their village by the river side. In the evening you might see them sitting in groups at their doors, and on the shore, with many fires made of the branches of the trees, whose light was on the water and the grove; while some of them danced the dance of war, with loud shrieks, that were enough to strike an awe into the heart."

This belief in the malice of evil spirits or deities, was long made use of to thwart Eliot's designs. The Manitou of the Osages was a serpent of enormous size, which the priestess had the power of charming, though, to every other, its bite was mortal. Some of the more superstitious Indians had a Manitou, or evil genius, in their dwellings, to keep them from harm; the belief they often held in transmigration conduced to this practice. To the wandering Indian, whose eye often followed with desire the rapid flight of the eagle and the deer, it was, no doubt, sweet to believe that his soul after death should roam through the regions of the air, and over the plains, without ever being wearied. "I remember," says Bossu, "in a village of the Illinois, one of our soldiers went into a hut, and found a live snake, which he killed; the master arriving quickly after, fell into a terrible passion to find his deity dead, and uttered a wild lament: he said it was the soul of his father, who died about a year before; that the old man had loved to pursue and kill the serpents, having envied

their rapid movements, by which they glided from rock to tree, and swam over wide rivers; and when his limbs were stiff, and his frame bowed, he longed that he might be a serpent after death." It seems, however, that a more powerful agent took the field against the missionary. Mather's description may not be excelled, for Eliot could not have written thus:—"I need only to add, that one attempt made by the devil to prejudice the heathens against him, had something in it extraordinary. While he was preaching of Christ unto the other Indians, a demon appeared unto a prince of an eastern tribe, in a shape that had some resemblance of Mr. Eliot, pretending to be the Englishman's God. The spectre commanded him to forbear the drinking of rum, to observe the sabbath-day, and to deal justly with his neighbours—strange counsel for such a one to give. But the apparition, all the while, never said one word of Christ, which was the main object of Mr. Eliot's preaching. The sachem received such an impression herefrom, that he kept the sabbath-day like a fast, and would not meddle with any rum. At last, and not long since, this demon appeared to him again, still in the likeness of my friend, requiring him to kill himself, assuring him that he should revive again in a day or two, never to die any more: you see the wiliness of this arch-tempter. The prince hereupon divers times attempted to destroy himself, but his friends carefully prevented it; however, at length he found a fair opportunity, and hanged himself. • It is easy to see what a stumbling-block was here laid before the miserable Indians."

A still more picturesque description of this evil agency is given by Mr. Experience Mayhew:—"The mischief that the priests and demons usually do to the common Indian this way is both by outward and bodily hurt, or inward pain, torture, or distraction of mind, both which I have seen myself. To accom-

plish the first, the devil doth enter the real body of a serpent, which comes directly towards the man, in the house or in the field, looming, or having a shadow about him like a man, and his eye flashing with that lofty pride and wrath which first lost paradise; he shoots from his mouth a quick arrow or sting into the Indian's body, the torment of which cannot be described; an instance whereof I can give: it is of a youth, who, living with his parents on a neck of land, was hurt in the same manner; his parents pulled down the house they lived in, and fled to an island hard by, where I saw the youth; his kindred were about him mourning, not knowing what to do; he had forgotten for some time past his duty to God, else such enchantment had not befallen him."

These various beliefs and visionary terrors, like so many "chambers of imagery," were slowly yielded by the various tribes, as the light of eternal truth came among them. A few years had now passed in the struggle, and the success of the missionary began to attract the notice of the authorities at home. An act was passed by the parliament, that did credit to the understandings and hearts of those who framed it. It is thus worded.

"Whereas the Commons of England, assembled in parliament, have received certain intelligence that divers of the heathen natives, through the care of those who preach the gospel to them in their own Indian language, from barbarous are become civil, have forsook their charms and sorceries, and give testimony of the power of God: that they teach their children what they are instructed themselves: we rejoice for their sake. Be it therefore enacted for the furthering of so good a work."—Sums of money, in consequence of this act, were collected and sent over. A society was instituted to assist the "Propagation of the Gospel in New England," and Eliot for the first time received the title which

he never afterwards lost, of "Indian Evangelist," from his friend, the Honourable E. Winslow. He was very grateful for the benevolent exertions of this society, and expressed it in his letters in the warmest terms. He had never received any aid as yet to his labours among the Indians; the expenses were defrayed out of his own small property; he did not now refuse it, for his future plans could not be otherwise accomplished. His intense desire was for the better education of the Indian youth. "Let me, I beseech you," he writes, "trouble you about this great work, which lieth upon me as my continual care and desire; namely, to train them up in learning, that they may have knowledge as well as zeal." In fine, his aim was, to establish a settled form of government among this people; to institute schools for their education, as well as build neat and regular towns; and to gather his converts into a regular Christian church; for Nonanetum and Concord were but hasty and imperfect settlements.

To attain these important ends, there were two ways, and his versatile mind embraced them both: namely, to place as many books as possible in the hands of the Indians, by dint of incessant translation; and to train them, in the mean time, to mechanical arts. To promote the latter, he applied to his friends in England to send out some mechanics, who might act under his direction. Of the success of this excellent design, the following letter gives some idea:—"Still, still heaven smiles on its work; we went through a bad way and unbeaten, and passed through a great people called Sowahegen Indians, some of whom had heard me at Pantucket, and carried home such tidings, that the chief sachem did, with exceeding earnestness, invite me to come and live there. "I come to the great fishing place where I met you last spring," I said. "Your coming," he replied, "but once in a year, does

little good, because they soon forget. You act, as if one should come and throw a fine thing among my people, and they earnestly catch at it, and like it well, because it looks finely, but they cannot look into it to see what is within; but if it be opened, then they will believe it. If you will dwell with us, and open the word of life to us, and shew us the greatness that is in it, then we will believe that it is so excellent as you say." "Such elegant arguments as these did he use," says Eliot, "who delighted in any happy trait of thought or character in the people; and this with all gravity, wisdom, and affection. We afterwards went on, and rode to a place of some expectation to build on, but it was in nowise suitable; and one of our companions fell sick in the woods, and no help was nigh. I went behind a rock and prayed. There was a solemn stillness in the woods, and I could but dimly see through the branches the heaven, covered with many stars. While I am here, I thought, helpless, Christian friends are gathered in their homes, in comfort, and those they love are near; yet give me not, O Lord, the wings of the morning, that I may fly away and be at rest, for it is sweet to be here.

"On the next day, by more diligent search, we discovered where to begin the work. I set them, therefore, to fell and square timber. When it was ready, I went, and many of them with me, and on their shoulders carried all the timber together. There is a great river which divideth between their planting ground and dwelling place; therefore I thought it necessary that we should make a foot bridge over, against such time in the spring as we shall have daily use of it. I told them my purpose and reason of it. With their own hands did they build a bridge eighty feet long, and nine feet high in the midst, that it might stand above the floods; and inasmuch as it hath been hard and tedious

labour in the water, I said, if any of them desired wages, I would give them. They answered me, they were thankful I had called them to such a work, and desired no wages." This commencement soon after led to the raising a town, of the name of Naticke, in this very spot. His earnest efforts for the thorough settlement of the Indians were at last successful. He caused them to plant apple and other trees, and "divers orchards." A chapel and a school-house also were raised. The town consisted of three fair streets, two of which stretched along one side of Charles river, and the other along the opposite shore. The houses, some of which were built in the English style, evinced no small ingenuity in the construction. One of them, larger than the others, was used as a deposit for the skins, furs, and other articles for sale or barter by the Indians. A fort was also at this time finished: it was of a circular form, and palisaded with trees, and covered about a quarter of an acre of ground. Perhaps he foresaw the war, occasioned a few years afterwards by Philip, the celebrated Indian warrior. . . . Eliot's humble and modest estimate of the condition of his people, after all his labours, is curious, as contrasted with the glowing and sanguine tales of more modern times.

"It cannot but appear there is some work of God upon their hearts, which doth carry them through all these snares; and if, upon some competent time of experience, we shall find them to grow in knowledge of the principles of religion, and to love the ways of the Lord the better as they come to understand them—if they train up their children accordingly, what should hinder charity from hoping that there is grace in their hearts? who shall forbid their being baptized?" These are cautious and modest words, more so than could be expected from such a source. It must be allowed that these natives

of the wilderness were the very men that a missionary of keen and powerful mind would seek out above all others. His lonely wanderings through a sublime land—his stern, self-denying, and often heroic usages made the Indian a thoughtful as well as devoted being; and the words in which he clothed his feelings were often beautiful to hear. No doubt, many a kindred chord of the heart, as well as understanding, was struck between Eliot and his lofty savages; he was no man for the shepherd, the negro, the Tartar, or the Hottentot; his spirit would have pined among them. Had he lived in the days of old, when the two sons of Isaac knew not God, he would have chosen Esau, the daring hunter on Mount Seir, as the object of his zeal, rather than the peaceful dweller in tents; and would have seen, in his hardness of heart, and his proud and bitter emotions, a finer subject for conversion: “that great and exceeding bitter cry,” when he was deceived, and the rushing to “meet his brother, and falling on his neck, and kissing him,” while the latter bowed to the earth, were but the signs of the strong passions and habits of the soul.

But Eliot no longer laboured alone: he had been for some time aided by two chiefs, the fruits of his toils, Wauhon, in whose tent he had passed the night on his first visit to the Indians, as before related, and Shawanon, chief of another tribe. These men sometimes went with him in his journeyings, or they taught and conversed with the people during his absence. More than once, he sent them forth alone to the tribes: the latter were, no doubt, surprised to see the Indian prince enter their huts as a messenger of peace and truth. To indemnify these men, in some measure, for the loss of temporal dignity, Eliot gave them the title of ruler, or elder: several others, all men of superior endowments among their people, were also raised up to help

him. But Waubon was the first-fruit of his ministry, the first Indian who welcomed him to his roof, and opened the way for his future success. To this chief, his attachment was strong to the last. The office of these men will be best explained by his own words, though at a later period. "Hassunimeset is our next town in order and dignity: there lived their progenitors, and there lieth their inheritance. The ruler of the town is Anuwekin, and his brother is the teacher, both men of piety and judgment; they take care, also, of the school, and visit the plantation of praying Indians beyond them. The ruler, last winter, was overtaken by a violent passion, and I had occasion to speak with him about it. I told him that, as to man, I and all men were ready to forgive him. 'Ah!' said he, 'I find it the greatest difficulty to forgive myself.'"

But the time was come that his first friend and convert was to be taken from him. Waubon had several times attempted, by public discourses and confessions, to be of use to his countrymen—these efforts are by no means deficient in force or eloquence. In his dying hour, the spirit of the Indian chief broke in triumph above his pains and weakness. It was the hour that a stranger would have yearned to see, for his friends and warriors were standing around him, and Eliot was there. "I desire you all, my friends and my children," such were his words, "do not greatly weep and mourn for me in this world: my body is almost broken by sickness and agony, yet I desire to remember thy name, my God! until I die. I will say, with him of old, 'O that my words were now written! that they were printed in a book; that they were graven with an iron pen in a rock for ever! for I know that my Redeemer liveth; and, though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see Him!' This is thy love, O my God!" In so saying, he died. It was an

indelible thing, to see the savage die thus sublimely.

By building the town of Naticke, he, for the first time, gathered his people into a regular Christian church: the ordinances of baptism and the sacrament were administered to those who gave good evidence of their faith and hope. "I went about this work with so much fear and care," he says, "even to the sensible wasting and weakening of my strength, lest they should in anywise scandalize their profession." The governor of the colony now went personally to observe the state of the civilized Indians, and to know if the accounts he had heard were true: it was a distance of fifty miles. He passed some days at Naticke with great satisfaction; and in the letter in which he describes this visit, he calls it one of the happiest journeys he had ever made. To him the missionary soon after addressed an application for leave to lay out another town. A proof of the manner and rapidity with which these things were done, is the following extract from the records: "Whereas there was a plantation given by the town of Dorchester to the Indians, at Pakunit; it was voted at a general meeting, the 7th of December, 1657, that the Indians shall not alienate or sell their plantation, or any part thereof, unto any English; that the Major Atherton is desired and empowered to lay out this plantation, not exceeding six thousand acres of land." A new town was soon founded at this place: the influence of these proceedings, that had been chiefly confined to the Massachusetts, the Pequot, and Oneydas Indians, now began to spread far and wide.

A new patron appeared about this time, in the Hon. Robert Boyle, between whom and Eliot a warm friendship soon subsisted; he gave considerable sums to the advancement of the cause.

A yet more illustrious friend now shewed himself—Cromwell, at this time in the plenitude of his power. It is not easy to say which is the more singular, that the Protector in Whitehall, amidst the cares and joys of successful ambition, should trouble himself about the spiritual progress and condition of the poor Indians; or that Eliot, from amidst his forests and plains, or, it may be, in one of his newly raised towns, should address the usurper in a style of excellent simplicity and heavenliness, as if he was writing to a saintly man. No doubt, so far removed from the scene of action, and caring little for politics, the missionary knew little of the merits of the cause at home, but believed the savoury words of the usurper to come from his heart. But Cromwell's conscience must have been wonderfully calm, or, perhaps, it is a splendid instance of the delusions in which the heart can shroud itself, that he should write to the man of God with earnest concern and affection for the perishing heathen, while the blood of his king was scarcely washed from his hand. This is one of Eliot's letters—

*“ To his Excellency, the Lord General Cromwell.  
Grace, mercy, and peace.*

“ Envy itself cannot deny that the Lord hath raised and improved you in an eminent manner. I know your soul longeth to hear tidings of God's grace poured out upon these goings-down of the sun. He hath kept your honour unstained, and also caused the lustre of those precious graces of humility, faith, love of truth, and love to the saints, to shine forth beyond all exception of those that are adversaries to your proceedings. Now, the design of God in these days is double: first, to raise up his own kingdom, in the room of the earthly powers which He doth cast down; secondly, to make the

world subject to be ruled in all things by the word of His mouth. And as He hath raised you to accomplish (so far as the work hath proceeded) these designs, so I hope he will yet further improve you, to set upon their full accomplishment, to promote scripture government and laws, so that the word of Christ might rule all: and for the services you have already rendered His name, I doubt not that it will be some comfort to your heart to see the kingdom of truth rising up in these western parts of the world. Let it be some encouragement to you, that that blessed kingdom shall fill all the earth. Such considerations, together with the favourable regard and kindness you have shewed to poor New England, urge me to present into your hand these confessions of that mercy which the Lord hath bestowed upon these natives, begging earnestly the continuance of your prayers for the further proceeding of this gracious work. And so, committing your honour to the Lord, and all your weighty affairs to His heavenly direction, I rest,

“ Yours, to serve you in the service of Christ,

“ JOHN ELIOT.”

There is small opportunity of knowing what effect Eliot's correspondence had on the Protector's mind; but it is in vain we figure to ourselves the stern, bold, and ambitious face of Cromwell, humbly lifted to heaven on the Indian's behalf, without a smile. It is well known that, before the breaking out of the civil war, he had serious thoughts of selling his lands, and going to the wilds of America, there to enjoy, in full perfection, his religious privileges. Perhaps the memory of these early and better feelings came back powerfully on the throne. There might be moments, even in his Protens mind, when he would have desired to exchange with Eliot, and pictured that apostle in the midst of his devoted Indians, and wished to be like him.

Two or three towns were now raised in places where only the beasts of chase, and men yet wilder, were used to dwell. It was by no means his design, that the Indians, while he led them from their unsettled and wandering way of life, should relinquish their manly and martial usages of hunting, fishing, or even their arts of war; he well knew, that if indolence and effeminacy crept upon them, they would be exposed defenceless to the inroads of the more fierce and distant tribes. Thus, while every town had a depôt for furs, skins, &c., it was also surrounded by a palisado fort, well built, and of great extent. In truth, whether we regard this man building bridges over floods, habitations of peace and comfort within walls for his people, or strong defences without; preaching and praying in the forests, or in the chapels that he had reared; and then toiling night and day to translate works of piety into the rugged Indian tongue—he alike forces our admiration of the energy and versatility of his mind. The plan he pursued, of making religious thoughts and images, as well as expressions, familiar to his Indians, was a useful as well as an ingenious one; and it is probable that Wesley, many years afterwards, borrowed it from this missionary.

He knew how greatly they admired the art of speaking in others, and would be delighted, as well as flattered, to possess it themselves. He drew them on to state in public, before their own people, their views of divine truth, and the feelings of their hearts. “In doing this,” he says, “they were daunted much at first to speak before the grave assembly of their countrymen;” but habit gave confidence: Waubon and two or three more chiefs had broken the ice, and their example was followed by others. The advantage of this kind of confession was very evident; it gave the speakers a fluency and command of expression, when dwelling on re-

ligious themes, and riveted the attention of their hearers. It was a most engaging thing, that those warriors, to whose despotic will they lately bowed down, should now be affectionately urging them to happiness.

Eliot's toils of translation, to which we must again allude, were of a character far different from his long journeyings through the wilds, or his exciting addresses to the tribes; they were painful in the extreme, and sufficient of themselves to have occupied a large portion of life. Mention has been already made of his Indian Grammar. In September, 1661, he published the New Testament, with marginal references; it consisted of fifteen hundred copies, and was printed at the expense of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel." Previous to this, he had printed a few tracts, as well as catechisms, for the use of his people. Before the end of the year 1663, he had finished the translation of the Old Testament also, which had long occupied him; thus the whole Bible was printed in the Indian tongue: it may be imagined with what eagerness it was received by the Indians. The commissioners of the "United Colonies" beheld with joy the completion of these works, and "were bold," to use their own language, "to present them to his majesty." This was Charles the Second, who had now ascended the throne, and cared as little about the conversion of the heathen as he did about hunting the wild bear. "Publications also of these sacred writings to the sons of men," they remark, "is a work that the greatest princes have honoured themselves by. But to publish the same to a lost people, a people without law, without riches, or any such thing, that sat in darkness and the shadow of death—this puts a lustre on it that is superlative. The colonies of the Spanish nation have sent home much gold and silver; that, we confess, is a scarce com-

modity in this colder climate; but we present this, and other fruits of our endeavours to plant the Gospel here, which, upon a true account, are as much better than gold, as the souls of men are more worth than the whole world." It may be imagined how cordially the profligate Charles sympathized in such an address, and how sincerely he admired this diffusion of truth in preference to a few piles of gold laid at his feet. That excellent professor, Oliver, would have shed tears of joy at the news and written a touching letter on the occasion.

Eliot lost no time, after the publication of the Scriptures, in turning his attention to other things; namely, the translation of Baxter's Practice of Piety, and one or two of his other works, a few religious treatises, and, lastly, the Psalms of David in metre, which he called the Indian Psalter. He speaks of these things in a letter to his friend and correspondent, Baxter: "However black the cloud is, and angry the storm, the work of truth goeth on; from that cloud, the glory of Christ shall soon break forth. We are not without our snares and troubles, but we must not cease and wait till the calm shall be. I purpose in my heart to translate for the Indians a little book of yours; the keenness of the edge, the liveliness of the spirit, of that book, through the blessing of God, may be of great use to them. I have begun the work already, and find a great difference from my former translations. I am forced sometimes to alter the phrase, for the facilitating and fitting it to our language, in which I am not so strict as I was in the Scripture. Some things which are fitted for English people, are not fitted for them, and in such things I make bold to fit it for them. But I do little that way, knowing how much beneath wisdom it is, to show a man's self witty in mending another man's work. To show my people clearly the way and manner of a

Christian life and conversation, in their daily course, is my constant wish. Sir, I beseech you, in your holy retirements, in your silent chambers, when the door is shut, and your heart burns with the power of the Divine presence—think of me!" Baxter, in his reply, seems to envy his friend—but in all kindness—the possession of this eminent gift:—"There is no man on earth whose work is more honourable or comfortable than your's. There are many here that would be ambitious of being your fellow-labourers, but they have not the power. There are very many that would be glad to go any whither—to Persians, Tartarians, Indians, or any unbelieving nation, to propagate the Gospel, but the defect of their languages is a great discouragement."

The gift of the Psalter to this people, was a great luxury. Eliot observes, "that the Indians are much pleased to have their language in metre and rhythm, as it now is in the singing psalms in some poor measure; these they sing in our musical tone." It is observed by travellers, that the Indians had no songs among them, and had no idea of melody, and that the few sounds they intended for such, were barbarous and offensive; the being enabled to sing in companies, and in many tunes, no doubt, took wonderfully with them. "They met me," writes a minister, (Mr. Experience Mayhew), "about two months since, at Little Compton, to hear me preach; had you been there to see how well they filled up their seats; how powerfully Nishokou prayed, and how melodiously Paquawise set the tune for the psalm, and carried it out, and how dexterously it was taken up by the others, I am sure you would have been much affected with it." I seek in vain for these quaint passages in the description of Eliot. No doubt, there were some things sufficiently simple, and a few, perhaps, bordering on the ludicrous, in the teaching of the savages, as well as in their

expressions, but he had the good taste to avoid the details.

Fourteen years were now passed in these various labours; great, but not unvaried success, had attended them. There had been opposition, even from some of the Englishmen in authority, to the novelty of Indian towns and regular Christian churches. Storms and floods had at times wasted the plantations, reduced the Indians to distress, and their missionary was compelled to solicit aid from England to supply the losses. Some of the converts, even more than one of the chiefs, proved unfaithful, and fell into open excesses. The first serious disappointment he experienced, was in his efforts for the instruction of the Indian youth in the classic languages; many of the ablest and most promising among them were set apart for this purpose; his ambition was to bring them up "with our English youth in university learning." Where was the use of this? Eliot's best purposes were prone to be carried to excess. It has been mentioned that he gave away a whole year's salary, at a wretched cottage, while his wife was probably expecting it at home for household demands. He had learned his Indians to read and write; many could read English well; and now he wished to give them a polite education, that must have sat as gracefully on them as the full-sleeved gown and bands of the divine. Considerable sums were expended in their board and education: a substantial building of brick, which cost between three and four hundred pounds, was erected; it was large enough to accommodate twenty scholars. It must have been Spartan discipline to the heads as well as hearts of the poor Indians, to labour morn and night through the Greek and Roman authors, to try to discover and relish the beauties of style and the splendour of imagery. No doubt, their thoughts some times fled away to their deserts, where

their fathers roved in dignity and freedom, and books never came. The design might be praiseworthy, but Providence did not smile upon it; most of these young men died when they had made great proficiency in their studies, as if the languages wore out their hearts; others abandoned their books, even when they were prepared to enter Harvard College, in the town of Cambridge; their patience was probably exhausted, and the boon of literary dignity could lure them no further. A few of these, passing from one extreme to the other, burst their bonds at once; and as if mind and body panted together to be free, hastened back to the wilderness again, into its wigwams and swamps; where neither Homer nor Ovid was like to follow them.

“These circumstances proved very discouraging to the godly in New England,” says a contemporary. “Some were so far affected by them, as to conceive that they were manifest tokens of the Divine disapprobation. Mr. Eliot, however, whose faith was more vigorous, considered them merely as trials, to which they ought to submit without reluctance.” In consequence of the death and failure of those who entered the aforesaid building, it was soon after chiefly occupied by the English. Only one of these Indian students appears to have obtained his degree at Harvard College; and at the conclusion of two Latin and Greek elegies, which he composed on the death of an eminent minister, subscribed himself “Cheesecaumuk, Senior Sophista.” What an incongruous blending of sounds!

Eliot at last saw his error, and, instead of the classics, applied with fresh ardour to his more useful translations, of which the circulation was so rapid, that he printed a fresh edition of the “Practice of Piety.” He also soon after established a lecture at Naticke, in which he explained the leading doctrines of theology and logic: here he was on safe ground

and his labours were eminently useful. During the summer months they assembled eagerly once a fortnight, and many of them gained much knowledge ; yet he was far from being satisfied with his oral instructions, and he printed a thousand copies of a logic primer, and made little systems of all the liberal arts, for the use of the Indians. The same minds that had pined and sunk beneath the study of the classic tongues, embraced these things with ardour.

Their insatiable love of asking questions, and then thinking and arguing on them, facilitated their progress under these lectures. As a writer who lived for some time near them, said—"to hover about the wigwams of these wild yet deeply reflecting natives, and to converse with them, was a rich source of entertainment." Singular as it may seem, their discourse was often not only more original, but more philosophical, than that of persons, equally destitute of mental cultivation, in European lands. Nature, around the abode of the Indian, is arrayed in her simple majesty and beauty ; her voice is more distinctly heard, and sinks deeper into the heart. These people, often dependent on the wild fruits and simples of the fields and woods ; well acquainted, from the love of the chase, with the forms and instincts of the birds and beasts, their companions in the wilderness ; keenly observant of every change in the sky, from living so much in the open air—have a wider range of ideas than we are aware of.

The Indians deeply loved these lectures on the scripture, and the dissertations on its power and beauty, which Eliot now adopted. Perhaps the mind that is the most familiar with the glories of creation, is in a better frame to relish the noble simplicity of the scriptures, than where towns and cities are its dwelling-place. Never did the impassioned descriptions of the prophets appear to us so bright or terrible,

as when we read them in the deserts of Syria or Palestine. Were they not inspired there? And when the sun fell redly on the hushed sands and precipices, or the night was there in all her beauty, it is strange how the words of hope, or of gloom, with their awful imagery, rose to the memory, amidst the solitudes of Paran or Sinai! And when the Arabs came, as they did sometimes, to the walled city, to listen to the missionary, he artfully chose the bold and figurative style of scripture, in which to clothe his message, and spoke of sin like the blast in the desert, withering as it passed; and that the love of Christ was like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," or the shelter of the palm beside the lonely fountain; the men's attention was instantly riveted, and their eyes kindled, as images so dear and familiar were brought home to them.

Is not the lonely life of the patriarchal days the dearest to our imagination, as if, when the wanderer sat at his tent-door, or lay down to rest in the wild, heaven was brought nearer to his dwelling-place, and its hope and love were the sure companions of his way? The finest strains that the poets or the chiefs of Israel offered to the Deity, were uttered in the bosom of the wilderness, or amidst the romantic vales and mountains of the land of promise. The song of Miriam on the desert shore, the last curses and blessings from the summits of Ebal and Gerizim, the lament for Saul beside the fields of Gilboa, and the psalms also that were inspired in the scenes of Maon and Carmel—had the sublime and impressive aspect of nature no influence on their composition? The earlier missionaries to the savage, no doubt, were sensible of it also, and felt or borrowed the poetic imagery of the people among whom they dwelt. When Eliot pressed Wamalanset, the chief of his tribe, to embrace the Christian religion, he was thoughtful for some time; then, rising up in

the midst of his people, he said, "I am very thankful to you for your pains; I have, all my days, been used to pass in an old canoe, amidst the currents and rocks of the stream, and I love it, for it has not caused me to sink or perish in the flood; but you exhort me to embark in a new canoe, for it will carry me on a quiet voyage, and to a lovely shore. I believe your words, though, as yet, all is dim to my eye. I yield to your advice, and enter into the new canoe." Another said, "that he should be to them like one that stood by a running river, filling many vessels, and still the everlasting water flowed on."

The first sermon that Eliot preached to them, and which gained him the chief Waubon, his faithful convert and friend, was from the vision of Ezekiel, of the valley of dry bones: the lone and "open valley, the noise of their gathering, the coming of the four winds, and the exceeding great army" that rose up, were powerful and striking imagery for the Indian's mind.

The following instance is very expressive of the fine use the Indians make of simple and natural images:—the speaker was dressed in a robe of several marten-skins sewed together; it was fastened to his right shoulder, and passed under his left arm: he wrapped himself up in this robe, and said—

"My heart laughs for joy on seeing myself before thee: we have all of us heard the word which thou hast sent us. How beautiful is the sun to-day! but lately it was red and angry, for our hands were stained with blood; our tomahawks thirsted for it; our women howled for the loss of their relations; at the least shriek of the birds of night, all our warriors were on foot; the serpents angrily hissed at us, as we passed. Those we left behind sang the songs of death.

"But now our whole nation laughs for joy to see

us walk on the same road with thyself, to join the Father of spirits; our hearts shall make but one: come with us to the forests; come to our homes by the great river; we shall plant the tree of life, of which thou speakest, there, and our warriors shall rest beneath its leaves; and thou shalt tell us more of that land where there is no storm or death, and the sun is always bright. Will not that be good? What dost thou say to it, my father?"

From his Indian converts, Eliot's attention was often necessarily withdrawn to the care of his family—to their love, would be a more suitable expression, for all their temporal cares and concerns were most faithfully attended to by his wife. She was a woman of prudence and sagacity, strongly attached to her husband. There were few female hands that could be trusted with the management of the estate, the dwelling, and six children, while the master thereof was wandering in the wilderness. It was true, that he came often to his home. During those intervals, he was indefatigable in the instruction of his children: when he went forth again, the good seed sown was in danger of being lost, but it did not perish. He was one of those who could impart much in a little time, whose presence could not be easily forgotten; and his tenderness towards them was extreme. It should seem that his example was early their delight; for they grew up after his likeness, and walked in his steps.

His five sons and his daughter were now come to man and woman's estate. It was long his desire that each of the former should be brought up to the ministry; it was their own desire also. The eldest obtained his degree of Master of Arts, became pastor of a church at Gifford, "and was inferior," says Mather, "to few ministers of his day," but he died a few years after; his second son entered on the same path; but his third, Samuel, who was the most

accomplished, died earlier. His death affected his father greatly, for in learning and talents he was superior to his brothers; he was also eminent for his personal beauty and sweetness of temper. The eldest was next taken from him: there was rich consolation, however, the father said, in his death, for "that he had uttered indelible things, that could come only from one on the confines of eternal glory." The last and the favourite one, Benjamin, was yet left. It was no wonder that he loved him dearly, for the youth often went forth with him to the Indians, and assisted him to preach and converse with them: he was by his side in his weary journeyings, was a comfort to him in his trials and difficulties, and shared in his joy also. Perhaps Eliot flattered himself that, when he was taken away, his mantle would rest upon this son; that his spirit and his success would be given to him also; but God, who gave to this eminent man the blessings of another world, chose not that he should take rest in this: this youth sickened and died like his brothers, and "Benjamin also was taken from him." Eliot could not but feel this blow through every nerve and fibre of his heart; he was not, like many of his Indians,

"A Stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

"He was the child of my right hand," he said; "as a son with his father, so he served with me in the Gospel; yet His will be done!" When some asked him how he could bear the death of such excellent children, he replied, his "desire was, that they should serve God on earth; but as Gregory Nazianzen describes in his discourse on his brother's death, his aged parent being then alive and present, 'My father, having laid up in a better world a rich inheritance for his children, sent a son of his before, to take possession of it.'" Perhaps it was the minister who spoke here, rather than the father: though he bowed humbly to the rod, he could not but feel

its anguish. "I dare not call it premature," he said, "though they died before their father; yet let it be written over their graves, 'All these died in faith.'"

It was now with him as before: three sons were taken; and among the three were the first and youngest born; his hearth had no longer the same happy circle gathered round it. In the forest and the wild, the very thoughts of seeing their faces again were sweeter than any others earth could give; and now his "golden bowl was broken at the fountain, his silver cords were loosed for ever."

His congregation at Roxbury would now gladly have detained him to dwell among them; but, though he faithfully preached to and visited them, during his visits home, which lasted for weeks, and even months at times, he considered his great message was to the Indians. Among these he laboured with the same zeal and concern as if his portion in this world was as rich as before: they saw no change in the outward demeanour of the man; and, perhaps, their sternest warriors might admire the firmness with which he bore his cruel losses; that they seldom saw a tear flow, or a sickness of the heart come over him.

His increasing Indian settlements now demanded all his care. Other small towns and plantations had risen in the wild; several of these were in pleasant situations, amidst all the luxuriance of American scenery. Naticke was still the first as well as chief settlement on the shores of Charles river: a solitary hill rose high, and on its side were the wigwams of those Indians who still preferred their primitive mode of dwelling; beyond a "goodly plaine" stretched, great part of which was sown with corn, and covered with plantations of fruit and other trees, for the soil was rich. On the banks of the river, as well as the flat lands, were numerous elm, chestnut, and sycamore trees, the latter of great size and beauty; wild

grapes, also, grew here in abundance, as if it had been a southern clime; so plentiful was the wood, that the Indians were sometimes obliged to cut their way through it, to lay bare the soil. Sometimes the more aged trees, blown down by the tempest, lay prostrate with their thick branches and foliage, like a leafy bridge, unwithered, and it was hardly possible to remove them, save by burning; the fort, built of whole trees, "handsome and firme," stood on a slight elevation, overlooking the river and the plain; and beside it was the large building used as a school-house and depôt. Eliot might surely have chosen the best dwelling in the town, that was the work of his hands. "But there is a large chamber above," says the Honourable Mr. Endecott, in describing his visit to the places, "in a corner whereof Mr. Eliot hath a little room enclosed, and a little bed and bedstead therein; and in the same outer chamber the Indians do, as in a wardrobe, hang up their skinnes and things of price." The place was a very pleasant residence in the summer and autumn, though, like all spots newly reclaimed from the wilderness, it blended the comforts of the civilized with the evils of the savage life. The wolves and bears still dwelt in the woods and thickets at no great distance, and at night their howling was distinctly heard; often was the watch-fire kindled on the adjoining hill beside the Indian wigwams, to scare away the wild beasts, or warn any hostile tribe from approaching; the palisaded fort, however, was sufficient to preserve the town from surprise; and when the times were disturbed, or any inroads threatened, a guard was always kept there at night. It was his custom also, as the above visitor narrates, "to go round often in the darknesse, to espy that all was in peace in the dwellings, and every one in his home."

The swamps and marshy places in the plain, the

effects of a redundant vegetation, sent unwholesome airs to the settlement, and caused disorders, in an unfavourable season, among the people. On more than one occasion, the rains in the higher lands swelled the river to such a degree as to overflow the cultivated lands, and ruin, in a few hours, the industry of a whole year. But the necessaries of life were procured at little trouble ; there was abundance of fish in the river ; the fields were covered with wheat, Indian corn, and flax ; birds of various kinds, from the eagle, the heron, and others, to the wild duck, made the shores their home ; and the beasts of chase, in the near as well as distant woods, often called the Indian from his more peaceful occupations. The aspects of nature on the river around and below Naticke, were very beautiful ; in its course towards the sea were many romantic falls ; there were islands also ; in one of these, called Martha's Vineyard, a stranger had for some time taken up his abode, whose soul was occupied with other things than the fair sights of this world. This was no other than Mr. Mayhew, already mentioned, who had established himself here as pastor to some hundreds of Indians ; he could not say with Crusoe, " I am monarch of all I survey." Small as was his territory, his influence therein was resisted by several surly sagamores, who did not relish this new colonist on the isle. Poor Mr. Mayhew, who was of good family and education, was a sincere and simple-hearted man, who struggled on against the powers of this world and of a darker one ; in default of any stipend to support him, he cultivated the ground with his own hands ; and bore the unkind and refractory spirit of the Indians patiently, and overcame it slowly, with much resignation.

His letter to Eliot, in which he gives a detail of his proceedings from the first, is a model of naivete, credulity, and perseverance ; the latter sometimes

visited his island, and did not fail to comfort and aid him, as far as was in his power. But Martha's Vineyard was a retreat, where any man wearied with the world or misfortune, might have sought rest; nature and the climate, clear and warm as in the South of Europe, had done every thing for it: had Defoe landed or dwelt here, what a splendid, as well as instructive tale, would he have written—his own Fernandez was little more beautiful; but the Indian encampments, their warriors and assemblies, made it superior to the desert isle. But Mr. Mayhew's great recompense, when his daily toil was done, was to issue from the rude dwelling that he had built, and call the Indians together; and if they listened to him earnestly, his rest was sweet afterwards. Success at last dawned upon his efforts; his first convert was Hiacomés, a young islander, who went from house to house, and discoursed with as many persons as would hold intercourse with him; but his influence with the chiefs, as well as that of his teacher, was for a long time feeble, till two of the priests, or sorcerers, forsook their delusions, and embraced Christianity. This circumstance had a great influence on the minds of their people, till one of the chief men also gave his countenance to the mission, whereat the neighbouring sachems were so much enraged, that they attacked his dwelling, and he was severely wounded in the fray. The weakness and confinement caused by his wound, made the savage reflect deeply on the mildness of the Christians, and the fury of his countrymen; he was visited often by the pastor, and the result was, that on his recovery he became one of his firmest disciples.

The character of the lovely island was now utterly changed. Two chapels were erected a few miles apart, and the Sabbath morn was delightful to Mayhew, when he set out from his dwelling through

the interior of the isle, and saw the people gathering from hill, and shore, and grove, leaving their cottages and sports to listen to his words. He went once to the farther end of the isle, to the house of a sachem where he lodged; in the evening, his son and several friends sitting around, desired him to relate some of the ancient stories of God. He related some of the battles and deliverances of the Old Testament; soon after he had finished, word was brought that the life of the young sachem was laid wait for on his return from the dwelling, and his countenance was troubled, till he thought of some of the words and promises that he had heard, and then he went on his way. His lonely isle, that was for many years like a place of exile and sorrow, was now become a paradise to the simple-hearted man; his savages were to him in place of wife, children, and friends, till in an evil hour he took a voyage: the people accompanied him in sorrow to the shore, and waited long for his return, but they saw him no more, for the vessel, and all on board, were lost.

Pakeunit, the second settlement, and farther in the interior, was situated on the small river Namasket; it derived a high interest also from its being the residence of Massasoit, the celebrated Indian chief, father of the unfortunate Philip, afterwards the enemy of the English. This chief had several forts or castles, not far from the river side, stockaded round, and fortified after the Indian manner: here he lived like a sovereign, surrounded by his sachems, and governing his people more like a feudal lord, than a fierce and unprincipled chieftain; they only quitted their domain to make hunting excursions, or inroads on the Mohicans and other tribes, who were their enemies. Massasoit's example raised many an able warrior in his tribe, who were the Pequots, and his own tact and courage long kept up the renown of his name. Eliot knew him well, and was, perhaps,

indebted, not rarely, to his hospitality; he must have esteemed his character, that had all the openness and integrity of Indian virtue. He thus describes the death of a warrior of this people, with his occasional felicity of expression.

“Pakeunit, is our second town, where the sachems of the blood (as they term their royal line) had their residence and rights, which are mostly alienated to the English. The chief man of that line was last year slain by the Mauquaogs, against whom he rashly (and without due attendants and assistance, and against counsel) went; yet all, yea, his enemies, say, he died valiantly; they were more afraid to kill him, than he was to die; yet being deserted by all, (some knowingly say, through treason,) he stood long, and at last fell alone: had he had but ten men, yea, five in good order with him, he would have driven all his enemies before him.” It is curious to see his transition from the warrior to the convert, and his estimate of the characters of both; for immediately after he speaks of his converts at Pakeunit. “Our chief ruler among them is Ahauton, a stedfast friend to the English, who loveth his country; he is more loved than feared; the reins of his bridle are too long. Their late teacher, Wakan, is deceased; he was a man of eminent parts, and was the friend of many of the English; for he was of ready wit, sound judgment, and affable; he is gone unto the Lord, and William, the son of Ahauton, is called to be teacher in his stead; he is of a single and upright heart; he prayeth and preacheth well, and is, moreover, studious and industrious.”

But to give a better idea of the Prince Massasoit, or Sassacus, as Mather calls him, it will be necessary to transcribe one of his battles from the latter. This was in the year 1637, when he was hostile to the English.—

“An army of a hundred and sixty men, under the

command of Captain Underhill, were despatched, and with them was Uncas, an Indian chief; when they landed from the river, they were joined by five hundred Naraganset Indians. We were now informed that the Indians had retired into two impregnable forts, one of which was the hold of Sassacus, the chief tyrant; that fierce tiger, at the very mention of whose name the Naragansets trembled, saying, "He was all one a God, nobody could kill him." The council of war determined to fall first upon the fort which they could first find; and on their silent march in the moonshiny night, an Indian spy brought them word that the Pequots were in a profound sleep. Our guide was one Wequash, an Indian revolted from them; and now the Naragansets retired into the wood, and behind the trees—they were overcome with fear. The English advanced against the nearest fort, when a dog, that stood sentinel like another Cerberus, barking, awoke them all; their cry, when they sprung from their sleep, was dreadful to hear in the silent night; and thereupon followed a bloody encounter; many were killed; but we set fire to their huts, and a high wind caused them to be quickly consumed; many of the Indians climbed to the tops of the palisadoes, and were a mark for the bullets; some of the trees also burning, threw such a fiery light, that with the howlings, and cries also, the place was like the pit of torment. Samson was not in greater distress by thirst after his exploit upon the Philistines, than was the mighty Sassacus when his strong holds were thus burned, and his barbarians dismissed from a world that was burdened with them. The next day, as we were returning, three hundred of the enemy again came up, like bears bereaved of their young; they fought, and made a fort of every swamp in the way, covering their bodies with the green boughs and the long grass, so that we were sometimes in the very

midst of them, and knew it not, save by the sudden yell and the volley."

The war that was to desolate much of the labours of Eliot, had not yet broken out; he would still say, that "peace and prosperity were in his borders." The excellent discipline he had established among his civilized Indians, and his unwearied efforts for their instruction, were blessed with continued success. This success came in the way that he desired, slowly, yet surely; not by appealing to the passions of ardent and ungoverned men, but by convincing their reasons, so that the light and love of the truth entered by degrees into the mind and heart. He could now speak with more confidence of their state than was in his power a few years past; he had seen many called to their last home, who had witnessed a good confession in the hour when men seldom speak insincerely. There were chiefs also, whom their people had deserted, because of their adherence to the faith of Christ; the thirst of power, and the habit of ruling, were here cheerfully yielded, and the chieftains descended from their rank, to teach those who had before trembled at their nod. Hundreds there were, and thousands, who, by a better life and conversation, gave certain proof that they were no longer cruel revengeful tyrants at home, and merciless abroad. The change that heaven had effected in a few years, by the agency of one man, was a mighty and a beautiful one.

But the work had become too great for him. He would, ere this, have called others of his countrymen to assist him, but it was no easy matter. "The more learned," he writes, "among the English young men, did not hitherto incline or endeavour to fit themselves for that service, by the study of the Indian language, because of the difficulty to attain that speech, and also the little encouragement while they prepare for it; unless the person be very much

mortified, self-denying, and of a public spirit, seeking greatly God's glory—and these are rare qualifications in young men; it is but one of a hundred that is so endowed." These difficulties were at last, in a measure, removed, though late in the day. The Rev. John Cotton, of Boston, was so impressed by Eliot's counsels, and animated by his success, that, with diligence and labour, he made some proficiency in the Indian tongue, and began to exercise his ministry among them in the year 1664. His own son, who was the minister of the English at New Cambridge, had journeyed often to Pakeunit and Naticke to aid him, for he too had learned the language. The Indians greatly admired when the father and the son were both present in their assemblies, speaking with the same fluency and ardour, of the things of "life and truth," and persuading them with one voice to eternal happiness. They heard with grief that God had taken the youth: he died a few years after his youngest brother.

Pierson, another minister, also joined his efforts to the cause, though with less success than a Mr. Bourne, a gentleman of large property, distinguished for his knowledge of the scriptures, as well as the language of the tribes: he devoted all his time to the Indian congregations. A few others there were, and although none of them could pretend to the personal activity or the wide influence of Eliot, they were of great use to him, for his churches were now scattered over plain, wood, and river side. A letter, in which he describes one of his journeyings, gives a just idea of their advancement. "Nashope is our fourth town, or settlement, a place of much affliction; it was the chief place of residence where Tahantas lived, a sachem of the blood, a faithful Christian, a strict yet gentle ruler; when God took him, a chief man in Israel was taken away from us. Our next ruler was killed by the Mohicans, shot to

death in the river. Being much haunted by these men, it was one year wholly deserted; but this year our people have taken courage, and dwell upon it again. For religion, there are amongst them some sincere Christians. Wamesut is our next town; it lieth at the bottom of the great falls, on the river Merrimack, a place of a strange and beautiful aspect. The sachem of this place is Nomphon, said to be a prince, a man of a real noble spirit: a brother of his was slain by the Mohicans, as he was upon a rock, fishing in the great river; to revenge this deed, he went out on an expedition against them, and came well off.

“Panatuket is at the upper part of the Merrimack Falls, and so called because of the noise which the waters make. Here the Indians have built a great fort: it is a new church, and as yet but feeble. Last year their sachems refused to pray to God, so signally and sinfully hurting the minds of their people, that I feared some interposition of a divine hand, though I said nothing. So it came to pass that, joining with the northern sachems, they were all cut off—even all that so signally rejected prayer. Did not God reject them? It seemeth not rashness to think so. I hear not that it was ever known, that so many chiefs and men of note were killed in one imprudent expedition, and that by a few scattered people, for the Mohicans were not embodied, or prepared to receive them, and few at home.”

This was written in the year 1670, when Eliot was sixty-six years of age. Yet increase of years do not appear to have abated the ardour of his mind, or the powers of his body, to endure great fatigues; danger was inevitable in some of these journeyings. From the above extract, it appears that the hostile Indians dwelt near a few of the settlements, and caused frequent losses. His design was rather to strengthen and establish his scattered congregations, than to carry

his efforts farther into savannas and wilds beyond his present limits ; no doubt, he often longed to do so, for many numerous and powerful tribes as yet knew nothing of his mission. Had he been a less humble man, he would have gone to the vast lakes in the interior, whose shores were thickly peopled, and to the mountains, whose summits were faintly seen in the horizon, and thought it glorious to prevail over so wide and splendid a field ; but ambition never entered Eliot's mind. There is not a single expression, even in his most unguarded letters, that ever alludes to self with the faintest complacency or pleasure.

Twenty-six years had now been occupied in his mission, during which the savage had been his chief companion ; his little chamber in the corner of the great room, where the Indians came from hunting, and sometimes from war, to hang up their skins and furs, was more than figuratively like the prophet's room of old. The step of the warrior, proud of his trophies, or of the hunter, loaded with his spoils, as well as the gathering of many, with the fruits of their hands, for the nearest market, must have sadly broken on his painful studies of the Indian language, or his more earnest preparations for the ministry.

This life of exciting variety was welcome, even to a man whose heart panted for a brighter world. To the constant change of scene and air, in these primeval wanderings, was in a measure due, no doubt, the robust and uninterrupted health he enjoyed to the last. There was another cause also ; nature had given him a vigorous tone of animal spirits, and a sanguine temperament, that no misfortunes or trials could sink into despondency. His friend terms it " a rare constitution and exquisite health of soul." It was otherwise with his successor, Brainerd, whose gloomy fancy and delicate organization were often the source of great suffering and dejection ; who pictured temptation and trial in every change of

circumstance. The unabated cheerfulness and buoyant spirit of Eliot, bore him through storms and difficulties in which his successor would have perished.

In the year 1674, the number of towns and settlements, in which industry, comfort, good order, and the best instruction, were established, amounted to more than twelve, when an unforeseen event happened, that threw a cloud over all his prospects. This was the war in which the colonists of New England were involved with Philip, son of Massasoit, the celebrated chief, and, for the last years of his life, the firm friend of the English. "O, thou sword of the wilderness, when wilt thou be quiet?" says Mather, forgetful that it was bared by the aggressions of the settlers, as well as by the fierce and restless spirit of the Indian prince. Ever since the foundation of the colonies, the former had conducted themselves, says more than one divine of the period, with great kindness to their heathen brethren. The truth of this assertion is very doubtful. The missionary took no part in the disputes, save to urge his countrymen to forbearance and peace. "We, the poor church of Naticke," he writes to them, "hearing that the honoured rulers of Plymouth are pressing and arming of soldiers to go to war with the Indians, do mourn greatly on account of it, and desire that they may not be destroyed, because we have not heard that they have done any thing worthy of death. It is your duty to offer, accept, and desire peace, and we pray you, for God's sake, and for your souls' sake, obey this word; we long to hear of a happy peace, that may open a clear passage for the gospel among that people." Simple as these words are, they unfold an affection, on the part of the missionary and his converts, for those who had few claims on their regard; for Philip, and most of his chiefs, had sternly rejected all persuasions to Christianity. But Eliot

was not of the sentiment of another divine, who rejoiced in the rejection of the proposals by the Indians, that "this thing was of the Lord." He saw only on one side an exquisite jealousy, roused by many wrongs, a heart burning with vindictive feelings; on the other, a sordid ambition, an unhallowed love of glory. It was a source of sorrow, that the torch of discord was first kindled by one of his own people. In the end of the year 1674, John Senso-man, a converted Indian, after having apostatized from the faith, devoted himself to the service of Philip, as secretary. He informed the English that his countrymen had resolved to adopt measures for their destruction. "He could write," says the historian, "though the king, his master, could not read."

This renegade, fearing the consequences of what he had done, returned to the protection of the settlers, and was soon after slain by two of the Indian captains. The English arrested the perpetrators of the deed, and, on a trial by jury, finding them guilty, they were executed. Philip was alarmed at the condemnation of his counsellors, and, conscious that he had given cause for suspicion, resolved to be the first in the field. He had probably long waited for an opportunity. Rash, headstrong, and vindictive, with the courage but not the talents of his father, Massasoit, the slow and artful aggressions of the settlers stung him to the quick. He began to gather his warriors around his dwelling-place, at the strong forts near the Naraganset river; he received the accession of several other tribes. In the mean time, it was said, strange sights and sounds foreboded, in many parts of the colonies, the woes that were near; the singing of bullets, and the awful passing away of drums in the air; invisible troops of horses were heard riding to and fro; and in a clear, still, sunshiny morning, the phantoms of men, fearfully

flitting by! Philip, heedless of omens and dreams, sent away the women and children, and took his stand on Mount Hope, a low and beautiful eminence, on which was his strongest fort. Ere matters came to a fatal extremity, and all the evils of war were let loose on his settlements, Eliot did his utmost to turn them aside; he saw that many of his people would inevitably be involved with one party or the other. His town of Pakeunit was very near Mount Hope; he had visited the latter during the life of Massasoit, and though he felt not the same regard or esteem for his son, a friendly intercourse had subsisted between them. His applications to the colonists for peace being fruitless, he resolved to try them also on the former. A few miles only distant, the encampment of the Indians around their Mount was distinctly visible from Pakeunit; and Eliot, with two or three of his people, went to have an interview with the chieftain. Philip respected his character, though he disliked his proceedings, for he had always treated his mission with contempt and slight; among the warriors, however, both of his own and other tribes, were many who had heard Eliot preach, and had received him beneath their roof. The interview was without any success; the spirit of the Indian was made up to the desperate struggle, and all that could be done was to beseech him to spare the settlements of the converts.

The contrast between the two men must have been sufficiently striking. Philip was in the prime of life, with a frame nerved by early hardship, and the usages of savage warfare, in which he was very expert; he was dressed like his chiefs, save that he wore a silver-laced tunic, or coat, and that his arms were more rich; his chief ensign of dignity was his princely, yet cruel and gloomy features, where the thirst of revenge was stamped. The frame of the missionary was not bowed even by seventy years,

though they had turned his hair white; the leathern girdle was about his loins, that he always wore, and the simple apparel that he loved; he stood among these fierce and exasperated men as calm and fearless as in his own assembly at Naticke: he could not but foresee the devastation about to be let loose on the land; that the fire and the sword would waste all his pleasant places, and scatter his converts; and he returned with a heavy heart to his home. Several of the latter afterwards sided with the forces of Philip: whether from this circumstance, or from the nearness of the settlement of Pakeunit to the camp of the prince, the colonists contracted the strongest dislike and mistrust of the Christian Indians. Eliot, when he saw there was no longer a chance of peace, exhorted his people in the above town, and at Naticke, as well as the other congregations, not to be moved by the example or seductions of either party.

The contagion was, however, too strong; and he at last saw many of them also take up arms against their infidel countrymen. The order and harmony of their dwelling-places were for a time utterly blasted; on the hills around Naticke and Pakeunit the watch-fires were blazing; the war-whoops were often heard in the night; at intervals, a solitary musket, and then a signal cry, came from the neighbouring woods; and yet nearer, the poor Indians at last saw their plantations without the town, burning; for Philip began hostilities by a sudden attack on them, so that their taking up arms was partly in self-defence. After several actions, he retired from Mount Hope to the woods, swamps, and fastnesses of the interior, in the dominion of the great tribe of the Naraganset Indians, who, for his sake, had now broken treaty with the English. It was the depth of winter, yet the latter resolved to follow him to his retreats, and an army of fifteen

hundred men, under the command of the Hon. J. Winslow, marched to the abode of the Indians. This was on an island of about five or six acres, the only entrance to which was upon a long tree over the water, so that but one man could pass at a time: but the water was frozen; the trees and thickets were white with their burden of snow, as was the surface of the earth, so that the smallest movement of the Indians could be seen. Within the isle were gathered the powers of the Pequot and Naraganset tribes, with their wives, families, and valuable things; the want of leaves and thick foliage allowed no ambush, and the savage must fight openly beside his own hearth and store. It was the close of-day when the colonists came up to the place; a fort, a blockhouse, and a wall that passed round the isle, proved the skill, as well as resolution, of the assailed; the frozen shores and water were quickly covered with the slain, and then the Indians fought at their doors and around their children, till all was lost, and a thousand of them fell. Philip fled with his surviving forces to a distant position, where it was impossible to follow him. Concord, one of the first settlements of Eliot, and one or two other towns, were this winter destroyed, and its poor people turned from their dwellings into all the rigours of the winter; many perished in the woods or amidst the snows, or by the secret and sudden ambushes of the enemy.

The last defeat, in which his best fighting men were slain, had broken the power, but not the spirit, of Philip. Unable to meet the colonists in the open field, he harassed them in a thousand ways, so that, as the spring advanced, the more industrious and timid were thrown into the extremity of despair, and said, "How shall we wade through another summer like the last?" But the chief was now a wandering exile; his paternal dominion was taken;

the singular friendship of Quanonchet, "the mighty sachem of the Naragansets," was his last support. The fidelity of this man was tried to the uttermost: he had received the fugitive with open arms; rallied all his forces around him; they fought, side by side, with the heroism of men on the last strand of their country; were defeated, and fled together, without a reproach or complaint on either side; they retreated yet farther into the interior, and, by their persuasions, engaged other tribes in the cause; but, at this moment, the Maquas, a powerful nation in the west, made a descent on them, and wasted their band. In spite of these disasters, they again advanced.

Eliot, during these troubles, was subjected to much contempt and reproach. His efforts to protect his people, and watch over their interests, were incessant; but so strong was the suspicion against them, that the colonists, not content with confining a great number of them in Long Island, inflicted on them many sufferings, and a few of the more cruel said that they were worthy of death. But the war began to draw to a close: Quanonchet, venturing out with a few followers near the enemy, was pursued and taken. His behaviour under his misfortunes was very noble and affecting; for when repeated offers were made him of life, if he would deliver up Philip, and submit his own people to the English, he proudly rejected them. They condemned him to die, and, by a refinement of cruelty, by the hands of three young Indian chiefs. The heroic man said, "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself." Philip was deeply moved by the death of the chieftain, for their friendship was like that of David and Jonathan, strongest in misery and exile. He was not yet left desolate: his beloved wife and only

child were with him. They had shared all his sufferings; in his flights, his inroads, his dwellings in the swamps, they seem never to have left his side. The unfortunate prince now returned to Mount Hope, the scene of his former power and happiness; it was for no purpose of defence that he came, for it was too near the English settlements, but merely to visit it once more. "He finds it," says Mather, "to be Mount Misery, Mount Confusion!" No doubt it was so to his bleeding spirit; for, with all his savage propensities, this prince was susceptible of some of the finest feelings of our nature. He sat down mournfully on the beautiful Mount, on which were now the ruins of his fortress and camp; but he could not remain long here, for the feet of his pursuers were nigh, and he was compelled to seek his distant retreats again:—there was a greater agony in store for him than the sight of his ruined home. Early one morning, his quarters were surprised by the English, most of his followers slain, and his wife and son made captive. The chief fled, broken-hearted, but unsubdued, leaving all he loved on earth in the hands of those who had no mercy. "This was no small torment to him," quaintly says the historian. "Wo to him that spoileth! His peag, or silver belt, the ensign of his principedom, also remained in our hands, so hardly did he escape." The measure of his woes was not yet full. The Indian princess of Pocasset was warmly attached to his cause, and had more than once aided him in his extremity; she had received him beneath her roof, soothed his sorrows, and, what was more, summoned her people to fight for him; and saved him and his people in her canoes the year before. Now, she followed him in his flight, and, as the more devout said, as if by a judgment, could not find a canoe to transport her, and, venturing over the river upon a

raft, it broke under her, and she was drowned. Her body was soon after washed on shore, and the English, forgetful of all decency and delicacy to a woman of her rank, though a savage, cut off her head, and placed it on high, which, when the Indians who were her people saw, they gathered round, and gave way to the most sad and touching lamentations. Philip now began, like Saul of old, when earth was leaving him, to look to the powers beyond it, and to apply to his magicians and sorcerers, who, on consulting their oracles, assured him that no Englishman should ever kill him. This was a vague consolation, yet it seems to have given him, for a while, a confidence in his destiny, and he took his last stand in the middle of a distant and almost inaccessible swamp. It was a fit retreat for a despairing man, being one of those waste and dismal places to which few ever wandered, covered with rank and dense vegetation. The moist soil was almost hidden by the cypress and other tress, that spread their gloomy shades over the treacherous shallows and pools beneath. In the few drier parts, oaks and pines grew, and, between them, a brushwood so thick, that the savage could hardly penetrate: on the long rich grass of these parts, wild cattle fed, unassailed by the hand of man, save when they ventured beyond the confines of the swamp. There were wolves, deer, and other animals; and wilder men, it was said, were seen here; it was supposed that the children of some of the Indians had either been lost or left here, and had thus grown up like denizens of this wild. Here the baffled chieftain gathered his little band around him, like a lion baited by the hunters, sullenly seeking his gloomy thickets, only to spring forth more fatally; despair, was his only friend; for what other was now left: his love was turned to agony; his wife was in the hand of his enemies; and would they spare her

beauty? His only son, the heir of his long line, must bow his head to their yoke; his chief warriors had all fallen, and he could not trust the few who were still with him. Quanonchet, whose fidelity and attachment were stronger than death, was in the land of spirits, chasing the shadowy deer, and solaced with many wives; for Philip, to the last, believed in the religion of his country. In this extremity, an Indian proposed to seek peace with the English;—the prince instantly laid him dead at his feet. This man had a friend, who, disgusted with the deed, soon after fled from the place to Rhode Island, where the English were recruiting their weary forces, and betrayed the place of his retreat. On this intelligence, a body of forces instantly set out. The night before his death, Philip, “like him in the army of Midian,” says the historian, “had been dreaming that he was fallen into the hands of the English; he awoke in great alarm, and told it to his friends, and advised them to fly for their lives, for that he believed it would come to pass.” The place was well suited to awake all the terrors of the imagination; to any eye but that of the savage, it was like the “valley of the shadow of death;” the cypress and oak trees hung heavy and still, over the accursed soil; the faint gleam of the pools and sluggish lakes on every side, in the starlight, and the howl of the wolf, fitfully, as if it warned that the hour was nigh. “Now, just as he was telling his dream, Captain Church, with his company, fell in upon them.” They had been guided by the deserter to the swamp, and, with great difficulty, across some felled trees, into its labyrinths. The battle was fierce and short: Philip fought till he saw almost every follower fall in his defence, then turned, and fled; he was pursued by an Englishman and an Indian; and, as if the oracle was doomed to be fulfilled, the musket of the for-

mer would not go off; and the latter fired, and shot him through the heart.

With his death, all resistance ceased; his dominions fell into the hands of the colonists, and peace was restored to the settlements, but prosperity came not with it. It was a cruel blow to Eliot, nearly all whose life had been given to his beloved cause, to look around on the plantations ravaged, the dwellings empty, the defences broken, and, more than all, the spirit of his people in despair. Of twelve towns, at the beginning of the war, four only were now undestroyed. Where was he to look for help? It was easy for the colonists, who were in general men of enterprise and commerce, to repair the losses and devastations of the strife; but many and painful years alone had raised his settlements into comfort and order: moreover, the countenance and favour hitherto given them were now withdrawn; public suspicion and distrust were abroad. He had to lament also the total defection of some of the Indians, whose professions had lately cheered his heart; the zeal of others also had waxed cold; and he mourned the death of many, whose firm aid and attachment would, in this moment of trial, have been very dear to him.

He writes, "My heart hath much ado to hold up my head; it doth daily lead me to the everlasting arms, where alone is my hope and help; the world is a place and state on which I will lean no more." Pakeunit was in ruins, like Mount Hope, at a few miles' distance, where Philip lately dwelt in his pride; so was Concord, and most of the other settlements; Naticke alone was not wholly wasted, and here he retired for a time, and sought to gather his scattered people together, and restore their habits of industry and tranquillity. The store-house was no longer filled with skins and furs for the market; the happy circles were no

more gathered beneath their roofs; the sounds of prayer and praise came seldom on the ear; even the psalms that he had composed were neglected; it was a dark dispensation. At the age of seventy-two, it is sweet to sit in the shadow of the tree that we have planted, to listen to familiar sounds; to see the sun go down on our labours; and the faces we have long loved, grow more kind as the night draws near. But he was called to build and to plant at the eleventh hour, to go forth again to the forest and plain," to wait for his reward in eternity; and he was content to do so. Eagerly and cheerfully as in the days of his youth, with his staff in his hand, and his leathern girdle about his loins, he left the blackened homes of his settlements, and journeyed to the "howling wilderness," if he might but gain new converts to God. It is not easy to regard this man without admiration. It was not with him as in days past, when public approval at home and abroad followed every step, and every lip hailed him as the apostle: men branded him now as insidious, traitorous, a lover of himself more than of his country; and for the first time in his life the iron entered into his soul. Wherever he went, the traces of the war were fearfully distinct: the two remote settlements, beside the falls of the Merrimack, were desolated; many of the warriors had mingled in the strife, and their thirst of blood had come again; others listened carelessly to his words, and the lonely missionary saw that his hope was vain. "I have studied to be faithful to their souls," he said, as he looked sadly round. Yet his zeal and perseverance were at last rewarded; never was his preaching attended with greater success; his head was lifted up again from the dust; perhaps there was something irresistibly impressive, to the Indians, in the venerable man seeking their wilds again, and addressing them with the fire, as well as the charity, of his earlier days.

Perhaps, also, it was the will of Heaven to shed a glory round the latter days of its faithful servant, and bid the morn break more beautiful from the night of tears. During the few succeeding years, he had the inexpressible comfort of seeing his churches gradually restored; the assemblies gathered again, and, if a great number of old faces were not among them, there were others equally earnest from other tribes; the plantations again rose around the towns, and good conduct, as well as feelings of kindness and mercy, prevailed among the dwellers. It is probable this kindling anew the dying embers of religion in the spirit of the Indian, made Eliot's last days more happy than if a continued stream of prosperity had been his lot. His heart overflowed with gratitude, though his mission had never again the same extent or influence as before the disastrous war with Philip; he could not number more than half the towns. He was now induced to spend more of his time beneath his own roof at Roxbury; he had long wished that another pastor should be appointed to his church, on account of his long absences and increasing years. His faithful and loved wife still lived to comfort him; they were drawing near to the end of their journey; so gently did age creep on either that it was uncertain, to the indifferent eye, which would be summoned first; three of his children were still beneath his roof; his own hearth, at evening, was surely still dear to the weary man. He was now in the eighty-second year of his age, but still free from disease, or much infirmity, when his people consented to his request, to provide a minister in his stead;—a graduate of Harvard College was chosen. "The good old man," says his friend, "with unspeakable satisfaction, gave the garments of the ministry to his successor: he said he could no longer serve them as he would fain do; that they should draw a curtain of mercy over all

his failures." This was not insincere language in his mouth, though old age is the strong hour of vanity; when the passions are dead, when the flowers of life are all gathered, the past career rises in all its pride and memory, and treasures up how much we have suffered and won. "I am drawing home," he writes to the Honourable Robert Boyle; "the shadows are lengthening around me: I beseech you to suppress the title of "Indian Evangelist;" give not any glory to me for what is done; give it to God, who hath strengthened me." But the time came that his wife died, and the loss found him all unprepared for it; they had lived so long together, that the idea of separation seemed not to have entered their minds;—the mother of his children, the companion of threescore years, was laid in the grave by his hand. And when he stood beside her place of rest, "I heard and saw her aged husband, who else very rarely wept," writes Mather, "yet now with a flood of tears, before a large concourse of people, say, over the coffin, "Here lies my dear, prudent, faithful wife; I shall go to her, but she cannot return to me." He spoke not of hope or comfort—what had he to do with them—for he must soon be called also. And now he prepared to depart. No one who has not proved it, can tell how cold and solemn is the loneliness of old age; when that dear and long companionship is taken away—the look, the word, the smile, the silver hairs—all so like our own, that our very self seems torn asunder when we know them no more. His children sought to comfort him, but they were not the love of his early years, the stay of his life of trial. He was still able to ascend the hill on which stood his church, and not long after he delivered his last discourse there; this was four years before his death. Even now, at the age of eighty-two, he persisted in going forth, as far as he was able, to visit his loved settlements; for

such was the excellence of his constitution, that his frame was not yet bowed, and his eye was still bright; earth had nothing so welcome to him as to mingle yet a while with his Indians, sit in their assemblies, and listen, when he could speak to them no longer; and the groves, the fields, the isles, that his foot had known so long, were they not dear to him as ever, though his head was white with nearly a hundred years, and his hand shook at last like an infant's? The Indians saw, as they expressed it, that their father was going home. His mind was vigorous to the last. How elevated, how enviable, and above all human joy, were the feelings of that mind, in these last visits to the wilderness; when he entered the dwelling that had received him fifty years before, or sat beneath the tree in whose shadow he had first told of the things of life; or rested on the shore, or the boundless plain, once the dominion of darkness and death, but now light and glory had come there. Had he wanted warnings beyond those of his own failing frame, every cottage could have given them. Waubon, his first convert, as well as most of his warriors, were gone to their rest; many had fallen with Philip and Quanonchet; and the few who were yet left, trembled on the verge of life; he saw few of the faces of his earlier days. New tribes, such as the Maquas, had come to dwell near the domain of the unfortunate prince, and to them his words would be as wild sounds; the hour was now past for new efforts, and their reply to his message, to leave the customs and faith of their ancestors, and seek the kingdom of heaven, would perhaps be like the indignant one of another tribe—"My father, shall we say to their bones, Rise up, and go with us to a strange land?"

He returned, for the last time, to Roxbury, which he never quitted again; the infirmities of old age now came fast upon him. When he could no longer

leave his dwelling, the ruling passion was strong to the last; he caused a young Indian, in his primitive ignorance and darkness, to dwell with him, and, as life ebbed away, he occupied himself in teaching him passages from the scripture, with as much ardour and diligence as if a chief of the desert was before him. A fever, with which he was attacked, compelled him to lay aside this employment, and he lay in the extremity of his sufferings. On one who had known little pain till the age of ninety, this bodily agony fell heavily; but he said that death was no more to him, than sleep to a weary man. "The evening clouds are passing away," he said; "the Lord Jesus, whom I have served, like Polycarp, for eighty years, forsakes me not. O, come in glory! I have long waited for that coming; let no dark cloud rest on the work of the Indians; let it live when I am dead." Ere his voice failed for ever, the last words it uttered were, "Welcome! Joy!" and his toils were finished, at nearly the age of ninety; what was yet a greater mercy, with a mind strong and unclouded to the close.

His death produced a powerful impression in New England; it fell like a sudden surprise and alarm on the people, though they must have long looked for it. "Bereaved land," says a writer of the time, "where are thy tears at this ill-boding funeral?" How hard it was to find a spirit like his, was quickly seen. "It is much to be lamented," says the historian, "that the zeal with which this work of mercy was conducted during his life, greatly diminished after his death. The distresses of the Indians, the encroachments of the English on their settlements, and several other things of a painful nature, brought the missionary ardour to a severe trial." These things existed during his life; but his talents, his unquenched enthusiasm, and exalted faith, mastered them all.

With regard to the character of this remarkable man, little more remains to be said. Some of its more conspicuous traits, which do not always fall to the lot of the missionary, were caution, long and extreme patience. His plans for the civilization and instruction of the tribes, were formed with as much coolness and skill, and brought to maturity with as much care, as if he had men of strong and reflective minds to deal with. His insight into the characters of men was a keen and just one, or he could not have adapted himself so well to the warrior, in the chase, in the assembly of the nation, or even in his march to slaughter. He ever chose the most able and sagacious of these people for instructors to their brethren; he had to conciliate also rulers of the colonies, who sometimes favoured, at others thwarted his designs. His addresses to the Indians, while they were full of all the ardour of his feelings, arrested attention at the same time, by their mild, simple, and affectionate character; their effect was aided by a singular felicity of expression. As to his other endowments, Heaven, who chose this eminent man for its own purposes, peculiarly fitted him for their accomplishment; it gave him many troubles and sorrows of the world, but few, very few, of the soul; this is evident from the tone in which he always speaks and writes; so full of peace, of hope, of a calm and full trust in God, that nothing could shake; but his humility, like a guardian angel, ever hovered round his heart, and kept it in safety. "What was the word I spoke last," said the dying man, after a pause;—"I recall that word; I spoke of what I had done. O child of the dust, lie low; it is Christ that hath triumphed."

His manner of life was simple and uniform to the last; he allowed himself very little sleep, and water was his only beverage, whether at luxurious tables, or in the midst of wilds covered with frost and

snow; his early mornings he loved to enjoy; before any other inmate was stirring, he had given some hours to his Indian translations. With respect to his own worldly substance, he was singularly improvident and careless; and but for the excellent management of his wife, the interior of his dwelling had been as bare as that of an Indian wigwam, and his family had often wanted a regular meal; his charity knew no bounds, but it was seldom governed by discretion. His other failings were such as are often the companions of a sanguine temperament; a hastiness of temper and impetuosity of purpose, that did not brook opposition. The former was at length mastered by his own self-command, and the troubles of his path; the latter adhered to him to the last. Baxter, when near his end, wrote thus:—"I am now dying, I hope as Eliot did; I lay reading his life in bed, and it revived me; there was no man on earth whom I honoured above him: till between one and two after midnight, I continued to read it; it pleased me to find in his words my own case: 'my memory, my tongue, my hand and pen fail—but my charity faileth not.'"

## EARLY MISSION TO TRANQUEBAR.

SOON after the commencement of the eighteenth century, Frederic the Fourth, king of Denmark, in consequence of the recommendation of one of his chaplains, resolved to make an attempt for the conversion of the heathen on the coast of Coromandel. Accordingly, in November, 1705, B. Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutseho, two young men, who were educated for the ministry, were chosen for this purpose, and embarked at Copenhagen.

This enterprise was a bold one, to go and make their home in so distant a land. It seems to have been the first time they had ventured on the seas, where every thing appeared new and startling. After a few days of stormy weather, "we reached," they say, "a sheltering place, surrounded with pleasant and delightful rocks," and then they came to "a little group of islands, in one of which a sailor, who had died, was buried, having a funeral sermon preached over him." During this voyage, of nearly six months, a single day was, of course, a picture of all the rest; yet there is neither monotony nor weariness in their own simple description of it: "The faculties of our soul, by these frequent changes, being sometimes on the very brink of death, in piercing heat or cold, and again in great beauty of climate, became more purified and elevated: whatever we read, saw, or heard, of things spiritual or natural, we could penetrate deeper into, and take more pleasure in." Whoever has wandered much and far through the world, whether or no with so pure a motive, must feel the truth of this description.

"The rest of the day we employed in reading such works, as might stir up the mind to contem-

plate the wonders of God in the works of creation, which were now the daily objects of our senses. Sometimes in the evening we had a concert of music, both vocal and instrumental, and thus awakened the inward harmony of our souls." These solitary Danes, it is evident, were men of clear and inquiring minds, yielding to the just and fervent impression of the changes which every day brought before them. "Thus we passed," says Ziegenbalg, "our time, both with great advantage, and a delicious entertainment of our minds, so that the same seemed rather too short than too long." This was, in truth, casting a spell over the discomforts and delays of a six-months' voyage in a merchant ship: "nay," he continues, "we should now count it a small matter, if it was our lot to live a sea-faring life for some years together."

On landing at Tranquebar, they soon began to find, that it was easier to bear storms and dangers, than the neglect and derision of their fellow-creatures: "We are like," they say, "to be much cast down, by the reason of finding every thing vitiated and corrupted among the pagans: we perceived soon enough that our attempts for their conversion seemed, to the Christians settled here, a ridiculous piece of work." This was after they had overcome, with great patience, the difficulties of the Malabar language. The ice was first broken by one of those fortunate and trifling events, that are so often made subservient to the loftiest ends of missions.

A youth, named Modaliapa, had formed an intimacy with them: his grandfather had been a prince of this country, and his father a man of considerable wealth; the greater part of which, being now lost or consumed, he was unable to keep up his rank. As he spoke Portuguese, and was of a very inquiring turn, the frequent conversations with the Danes made a deep impression on his mind: he confessed, at last, the errors in the worship of his countrymen;

and began to speak to others, who visited the missionaries, with so much ingenuity and good sense, as greatly surprised the latter. This man, "who had formerly a long train of slaves attending him, and his neck, hands, and feet covered with gold chains," was now humbled to the dust in spirit.

One morning, Ziegenbalg took a walk with him into the country, quite alone, the sun shining brightly on them. At length, after a deep conviction of the truths he had heard, he said, "that he was willing to die with me, desiring nothing more in this world, if he could but partake of the things he was so lively affected with." The converse and the efforts of this youth, who soon after became a Christian, gradually produced its effect among his countrymen, by whom he was much respected, being "well versed in their theology and philosophy." One day a lady of the country came to visit them, bringing presents of Malabar sweetmeats, with expressions of great kindness: they entered into discourse, the result of which was, that she also "desired to take part of those exquisite blessings of God." This was one of their first-fruits among the people; and now their presence in the land was made known to the king of Tanjore, who sent one of his officers with friendly assurances, that, if they had a mind to see the country, he would send them a guard of thirty soldiers. They seem to have regarded the indulgence of curiosity as blameable at this time, or, at least, so far less important than the designs of their mission, that the offer was not accepted. Whether this mark of attention emboldened them, or that they thought persuasions and entreaties too mild and gentle, but soon after they proceeded to a deed of great hardness and zeal.

One day, taking a journey into the country, and coming out of the woods into a more open and hilly tract, they saw an idol temple at some distance, wherein Ispara's lady, he being one of their first-rate

gods, was worshipped: the lady's form was of rare porcelain, of that kind since so much prized in Europe; around her were abundance of other and lesser gods, also of porcelain. Many people were gathered there. The breaking to pieces of the image of Saint Giles, by the Scotch reformers, is said to have been one of the prime causes of the reformation in that land: but the deed of the two lonely Danes was a far harder one. Without countrymen or friends to aid and defend them; in the midst of a people given to their own delusions; neither weariness, nor the sultry way, nor the thought of swift retribution, deterred them for a moment: "deeply affected with the sight of so foppish a set of gods," in their own words, "they threw some down to the ground, and, striking off the limbs and heads of others," strove to convince the astonished people that they were impotent and silly idols. Strange to say, no vengeance followed; one of the priests, or doctors of divinity, alone remonstrated at the deed.

Modaliapa, in the mean time, was a great comfort and assistance to them. Ziegenbalg was visited with a dangerous and pining illness, which tried his fortitude to the uttermost. This is, perhaps, the hardest trial of the Missionary's lot; where little medical aid can be had; no comforts or cares of his native roof; his sole companion beside him, to watch his pains, and bury him when he dies. "My dear colleague having renewed with me," says the former, "the resolve to devote our lives to God alone, we began afresh to apply ourselves to the work." They were now well versed in the Malabar, as well as the Portuguese language; and, at last, which was a new feature in their mission, some Europeans in the settlement entreated some instructions from them. "They were rejoiced at this opportunity, and began religious instruction beneath their own roof."

Returning one day, they found the house crowded

with people, among whom were some natives, even of the first rank, for the tide of success had turned in their favour. Having now a fair opportunity to lay the word of life before heathens, Mahometans, and Christians, "truly," they say with great simplicity, "We often do not know whence to fetch the necessary supplies to support the spirit and body; being all along engaged, from morning till night, to converse with all sorts of people." And now came the crowning deed of their career; no monarch could look on a newly-gained province with more pleasure, than these two men did on the work of their hands: "we laid the foundation of a church, bestowing thereon all we could spare from our small pension; every one that saw it, laughed at it as a silly and rash design, and cried us down as frantic. We prosecuted our design in the name of God. At last a friend sent us a present of fifty dollars, a blessing in our utmost need: then after a time our church was finished. All who saw it were greatly amazed, not knowing that it was not the arm of man only who had done this. It stands without the town, all built of white stone, with a group of palm trees beside it." And when they held their first service in it, to a concourse so great that the house could not contain them, and thought how they had been strengthened all the way, and led on step by step with such mercies, their hearts were very full. Here they preached alternately in the Malabar and Portuguese languages; the former is said to be "exceedingly pathetic, enriched with abundance of rhetorical flowers and graces, which wonderfully affect the ear." It gave the Missionaries infinite trouble to learn; they contrived all manner of ways to compass it; but, after all, they were still in the dark, they say, as to the grammatical construction of the words: the copiousness and luxuriance of its expressions were also embarrassing.

Believing that the instruction of children would greatly favour their designs, they laid the foundation of a charity school; in which they instructed gratuitously, and provided many also with food and raiment. It was found more easy to form the minds of the young pupils to a love of Christianity, than those of the more adult heathens. After a while, they added to this another Portuguese school. The congregation in the church amounted to sixty-three; most of whom were baptized. Ziegenbalg, who was the greatest proficient in the native tongue, began to think of translating the New Testament; but he seems at first to shrink with dismay from the task. His detail of the occupations of each day was surely never excelled. "After morning prayer, I explain the heads of our catechism, from six to seven; seven to eight, I repeat my Malabar vocabulary; eight to twelve, entirely employed in reading books in this tongue: then a native poet comes to recite his stories to me, and clear up dark and intricate passages; from one to two, I usually rest a little, the excessive heat in the country not permitting a man to enter on serious business then: the next two hours are spent in catechizing; and then I fall again to my Malabarian books till five: then an exercise of piety with some Germans, is sweet after all this. All the evening we hold conference about our work, how we may best advance it: after supper, I enter upon an examination, first with the children, then with my own heart, and then conclude the day's work with singing and prayer." This was manual as well as mental labour; beneath which, in such a clime, the frame must sink ere long: otherwise, their situation was not without its comforts; they were held in respect and kindness by the people and the king of Tanjore, and were contented with their condition.

Tranquebar was, at this time, a fine and flourish-

ing city, fortified with a strong castle and walls; within which were three Christian churches—the Danish, that had existed for many years, for the use of the European settlers; the Malabar, built by the Missionaries; and the church of the Jesuits, who had long laboured in the land. There were also five large pagan temples. The city was very populous; the streets were crowded, “with vast numbers of great and little ones;” in the country around were many delightful villages and walks. The way that led to one of the former, called Tilliar, was so thickly planted with trees on each side, that one walked in a perpetual shade, with abundance of “red, white, and yellow flowers, much resembling our lilies in Europe.”

The work of the mission in the mean time went on slowly: these natives of Malabar were a cunning and quick-witted race, better suited for a Jesuit to deal with, than for the two blunt and single-hearted Danes. “They are able to baffle now and then,” says Ziegenbalg, “one proof alleged for Christianity, with ten others brought against it: they are led away by a world of errors; yet, at times, they give so pertinent answers in matters of religion, as perhaps I should never have thought on before.”

There was no avenue by which the scripture of truth and humility could enter in. In his first letter he writes heroically about “the cloud of martyrs” with which he stands encompassed; ready to offer up his life a willing sacrifice, so that he might finish his course gloriously. He soon found that the only martyrdom he had to dread, was that of wearing out the soul with endless efforts: it was like the recoil of the stone of Sisyphus; if at any time, after long reasoning, he did baffle the doubts of some of the natives, on the following day they were sure to come again with fresh ones; for the men loved this play of sophistry, it was a sort of pastime to them.

In the year 1713, however, it seems that in the two churches there were two hundred Christians, and in the charity-schools eighty children, two-thirds of whom were maintained and clothed by the missionaries. The Malabar church was their favourite place, but the hopes, so glorious when it was first opened, and crowds, drawn by curiosity and novelty, completely filled it—were now more cold and dim. To diversify the scene, the two faithful friends journeyed into the country of Tanjore. They were attended by “four-and-twenty Malabarians, six soldiers, ten palanquin-bearers, five other men to carry their victuals, an amanuensis, one servant to brew our drink, and one ostler.” At Cuddalore, the English governor made them pass a day at his castle, and entertained them handsomely; at night they went down to a pagoda, that was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with people: afterwards they were invited to a house where was a grave assembly of Bramins, men of note and reputation, with whom they argued till near morning. They afterwards passed through wild tracts, and preached the gospel to the scattered people. One night, wearied greatly, they took up their lodging in a miserable cot, in the open fields; no other was visible, far or near. In the night a serpent, whose bite was mortal, came up close to where they slept, when it was fortunately discovered by the guards, and killed. The next day they met “two Pantares, and discoursed with them about the way to happiness, as we did with all those whom we met with accidentally upon the road.”

It appears that the poets were some of the most hardened opposers of the mission. The description Ziegenbalg gives of them is exquisitely graphic; one could fancy he had the “gifted race” of more distant lands in his eye, as well as of Malabar. “As for the poets,” he writes, “who are, as was hinted above, the wits and learned men in this country,

they are generally the greatest opposers of the maxims of Christianity: their brain is swelled with numberless tales and fictions relating to the lives, actions, marriages, and adventures of those they write about; and whenever they entertain their admirers with an account of some strange accident or other, they tell them only that those things happened in such and such a scene, without thinking themselves obliged to allege any other proof of it. They say the Christian religion requireth too much of an *inward* mortification, and hath nothing in it to delight a man's fancy; which, in a manner, may be true enough. For, whilst the poor heathen hunts after pleasure in a huddle of such material objects as, by some imaginary transports, alarm the senses and fire the passions, he cannot expect to partake of those sublimer and more refined pleasures, which the living God reserves for those only who have a heart to receive them. Their joy is much akin to the joy which the admirers of plays, and readers of romances, reap from the fictitious representations of another man: for as those give up their passions to the dreams of the romancer, so is the Malabarian pleased with the insipid tales of his poets, far more than with the substantial recreation of Christians." It is easy to imagine that men of this cast would baffle and perplex him not a little.

A ship soon after arrived with a supply of money, together with Ernest Grundler, and two other missionaries; and, what was equally acceptable, a fount of Tamul types that had been cast at Halle, in Saxony, according to a specimen sent from Tranquebar; but as they did not like to depend on Europe for all their printing materials, they at length erected a type-foundry in the city, and built a paper-mill to supply themselves with paper. The press is a powerful engine on the coast of Malabar, as well as in Europe. From this period, great

quantities of books were every year published, and circulated through the country, so that a general stir was excited about religion. From this press, in 1715, issued the New Testament, translated into Tamul by Ziengenbalg.

A triumph, such as they had not expected, was at hand—and this was no less than the conversion of one of the poets, he had been in the habit of discoursing with them for three years, so that he had plenty of time for consideration. A quarter of a year before, he wrote a letter directed to all the learned in Germany, containing six hundred and eight questions, treating upon divinity and philosophy, upon which he wanted to have their decision. Ziengenbalg confesses “that he had no hopes of him, he was so full of his phantasia and corrupt reason.” But soon after, he was wrought upon to such a degree, as to enter into more serious thoughts with himself. Struck with this change, they employed him to translate the gospel into Damulian verse. Shortly afterwards, when they were all gone to rest, he was heard in the middle of the night singing at the top of the house. “From these, and the like transactions,” they write, “wherewith, in all appearance, he was extraordinarily pleased, we silently gathered, there was, perhaps, some good impression conveyed into his mind.” It was not so easy for a poet, “in whom vanity had her chamber of imagery,” to be brought into the fold; there seems to have been a hard conflict. At last, he unbosomed freely to us, the more interior recesses of his mind; he said, “I never found any solid rest or satisfaction in these books, (meaning his light and dreaming poesies;) I am convinced they contain nothing but a pack of lies; I have not been easy in the nights about them, nor would my thoughts suffer me to sleep.” This was a grateful confession to the ears of the missionaries. Zeigenbalg says, they heartily rejoiced at so “noble

a conviction." They gave him the best advice and comfort in their power, and he came at last, by a full resolution, to embrace Christianity.

Now came the hour of trial: the rumour of this change spreading through the town, it became the common subject of conversation; his parents assailed him "with much vigour and fierceness;" they shut him up for three days together, and left him without any thing to eat or drink, so that he was quite emaciated, and nearly starved to death. Poets have never been fond of rigours of this kind, and it was greatly to the credit of him of Malabar, that his resolution fainted not. After this, "his friends and relations rushed in upon him," so that body and mind were called to suffer at the same time; then, when terrors would not avail, they tempted him to go to a great "festival and pageantry that was kept at this time, for they could not bear to lose his wit, and the melody and fire of his verses. This was taking him on a poet's weak side, and, no doubt, many a dear and burning remembrance rose. He however gained the victory; and to hide him from the insults and menaces of his countrymen, the Christians shut him up in a widow's house. Here he designed to lie concealed for some days, and was denied to all comers. But, again, his parents found him out, and, breaking in upon him, told him plainly they would despatch him with poison, if he persisted in a love to this new religion; his mother had a dose ready prepared in her hand. These threatenings being in vain, they then fell down at his feet, and, with most endearing words, endeavoured to gain him over by offers and promises. He was firm and inexorable; but when a day was fixed, at his earnest desire, for his baptism, away went his family to the governor of the city, and besought him to interpose to prevent this ceremony, and to deliver him up into their hands. "The poet himself, also,"

says Ziegenbalg, "had a letter sent him by a great man, wherein a promise was given to make him a governor in the country, and swear obedience to him in the presence of the Bramins, provided he would return to his former religion. But then again, they threatened to burn him, if he should reject so splendid an offer."

Since the days when poetry first oroke on the soul, there never was, perhaps, one of its sons so severely tried: nearly starved to death; forsaken by all his friends; fearfully menaced at one moment by his parents, who wept over him the next; and, lastly, offered a fine government, a thing tangible and glorious, far better than vain melodies, and flights of imagination. He shewed constancy even in this hour; and used many heroic expressions, which plainly shewed the man's nature, as well as aim, was changed. But now the whole city was stirred up about him; it was just the same as if an enemy had been at the gate. "Our governor, soon after, received a third letter from one of their leading men, importing, that he would shut up all the avenues of the town, unless he made the poet return to his duty." The result, however, was that, in the end, the latter got the better of them all; appealed to the governor against the violence of his enemies; used potent and eloquent reasons: and said he was willing to suffer death; but martyrdom was not offered him. The missionaries were greatly rejoiced at his firmness, by which he broke down the pride of the world, and the empire of fantasy, under which he had lived so long: he heard no more flatteries of his genius and his verses, but grew to be a sincere and sober-minded man. "Such," says Ziegenbalg, "was the conversion of a heathenish poet; it deserves so much the more our consideration, since it raised so fierce a storm among the people in Malabar, they supposing the young man's wit to be a sufficient guard against Christianity."

Fourteen years were now elapsed since their arrival: how faithfully they had laboured, may be seen in the foregoing pages. They said that it was but an embryo sown, to be reaped by mightier hands. Yet the translation of the New Testament was finished, amidst many trials; one of which was their being arrested, and kept in confinement four months. That the soil was a barren and withered one, was no fault of theirs; and men of greater talents, who came after them, and who toiled for years in vain, often envied the success of Plutscho and Ziegenbalg. Plutscho had, a few years before, departed for Europe, in order to raise supplies; but his place was well supplied by Ernest Grundler. This year, the fifteenth of his residence in Tranquebar, the cause was deprived of its chief and able supporter, Ziegenbalg:—a yearning after his native land was at intervals felt by the good man; but he would not forsake his enterprise, though they had engaged only for an absence of five years. “Though we be daily exposed,” he says, “to the persecutions of our enemies on all sides, I am resolved to live and die with my new-planted church and people.” His wish was, ere long, accomplished: the climate, and his unsparing labours, were more than he could bear, and he died after a short illness. His few fellow-missionaries followed his remains, according to his last desire, to the burying-ground of the church, where it stood alone, and laid him amidst the ashes of those whom he had brought from darkness to light. To him, such a resting-place was dear, beyond all others.

Ziegenbalg may be considered almost as the parent of the eastern missions. Most of the men who were afterwards conspicuous for their labours or success, went from Tranquebar. The translation of the scriptures into the Tamul language, was entirely his work. He died at the early age of thirty-six years. He was a man of unsparing labour, and un-

broken cheerfulness of mind: his talents were not eminent, but he had a happy turn for the acquisition of languages.

In 1728, on the proposal of Mr. Schultze, who had previously arrived with his companion Dal, to remove to Fort St. George, near Madras, and there begin a new mission: the Society at home consented, though the expense was above their ability. The most generous friend to the cause was Professor Herman Francke, of Hallé, who often sent donations of £100 each, and even double that sum. A legacy left by an English lady, at this time, was £4000.

In the year 1736, the whole increase in India to the Christians, was 319 persons, one third of whom were natives of Tranquebar. During the twenty-nine years that the latter mission had been established, 2000 persons had embraced Christianity. In the next seven years, Philip Fabricius and Breithaupt arrived at Madras, where Sartorius and Geisler had previously laboured; the former of whom died early. At Cuddalore, there was a congregation of 340 persons; the missionary there was the afterwards too celebrated Kiernander. About this time Schultze returned to Europe, where he became acquainted with the man who was afterwards termed the "Apostle of the East."

In 1806, the coast of Coromandel was visited by an eminent scholar: who thus describes his visit. "Tranquebar was the scene of the first protestant success in India. Yesterday I visited the church built by Ziegenbalg; his body lies at one side of the altar, and that of his companion on the other. They laid the foundation of Christianity in India, and then departed. I saw also the dwelling-house of Ziegenbalg; in the lower apartment of which, the registers of the church are still kept. In these I found the name of the first heathen baptized by him, and recorded in his own hand-writing, in the year 1707."

## CHRISTIAN FREDERIC SWARTZ,

WAS born at Sonnenburg, in the New Mark, Germany, on the 26th of October, 1726. His father's name was George Swartz; the family name of his mother was Grunerin. She died while he was yet very young, but did not leave him without an indelible testimony. When dying, she called her husband and her pastor to the bed-side, and made known to them that she had devoted her son to God, and adjured them to train him up to His service alone. She went further, and exacted a promise from them both, that every human effort should be tried to this end. As the child grew, the remembrance of this solemn scene, often painted afresh by the witnesses, exercised a powerful influence on his feelings and imagination. When he was eight years of age, he was sent to the public school at Sonnenburg; his tutor, whose name was Helm, attended strictly to the religious instruction of his pupils; and directed them, young as they were, to express their desires to heaven in their own words. Swartz, in a memoir written by himself, says, that, even then, he often sought after solitude; that often, instead of joining in the sports and pastimes of his companions, he retired to his chamber, to lift his thoughts, as far as he was able, to the invisible world; and that, when he believed he had done any thing wrong, he was not able to rest till he had implored pardon of God.

As long as he remained under the tuition of Mr. Helm, these impressions deepened with his years: when the latter removed to another situation, they

slowly passed away from his heart. The minister who succeeded was more lax, both in his example and instructions, and his pupils felt the loss.

Swartz afterwards attended the school at Custrin, where he met with many friends : here was a scene of greater attraction and excitement, and his thoughts became still more alienated from God, though he studied, as he says, to preserve a decent deportment. He was not left without warnings, or, what was better suited to a nature such as his, earnest and kind persuasions : the discourses of a minister at Custrin, of the name of Stegmann, often moved him ; and this man took a sincere interest in his welfare. But he thought, " it is not possible for me to pursue a truly good course while I remain here." No desire for the ministry was felt at this time ; and Custrin had, perhaps, been the grave of his piety, had not another friend interposed. It was Swartz's destiny, twice to owe his dedication to God to the agency of woman.

There was a lady, young, intelligent, and pious, whose acquaintance he soon after formed, at Custrin, and who seems to have understood the character of the youth better than he did himself—sincere and candid, but fluctuating and unresolved. She conversed with him frankly ; drew aside the veil from his heart with a delicate hand, gently pointed out the errors of the past ; and said, that, to be happy, there must be greater decision of character. Words leave often but a fleeting impression : she lent him many books ; among them, the " Blessed Footsteps of the Yet-Living God," by the celebrated Herman Francke : he read it again and again. It was a work of a highly spiritual nature, and gave him a juster conception of the nature of religion, which required other sacrifices, and another love, than he had hitherto offered. At the period of this renewed influence on the soul, the understanding had ac-

quired a strength and maturity, which could the better appreciate the excellence and advantage of the objects proposed. A few years earlier, the treatise of Francke had, perhaps, excited the same lively emotions, only to pass away like a morning cloud : now they sunk deep, and were carefully cherished ; for the hope they opened was very dear to him.

In his own memoir, he says, that, "hitherto he had been diligent, only through vain glory ; that twice, in a dangerous sickness, he had formed the resolution to dedicate himself entirely to heaven, but on his recovery, these resolves grew weak, and he forgot the fulfilment of them." No doubt, the comments of his youthful preceptress were also availing : her faith might be high, but it never could have pictured the future renown of the unstable student of the New Mark, in which this volume had so large a share. She had known the author, Herman Francke, the generous patron of missions, and now professor at Hallé ; and she spoke of his learning and eminent qualities, till he was inflamed with a desire to see him, as well as attend his celebrated school at the Orphan House. He took leave of his useful and admirable friend : perhaps the thirst of literary distinction guarded him, at this time, against softer emotions—for it was strong within him.

Soon after he arrived at Hallé, when his countryman, Schultze, now resident there, advised him to enter the university, for he was twenty years of age, and had made a considerable progress in learning. This advice he adopted, availed himself well of the instructions of his tutors, Baumgarten, Michaelis, and others, and lodged and boarded at the Orphan House. He was soon appointed to the instruction of youth, and also to the office of holding evening prayer with the inmates of this institution. It was here, in the enjoyment of the society of men of piety and learning, as well as of the friendship

of Herman Francke, that he became gradually established in religion, and gave his heart in sincerity to God, from whom it never afterwards departed. It is probable that the intimacy with Schultze, who had lived in India as a missionary, first raised a desire to visit that country: its glowing climate and scenery were more novel and unknown at this period.

A higher motive was not long wanting. At this time they were making preparations to print the bible in the Tamul language, at Hallé. Swartz and another student were selected to learn Tamul, in order to be able to assist in the correcting. The printing of the bible was not accomplished, but the pains taken by the former to learn the Tamul language, during a year and a half, were not thrown away; since this was one cause that induced Professor Francke to propose him to go forth as a missionary. He willingly assented. Some days after, an advantageous offer was made him, of a ministry not far from Hallé; but it was instantly declined. There was little sacrifice in this; to a man of his ardent character, the Indian mission was far more attractive than a calm and affluent country cure at home. He obtained his father's consent; and visited, for the last time, his native place, and the tomb of his mother.

In company with two other candidates, Polzenhagen and Hutteman, he set out for Copenhagen: after their ordination had taken place there, they returned to Hallé, and then proceeded on a voyage to London; whence, on January 21st, 1750, they embarked for the Indies: he was now in his twenty-fourth year. In the July following, they arrived at Tranquebar; where, in a few months, after intense and unremitting study, Swartz delivered his first sermon in Tamul, in the Malabar church that Ziegenbalg had reared.

Under the sanction of the Danish Mission College, he laboured zealously for some years: but Tranquebar was not a fruitful or flattering soil: those who went before him toiled hardly and patiently; and the students of Hallé followed their example. It was here, even in the prime of youth, that he resolved on a life of celibacy: he early saw the path before him to be a most arduous and painful one—on which, without a very entire devotion and sacrifice, he feared to enter. Twelve years of his life thus passed away at Tranquebar, of which we have few details. He visited, at times, several parts of the Carnatic, and prepared the way for his future career. It is evident that few events of striking interest occurred during this period: the bounds of the little Christian church in Malabar were extended, and some more converts slowly wrested from their superstitions; but this could not satisfy Swartz, who longed for a more extensive scene of labour.

The former missionaries had in vain implored of the king of Tanjore to allow them to establish a mission in his capital. He visited it several times previous to leaving Tranquebar, and was allowed to preach there.

In 1765, it appears that he had raised a church and school at Tritchinopoly; and, in the following year, he quitted the Danish mission, and transferred his services to the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge." This society, the source of such extensive good, was under the direction of several of the bishops and clergy: to its care, the Danish mission at Tranquebar was soon after transferred; so that the Eastern mission was in the hands of the established church. It was his fortune this year to serve his adopted country: Hutteman, his companion from Hallé, writes, "that he was of infinite service to the army during the bloody siege of Madurei, the reduction of which kingdom to the

obedience of the English, hath been the greatest affair that hath happened the last year." This war was caused by the rebel, Cawn Saib, who defended himself with desperate bravery, till he was betrayed, and given up by his own people. This siege of Madurei brought war, for the first time, in the missionary's path, that was afterwards so chequered by scenes of violence.

The erection of the church at Tritchinopoly, was owing, in a great degree, to the exertions and patronage of Colonel Wood. This brave officer was at that time commandant of the fortress, and was celebrated for his defeat of Hyder Ali, at the fort of Mulwaggle:—the battle lasted six hours, and the latter fled at last, leaving the field covered with the dead. The commander had a great regard for Swartz, for whom a plate was daily laid at his table: he generally dined there, and, after conversing with the family with his habitual cheerfulness, withdrew to his lodgings in the town. He could not live luxuriously: he received of the government of Madras, for fulfilling the office of chaplain to the garrison, one hundred pounds per annum; the whole of which sum he devoted to the service of the mission. Time was too short for his many labours: the congregation and the school, his duties in the garrison, visits to the Brahmins, and to the surrounding country. With all ranks of the natives, he was accustomed to converse freely: multitudes would hear him explain Christianity, and would even applaud. It was no unusual thing with them to reply, "True! what can avail all our images, and our numberless ceremonies? there is but one Supreme Being, the Maker and Preserver of us all!" But their convictions ended with their applause.

There was this unfortunate difference in his mission, and that of Eliot,—that Swartz was in general obliged to explain the system of Christianity,

tediously and minutely, in order to meet the cold and subtle reasonings, and fanciful speculations, of the natives, on whom all impassioned appeals to the heart were thrown away. The savage of America, after a time, bowed himself, and wept at the foot of the cross—not so the Hindoo; and the missionary alone could tell how such unfeeling bigotry chilled and dejected his own heart! In one of his journeys, he arrived at a large place, where the heathens celebrated a feast; which he thus describes. “I was struck with the excessive crowd which I saw before me. I stood at some distance from them, but was soon surrounded by a number of people, to whom I explained the glorious perfections of God. I told them how they dishonoured Him by all their idolatry, and enhanced their own misery. I told them, at the same time, how they might become partakers of the benefits of redemption. All seemed pleased, acknowledging their folly, and the excellency of this Christian doctrine. Before and after noon, new crowds came near. I spoke till I was quite exhausted.” This was a zealous but a heartless scene: Swartz and his Hindoos were but a humbler copy of the assembly of Paul and the Athenians, who listened with interest, raised subtle questions, and went to their homes resolving to hear more. Labours so incessant could not, however, always be in vain; a few were brought to believe; among the rest, was a young man of the highest caste, who deliberated four years whether he should embrace Christianity. There never was a more graphic picture of a Hindoo’s mind. He was a man of rank among his people, well versed in the endless dogmas of his own faith. During these four years of research and hesitation, the heart of this youth was evidently untouched while he balanced the two beliefs.

At last he yielded, and became one of the catechists. He is said to have filled this office with

eloquence, as well as success, and was of great use to the missionary, who sometimes sent him forth alone to the neighbouring villages. From the converts, a few more catechists, to the number of eight or nine, were chosen; one of the most sincere and faithful of these was Sattianaden, a youth of great fortitude, that was often severely tried. The first letter of Swartz, in 1768, gives a faithful detail of his situation and prospects; it is addressed to Gottlieb Francke, counsellor at Hallé. "I wish an additional missionary could be sent out for the benefit of this country. For what can one effect? If I go out, and remain a single Sunday absent, every thing here is necessarily left; but were there two, one of us might often visit Tanjore, Mattura, &c. I assure you, that I would much prefer being at Tranquebar, as it regards myself and the pleasure to be enjoyed in the communion of my friends. The catechists require to be daily admonished and stirred up, otherwise they fall into indolence and impurity. Saruvaien has acknowledged to me, that, when he was at Nattam, he did scarcely any thing to render himself acceptable to the few Christians, or to the heathens. Where are now the Christians whom he has brought in? The people instantly observe any insincerity in the catechists, and repulse them sternly. The wealthy among the Europeans are an alluring contagion. What the greater part of them gain fairly, they lavish prodigally; and yet they return home with immense riches."

He seems to think that ignorance would be bliss, compared to the education of the natives of Tanjore. "They are taught to read in heathen books, where all the licentious acts of the deities are delineated; thus they think, we cannot be better than our gods, who every where practised lying, injustice, and revenge. The consequences of this instruction are clearly visible: body and soul are thereby destroyed. The

female sex are entirely neglected: it is a most rare occurrence, for a father to afford his daughter the means of learning to read." But the children of the Bramins are, in general, taught to read, write, and cast accounts; besides the many thousands attached to the idol temples, there are numbers of them who farm the land, hold offices under the king, as clerks, overseers, and cashiers. Besides this, the children learn the Persic, and other languages, speedily, and are employed by the nabob as dubashes, or interpreters. In every lucrative situation we find a Bramin: it is remarkable, that in the narrow limits of the Tanjore country, a hundred thousand young Bramins may, with very little pains, be collected together. With the exception of their daily ceremonies and ablutions, they do nothing, living in voluptuousness and corrupting sloth. The opposition of this race of men to the missionary, was the more formidable, as it was silent, and contemptuous.

In an interview which he had with the king, he was explaining the doctrines of Christianity, when the great Bramin entered. The king prostrated himself before him to the ground, and afterwards stood before him with his hands folded, while the Bramin placed himself in an elevated seat: the former made signs to the missionary to enter into discourse with the priest, who heard all with seeming attention, but made no reply. In the evening, Vastad, the chief officer, desired to see him: he went to his house, and found a large company of Bramins, Moors, and courtiers assembled, to whom he spoke for some time. He says, in his next letter, that it was extremely difficult to give a just conception of his situation: that meanwhile he fainted not; daily going out among Catholics, Mahometans, and heathens, reading to them, and beseeching them to suffer themselves to be reconciled to God. The number of new converts added to the congregation was about twenty. In

the Tamul school, eighteen children were taught; in the English, about thirty. His journal, that he began to keep about this time, is more interesting than his letters; they have more of the simplicity of the man.

“ Jan. 5, (he says,) I accompanied Sattianaden to Ureir: crowds were there, busily adorning the new idol temple; however, they drew near, and listened to all. We beheld before us a number of stone idols, of uncouth and frightful shapes. I spoke concerning the true God and his majesty. Then came a company of merchants, going on a pilgrimage to Parhane. I spoke to them of the word of life, of its rich and eternal value. One of the merchants fell on indifferent topics, and sought thereby to render my words fruitless. Near Candiur, we came to a place where most of the inhabitants had gathered themselves together in front of a house, to follow a corpse. I sat down beside the body, and instructed them, that death was only the gate to endless life—was only the night on which a beautiful day would quickly dawn. They heard all with attention and wondering. God knows our affliction, and our sighs are not hidden from him.”

His step often wandered into more wild and novel scenes. “ In the afternoon, he continues in his journal, “ we were at Ammal Savadi, an excellent resting house, which the queen had caused to be built. It comprehends a beautiful upper building, with galleries; and on both sides there are spacious gardens, full of fruitful trees; behind is a row of Bramin houses, almost a mile long, in which is erected a new pagoda: an avenue, where persons can remain tolerably cool during the heat of noon; the fields near the avenue, together with a noble grove, render the place incomparably agreeable. In this house a hundred Bramins are daily fed.”

“ The great farmer or lessce was just arrived, whom

the young Bramins visited. It was as if a body of young students had assembled; they sung before him. The sound of their voices; the coolness of the hour, for it was evening; and the loneliness of the place, in the middle of a vast plain—made it resemble a resting of the patriarchs of old. I proposed and expounded to them the parable of the prodigal son. Oh, that they would truly arise and go to their Father!" A few days afterwards he came to Tranquebar, where he remained some days, during which time he preached to the different congregations—the German, the Tamul, the Portuguese. The remainder of the time he employed in conference with his brethren, and in visiting various members of the congregations. He departed from this place with regret; they attended him part of the way, and followed him with their blessings. At Kuttalam he remained one evening, and visited the merchants at their booths. They listened to his words in deep silence, their legs crossed, their beards resting on their bosoms, and their soft slippers laid aside, in the Moorish fashion. The answer which they gave was this: "It is so written, but who can live so? Who is able thus to root out his desires? We have it also on the palm-leaves, but it is impossible to keep it." At another place they were preparing for a great feast, which was held every month: here were two hundred pagodas. "I stood still," says Swartz, "and gazed for some time on the unhappy scene, and testified against their idols. One woman wept—but she lamented we had nothing for the eye—no ornaments such as they often load their images with, no brilliant lights or dancing." A more sincere candidate now fell to his care. A British officer of his acquaintance was brought in from the camp, mortally wounded. He begged to be carried to the residence of Swartz, and expressed great joy in again seeing him. The latter was often

by his bed-side, with words that were earnestly listened to; for the other believed that the world was fleeting fast from him. After the lapse of some days, he appeared to grow better, and could take the fresh air; would sit in the veranda for hours, gazing on the camp; and the love of life rushed again to his heart. "He yielded gradually," says the host, "to indifference; he listened, indeed, but my words moved him faintly. At last, I said to him, I fear you are deceiving yourself in every respect; the hand of death is on you. He smiled sadly, and replied, Is it so? then they have cruelly flattered me. Soon after, speaking was difficult, and, as I prayed beside him, he departed."

Swartz had built a little thatched cottage in Ureieur, in order to be nearer the assemblies of the natives. It stood apart from any other dwellings; a group of trees shaded it from the sun. Here he would come at times, and prepare his simple meal of rice, and the water from the stream was his drink. When the day was declining, he would go forth and mingle with the groups of people, for many of their temples were here. At night the pagodas, during the feast, were brilliantly illumined with their many thousands of lamps, and the songs and cries of the votaries reached his lowly roof; and he listened sadly to them.

The nabob wished to lay out an extensive garden on the spot. To this end he pulled down one or two pagodas that stood near, and the missionary's cottage shared the same fate. He regretted the loss, for it was his only home in the place—it was his "lodge in the wilderness." Flowers and fruit-trees, and bowers of luxury, soon sprung up, where he had often laid his head, or prayed in secret. And now he sought the homes of others at Ureieur, and they were not denied; for he gave no trouble, and asked no boon but the shelter of the roof, and some simple refreshment. When he entered the door of the na-

tive, and gave his blessing, and caressed the children, there was something in the tones of his voice and in his smile that was seldom withstood. But he dared not share in their repast; the Hindoos would as soon have seen the hyena eating from their dish as the Christian. Drawing their little magic circle on the floor, they placed their viands, laid on leaves, within it; and each group apart, with great silence and quickness, satisfied their hunger, jealously eyeing the guest, lest his foot should draw nigh, and pollute the meal. On some occasions, to excite no disgust, he would go forth into the grove, or by the side of the tank, and take his repast alone. One day a learned Pandaram spread a feast for him in the open air; it was copious and savoury, without any flesh. The curries, the perfumed rice, and fruits, were all laid on large leaves.

On one occasion, he set out early for Tanjore. There was a war at this time between two of the native princes. During the day, the enemy approached Urieur, and burned the greater part of it. Swartz looked back, and beheld it in flames, and instantly retraced his steps. On visiting it afterwards, Urieur was a scene of ruins. The flame had ravaged all the place—where his thatched cottage, as well as the nabob's gardens, had stood; the trees were blackened, and the shady places, where the prince had come to pass the noon, all laid bare. Many of the people had fled, and others wandered amidst the ruins of their homes. It was a more propitious hour for the missionary than that of their prosperity. The fire had caught several of the pagodas, and the half-consumed deities were exposed to view.

Thus passed away six years; during which he wandered to many a village and town; at one time cheered with a feeble success, at another met only by deception and disappointment. He had entered on the mission with an imperfect idea of its difficul-

ties and trials; but the early indecision of his character had entirely passed away. His long residence at Tranquebar was the training ground of his future career; in the constant society of its missionaries, he gradually imbibed their stedfast and persevering spirit. The memory also of his mother's dying charge, in which she had devoted him to God, could never be effaced by any change or circumstance. It surely could not be in vain, or for nought, that this was given! At times, when he was saddened by the hopelessness of the way, he would call those words again to mind; and then a conviction would come, that their fruits would infallibly appear. It was as if her spirit had spoken to her son. A second visit to Tanjore was more fortunate. As he passed through the streets of the city, the people gathered round him in crowds, even to the palace gates. In the evening he was brought to the king, in front of whose chamber, and under the open sky, a table was set, and cushions were laid upon the earth; his chief officers and servants stood around. At the royal desire, Swartz gave a discourse in Persian. Opposite was a chamber, in which were the king's wives, who were gazing intently on the interview, though they were themselves invisible, for all the lights in their apartment were extinguished. Their curiosity was great, to hear the message of a new religion, as well as see the man who brought it. At this period, the face and figure of Swartz were of no common order. The moment was an impressive one; for the beauty as well as stillness of an Indian night were around, while Swartz stood beneath the open sky, and spoke long, amidst the hushed attention of the assembly.

Similar to this were many of his efforts at Tanjore. He was received with esteem and regard in the palace, as well as in the dwellings of the chief people: but no walls, of the church so long desired, yet rose to gladden his heart; no congregation was

gathered. "Perhaps the fruit will appear," he said, "when I am laid at rest." Once, when I humbly besought the king to give his heart to God, he said, My father, it is not so easy as you suppose. No doubt, the protection of the English government was like a panoply round all his movements: but it does not appear that the ruling powers, or the highest Bramins, who had sometimes yet greater influence, were ever inclined to persecute or oppose him. There is a letter extant from Jeswunt Singh, rajah of Jedpore, to the Emperor Aurungzebe, on this subject. "Your royal ancestor, Akbar, whose throne is now in heaven, conducted the affairs of this empire, in equity and firm security, for the space of fifty-two years; preserving every tribe of men in ease and happiness, whether they were followers of Jesus or of David, of Moses or of Mahomed. If your majesty places any faith in these books, by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not of Mahomedans alone. The Pagan and the Mussulman are equal in his presence: distinctions of colours are of his ordination. Justly has the poet said—"Presume not to arraign, or to scrutinize the various works of Power divine."

It was a relief to Swartz to turn at times from the sad scenes of idolatry, to the beautiful objects of nature around him.

At one place he describes a remarkable banyan-tree, called Alimaram. "I went to see it, and measured, its girth from east to west, and from south to north, and found the diameter to be seventy paces; the shade was very thick and cool. It is held so sacred, that the people repair morn and eve to pray beneath its branches." This majestic tree was a finer object of veneration than the hideous deities of wood and stone. In the various idolatry of the Israelites in the wilderness, it is strange they never deified the lone and lovely fountain, and the blessed group of

palm-trees. There was a little isle, held yet more sacred, called Ramissuran, and situated at a short distance from the main. To this place came every year an innumerable multitude of pilgrims, for it was dedicated to the worship of Rama: it was a domain of sands and rocks only. The worshippers came from the most distant parts of India, even from the kingdom of Thibet, and the Himalaya mountains, bearing gladly all the fatigues of the burning way, so that they might but arrive at the holy isle. On landing, an avenue, well-paved, and seven miles in length, conducted to the great pagoda; this avenue was shaded by many trees. The number of priests in constant attendance on this temple was very great, for the annual pilgrimage attracted more than a hundred thousand people. All ranks of the followers of Rama, the rich and the noble, as well as the poorest, came with offerings and gifts. The crowds hastening to the opposite shore, the number of boats covering the wave, the more zealous votaries rushing through the surge, for the way was sometimes fordable at low water, presented a singular spectacle. Night brought a yet more beautiful one; when the many thousands of lamps, in the great pagoda, cast their glare on the worshippers, on the sands, and the calm sea beneath. The priests of Rama could not say that they were the sole monarchs of the little isle; they shared it with a small body of Catholics, about two hundred in number, whose fathers had dwelt here, a few years only, after the death of Xavier. Their village and chapel stood at a small distance, a few hundred yards only from the idol temple, with whose priests they had ever lived in amity. Near the dwellings was an object of indelible interest, an aged banyan-tree, planted by the hands of the celebrated Xavier. For his sake the people loved the noble tree, and often chose to hold their worship

beneath its branches, rather than within the walls of the chapel, and the sacrament was administered within its shade. Few sights could ever appeal more affectingly to the heart, than that of these lonely Catholics; father, mother, and children, kneeling beneath the shelter of the tree, the only memorial on earth of the man, who lived the life of a saint, and died the death of a martyr. To this place the steps of the missionary wandered more than once, but without any success; here, as well as in Ceylon, he found the holds of idolatry too strong to be shaken.

Sir Alexander Johnston informed me, that he, some years since, visited Ramissuram and its temple, at the time of the pilgrimage. On the isle is a sand-hill, on whose summit is a small building, called a Choultry. On entering, he perceived a youth reclined on a coarse carpet on the floor, reading attentively. His only garment was a tiger's skin wrapped loosely round him; his figure was tall and finely made, his features had been very handsome, but were wasted by sorrow and suffering. The visiter saw him more than once afterwards, ere he could induce him to disclose the reason of this singular seclusion and austerity of life, so entirely in contrast to his appearance and manners. He was of an ancient and illustrious family in the north of India, where he had fallen in love with a beautiful young woman, to whom he might have been united, but his only brother became also passionately fond of her. It was impossible that both could possess her, and the consequence was, a fierce jealousy and hatred of each other, which, at last, drew on a personal encounter, in which he slew his brother. The remorse and anguish of mind that followed the deed, were more than he could bear: he fled from his home his parents, and his love, and wandered at last to the Isle of Ramissuram, as an asylum where he

might atone for his guilt. This atonement he was now pursuing in solitude and bitter penances, never mixing with any of the pilgrims beneath, and seldom leaving his abode on the hill: reading, meditation, and prayer, were his sole occupations, and should continue to be, he said, for the remainder of his life, for he would never again return to his home, or seek the society of his fellow-men. The inquiries of his parents, whom his crime and his flight rendered childless, could not discover his retreat, for their home was far distant. The little isle, he said, was holy ground, and he did not care what he suffered, so that his soul might at last be purged from his brother's murder. Among the pilgrims who came here are many Mahometans, not to worship, however, at the pagoda, or the christian chapel; the object of their reverence are two large tombs that stand apart, very ancient. Tradition says, and it is believed, that they are those of Cain and Abel. While the votaries of Rama are wildly rejoicing, and the Catholics worshipping beneath the banyan-tree of Xavier, the Mahometans are seen kneeling beside the very tombs in silent veneration.

To return to the journal of Swartz.

The following scene with a learned Hindoo, is interesting:—

October 1st. To-day I was early at the river Caveri, and beheld the many pagodas at Sirengam, and I thought within myself, what is all this? what can it avail? A beautiful and shady tree grew near, I sat myself beneath it; the river was skirted with verdant shrubs as with a border, all looked fresh and green after the abundant rain, and my heart was quite exhilarated with the view of God's lovely creation. I asked the people who came here, to whose honour the temple was erected; was not their deity a poor, dying, and withal very vicious being? A Pandaram shewed me several Tamul verses,

which he read over to me; the substance of them was, "Our forefathers taught us to celebrate such and such ceremonies, and are dead; he who can confer immortality, is the true priest." I said, "Would you be immortal?" It was not often that this question was put to these bigoted men. The glory of the true God, the corruption of our nature, and the love by which this is redeemed, were set forth without ceasing; but men whose ideas of futurity were so vague and disconsolate, were more likely to be attracted by the glowing promise and picture of its felicity. After a pause, the learned Hindoo replied to Swartz' sudden question, "that he was desirous of such an immortality only, by means of which he should be obnoxious to no sickness, pain, or death; where he could wander far and wide, in the full powers of his mind." "First," said the other, "be concerned how you, a poor sinful man, may become reconciled to God." "I know of no sins," replied the Hindoo, "and expect a more exalted instruction from you; that you would tell me clearly how this life is to be obtained." "I perceive," said the former, "you are full of vain imaginations."

The Hindoo temples are often erected on the summit of mountains and lofty rocks; which usage adds greatly to the effects of the scenery. The people love also, like the Israelites of old, to build their sacred places in the "groves." In general, they have little grandeur or beauty, but some of the larger class are exceptions: a high, solid wall encloses a spacious area; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower: this is ascended by steps in the inside, and is divided into stairs, which become smaller as the tower rises; their interior being open, the light and air enter freshly. The front, sides, and top of this tower are crowded with sculpture, elaborate but tasteless. In

the centre of the great area beneath, stands the inner temple, open, and supported by numerous stone pillars: an enclosed sanctuary at the further end contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a deep veranda, also supported by columns of stone, the front rows of which are often shaped by the sculptor into a resemblance of various sacred animals. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imagery and ornaments of all sizes: Vishnou, the preserver; Siva, the destroyer; Krishna, the Apollo, with his flute; Kamadeva, the Cupid, with his bow of sugar-cane strung with flowers or bees; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot. Here the worshippers daily resort, with their humble offerings of rice and plantains; on high festivals, they crowd with flowers, fruit, incense, and money, to gaze on groups of dancing girls. Here are religious mendicants, who sing the wild fictions of their faith, to the sounds of strange and discordant instruments, for the Hindoos have no idea of melody.

“One of the favourite resorts of the people,” says a writer who visited the spot, “is a small town on a sandy shore, whose walls are washed by the tide. The great pagoda, 150 feet high, is magnificent, and of great antiquity: in its front is the sacred place of ablution, formed by a creek of the sea on a bed of fine pebbles: in the water, which is as clear as crystal, are seen numerous sacred fishes sporting about quite tame, being accustomed to the crowds of devotees who feed them. Along this sheet of water are flights of steps down to the margin, on which the Bramins pray, make gods of clay or flour paste, for those who come to wash away their sins, and sell little rings and amulets to the crowd. With the early morn, always so splendid and refreshing in the East, the devotees come eagerly to the water-side: the female dress is generally composed of *one*

long piece of cloth, the end of which is rolled several times round the waist, whence it flows in graceful folds down to the ankle: the other end is drawn tastefully round the bosom; their black hair is braided up in a knot behind. They wear rings in their noses and ears, and on their fingers and toes, with ornaments on their wrists, arms, and legs, of gold, silver, or ivory, according to their circumstances. They have bright dark eyes, whose power they strive to increase, by painting their eye-lashes jet-black. Their forms are graceful, and round, though slightly made, and their erect and somewhat theatric step is in character with the scene: the complexion varies, from the deepest shade of black to a soft pale tint."

Were the other observances of the Hindoo faith of as mild a character as these, it would be less accursed and revolting. A contrast to this scene is that of the sacred precipice of Juangur, not far distant, to which pilgrimages were made from all parts of India by natives who had lost their caste, and who, by leaping from the top of it, in the event of escaping with life, regained their station in society. There is a temple near it, that formerly supported a great number of Bramins; beneath is a fine plain, watered by a clear and placid stream, that met the unhappy outcast's eye, ere he took the fatal plunge. The precipice is several hundred feet in perpendicular height, and, as there are frightful rocks at the bottom, few ever escaped being dashed to pieces, or, what was worse, lingering in misery, till the wild beasts, which frequented the jungle in its vicinity, made them their prey: few repair to it at present, but such as are anxious to part with life.

Cruelty and voluptuousness were the gods to which India bowed down. Wherever Swartz wandered, to hamlet or temple, to the sacred lake, river, or plain, he said that the ground was cursed,

and the air polluted, by their offerings. Like Christian passing through the "dark valley," he sought in vain to get free from the sights and sounds of abomination that pursued him, and waited intensely till the light of God should break forth on his way. It came at last in a full stream: he had said, on a previous occasion, that he considered the gaining one soul a sufficient reward: many were now given him as a recompense. At the end of the eighth year of his residence in the town of Tritchinopoly, he writes, "that the increase to his congregation was nearly one hundred persons, heathens and Romish, though the larger proportion was of the latter." His success among the Catholics exposed him to the bitter enmity of the Jesuits, so long established in the country: they excited the natives against him. He complains heavily of this evil influence on his way: in a country town where his mission had met with some success, the Catholic priests refused to baptize, marry, or bury any of the converts, unless they entered into a covenant to obtain the removal of the missionary and his catechists. They also assured the Hindoos, that if this new faith gained ground, their feasts would cease, and their pagodas fall to ruin. In consequence, the catechists met with very ill treatment the next time they visited the town; they were beaten and reviled by the Catholics: and, as any application to the magistrates might have increased the evil, Swartz bore the persecution patiently. There was no very strong necessity, one would think, of this zeal to convert the Catholics, when such multitudes of heathens were in "thick darkness and the vilest corruption."

It was also his hard fate sometimes to cause a house to be divided against itself. "In May last," says his journal, "a youth was received by baptism into our church; he listened to our instructions in a

calm spirit, daily increased in knowledge, and inspired us with hope, also, that the instruction was not without fruit in his heart. But his parents were ill contented that he should forsake heathenism. His aged father, to whom I urged him to give all reverence, came to Trichinopoly, and chid him that he should turn to the christian doctrines; that, in so doing, he must never more see his relations, brothers-in-law, or his sisters; and, above all, that he must resign a young woman who had been affianced to him as his bride. The son fell at the feet of his aged father: he implored him not to draw him back again to idolatry. We pointed out to the parent the blessedness of true Christians: we entreated him to turn to the living God. He listened, but again spoke to his son on the subject of the marriage, telling him that all was settled to complete the nuptials the following month. The youth had a cruel conflict to maintain: he, however, held fast his integrity, and the father went sorrowful away. The aged mother came, likewise, from a distance, but soon returned, for she said there was no standing it: that every day there were twenty coming to her, to converse about Christianity; that it was not to be borne. At last the girl came, in much distress, would listen to nothing, and wept when she was addressed. The tears of the betrothed were hard to be resisted: father and mother had been withstood, but to her sorrow he yielded; became her husband, yet forsook not Christianity. A year elapsed after this; and," says the journal, "he maintained his profession with courage and joy: but his wife remained a heathen; she said, 'I cannot resolve to profess Christianity yet, the hatred of relations is so great.'"

A more illustrious disciple was soon after gained: the opposition to whose conversion was of a very different character. He was a priest of the sect of

Isuren, named Arunasalem, a man of the highest caste, of great abilities and learning. Having been taught from his infancy the doctrine of a future state of existence, he had long reflected deeply upon it, yet without relief. When only fourteen years of age, he resolved not only to become a priest of Isuren, but to visit all the holy pagodas, and to wash in their sacred water, in the hope of obtaining salvation. He placed himself under the tuition of the most celebrated priests in the country, and pursued his studies for five years with intense application. Having heard at Cuddalore the gospel of Christ, it not only approved itself to his understanding, but solved all his doubts, and gave rest to his heart. He now forsook the religion of his ancestors, upon which the college of Pandarams, at Tarnaburam, in the kingdom of Tanjore, sent him the following curious letter.

“ The grace of Siwen, the creator, the redeemer, and destroyer, be effectual in the soul of Arunasalem. If you inquire into the reasons of our writing this letter to you, know then; you were on a journey to the holy place of Cashy; and, behold, by the cunning fraud of that arch-enemy, the devil, your great wisdom and understanding have been so blinded, that you were not ashamed to go to Cuddalore, to the Christians, who are no better than the Pariars, and hear and be instructed in their despicable religion. Oh, into what amazement were we thrown on hearing this! The moment we heard it, we met in the divine presence of the head of the sacred college of Pandarams, and consulted on this event. Indeed, we are sunk in an ocean of sorrow. Remember, Arunasalem, your change is like a king turning Pariar. What have you wanted amongst us? had you not honour and reputation sufficient? Consider, Arunasalem, the noble blood of the Tondamar, from whence you sprang. We must impute this mis-

fortune that has befallen you, to a crime that you have committed against God in some former generation. The moment you receive this letter, return again to this place. May Siven give you understanding!" \*

To this letter, Arunasalem returned a decided and spirited reply. "Your promises of honour and riches," he says, "touch me not. I have changed my religion, but not my caste. I am still a Tondamar. I forsook the religion of my fathers, whose head is that haughty spirit, Satan. How holy, how majestic is God, as described in the sacred books of the Christians! The deities I have forsaken were fountains of impurity and evil passions. Can sins be expiated by the sacrifice and washing of Lingham? On the soul of Arunasalem is risen an everlasting kingdom; Friends, Pandarams, noble descendants of Tondamar, come and inherit it with me."

A few more years passed away, during which the residence of Swartz was in the same town. He never ceased to make excursions far and near into the surrounding country, as well as sometimes to Tanjore, on which the desire of his heart had so long been fixed. His prospects had continued to improve; his journal and few letters, for small was his correspondence even with the society who employed him, were more confident in their tone. He now represents, "there are many, I may well say thousands, that listen to the word with joy, approve it much, and would gladly place themselves under instruction, were not the cross connected with it. These people are to be won only with great care and caution. By addressing them in kindness and meekness, we graft on our words a representation of Christianity in its loveliness; then they usually listen with atten-

\* The Tamulians believe in transmigration for seven generations, either into the frames of men or of beasts. The beautiful tale of the Wanderings of Indur, in the form of the eagle, the lion, or the dove, is founded on this belief.

tion and reflection. Several families of the higher caste have now become Christians."

There was a circumstance at this time, that atoned for the toils of years. A village at some distance called Ratchaumaley, consisted of sixty houses, on a hill, with a pagoda in the middle. He had often turned aside to this place, and now he loved to go there, for the people had forsaken their idols. It was the first hamlet that offered such fruit to his prayers. The pagoda was useless, the voice of the Bramin was hushed: no more impure dances or cruel sacrifices; the knowledge of Christ had entered every dwelling, and was the joy of every heart. How richly was Swartz now comforted! With what exquisite emotion did he draw nigh the village on the hill, and cross the thresholds, where no chillness or subtlety now wore out his heart?

With the Moors, he had little success: he said that the Mahometans' haughtiness and wrath were great. On the walls of his church in the town he had these words inscribed, in the Persian language, in gold letters, "No one cometh to the Father, but by me," but they could not brook it. "On the whole," he observes in his journals, "God hath given me to witness much that was joyful, to the strengthening of my faith, and the comfort of my heart, in the midst of all the sorrows that I daily witness."

His dwelling at Trichinopoly was now an interesting spot. It was a deeply impressive thing, to see a solitary man, whose only weapons were his piety and zeal, struggling to shed hope and mercy in an empire of so great extent; trying, to use his own words, "if he might be so happy as to bring some of these wanderers into the way of truth." He daily assembled all the catechists, who were not on stations too far distant, and instructed them how to explain the doctrines of their religion. He strove, if it were possible, to infuse his own spirit into the

minds of these men. In the morning, they joined with him in prayer, and in meditating on the scriptures; were directed where to go that day: and in the evening each gave an account of his labours, and the day closed as it began. During the day also, many of the natives, of various ranks, came to visit and converse with him; and officers of the garrison, who personally liked the man, independent of his cause. I am enabled here to add some reminiscences of his residence at this time at Tritchinopoly, derived from one who knew him well. Among the homes of the Europeans, at which he was ever a welcome guest, was that of General Horne, whose lady yet survives, more than eighty years of age, with the powers of her mind still fresh and vigorous. She was then young and beautiful, and had not long arrived in India, where she resided many years: to her table Swartz came often; "and no time," as she observed, "can efface the remembrance of that remarkable man: more than half a century is since gone over my head; yet his features, his sweetness of temper, and kind and courteous manners, are still before me; his information was great and various, and, whether he spoke of religion or of the world, it was delightful to listen to him." His duties as chaplain of the English garrison occupied much of his time. He had formed a society among the soldiers, in whose welfare, as appears from many passages in his letters, he took a warm interest. Besides the regular and public service in the church, this band of soldiers met every week in his own dwelling. "There is a manliness in their whole deportment," he writes; "it is evident that religion is a blessing to them, and produces a settled peace and firm courage in their heart."

There was a companion who often shared in his toils, though as yet too young to be of much assistance, Caspar Kolhoff, a youth of promise and

talent. From the age of eight years he had dwelt with Swartz, till he grew up in the same spirit. A few years after, he was ordained, at Tranquebar, to be an assistant minister to the latter, by whom he was beloved as if he had been his own son. In the year 1777, he was joined in the mission by the Rev. C. Pohlé, sent from Tranquebar to his aid, and stationed at Cuddalore. The following year came the ablest of his auxiliaries, William Gerické, who resided at first at Madras. He had now been twelve years in the Carnatic. There was here and there a fine instance of fidelity to God.

Hindoo of rank, well stricken in years, had come from the north, where he had once been a considerable person, but through the war, and other changes, lost all his property and consequence; his friends deserted him, with his fortunes. Now compelled to leave the dwelling and the lands of his fathers, he journeyed forth like an exile to seek rest, with his wife, also stricken in years. They travelled long, till they came to Swartz, and listened earnestly to his instructions; at last, they clearly understood them, and then entreated to be baptized. Very many years they were faithful to the religion they had embraced; the husband was at last seized with an illness, he was now a hundred years old, and his faithful wife was not much less. The day before his death, he earnestly desired to see Swartz; he came, and prayed with, and blessed him, and thus describes it:—"He was an ancient father, of a hundred years of age; his wife wept over him; her white hair was an ornament to her; just before he expired he said to me, 'Now, priest, I go to the kingdom of blessedness; be diligent, that my wife, who is ninety years of age, may follow me; we have endured much together, do not let us be parted in eternity.'"

Of late, his visits to the city of Tanjore had been

of longer continuance, even for months at a time. Often in the society of Tulia Maha, the king, an intimacy had sprung up, that had ripened into friendship, to which the influence of his ministers and Bramins, hitherto so adverse to the missionary, was at last obliged to yield. The prince gave his consent to the erection of a church in his capital. With a delighted heart, Swartz addressed a letter to the governor and council at Madras, and instantly obtained their sanction and contributions to the design. The first stone of this edifice was laid by General Munro. The funds failing, the former addressed the honourable board at Madras for further aid; he was desired, in reply, to come there with all possible speed: the object of this summons will be best explained in his own words.

“At my arrival, Governor Rumbold told me that my request should be granted; the other gentlemen assured me of the same. Then I was acquainted with the purpose for which I was called before the Presidency; they told me, that they wished to preserve peace with Hyder Ali, who was preparing for an invasion, and requested me to take a journey to Seringapatam, in a private manner, to undeceive him, by a fair declaration of their pacific sentiments, particularly as I, from my knowledge of the Moorish language, could converse with him without the help of an interpreter. The novelty of the proposal surprised me at first; I begged some time to consider it. At last, I accepted of the offer, because, by doing so, I hoped to prevent evil, and to promote the welfare of the country.” He returned to Tanjore, and while preparing for his journey, continued to urge rapidly the erection of the church; its dimensions were the same as that at Tritchinopoly, ninety feet long by fifty wide. The latter had been, for some time, unable to contain more than the garrison and the European residents, so that he was

obliged to look out for a more convenient spot for his Malabar congregation. He procured a gift from the rajah of a spot on a rising ground about a mile from the town, and, with the aid of his friends, raised a place of worship there for his native converts; these all quitted Trichinopoly, and built their dwellings round the chapel on the hill, so that the place had quite a pastoral appearance: the situation was healthy, and it was remote from noise. "Blessed be God," exclaimed Swartz, "may they all practise the truth, which is now preached in the midst of their habitations." His early friend, Colonel Wood, who had first aided his designs, and opened his house to him at Trichinopoly, was now no more; by his skill and bravery, he had given the first defeat to Hyder Ali a few years before: in his last illness, he remembered the many conversations, as well as the example, of Swartz, and appointed him executor and guardian to his only son. The following is one of his letters to the latter.

"I have received your kind letter, and rejoice that the son of my friend, who is now in a brighter world, goes on learning such things as will make him useful in society. You learn the classics, French, drawing, &c.; I entreat you to be diligent, and to spend your time in the best manner. I remember, that when I learnt vocal music in my younger days, at Custrin, I did not think that I should use it much; and behold, now, every morning and evening, when the Malabar children come to prayer, I teach them to sing in praise of their Redeemer. Every week they learn one hymn, for they are slow. Now I am well pleased that I was instructed in vocal music--all things may become useful to ourselves and others. But then, my dear friend, our intention, our desires, must be well managed; or, in other words, our hearts must be truly minded. As you have spent many months and years in learning useful things,

let your heart be now given over to your God, otherwise your learning will prove less beneficial: it may even be abused to your detriment. Examine your heart, and whatever you find in it that is not agreeable to the divine will, (and you will find much of that sort,) acknowledge it, mourn over it in the sight of Heaven; there is nothing so sweet as to sorrow at the footstool of mercy: rest not till you find rest to your soul; after that, pray that you may not lose what you have gained, but that you may grow daily in faith, love, and hope: above all, try to get strength, divine strength, to overcome that sinful timidity, whereby many people are ashamed to confess and practise what they approve in their hearts. Our time is but short. Eternity! awful, beautiful eternity, is at hand: let us not then trifle away our time; you cannot yet know, as you will know, the subtle danger that lurks to the soul, in the thoughts, and speeches, and conversation, of those that do not serve or desire God. Your rank and condition in the world, forbid you to fly from company, that is, perhaps, dangerous; but beware how you enter into their spirit. Can they recompense you for the desertion of God, and the loss of an immortal hope? You have, my dear friend, the inexpressible blessing of a pious mother. I hope you will take all possible care to rejoice her heart; that heart is bound up in her son.

“Your affectionate friend,

“C. F. SWARTZ.”

In the month of August following, he set out on his journey to the capital of Mysore. It was a bold step, for Hyder was a man of cruelty, and a breaker of all bonds and treaties. In one village, he had to wait many days, to receive the chieftain's decisive answer; it was favourable, and he again set out. Soon after, they had to pass a wood and a mountain, much infested with wild animals; often at night,

when composing himself to sleep in his tent, he was disturbed by the shrill mournful cry of the jackals, or the roar of the tiger: he was now among the passes of the Ghauts; narrow and deeply wooded glens; tracts covered with thick jungle grass, so high as to hide the precipices close at hand, as well as the wild beasts who there made their lair; the voice of waters was heard among the woody heights around, and the travellers longed to drink of the stream, but often feared to meet there some beast of prey. Numbers of the poor native passengers perish every year from the ferocity of the tigers; but the fate of Seetoo, the most celebrated Pindaree chieftain, was singular: he had escaped from the fortress of Assceghur, where he was invested, and, without followers, without friends, directed his flight northward. A few days afterwards, his horse was found wandering without a rider, and, on the border of the jungle, near some by-road, the corpse of Seetoo, evidently killed and preyed upon by a tiger. His arms, so often bathed in the blood of others, had lain useless by his side, and were stained with his own. A few jewels and money, provided for his flight, were in his srip—they would not bribe the savage lord of these wilds from his loved meal. Papers and passports, framed and prepared with art, to ensure safe-conduct through populous and peaceable districts, were also found on his person. It was thought that he had fallen beneath the sudden bound of the animal, ere he had time to draw his weapons.

On the 14th, the party arrived at a small town, after a long and weary day's journey, at the foot of the mountains. The following morning the summits were covered with thick mists, "so that we often thought we saw villages and pagodas above us; all the hills were covered with wood; the inhabitants say that many men reside on the highest summits,

and seldom descend from their retreats, for that they cannot endure, without uneasiness, the atmosphere of the vale." There was a fort in this neighbourhood, built on a high rock; it had been captured, a few years before, by his friend Colonel Wood. These forts were generally built on insulated rocks, that rise several hundred feet above the level of the plain; the sides and summits, sometimes formed of a lonely mass of granite, are covered with defences; walls within walls, look menacingly down on the assailant; vaulted halls hewn out of the rock, and illumined only by torches, serve for places of arms.

On the 17th, they arrived at Guzulhuty; where he says, "the heat was intense, and the formidable mountains were still before us. On the following morning, about four o'clock, we set forth, not without fear, and prayer to God for his protection; a multitude of men accompanied us. Many carried a piece of wood, which they kindled, not only to render the path more discernible, but chiefly to deter the tigers. It was very solemn, as we entered the passes, the light of the torches being cast on the trees and rocks; if one looks down into the abyss, the head becomes quite giddy, for the daylight was so dim, that we saw only a frightful void. The path is frequently so narrow, that if you begin to slip, it is all over with you. When we had ascended about half-way up the hill, the sun arose; then we beheld the numerous heights and depths with astonishment and admiration of God. The eye is unable to satiate itself with gazing, so that the dread of tigers is forgotten. As we had people around us, we directed them to the majesty of God." About nine o'clock, they had surmounted the hill, and its seven lofty ridges, when a thunder storm came on. These storms in the passes of the Ghauts are terrible; the winds tearing up the forest trees by the roots, and

the rains filling in a few moments the dry beds of torrents. Happy is the traveller who finds a cave in the rock, to shelter.

On his arrival in Seringapatam, a tent was pitched on the glacis of the fort, for his residence. Things wore a hostile appearance; a large body of troops was encamped without the walls, who only waited the signal to march. In the tone, as well as looks, of the courtiers and people, as far as they dared trust their expression, it was evident that war was at hand. On the eastern extremity of the island, on which the city stood, were the prince's palace and gardens. The latter were laid out in shady walks, and enriched with the vegetable treasures of the East; the river Cauveri flowed beside them. "Hyder's palace is," he says, "according to the mode of building here, beautiful; all of hewn stone. The king, now old, still lives in it. Hyder allows him annually a moderate sum of money; he is a state prisoner: the former often visits him, and stands before him as a servant—so shockingly can men dissemble. I came one day into the hall, and saw a number of men sitting round. Their attire indicated that they were managers over certain districts; in their countenances could be discerned an anxious dread; they appeared to me like people condemned to die: few are able to render their accounts to Hyder's satisfaction; few are so daring as to deceive him. He dictates a letter to one, then calls another to read it over to him. If he discovers that the writer has mentioned something dictated by his own fancy, it costs him his life." He was visited in his tent by officers and judges of the court, as well as Bramins, curious to know what his doctrine, thus brought, for the first time, to the capital of Mysore, might be. At last he had an audience of the prince, who requested him to sit by his side. The floor was spread with beautiful carpets. There was as great a

contrast in the outward appearance, as in the spirits of the two men:—that of Swartz, the very emblem of primeval simplicity; the fair complexion, the expressive light blue eye, the thin and calm lip, the flowing white hair: the sanguinary and accomplished despot was portrayed in every feature of Hyder, with the subtlety of the “father of lies.”

He listened attentively to the words of the former, and then upbraided the Europeans with the breach of their engagements, but professed that he was desirous to live in peace with them. He then gave audience to others, on the affairs of his empire. His rapidity in transacting business greatly surprised his guest. The latter was now invited to reside in the palace, a home where mercy was never known—but the cry of blood went up to heaven day and night. “Here,” says Swartz, “the nearest friends do not trust themselves to open their hearts. Within the palace, Hyder’s ancient friend, Kundee Row, is confined in an iron cage, and fed with bread and milk; by which means the former kept his vow, that he would treat him like a paroquet. Dreadful punishments take place daily. I am hardly sure whether I ought to describe how one of his official servants was punished. His shrieks were awful.” He often conversed with Hyder in a splendid hall, that was cool during the heat of day. The hall was supported by a double row of lofty pillars of marble, whose capitals were cut into the form of the palm and cocoa leaves: a flight of steps led to a light gallery, that ran along the walls. “I frequently sat with him,” he says in his journal, “in this hall, which opened into a garden. The trees were grafted, and bore two kinds of fruit. He had beautiful cypress-trees, fountains,” &c.

There could be few things in common between the two: and Swartz did not spare, at times, to tell the tyrant of a gospel of mercy and love; and he listened, but they were strange sounds to his ear. One even-

ing his curiosity was roused, and he desired his guest to speak in Persian before him, as he had done to his people. Swartz complied: officers, ministers, and others, stood around. Never was there a more hushed or awe-struck auditory: but the hope and the terror were not of God, but of Hyder, whose every glance, and varying expression of the stern features, was watched with deep anxiety. "It was in vain," observes the former, "Hyder is quite unconcerned about religion; he has none himself, and leaves every one to his own choice." He spent three months in the city of Seringapatam, occupied in the cause of his mission, when not engaged with the prince.

Among the numerous Europeans in the service of the latter, he found several whom he had known at Trichinopoly, who loved to attend his church there, but had now thrown off all remembrance of religion, and sunk into gross licentiousness. He visited them in their homes, Germans, French, and English; appealed to their better feelings in past days. Many of them were men of desperate fortunes, tempted by the high pay of their employer. Often, in the evening, when the air came fresh from the river, and the mountains on the eastern shore, he repaired to the glacis of the fort, and there preached to a various audience, both of high and low, of whom few became converts. Had he chosen to soil his hand with bribes, opportunities were not wanting. Many a courtier, as well as judge, would have gladly purchased his influence with Hyder; and even the latter, who never spared money in his unprincipled career, would have poured his rupees at the feet of his guest, to promote his designs on the government of Madras. That the darkest natures are not without a solitary virtue, was evinced one day, when Swartz, who was in the splendid hall of the palace, observed a crowd of well-dressed children, busied in the garden. On inquiring who they were, he was told they were

orphans, for whom no one else would provide; and Hyder was resolved that the fatherless should not be deserted in his dominions. The sight brought back to his mind the dear remembrance of his first devotedness to God, at Hallé; when, quite a youth, he was appointed to teach and pray in the orphan-house of Francke. With the deepest emotion and gratitude, he saw how great was the mercy with which he had been visited. In that orphan-house first sprung up the desire to go to the East, and the first blessings of heaven were made known to his soul. Had he been a vain or proud man, it was a triumphant retrospect. At that period he was an unknown student, teaching the few desolate orphans of Hallé, uncertain what course to pursue in life: now he was an honoured guest in the home of Hyder, the trusted envoy of the English government; and prince, as well as peasant, hailed his coming, and drank in the words that fell from his lips. Did not the image of his mother, whose last appeal was thus gloriously fulfilled, rush to his thoughts at this moment? or that of the lady of Custrin, whose words were so inexpressibly availing? He was so impressed with the scene, that, on his return to Tanjore, he prevailed on the rajah to erect a dwelling, about two miles from the city, for the reception of orphans, which he ever after carefully attended. The time came for his departure. The prince, as the last testimony of his regard, sent this message to all his officers, between the capital and Tanjore—"To permit the Father Swartz to pass unmolested, and shew him respect and kindness, for he is a holy man, and means no harm to my government."

But simple integrity, however sternly tried, could not be the sole title to the confidence and respect of the ruling powers. Swartz possessed a strong and acute judgment, that could enter with as much facility into the policies of the Indian courts, as into

the disputes of the Bramins. Too much praise cannot be given to his conduct at Srirangapatam. His frank and sincere bearing at once induced Hyder to lay aside the veil of dissimulation, which he would probably have preserved with a more wary negotiator: the persuasive, yet manly and decided tone in which he enlarged on the blessings of peace, and held out the olive branch, did not fail to produce its effect. His reputation had previously reached Hyder, who had greatly desired to see him; for he was a small believer in any virtue or sanctity in men. Yet it is true, that Swartz's previous experience of mankind could afford him little aid in an encounter with such a character as Hyder Ali. The rajahs of the Carnatic, as well as the chief men, with whom he had hitherto held intercourse, were timid and yielding, awed by the European power: "they are so full of dissimulation," he writes in his journal, "so attached to lying, that it was long before I could judge rightly of them." But the usurper of Mysore was a bold and remorseless man, of boundless ambition, and a powerful, though illiterate mind. Swartz succeeded in conciliating him; and at no time, while in his palace, did he forget the dignity of a British envoy, or the meekness that became the herald of the faith of Christ. He returned to the scene of his mission at Tanjore, like the exile to his native land. He thus describes the conclusion of the enterprise: "When I took my leave of Hyder Ali, he presented me with a bag of rupees, for the expense of my journey; but, having been furnished with supplies by the Honourable Board at Madras, I delivered the bag to them. As they urged me to take it, I desired their permission to appoint this sum, as the first fund for an English charity-school at Tanjore. Being told that the governor, Sir T. Rumbold, intended to procure me a present from the Board, I begged leave to decline accepting any, declar-

ing, that if my journey had been any way beneficial to the public, I rejoiced at it." The rajah of Tanjore was glad to see him again: he says, that he found him much changed; from a robust man, he was now pale and thin. Of late he had become strongly attached to the missionary. He drew near one day and smiled, when the latter was addressing to a group of children the beautiful hymn, "To God I bring my youthful heart," and then he spoke with some emotion.

He found that his societies of converts were, in general, faithful to their profession. "Our intention is not to boast," he writes, "but this I may safely say, that many of those people who have been instructed, have left this world with comfort, and with a well-grounded hope of everlasting life. That some of those, who have been instructed and baptized, have abused these advantages, is certain. But all sincere servants of God, nay, even the apostles, have experienced this grief."

Not a year, or a month, now passed, in which some new candidates were not added to his flock; many of whom were of the higher castes. At Cuddalore, the cause was maintained by the labours of the Rev. C. Pohlé; at Negapatam, by the able and excellent Gerické; at Tanjore, the youthful Kholoff was ever at his side. Oftentimes he went to Tritchinopoly, so long his dwelling place, to look after the welfare of the people, as well as the Malabar congregation who dwelt on the hill, about a mile distant, around the rural church that he had built for them. Gerické was a man of eminent piety and virtue: of considerable wealth also, which enabled him to befriend the poor and distressed wherever he came. The sums he expended on the mission were great. He speaks of its property under his charge at Negapatam, as consisting of many houses and grounds, and arable lands, sacramental plate, and money. He

quitted ease and luxury in Germany, and the society of literary men that he greatly loved—to devote himself to this career. He encouraged, by his purse as well as talents, the culture of the sciences; and paid a salary to a skilful Bramin, for the benefit of Indian literature. During twenty years the devoted admirer and imitator of Swartz, it was a joyous moment, when in the course of their pilgrimages the friends met, and talked over their hopes and toils; for Gerické was an excellent companion, and a close observer of men and manners.

The favourite country scene of Swartz was still the village of Ratchaumaley; it continued faithful. The lonely pagoda was still there, that told of his success better than a pillar of marble: the forsaken Bramin, instead of being the lord of the people's faith, now sat on the steps of his neglected shrine, begging money, not for his idol, but for his own wants. There, when the evening hymn was raised by the missionary, and the people gathered eagerly round, and sang the praises of Christ instead of Vishnu—it was a moment, such as life seldom offers to the soul. To pass thus from the palace of Hyder to the Hindoo cottage—from the restless home of ambition and cruelty, to the lowly hearth, which the peace and hope of God shadowed with their wings—was a lesson to the spirit of Swartz, more indelible than many volumes of wisdom.

Such was the change which many years had wrought in his situation. Had he, in the long struggle with the powers of paganism, compared the difficulties to be surmounted, with his own lonely and feeble resources, he would have failed utterly. But he never lost his noble reliance on Him “with whom nothing is impossible,” whose love filled his heart, calmed every sorrow, and nerved every hope afresh. “My way is covered with thorns,” he writes, “no cloud rains upon it; yet, it is made

dear to me." To his mission was given the whole force and vigour of the mind, as well as the warm affections of the heart—unshared by the love of woman, or any dear domestic tie. No man ever succeeded greatly in a career, in which he did not feel a delight, even to enthusiasm; if this enthusiasm abates, "his strength is withered." With Swartz it never abated, even to the last fitting energy of life.

On this scene a storm was about to burst suddenly. The mission to Seringapatam was rendered fruitless. Swartz complained of this violation. "The nabob of Madras, and others," he wrote, "found means to frustrate all hopes of peace." War broke out: the first warning to the supine government of Madras, that an enemy was drawing near, were the black columns of smoke that was seen in the horizon, from the mount of St. Thomas, a few miles from the city. At the head of an army of a hundred thousand men, a third part of which were cavalry, Hyder poured into the Carnatic. The villages were burned, the fields wasted, and all the crops perished. He had a corps of 5000 pioneers, who levelled the woods and jungles as they marched along; and a commissariat admirably managed, under the direction of a Bramin. Crowds of people from every part of the country flocked into the towns for relief. Tanjore and Trichinopoly were filled with multitudes, whom famine soon began to stare in the face. Those who remained without, were not better off; they fled to the hills and mountains for protection, or to the shelter of the woods; and from thence they looked back on their burning homes, where many of the aged were left. In some places, the flames caught the woods and thick jungle grass where the people had fled: even the beasts of prey became victims to the conflagration, that defied every effort to escape.

During the years 1781, 2, and 3, the distress and

misery were very great. All former wars seemed, to the inhabitants, trifling in comparison: in Tanjore, the famine was dreadful. The number of the dead, that lay in the streets, threatened to add pestilence also; for those who expired there, as well as in the houses, had none to bury them. They were daily collected in carts, and carried to large trenches made without the town. It was said that men fled from the face of their dearest friends, for they saw something fatal and menacing in their eyes: that on some occasions parents deserted those they loved. "Here and there might be seen," says the detail, "groups of the wretched, devouring bones, shells, leaves of trees, and grass: the sick and weary sunk down from absolute weakness, lay under the rays of a burning sun, and died: there was a mother, more cruel than the grave, who abandoned her little ones in the streets, and left them to perish, without ever inquiring after them."

At night, the ravenous animals thronged round the neglected dead, and some, in whom life feebly lingered, were made a miserable prey. Every distinction of caste was lost: the Bramins mingled with the Pariars, and spoke kindly to them: Christians, Moors, and heathens, forgot all their enmity, in their exquisite misery. Many begged to be taken as slaves, for a little food. Parents of the highest classes offered to sell their children for a mere trifle, but no one would purchase them: it was giving life for life. The garrison of the city partook, though in a less degree, of the miseries of the people: but their provision also was at least nearly consumed, and a powerful enemy was without the walls. Swartz's own detail, which he was obliged to draw up, "not," as he says, "in vain and sinful boasting, but as a necessary self-defence," is the best description of what followed.

"There was grain enough yet left in the country, but we had no bullocks to bring it into the fort, for

all confidence was lost; the inhabitants of the country, in consequence of former oppressions, drove away their cattle, and refused to assist the town. The rajah ordered, nay, entreated them, by his managers, to come and help us, but all was in vain. At last the rajah said to one of our principal gentlemen—"We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Swartz." Accordingly, he sent me a blank paper, empowering me to make a proper agreement with the people. Here was no time for hesitation. The Sepoys fell down as dead, being emaciated with hunger; our streets were lined with corpses every morning; our condition was deplorable. I sent, therefore, letters round about, promising to pay any one with my own hands. In one or two days I got above a thousand bullocks, and eighty thousand kalams of grain. The people made all possible haste, for they did this at the risk of their lives. By this means the town was saved. When all was over, I paid the people, (even with some money which belonged to others,) and sent them home."

The following year, they fell, a second time, into the same unhappy condition. This was chiefly owing to the defeat and capture of Col. Braithwaite and his whole detachment. This officer was stationed on the banks of the Coleroon, for the purpose of protecting Tanjore: he received, with incredulity, the timely warning of a native, and was surprised by Tippoo Saib with a large force, and a European corps under Lally. For twenty-six hours, this little forlorn band maintained a conflict that had no pause; when night came down, the cannon of Hyder's son, and the charges of his cavalry, continued to thin their ranks, that were drawn closer every hour, such numbers had now fallen; for their enemies were twenty to one: when day broke, the rest were worn out with wounds and fatigue, and Lally advanced

at the head of his Europeans with fixed bayonets, supported by a large body of infantry, and covered by cavalry. At this tremendous appearance, the courage of the Sepoys failed, and the battle was lost. This misfortune once more reduced Tanjore to the last distress. In the words of Swartz, "The famine was so great, and of such long continuance, that those have been affected by it who seemed to be beyond its reach. A vigorous and strong man is hardly to be met with. In outward appearance, men are like walking skeletons. Famine, like death, is gone up into the palaces, and entered into their pleasant chambers. I was again desired to try my former expedient to procure supplies, and succeeded. The people knew that they might depend on my word; but now the danger was greater, as the enemy was very near. I sent out instantly, to proper places, to urge the people to come immediately, for our affliction was great. Accordingly they wept, and went, and brought to the perishing, grain and cattle."

Is it not justly observed, that simplicity is often the sublime? the picture of the timid Hindoo, overcome with excess of fear, yet yielding to the influence of one venerated man. The words have even a scriptural beauty, "they wept, and went, and brought to the perishing—grain and cattle."

A prince and his people are thus dependent on the missionary for preservation; they apply to him alone in this extremity; they had not done thus, but in the full belief of his power. And what was that power? it was not genius or eloquence, or any commanding force of mind, by which he could bend the wills of others to his own. Swartz possessed none of these gifts. It was the influence of his character alone on the minds of the natives:—a singular and resistless influence, obtained less by the pure doctrines of his faith, than by the purity of

his soul and life. Of the numerous people of the Mysore, his converts were few in comparison, but all looked with surprise and regard on the man who strove, without ceasing, to promote their earthly good and comfort, as well as their eternal; whose hands were never known to take bribes, who accepted gold only for the wants of others. "My father," said the king one day, "tell me how it is you do not care for money." On one occasion he writes thus in his journal, "On the 3rd, returning early home, I heard that an officer who was known to me, and who had been awakened to the love of religion, was suddenly deceased. He bequeathed a sum of money to me in his last will, which, to prevent calumny, I did not accept." At Tanjore, he gave the half of his small salary, as chaplain, of a hundred pounds, to Caspar Kholoff, whom he had brought up and educated: the remaining moiety he devoted to the mission. It was his custom to give ten pagodas, at the beginning of each month, to his servant, in order to provide for the expenses of his table, and gave himself no trouble about the manner in which it was supplied. In a letter dated September 1783, he thus writes of the state of things, "The last three years have been years of sorrow and anxiety. Yet we have no reason at all to murmur, or to find fault with God's ways, which are ever just and equal. Many of my people were compelled by the famine to come to me for aid; for the space of several months I have procured them provision, though not quite sufficient for their wants, for that was beyond my power. I have given them the necessary instruction; but the teaching of them was attended with much difficulty and fatigue, on account of the great decay of their mental powers."

Apprehensive of the renewal of war, he bought a quantity of rice while the price was moderate, and persuaded also some European merchants to send

him a portion monthly. With this food he preserved numbers from actually perishing, who were lying about in the open roads. The fort of Trichinopoly also afforded an asylum to many of the people, who fled thither from the enemy. Cuddalore yielded to the arms of Tippoo Saib, aided by the troops of Lally. Swartz was again called upon to use his efforts for peace, and was requested to go to Seringapatam to join the commissioners there. He complied, and set out for the capital; but when about half way, his progress was arrested by command of Tippoo Saib. "I was detained eleven days," he relates, "I wrote to the latter, requesting that he would permit me to proceed, but I got no answer. The killadar was at last ordered to let me go back; so I was conducted by thirty horses back to Daraburn. To this day I know not the true reason why I was not permitted to proceed. I should have been very glad, if I could have been an instrument in that great work of peace-making. But who knows but there might have been temptations too great for me?" In his return, he fell in with the army of Colonel Fullarton, ordered to halt suddenly on its march to Seringapatam, and, after many a painful march and siege, to give up all its conquests. Three commissioners arrived to treat with Tippoo. "Alas!" exclaimed Swartz; "is the peace so certain, that you quit all before the negotiation is ended." He passed a short time in the camp of the British commander, whose spirit was exasperated to the last degree: the latter was greatly interested with his guest, to whom he afterwards appealed in his published letters to the Marquis Cornwallis, as a testimony to the good conduct of his army. In the mean time, while the negotiation was going on, three gibbets were erected opposite the tent doors of each of the commissioners, and studied insult and humiliation were offered them by order of Tippoo. In the following year, peace was restored.

Hitherto he had been blessed with unbroken health and strength: the excessive heats of the greater part of the year, and the rains and damps of the remainder, had never caused him to cease from his labours. His temperate and even abstemious habits, befriended him greatly; but now, at the age of sixty, the hand of affliction was first laid upon him. The letter he wrote, on this occasion, gives a just picture of his mind.

“MY DEAR —, *Tanjore, July 1784.*

“I HAVE been prevented by illness from having the pleasure of addressing you sooner. I can hardly describe to you the nature of my weakness. I felt no pain, but such relaxation in my frame, that speaking or walking fatigued me greatly. This I felt during April and May; but when we were favoured with some refreshing showers, I felt a little better. I could not write before, because my hand shook so, that I was not able to hold my pen. But enough of this! age comes upon me, therefore I have no reason to wonder at my weakness; the silver cord will soon be loosed, and the pitcher broken at the cistern. If the mind be sound, all is well, the rest we shall quit when we enter into the grave. On this subject I meditate frequently. May God grant me grace to do it more effectually. I know that I have no righteousness of my own, whereon I could dare to depend for future happiness. The atonement of my Redeemer is the foundation of all my hope and peace, it sets my heart at rest. The Spirit of my Lord enlightens, cheers, and strengthens me. I look on the day of judgment without trembling, without sorrow, because His love will bear me through. Our time is short: within some days I have sojourned in this country thirty-five years: may my last days be my best! Farewell.”

The places of worship being insufficient to con-

tain all the hearers, he set about building a Malabar chapel in the suburbs; the first donation towards the expenses was by General Monro. The place of its erection was a garden that had been given him by the rajah; here also stood the dwelling in which he generally resided. It was a spot to which he loved to return after his wanderings, for it was cool, and shaded by many trees, and removed from the sight, as well as noise, of the numerous population. The king sometimes visited him here. Many of these Eastern gardens were places of great retirement and beauty, filled with orange, cocoa, and palm trees. The following is the description given by a traveller, of his visit to a lonely scene of this kind, where dwelt a man of learning, whose career was, however, more tranquil than that of the missionary.

“ On the bank of the river Gomalty, almost on the site of the ancient Gaur, a recluse dwelt for nearly thirty years; few Europeans ever attained to so thorough and perfect an acquaintance with the Oriental dialects. In a study, from the window of which the eye rested on the ruins of the city, he passed the greater part of his time: this study, screened by the shadow of many trees, was in the midst of a lovely garden, at whose foot flowed the river. Great part of his time was occupied in translating the Gospel into Bengalee, in which language he also wrote several simple and beautiful dialogues, designed as familiar and easy expositions of the book of Genesis. When I retired to my chamber for the night,” continues the traveller, “ I found on my table the scriptures, and on the book-shelves the works of such pious men as have laboured for the edification of mankind. A bed-chamber thus furnished, in such a spot, in this deep Indian solitude, awakened thoughts neither to be repressed at the time, nor forgotten afterwards. I took down one

volume after another, and remembered the hour when I had read them in earlier and happier days, in the country, in England, amidst her sweet and silent glades and fields; and then I sat down and looked upon that soft and pure light which the moon ever sheds in this eastern world. I do not wonder that the moon has been made an object of idolatrous worship by the poor and deluded Hindoos: there is a mildness in her beams, which speaks of mercy: how often do we feel, like Job, that the lip might be enticed to kiss the hand in looking up at her, as she walks in brightness? The ruins of Gaura were before me, the ancient capital of Bengal, covering a vast extent of ground; on the other side the river were the remains of a handsome mosque; beyond, on the plain, were the half-broken walls of a Moorish fortress, and two very lofty gates of a citadel; scattered blocks of marble beautifully wrought. The remains of the golden mosque were the finest; they are faced throughout with the most precious black marble: many of the inferior mosques are, however in higher preservation, their domes still perfect, and lined within by tiles painted of the most vivid colours, and probably as bright as the day they were laid on; one of the smallest of these mosques has a tessellated pavement of great beauty. The gates of the citadel are very grand, and recall the days of Akbar, as does yet more strongly an imperial minar, the summit of which has fallen in shattered fragments at its feet. Induced by the extreme beauty of the night, I had left the dwelling of my host, and walked forth among the ruins: from the remains of a mosque and wall near some large tamarind trees, I saw, springing with many a fantastic bound and gesture, several of those large-sized sacred monkeys: they resembled satyrs dancing in wild mockery on this desolate spot. A marble tomb near me reminded me of the days of Akbar. As I

stood gazing, the song, the chorus, and the Indian guitar, broke on the ear, for it was the period of the Dassorah festival."

The three years of war and famine were a severe trial to the missionary: he saw his people faint on every side, in spirit as well as frame; the hopes and promises of Christianity had been forgotten in the cruel demands of every day and hour. Some of the Bramins took advantage of the general terror, to urge them back to the paths of idolatry: the slender faith and constancy of some of the Hindoos yielded to these persuasions. This fiery trial was only an incentive to the exertions of Swartz: happy if he could preserve but a few faithful, he prayed, and instructed, and besought them without ceasing. In a letter he wrote to the other missionaries, after the troubles were over, he says,

"At present I am so far established in health, that my labour is rather delightful than troublesome, which was not the case in April and May. Are we not commanded to rejoice in the Lord? Hence will follow an ardour to love and obey him as long as strength is given us.

"I like no writer on divinity more than Bishop Beveridge. He forgets not to raise the superstructure of a holy life; but he lays first the foundation in a true and strong trust in Christ, after the example of St. Paul. In the explanation of holiness, Tillotson is excellent; but he does not so well, so clearly establish the foundation as Beveridge, and more particularly as the first reformers.

"As to the Malabar church, which I have been building in the suburbs, General Munro encouraged me, by giving me 50 pagodas. But when I found that the stones which I needed for the foundation cost 25 pagodas, without chunam, I thought I should soon stop my mill for want of water. But the rajah having given me some golden clothes, from the time

of Lord Pigot's arrival, I took them to the merchants, who, to my most agreeable surprise, valued them at 136 pagodas, so that I could prosecute my plan without interruption. I hope that God, who hath so graciously furnished me with the means of building a house of prayer, will fill it also with worshippers."

In February, 1785, he entered on the plan of establishing English schools throughout the country, to facilitate the intercourse of the natives with the Europeans; that the former, learning in some tolerable degree the English language, might the better escape the impositions practised on them; and the doctrines of Christianity would thus be more easily instilled into their minds. He foresaw great difficulties in the way, from the want of suitable teachers. Several of the native princes, with the king of Tanjore, assisted him in this design. Schools were soon fixed at Tanjore, Swagenga, and two other places. They consisted chiefly of children of Bramins and merchants: it was a useful as well as politic scheme on both sides. "Their intention doubtless is," says Swartz, "to learn the English language, with a view to their temporal welfare, but they thereby become better acquainted with good principles: no deceitful methods are used to bring them over to the doctrines of Christ, though the most earnest wishes are felt that they may attain that knowledge which is life eternal." The East India Company directed the government of Madras to pay £100 annually towards the support of each of the provincial schools, and the same sum to every other which might be established. These institutions were attended with a good result: the one at Tanjore, in particular, was much frequented by children of the first families; and the improvement made by the scholars was rapid. The quick and unreflective minds of the better class of Hindoo youth, eagerly caught the

various branches of learning presented to them. From these seminaries many obtained situations at Madras as writers, with handsome salaries; others met with good employments elsewhere.

Some time previous to this period, Swartz undertook the tuition of a pupil, who has since attained a high and just celebrity. The present Sir Alexander Johnston, to whose kindness the writer of this memoir is deeply and variously indebted, was then only seven years of age; and while Sir Thomas Munro superintended his progress in Latin, and General Leith in Greek, Swartz was his instructor in the Christian religion. "I well remember," observes Sir Alexander, when speaking of Swartz, "his peculiarly venerable and impressive appearance; the tall and erect figure, the head white with years, the features on which I loved to look; the mingled dignity and amenity of his demeanor: to his pupils he was more like a parent than a preceptor." Could Swartz have foreseen the future career of his pupil, and that the knowledge he was then impressing on his mind and heart, would be devoted to the good of India, the prospect would have illuminated his close of life with the brightest joys of anticipation.

An event soon after happened, that placed in the hands of Swartz a charge of high importance. For many years he had lived in kind and friendly intercourse with the king of Tanjore, Tulia Maha; and had not spared, at times, to persuade him to embrace Christianity. But the time had come, that he must leave people and empire behind: Swartz had been absent for some time in the country; on his return he was sent for to the palace, and he saw that his friend was in his last sickness. He spoke to him earnestly and affectionately, but the rajah's thoughts were turned on another object. By the Hindoo law, a prince who has no children, has the right to adopt a successor, to the exclusion of his other relatives. Some years

before he had adopted a boy, and he loved him with the fondness of a father—he now pointed to him eagerly; it was evident he wished his person and his interests to be carefully guarded, with a view to the future crown. “This is not my, but your son,” he said, “into your hands and care I deliver the child.” Swartz looked wistfully at the dying prince and the object of his hope, well aware of the responsibility and peril of such a charge. “You know,” he replied, “my willingness to serve you according to my scanty ability; but this your last wish and desire is above my power. You have adopted a child of nine years. You know there are parties in the palace. I am afraid that his life will be in danger, and your country brought into a state of confusion.”

Tulia Maha knew that there was a strong English party in favour of Amcer Sing, his brother; several of them were now in the chamber—the lonely missionary was the only man whom he would trust. Again, he conjured him to guard the life of the orphan, when he should be no more, to take him into his own charge, and to remember that the crown was his heritage. Thus adjured, Swartz at last consented, after much and painful hesitation; for he foresaw the difficulty of the charge. The rajah sent that evening for his mother, and talked long and earnestly with her; and then his brother was called, and he told him what he had done. On the following day, he felt he had not long to live, and sent to see Swartz once more: his couch was surrounded by his chief officers and ministers, watching the dying man in deep and silent curiosity; beneath a pavilion were seated his brother and the child. He thus spoke: “I have followed the advice given me by Mr. Swartz. I appoint my brother to govern the country, till the orphan is grown up; he is to act kindly to him. I hope the Honourable Company will confirm this my last will.” He was assured that it should be fulfilled. “This

assurance," said the dying man, "comforts me in my last hours." Swartz wept for his death; he remembered the pleasant hours they had passed; how he had been his friend, when he came almost friendless into the land. In compliance with the promise of the deceased prince, Ameer Sing, the brother and successor, delivered the former a written document, sealed by himself and his chief ministers, in which he made an appropriation for ever of a village, of the yearly income of 500 pagodas, to support an orphan school. In reply to Swartz's representations of the oppressions suffered by the people, Ameer Sing promised him that he would be a father to them, would alleviate their burdens, and inspect the country, without leaving the whole administration to his servants.

Swartz observes here, "that few men, unacquainted with grief, have come to a just knowledge of themselves." This is, no doubt, just; but with respect to the sorrows of the world, his share was small; a larger portion of its affections had, perhaps, made his way more pleasant. It was true, that when he went forth, no thoughts of those he left behind bade him turn from the blast at noon-day, or from the pestilence; but was it no loss, that, when he came again to his home, no kind or loved companion was there to bid him welcome? He could not see afar off, in the 'mind's eye, the wife or child watching his return, or looking forth into the sultry waste for his well-known step. The hand of his Hindoo servant was sufficient for his few and simple wants; but in the drear decline of life, no being was nigh, such as God has given to make this valley of tears sweet. He still believed, that in so arduous a career his own example was the best to follow. On one occasion, about this time, hearing of a young missionary's arrival in India with his wife, he writes, "confess I was grieved at it. If a teacher comes ou.,

he ought to be unembarrassed. His first employment must be the learning of languages, which requires great attention, and unwearied application. I will not say that a married man is unable to learn languages; but this I know, from experience in others, that the work goes on very slowly. Besides, in the married state he wants many things to maintain his family respectably, which may distract him."

Alas! for human nature: Swartz was fated to see, in those who were dearest to him, that his example and wise counsels were as the sands on the shore. Caspar Kholoff, his favourite, trained up after his own heart from childhood, no sooner left his roof, than he took to himself a helpmate. Gerické also lived happily with his wife and children. Swartz smiled, perhaps, to see how feeble is every human resolve, and went on his way companionless. The departure of young Kholoff was a bereavement to a man who had so few earthly ties: they had lived long together, had gone forth to the villages and hamlets, and shared many a hope and sorrow. His devotion to the ministry took place at Tranquebar: the father, who was still living, and had grown old as one of the missionaries in that place, seems to have regarded the scene with an emotion approaching to rapture. The several missionaries, English and Danish, proposed to the candidate questions in divinity, which he answered in a manner that evinced how well he had improved his long residence with Swartz. The Danish governor, and all the European families, attended the service. After his ordination, he entered the pulpit, and delivered a sermon with such ease and eloquence, as to delight all who heard it. His friend writes feelingly of this event.

"At his ordination, which was January 23d, the youth and his aged father sitting near the altar, melted my heart, so that I could not refrain from shedding tears. "I know how you love my young

friend. He has now his course to run. He is lost to me, but is he not given to God?"

The country had not yet recovered the ravages of war. Hyder Ali, in his invasion, carried off so many thousands of the inhabitants, that Swartz complains that in his journeys, he often came to empty hamlets and desolated villages. The internal oppressions of the government were heavy on the people. "The Tanjore country," he observes, "is in a melancholy situation; numbers have felt and resented their burdens, so as to emigrate; whole towns are left quite empty. In the months of June and July the country was blessed, as usual, with fresh water. The rivers were full; but there were few to turn it to their advantage. Sir A. Campbell, fearing that this emigration might cause a famine, ordered a committee of four persons to inspect the management of the country, of which I was desired to be a member. The rajah desired me, in his name, to assure the inhabitants of justice and equity. I did so. The people believed the promise given them, and seven thousand came in at once; others followed; and though the best season for cultivating the ground had elapsed, the poor people, in the hope of better days, exerted themselves to such a degree, that the harvest of this year seems to become more plenteous than of the preceding one."

The distinction of caste did not cease to be a fearful barrier in his way, and all his efforts and address could only relax, but never destroy it. "Even in the minds," he writes, "of the more intelligent and devoted, it operates strongly. Here at Tanjore there is an equal number of the higher and lower; even at the administration of the sacrament the Suttirer, or people of the higher castes, have not yet learned to be humble. We must bear with them. But when they see this distinction grieves me, they shew great kindness to the catechists, whom they despised before."

It was, in truth, a spectre in his path, that chilled all approach to communion in religion, and reduced the convert almost to solitary devotion. From day to day he mingled with disciples, whose different idols, hatreds and prejudices, had so long placed a gulf between them—that even Christianity could not entirely take it away. Was it easy for the haughty Suttirer to receive instruction from one, by whose society he would have thought himself polluted. Even among natives of equal rank, the distinction was little less than formidable. “There was a funeral,” he says on one occasion, “but the corpse lay immoveable on the ground, for there was an altercation among the mourners. Smiths, carpenters, and other mechanics, are denominated castes of the left hand, and may not bear the white cloth on the bier; yet they often attempt it, and are, on that account, interrupted by the Pariars, who are the right-hand castes. I urged them to get free from this cruel slavery.”

The next, though inferior obstacle to the success of Christianity, was the infinite variety of Indian deities and worshippers: from the splendid temples of Jain in the north, with their hundred figures of white marble, in recesses brightly illuminated, where “the scene is awfully impressive,” to the ruined shrines of Bali, on the southern shore—each province and each city has its peculiar “chambers of imagery.” Such was the contagion of example, that the followers of Islamism have sometimes forgotten the prime article of their faith, the unity of God, and mingled in the idolatries around them.

The Catholics also had long given way to certain compliances with the Hindoo beliefs, by no means calculated to recommend the purity or dignity of Christianity. Of the Romish priests it may be said, that they are in general better acquainted with the Veda of Brama than with the gospel. “In some places,” says Buchanan, “the doctrine of both are

blended. At Aughoor, I visited a church, and saw near it a tower of Juggernaut, which is employed in solemnizing the christian festivals. What a responsibility lies on Rome, for having thus corrupted the religion of Christ."

These compliances were begun at an early period, and with a pure intention, by the celebrated Robertus de Nobilibus, chief of the Jesuits' college at Madura. This prelate, who was a near relation of the pontiff, Marcellus II. and nephew of the cardinal Bellarmine, deserves to be classed with Loyola and Xavier; being a man of great zeal, and still greater learning, especially in the languages of India. He allowed his priests to dress in the habits of Bramins, and to adopt their manners and way of life in most points, save their idolatry, in order the better to recommend Christianity to the people. Believing also that the only way to convert the Hindoos was to convince them of the folly of their superstitions, he composed a work in the Sanscrit tongue, consisting of dialogues between a Hindoo and a Christian, in which, after a display of much argument and talent on both sides, the victory inclines to the latter. This work, being after his death translated into French, was sent to Paris, and eagerly placed in the king's library, in two volumes, under the title of *L'Ézour Vedam*. The belief ere long obtained, that it was an original work, written by a learned Hindoo; under which persuasion, Voltaire triumphantly quoted it, as a proof that a Hindoo could argue as skilfully for his religion as a Christian; and that it was superfluous to convert people from so well-defended and rational a faith. De Nobilibus died at the close of the sixteenth century, leaving the *L'Ézour Vedam* as a monument to his talents and learning. In the progress of years, his followers by degrees fell into a yet closer approximation to the Hindoo observances and ceremonials.

Such were the stumbling-blocks thrown in the way of Swartz, who sternly assailed the outworks of superstition, as well as its hold on the heart. "The Christian priests at Madura and Pondicherry are very different from you," was the frequent observation of the natives; "they allow us many indulgences, and are sometimes present at our feasts." On the other hand, many complained that his worship was too poor and naked, after the splendour of their own temples, and their many baits for the senses. Although the Bramins did not openly oppose the progress of Christianity, they sometimes made use of subtle agents. These were a class of women, named Nautches, many of whom are remarkable for their talents, as well as their beauty of form and feature. Being often carefully educated in a knowledge of the policy and religion of the country, as well as in the few accomplishments of dancing, singing, and versifying, they easily command the respect and attention of a licentious people. Some are of low birth, others are the children of respectable parents, whom misfortune has made desolate—all are not devoted to profligacy; in spite of the publicity of their life, there are Nautches who are attached to it, solely for its wandering habits, and the ascendancy it affords over the minds of others. They are to be found in all the festivals and assemblies of the people; in the fairs and markets by day, in the palaces or pagodas at night: their dress consists of a loose robe, of red, yellow, or white; their necks, arms, and ankles are decked with ornaments, of value, according to the means of the wearer; their dark and braided hair, in which a wreath of pearls is sometimes interwoven, is the sole covering of the head; the complexion is a pale olive. The burden of their songs, or chants, generally turns on the poetry, religion, or history of their country. And their ingenuity is capable of making a subject ridiculous to the minds of the people,

or of impressing it deeply on their favour. Such was the opinion entertained of this influence, that when the trial by jury was about to be introduced into Ceylon, two of the most celebrated dancing girls from the province of Jafna, were employed by Sir Alexander Johnston, to explain to the people of the country in their songs, the nature and advantages of trial by jury. This they readily undertook; and having made themselves acquainted with the measure about to be adopted, its publicity, justice, and the manner of examining witnesses in open court, were all so fully described in their songs and chants, that by their popular way of explanation and eulogy, the natives were soon brought to understand, and then desire it. By thus availing himself of their assistance, Sir Alexander Johnston speedily discovered, that these females were of more immediate service to his admirable design, than if Menu himself had sounded its praises.

In such a state of society, with so many adverse influences, it cannot be thought that the success of Swartz and his auxiliaries was disproportioned to their incessant labours. It is rather matter of astonishment, that they should achieve so many triumphs, when the loss of caste, that inevitably followed conversion, was the greatest moral punishment ever devised by the ingenuity of man. To be interdicted from the ordinary intercourse of life—regarded as unclean and abominable in the sight of his nearest relatives—cut off from all the sources of honest industry—such was the general fate of the Hindoo Christian. It was seldom the policy of the Indian government to patronize converts; and the Christian societies were not affluent enough to compensate the poorer class, or procure them useful employment. It is to the credit of the missionaries, that they never received any candidates to baptism, till they had passed through a course of instruction and surveil-

lance, and given evidence, as far as the human heart could be believed, of a sincere desire to turn from idolatry to God. If they were deceived, as was at times the case, it was from no want of watchfulness or care.

Yet, with a slow and sure progress, the mission had hitherto prevailed in the south of India. In Tranquebar there had been an increase in one year of 140, the greater part of whom were born of Christian parents; and the number of communicants was above 1100, so that the ministers in this place had less cause of complaint than formerly. At Madras, Fabricius and Breithaupt had been long established; the former states an increase this year of eleven heathens to the church; the latter died in 1783, and his place was supplied at Madras by F. Pæzold, in 1793, and Gotfried Holzberg was sent out to Cuddalore. Gerické also baptized forty Hindoos and Mahometans at Negapatam in one year; and he describes his progress through the towns and villages, distributing books, and preaching as occasion offered, being well received every where. He soon after took the sole charge of the Vepery mission, whose church, dwellings, and asylum, were reared and sustained chiefly at his own expense. Swartz writes, that in the year 1792, eighty-seven heathens had been baptized at Tanjore, after proper instructions, and twenty-three converts from popery received. But the whole number of the congregation at Trichinopoly was only 262 persons. All these men were ministers of the Lutheran church, sent out and supported by the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." Too much praise cannot be given to this institution, for its skilful and fortunate selection of instruments to diffuse the religion of Christ. From the commencement of their career to its close, no discord of opinion, or change of attachment to each other, was known. Their labours were

aided by ample supplies of books and religious treatises from Europe, in the native tongue, and Arabic Testaments and Psalters. The plan of baptizing native children, and afterwards instructing them in the schools, had for many years been extensively adopted, and with good results. The prejudices of the parents, however, were still awake; many allowed them to be baptized; others took them away, after they had received the rudiments of useful knowledge. It was necessary that the teachers should be versed in the languages of the country. That Swartz spared no pains to this effect, is evident from his education of Kholoff, whom he thus describes:—"Humble, and content with little, he was willing to instruct others. The New Testament he read in its original language; the Malabar tongue he spoke fluently, having preached in it four years; the Portuguese he also understood. The Moorish language he knew, and in the Persian could express himself with propriety. The English and German he understood so far, as to be able to speak them with some elegance. To these were joined abilities, zeal, and industry."

The important charge consigned to him by Tulia Maha, was the source of heart-felt cares and anxieties. At the close of the preceding year, the reigning rajah of Tanjore had gone so far in his jealousy of the adopted youth, that Swartz resolved to interfere. He was determined that the crown, which had been given but in trust to Ameer Sing, should now devolve to the orphan, over whose education he had watched with the solicitude and tenderness of a parent. For some years past he had placed him at Madras, that his education might be completed. He was now requested, as the guardian of the prince, to come there in person. On his arrival, his appeals had so much effect on the mind of Lord Cornwallis, that the latter wrote home to the East India Company for counsel, with a representation of the case,

adding his own opinion in favour of the young rajah. A mandate was sent from England, to raise the latter to the throne of the deceased Tulia Maha, and depose Ameer Singh, which was soon after done.

He now resolved to pay one visit more to his old friends and companions at Tranquebar—it was his last. Those who yet survived gathered round him with emotion. Nearly forty years had elapsed since he left them for a wider and nobler career. With each of them, time had long dwelt as a friend; old age was now at the door. He passed some days joyfully in the ancient scene of his labours; then they parted, to meet no more. The following letter, written in 1795, shews a mind and body that as yet felt little decay:—

“ Though I am now in my sixty-ninth year, I still am able to perform all the functions of my office. Of sickness I know little or nothing. How long I am to stay, my Preserver only knows. Should I presume to rely on my own virtue, I must soon despair. How many thousand benefits have I received! still I must say, ‘ Forgive—forgive all my iniquities.’ Whether I shall write again, is uncertain. Death has lost its sting; that is, its power to hurt me. Come, thou eternity! to whose brink I now draw nigh: when shall I be perfectly wise, holy, and happy—when shall I live for ever? We have known one another a long time on earth. If I see your face no more, remember the hours we have passed together—the hopes that have been our stay.”

His health must have been vigorous, to endure, even still, the many toils of his mission; but these toils had long become more light.

On vale and mountain the simple and rural churches reared their head; even where the tiger made his lair, and the howl of the hyena came on the wind. His manner of travelling was as simple as his other habits; with a single attendant, who carried his

small stock of linen, he would leave Tanjore, and be absent for days and weeks, as occasion called. He in general set out at break of day, in order to avoid the heats : thus he says, in one part, " I arrived very early at a village of Collaries : these people make nightly excursions, in order to rob ; they drive away bullocks and sheep, and whatever they can find, for which outrage they annually pay 1500 chakr, or 750 pagodas, to the rajah." This was certainly a very close resemblance to the levying black-mail in the Highlands of Scotland ; save that these Indian mountaineers had nothing romantic about them. He resolved to put an end to these plundering expeditions : sending for the chiefs to a conference, he made them give a promise, in writing, that they would steal no more : this promise they kept very well for eight months, and then they began their old work again. " I insisted upon their cultivating their fields, which they readily did. At last, some of them desired to be instructed : I said, I am obliged to instruct you, but I am afraid that you will become very bad Christians. Their promises were fair ; I instructed them, and, when they had a tolerable knowledge, I baptized them. Now I exhorted them to steal no more, but to work industriously. After that, I visited them, and, having examined their knowledge, I desired to see their work ; and observed, with pleasure, that their fields were excellently cultivated. Now, said I, another thing remains to be done ; you must also pay your tribute readily, and not wait till it is exacted by military force—which otherwise is their custom. Soon after that, I found they had paid off their tribute exactly."

Thus did this wise and good man, in the midst of his zeal for his cause, never forget the temporal comfort and advantage of those he addressed. " The knowledge of God, and of his divine mercy, may be

abused," he writes, "but there is no other method of reclaiming mankind, than by instructing them well. To hope that the heathens will live a good life without the knowledge of God, is a chimera." In his resting-places in the village, or in the tent of the mountaineer, he would linger a few days, if he saw any prospects of success; he was fond also of observing minutely the cultivation and prosperity of the country. On one occasion he was requested by the government to inspect the banks and water-courses in one of the districts, which had been much neglected. He consented, and, with the aid of a few more Christians, entered on the inspection; the result was, that one hundred thousand kalams of grain, more than before, were produced. It was pleasant in the cool of the evening to walk amidst the plantations in the country, of rice, or of the cotton plant with its beautiful yellow flowers, and the groves of cinnamon, tamarind, and plantain trees. The lands of the Carnatic being flat and arid, the mode of irrigation is like that pursued in Egypt, deep channels are cut on every side, to conduct the water from the river. Spacious tracts of land are often entirely supplied with water from immense tanks, filled during the rains, by neighbouring streams and torrents—some of these are many miles in circumference. If the country near them be hilly, they give a grateful character to the scenery, in a burning land like the south of India. To walk along the embankment of one of these lakes at rise or set of sun, is delightful. In each village, the light pagoda is seen just rising above the trees. Sometimes his tent was pitched in the sandy plains of the Carnatic, exposed to the hot winds: after a time, however, he had formed two or three lodging-places, which, like that of Ureuir, afforded rest for a night, whenever he passed this way. In the more populous tracts, this was unnecessary; the hamlets and cottages, though

built of mud, were neat and clean : in front, having seats or divans of hardened clay, raised a few feet from the ground, and often small verandas ; the flat roofs and walls painted white.

Small tanks, or pools of water, and a grove of trees, are generally found, side by side, at the entrance of Indian villages, where, as in the lonely khans in Syria, the sojourners halt for the night, bathe, and perform their ablutions, take their food, spread their mats or carpets beneath the trees, and wait for the morn ; for the stars, in this clime, have such clearness and brilliancy, and the air such softness, as to render a roof unnecessary. The Mahometan, seated on his handsome carpet, apart from the rest, smokes his hookah, and sips his coffee, then turns his face to the east, and mutters his solemn prayer. The Hindoo, each according to his caste, lays his boiled rice and curry-stuff within small circles cut on the ground, while his eye, like that of a lynx, watches, lest a stranger's step, or even his touch, should defile his food, and ruin his only meal. Such a scene, when the moon looks through the grove on the small lake, and the many travellers, and the fires on its bank, and the white cottages behind—is beautiful.

On more than one occasion, after the ravages of the war were over, the entire population of a village was met with, returning to their loved, but desolate homes ; all the families, with their old men their children, servants, and cattle eagerly passing on, and resting at evening in the plain, where their tents were pitched, and their flocks turned forth to the wild pastures. In the hamlets, some of the customs were primitive : the women were mostly busied in their domestic pursuits, grinding rice, spinning and-weaving, and drawing water from the wells with earthen pitchers, which they carry on their head, as in the land of the East. The appearance of these

wells is often similar to the descriptions in the scriptures:—the perfect solitariness of the situation—the burning hour of noon—the women in their eastern dress, in various attitudes—the wandering dervise, or bramin, who lingers here to slake his thirst, and speaks kindly to the females around—bring to mind the coming of Rachel to the well of Jacob, and the living waters of Samaria.

The passage of “two women grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, the other left,” derives a beautiful force from a custom that still exists here, as it anciently did in Palestine: two females are sometimes seen seated on the ground, grinding their corn between two stones, by turning a handle fixed to the upper one.

It was the lot of the missionary to make his rest at times among places of tombs and decayed mosques, of which he speaks more than once. These are scattered so thickly over many parts of the country, that the passenger seeks shelter amidst them by night, or at mid-day, like the Jew turning aside to rest in the empty sepulchres of his fathers. The number of ruined pagodas in the land is very great, even defying the hand of time: such are those of Mavalipooram on the coast, cut out of the solid rocks, near which the steps of Swartz often passed. There is a solitary and beautiful pagoda, hewn from a single mass of rock, and covered with figures of Krishna, and various animals, deeply carved; close to these are the ruins and cliffs of the ancient city of Bali, carved into porticoes and temples—the city that the Laureate has described, over whose sea-green palaces the ocean passed, but took not away their strength or pride: the surf, it is said, still breaks here with a sad and moaning sound. The tradition, that, when the sea is calm and clear, spires and domes are dimly seen beneath, like awful and eternal things, so long buried in vain—is like that of the

cities of the plain, still seen, on a lovely day, beneath the Dead Sea.

A favourite station in his latter years was Palamcotta, a village and fort two hundred miles from Tanjore. Here he had raised a society of 120 persons, some of whom were merchants, some artificers and farmers; all having their respective employments. The church was a small, neat building, with a tiled roof, and was built by a native woman, of some wealth, who had been one of his converts. Sattianaden, one of his first catechists, had the care of the congregation. A school was likewise established, and both the catechist and schoolmaster received their salaries from Swartz. He cared not how small were his personal demands, so that he could support these institutions. He had translated the English liturgy into the native tongue, and it was used regularly before the sermon. The venerable man sat with calm delight in this little country church, so far removed from his home, saw the congregation he had raised gather eagerly round, and listened to the discourse of his first and faithful catechist! Mr. Jœnicke, a man of ability as well as zeal, was soon after stationed at Palamcotta, where, in the course of ten months, he instructed and baptized sixty of the Hindoos.

Hyder Ali, the great enemy of the English, who had now been dead some years, was succeeded by Tippoo, a man of feebler intellect and courage than his father. The cruelty of Hyder was more the result of policy than inclination, and this was relieved by fits of mercy and generosity, as in his noble conduct to Swartz. Although illiterate, he spoke several languages; and had the rare talent of carrying on simultaneously three distinct operations of mind: dictating to a moonshee, receiving a report from an attendant, and following the recital of another, at the same time. He was an accomplished horseman and

swordsman, and his skill at a mark was unrivalled. Volunteers often engaged in single combat with the royal tiger, in the public shows, confident of being preserved in the last extremity by the fusil of Hyder from the balcony.

His son was a fatalist and a Moslem, who spent a considerable part of every day in prayer. His confidence in the protection of God was said to be one of his snares; for he relied blindly on it. In the closing scenes of his life, he had recourse to the divinations of the astrologers, to avert his fate. Swartz had the worst opinion of this prince, and warned the government of his faithlessness. The night before his death, the mind of Tippoo Saib was filled with the most gloomy presentiments; he passed restlessly through the chambers of his palace, where costly offerings propitiated the high priest of Cenapatam, who was the chief of the diviners. The vain science of every sect was tried, as to the influence of the planets; to avert, if possible, their malign influence. When the fatal morn dawned, the prescribed oblations were made by the sultan; he even strove to ascertain the aspect of his fortunes by the form of his face reflected in a jar of oil, that formed a part of the oblation. Despair was marked in every lineament of that face; an amulet was wrapped round his arm; on his white linen robe and turban he wore his usual ornaments.

The noble hall, where Swartz and Hyder had conversed on the interests of this world, as well as of another, was in a few hours to be converted into a scene of blood; and the silent walks and beds of flowers, where he had seen the orphans busied, were to be trodden down by men, who came not to spare.

But the missionary was soon to follow the tyrant, whom he had warned in vain. His failing strength obliged him daily to contract his journeys yet more and more: he looked wistfully towards many a moun-

tain and hamlet, whose lonely converts he was never more to see.

On the Caveri, whose stream was like that of the Nile, to the land of Mysore, was a place greatly revered by the people. The river, after the rainy season, is here nearly a thousand feet wide; in its middle is the island anciently called Samudra. On each side of the isle is a cataract, nearly a hundred feet high, and broken by rocks; during the floods it is magnificent. Art, however, is here more impressive than nature; the pillars of the ruined bridge, that still stand in long flights, many hundreds in number, are the remains of a glory that is now gone. Swartz thus describes it:—"There is an island formed at this spot, and highly revered by the heathen. As we were to halt here for some time, I visited the people, and the lovely spots on the shore where the Bramins are accustomed to assemble. The waters flowing on each side refresh the sight and spirits much more than in Europe." He passed several days here: it was in truth a spot that a prophet would have chosen, had he wished to borrow his imagery from the splendid things of earth. It was a place of ruins: the rocks and cliffs were hewn into temples, and the gloomy forms of deities, for the ancient city of Ganga Pera was once here. The pillars stood on the shore just above the tide; and when the setting sun was on them, the effect was sad, yet beautiful. While he remained here, he was joined by the unhappy Landsnecht and his family.

This person was the son of a gentleman at Colombo, in whose house Swartz had formerly been a guest for several months. The son had been in the best outward circumstances; the father had purchased an excellent house for his residence, to which a beautiful garden was attached. The garden was valued at eight thousand rix-dollars, and contained

groves of trees, lawns, and a river stored with fish, "so that whole families might have maintained themselves upon it. All this was lost by one single act of self-will." A trifling request was refused him by his father, and he was mortified to such a degree that all his pleasant things grew bitter. He went to Negapatam, and entered into hazardous commercial speculations; these turned out unfortunate; he again entered into them more wildly; his deep displeasure against his parent for the denial of a single indulgence, was like an evil spirit urging him on to ruin. He allowed his beautiful grounds and garden at Colombo to become like a wilderness, no longer took pleasure in seeing his friends there, for he had lived in a hospitable manner, and had a wife and children to whom he was much attached. He went at last to Madras to reside, which he was soon obliged to quit, on account of the debts incurred there; he then entered into the service of Hyder Ali, for whom he raised many recruits; the latter appointed him a salary, but deducted monthly more than one half, to liquidate the debts of his officer.

Poverty, that had, till now, been such a stranger, began to come fiercely upon him, and he thought, when too late, of the luxuries and comforts that he had madly thrown away. "He passed his life in sorrow," says Swartz, "sighing over his self-will, and yet not in a disposition to renounce it; he remembered his pleasant things of old; how many have I been acquainted with, who through their vehement self-will, have lost their prosperity, their lives, and often, it is to be feared, their eternal salvation. O! if parents did but know how much the happiness of their children depends on the early subjugation of their wills!" And now the ruined spendthrift sought the society of the former, and followed him from place to place, as if he caught eagerly at the tidings of a brighter world, now that

the good things of the present were vanished from his grasp. The aspect of this retreat on the Caveri, could hardly fail to recall his own dwelling of affluence, his garden and groves at Colombo. It was on a Sunday when Swartz preached here: the Bramins, as well as the people, gathered round him: perhaps the splendid objects of nature raised his thoughts, at the moment, to a future world—the lonely isle with its deep solitudes, the noble cataracts whose rushing alone broke on the stillness, the ruins at whose feet the people knelt, but not to God—or perhaps it was a presentiment of his own approaching end, for, as he stood on the shore, he addressed the multitude from these words, “I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, shall never die; though he were dead, yet shall he live!” The people listened in astonishment and silence, and when he had concluded, they said to each other, “What is this? can the body also rise again?”

He made one journey more to Trichinopoly and a few other places. In a letter from Tanjore, September 1797, the last he ever wrote, “he gratefully dwells on the preservation of his health and life to the extent of nearly seventy years; that he was still able to go through his usual work, though with less vigour than heretofore; and that, should his life be preserved, he intended to give a full account of the mission.” A few months longer only were given to him. “He persevered,” it is Caspar Kolhoff who writes, “in his ministerial office, and in his studies, with great fervour, under all the disadvantages of his advanced age. He preached every Sunday in the English and Tamul languages by turns, and on Wednesdays gave a lecture in the Portuguese language, and afterwards in the German to the private soldiers. During the course of the week, he explained the New Testament in his usual order; and he gave an hour every day, to instruct the

Malabar children. He was very solicitous for their improvement, especially those whom he was training up for the service of the church. Though his health was greatly impaired, yet his love to his flock constrained him to deny himself a great deal of that ease and repose which he now required. He took a particular delight in visiting the members of his congregation, to converse freely on the subjects of their eternal interests. It was a pleasing sight to see the little children flock to him with such joy as children feel in meeting their beloved parent after some absence, and to observe his engaging method to lead them to the knowledge of God and of their duty. During all this, his strength was visibly on the decline.

Few men, perhaps, ever had less cause of uneasiness at the approach of their last enemy. None were near, of those who love or sorrow deeply, "the bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," whose very tears are as precious as their tenderness. Yet the consolations of his failing life were glorious, whether he turned to the past, or looked forth into the future. The great desire and ambition of his heart, to raise unto God an enduring church in India, was accomplished; he lived to see it cherished by the rulers of the land, as well as revered by the people. It was but a little fold, gathered from so mighty an empire of darkness and death; but to Swartz, it was like the lamb of the poor man in the parable of the prophet, "that lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." Few men have been more favoured in their career; the very wars and famines which desolated the homes and hearts of others, drew forth Swartz to be their benefactor and deliverer. Of the numerous people whose idolatries he so boldly assailed, not one was his enemy. The calumnies and reproaches that were for a time his lot, were early extinguished; the kinder and nobler

feelings that succeeded—never died. No relative's hand would lay his head in the earth, or raise the stone of remembrance; but princes' hands were soon to make his grave memorable! It was no light blessing also, that, of his tried and early friends, not one had been taken: after his departure, however, first Gerické, then one after the other, quickly followed.

The thought, however, of dying in a foreign land, and of his ashes being mingled with the soil of India, had very little influence on the mind of Swartz. He was still within the dominions of Divine Providence, and employed by the same heavenly Master who had called him to leave family and friends in Europe, that he might spread the knowledge of salvation, revealed in the gospel, among the heathen nations of the East. From every portion of the earth's surface, he well knew that his spirit, when disembodied, could ascend to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, with equal ease. The work in which he was engaged, so far engrossed his attention, as to leave no room for any other consideration to operate, than how he might promote its prosperity, and finish his personal course with joy. Much had been already done; and, as the success which had attended his ministry implied a token of Divine approbation, so it furnished also a pleasing presage of future prosperity to his surviving friends. Such were the views and feelings of this illustrious man as he approached the confines of the grave, which, illuminated by the light of eternity, was divested of all its horrors.

The commencement of his illness was a severe cold, caught in some of his labours, at the close of a sultry day. The physician, who was his particular friend, attended him with the utmost care; but his illness increased, and every remedy to sooth his sufferings was fruitless. "It is the will of God to take me to himself," he said. He was greatly animated

•

by the sudden arrival of Mr. Jænicke, from the distant settlement of Palancotta, and he listened to his details with all his wonted ardour. Although his strength was quite exhausted, and his body emaciated, he desired that the school children and others, who usually attended the evening prayers, should assemble in his parlour: his dwelling was in the garden, given him by the deceased rajah, and at evening they gathered there.

He sat up in his bed, and looked at them earnestly; then they sung his favourite hymn, "Christ is my life." He listened, like the exile to the last song of his distant land. A few days afterwards, he was visited by the young rajah, who was now twenty years of age; many of his courtiers and officers were with him. Swartz received him very affectionately, and then delivered to him his dying charge. It was a noble bequest, rendered more impressive by the love they bore each other. "After God has called me hence, I request you will be careful not to indulge a fondness for pomp and grandeur. You are convinced that my endeavours to serve you have been disinterested. What I now request of you is, that you would be kind to the Christians—be to them a father and protector. As the due administration of justice is indispensably necessary for the prosperity and happiness of every state, I request you will establish regular courts, and be careful that impartial justice be administered. I heartily wish you would renounce your idolatry, and serve and honour the only true God. May he be merciful, and enable you to do it!" He then inquired if he sometimes perused the Bible? and again entreated him, that, amidst the snares of a throne, he would not forget his eternal hope.

The prince was deeply affected; he stood some time silently by the bed-side:—well aware that never were words more disinterested, never was

a guardian more faithful to his trust ; by whose care not only was his mind richly stored and accomplished but his way securely paved to the throne. Well had Swartz kept his promise to his friend, Tulia Maha ; he had screened the boy's life amidst plots and jealousies, and never ceased, till, by his influence and efforts, he placed the crown on his head.

Contrary to all expectation, an interval of health was yet given him. The joy was great, on his recovery ; but it was short and deceitful. As if death was to be henceforth a stranger, he resumed his labours with as much ardour as ever ; he sat in his garden, in the shadow of the trees, and gathered his children and converts around him. And thus the last enemy found him, but not suddenly—for a week he lingered in strong pain, which did not, however, so subdue his frame, but that his friends lifted him every day into an arm-chair, that he might feel the freshness of the air, and look on the face of nature ; Kolhoff, Holsberg, Gerické, and almost every missionary in India, were there. The gathering of these men round the last hours of their "Father," as they always called him, was mournfully and indelibly impressive. They had come from their distant homes, in city and wild. "He had often spoken to me," says Gerické, "of his end. When he mentioned any of the providences that had attended him, he often added, "and so God will shew me mercy at the end of this life. As Israel went from the land of the east to his loved Canaan, so shall I pass through the fearfulness of death." Respecting the mission, he said, "you will suffer much in carrying it on ; he who will suffer nothing, is not fit for it." His pains were very great, but he subdued every outward expression of them ; only when left alone at times, his groans were deep. "Human affliction is common to all ;" he observed, "I really suffer very little : we ought not to sorrow much, that the poor

people around may not feel desolate." On the last day of his life, when they had retired that he might rest awhile, they heard him pray silently; each word, though low and broken, was distinct: "Let my last conflict, O God, be full of peace and trust; hitherto thou hast preserved me; hitherto thou hast brought me; benefits have been poured on me without ceasing. I deliver my spirit into thine hands—in mercy receive me; for thou hast redeemed me, thou faithful God!" When they entered, they saw that his end was nigh: he turned to Gerické, and blessed him with passionate emotion; then entreated, as a last proof of their kindness, that they would sing the hymn he was so fond of; "Only to thee, Lord Jesus Christ:" they sung, and, though death weighed down his eyes, and stiffened every limb, he joined in the words with a clear voice, and with the melody for which it was always remarkable; but ere the hymn was closed, his voice fell suddenly; every other was instantly hushed, and they bent over him in silence. By a sudden effort of strength, he opened his eyes once more, looked earnestly on them, then gently turned to one of his first and faithful converts, and died without a sigh or struggle. On his countenance the feelings of that last moment were indelibly stamped. The orphan children stood round, weeping; some took his lifeless hand in their own, as if it still had power to bless them.

On the evening of the following day, his remains were committed to the earth. "It was a very awful and affecting sight," says one of his friends, "on account of the bitter cries and lamentations of the multitude of people who crowded into the garden, and which pierced through our souls." They wished to follow him to the grave with a funeral hymn; but they saw that it was not possible. The procession was delayed by a striking circumstance; the arrival of the rajah, who entreated once more to look on his

face. The lid of the coffin was removed, and the prince stood beside it in strong emotion, while the exquisite calm of the features, the smile that yet lingered on the lip, told that Swartz had died as he had lived—the soul could have known no fear! He shed a flood of tears over the body, and covered it with a gold cloth.

The latter never ceased to cherish his image. In a visit which he soon after paid to Tranquebar, the missionaries had several interviews with him in his tent; he spoke with impassioned remembrance of the man he had lost. He often requested, that none but such as would follow the steps of Swartz should be sent out to the mission. The letter he afterwards addressed to the “Honourable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,” is a yet stronger proof of his feelings.

“I have requested of your missionaries to write to you, and to apply to you in my name, for a monument of marble, to be erected in their church, that is, in my capital and residency, to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. Mr. Swartz, and to manifest the great esteem I have for the character of that great and good man, and the gratitude I owe him, my father, my friend, the protector and guardian of my youth. And now I beg leave to apply to you myself, and to entreat, that, upon my account, you will order such a monument to be made, and to be sent out to me, that it may be fixed to the pillar that is next to the pulpit from which he preached.

“SER FOGEE, Rajah.”

The monument was accordingly prepared by Mr. Flaxman, and is now erected in the church at Tanjore. Several years after, the prince, to perpetuate the memory of his friend, erected a very extensive and costly building, sixteen miles from Tanjore, for the benefit of travellers; it included also an institu-

tion for the maintenance and education of Hindoo children of different castes. In a neighbouring village, he founded an establishment for the support and education of fifty poor Christian children ; thirty destitute Christians also found an asylum here ; and near Tanjore he raised another edifice for a number of lame, blind, and other objects of charity, all belonging to the missions, and supported by his bounty.

The Court of Directors of the East India Company next came forward to honour his character. In their general letter to the government of Madras, they write, " By our extra ship, the Union, you will receive a marble monument, which has been executed by Mr. Bacon, under our directions, to the memory of the Rev. Christian Frederic Swartz, as the most appropriate testimony of the deep sense we entertain of his transcendent merit, of his unwearied and disinterested labours in the cause of religion, and the exercise of the purest benevolence ; also, of his public services at Tanjore, where the influence of his name and character, through the unbounded confidence which they inspired, was, for a long course of years, productive of important benefits to the Company. On no subject has the Court of Directors been more unanimous, that in their anxious desire to perpetuate the memory of this eminent person, and to excite in others an emulation of his great example. We accordingly direct that the monument be erected in some conspicuous situation near the altar, in the church of St. Mary. We desire also, that the native inhabitants, by whom he was so revered, may be permitted to view the monument."

In his will, he made all his property over to the mission, as appears from the following extract :—" As I have not spent my monthly salary from the Company, but, except what I have devoted to the erection of several buildings, have

suffered it to accumulate, and assigned it over to my two trustees; namely, my beloved friend Mr. Gerické, and Mr. Breithaupt of Madras: so, such sum shall also be employed for the sole benefit of the missions. My successor at Tanjore and at Palamcotta, shall receive for themselves the annual interest, one hundred pounds sterling, (that is to say, fifty pounds each,) because what they receive from the Honourable Company is barely sufficient. The two gold watches that have been given me shall be sold, and the money be distributed to the poor. The few utensils of silver which I possess, I leave to Mr. Kolhoff, as a token of my affection. With respect to the garden without the fort, together with the church and other dwellings, as well as all moveables and books, they are to be the property of the mission."

"No one will, therefore, wonder that he should have been able," writes Gerické, "to accomplish so much towards the outward support of the mission. Whatever he had, from the time when I came to Madras, he sent to me, and I purchased Company's bonds therewith. When the Company paid off their bonds, and afterwards issued others at eight per cent., we took up a large bond of the latter. At my friend's desire, it was drawn up in the name of all the missionaries at Tanjore, that it might thereby be known, that all was already the property of the mission, and no longer belonged to Mr. Swartz. As he received an allowance from government, from which he was enabled to defray all the expenses incurred at Tanjore, he allowed the interest, and often his salary likewise, to fall into the mission capital." His small patrimony, as well as the savings from his salaries, were thus rigidly hoarded, and sacredly expended in the cause he loved. The strict economy of fifty years, with his trifling personal expenses, enabled him on several occasions to support mis-

sionaries at his own charge, in remote parts of the country.

Such was Christian Frederic Swartz; the influence of whose labours is to be regarded more with reference to after-times than his own. His life, a beautiful copy of that of his Redeemer, spoke to the Hindoo's heart with a calm yet resistless conviction. During the first years that he came among them, they listened coldly and curiously to all his addresses. It was not till they were surprised and charmed with the integrity and purity of his career, that the doctrines he taught met with any success. A corrupt, licentious, and subtle people, who could not discern, among all the priests and professors of their religion, a single example of virtue, self-denial, or devotedness—they looked on this man, inflamed with love and zeal, seduced neither by the power nor the bribes of princes—turning from the palace to each humble home, to mourn, to rejoice, to pray—they looked, and at last believed.

Eliot had to address the bold and imaginative warrior—to speak to his passions—and touch his fierce yet generous heart. It will be perceived that his addresses were often ardent, figurative, and full of feeling. Swartz saw that he was among a calm, timid, cautious race; to whose reason he must appeal long and fruitlessly: men who loved not change, or enterprise, or strong emotion of any kind; who would sit beneath the trees, and talk and dispute all the day long. The character of his mind and manners, tranquil, kind, and insinuating, were peculiarly suited to such a people; above all, his admirable simplicity. This was the strong attraction of the man—this was the secret of his power: he came among his equals, and superiors, with that mild countenance, where mercy beamed in every lineament. He spoke gently and pleadingly; but it was an earnest and all-impressive gentleness, that sunk

into the soul—as the low, sweet tones of music of the lonely, will touch the heart, and make the tears flow sooner than the most beautiful and thrilling symphonies. The Persian lines, translated by Sir William Jones, are descriptive of his path, from the hour his sainted mother, probably, devoted him to God, to the close :—

“ On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled ;  
So live—that sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Calm thou mayst smile, when all around thee weep.”

His career was of great and lasting aid to the interests of the East India Company, and the stability of their dominion, as well as to the ascendancy of British character over the minds of the natives. By them, he is not, and never will be forgotten. He was the first European who attained that singular and commanding influence over their feelings and conduct, which he never used but to the best purposes. A gentleman, who occupied a high official situation in India, and visited Tanjore, informed me that he often conversed with the present rajah, in the hall of whose palace is the monument of Swartz, executed and sent over by Flaxman. “ There,” said the prince, pointing to it, “ is the image of my father.” Every morning, as soon as he is risen, and before he goes to his durbar, or council, he enters the hall, approaches the tomb, folds his hands on his breast, and bows before it. It is to be observed, that the prince is no Christian, and still adheres to his Hindoo belief. No regard, therefore, for the faith which the deceased inculcated, had any share in these feelings; they were the fruit only of the simple and fervent remembrance of his virtues. It is also the rajah's desire that his people shall remain true to their ancient religion. He inculcates this both by word and example; yet he is surrounded by his courtiers and officers, and many people, in the great hall, at the very time he pays his daily

reverence to the tomb of the missionary. Does not this refute, more clearly than a thousand arguments, the objections raised against the diffusion of Christianity in the East. What a beautiful and beneficent influence is here! over which time and death have no power. Will not these people hand down to their children's children, the name of the man who thus walked among them? and tell the tale of his saving the famished, of his wresting them from the tyrant's grasp, and making their burdens light. It is said that the religion of Christ will unhinge the minds of the people, and shake their allegiance to their European rulers; but, had the government of India many such agents and ministers as Frederic Swartz, it would find their example of more avail than the mountain fortress, or the armed battalion. Wherever Christianity is so illustrated among the heathen, its fruits will be the same, on the ruler, as well as on the slave. It was in compliance with Hyder Ali's request, that Swartz was sent to him, to treat of peace. His message was in these words to the council at Madras—"Do not send to me any of your agents; for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary, of whose character I hear so much from every one—him I will receive and trust."

When the tyrant was no more, and his son succeeded, the latter went again for a like purpose. It is thus that General Fallarton, commander of the southern army, speaks, in his two printed letters to the Marquis Cornwallis:—"On our second march, we were visited by the Rev. Mr. Swartz, whom your lordship and the board requested to proceed to Seringapatam, as a faithful mediator between Tippoo and the commissioners. The knowledge and integrity of this irreproachable missionary, have retrieved the character of Europeans from imputations of

general depravity. An escort attended him to the nearest encampment of the enemy; but he was stopped in the way, and returned to Tanjore. I rejoice, however, that he undertook the business, for his journal, which has been before your board, evinces that our southern army acted towards the enemy with a mildness seldom experienced. From him also you learned, how this conduct operated on the minds of the inhabitants."

It has been said, that the Hindoos, who embrace Christianity, are in general of low rank and caste; but this depends mainly on the conduct and character of the teacher. The converts at Tanjore are of the most respectable classes of the natives; many of them of the highest; differing in this respect from some of the other societies in India. With regard to the mental powers and attainments of Swartz, the incessant demands on his time, no doubt, impeded their high cultivation. He understood and conversed in the Persian the Moorish, and Malabar tongues, as well as Portuguese and French. The best tribute is casually paid him by Bishop Heber. "The present rajah visited me; he is an extraordinary man. He quotes Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Linnæus, and Buffon fluently, understands Shakspeare, and has emitted English poetry very superior to Rousseau's epitaph on Shenstone. He is indebted for these accomplishments to the instruction which he received in early life from the venerable Swartz."

Swartz was of a tall stature, and a strong, but not robust frame; his countenance indicated his character; a high and fine forehead, a large and light blue eye, and firm yet mild features. His hair became white at an early period, which made his appearance more impressive.

In the subsequent paragraphs, it may be well to follow the progress of the mission, for a few years succeeding the death of Swartz.

At Tanjore the mission was successful. New congregations were formed in the country. At a large village, eighteen miles from the city, forty families came to the resolution to renounce the worship of idols, and turn to God. At Adanjour, a distant village, nine families, being all its population, erected a little building, with mud walls and a thatched roof, where they might listen to a Christian service—this was the case in other hamlets also. The chief missionary now was Gerické, who travelled, with little intermission, from place to place, to visit the many congregations, through all the Mysore, to Seringapatam, where the addresses of Swartz had not been wholly in vain. Entreaties met him from many towns in the way, that he would stay a few weeks with them, and do among them the good that had been done in other places. This success at last raised a persecution from their heathen countrymen, among whom were some men in office. Great were the oppressions and cruelties exercised for a time on the Christians; so that, to use the expression of one of them, “the grave would have been a welcome release.” In many places, however, the pagodas were converted into churches, and the idols buried deep in the ground; but at last, this persecution was stayed.

The hour was now at hand, when this accomplished man was to follow his friend. He died at Vellore, in 1803, of a fever, caught in his late laborious journey, after he had served the cause in India thirty-eight years, and was now at the age of sixty. The Christians said that in him they had lost their second pillar. The loss of Gerické was at this time irreparable: the sums he expended on the mission, and his incessant charities, were accompanied with the utmost frugality in his own person and household. Pæzold acknowledged how often he had been indebted to his liberality: the other missionaries also partook of it; and it was exercised with a meekness and delicacy that took away the painfulness of obligation. The Vepery mission, of which he had the entire charge, would have gone to ruin, if he had not left a great part of his property for its support. His widow, well provided for, continued to reside in one of the dwellings of her husband.

The missionaries, as might be expected, were stunned by this second blow. Holzberg, who had been placed at Cuddalore, was unable, from his want of skill in languages, to fill the place of the departed. Kolhoff had already the charge, not only of the extensive Tanjore mission, but of the many old as well as new congregations beyond Palamcotta. Breithaupt was dead; Jörnricke, a man of great ability and zeal, perished, three years before, of the bill fever; Fabricius, worn out with his labours, had also sunk to rest, leaving the valuable legacy of his English and Tamul dictionary. The health of Pohlé, at Tritchinopoly, was fast sinking, so that a dark cloud gathered for the time over the cause.

The salary allowed by the Society to any of these men, was small, seldom exceeding fifty pounds a year, but it often sent an additional gratuity of fifty pounds to each, with the annual stores, books, &c. A German youth, of the name of Henry Horst, who had studied at one of his native universities, was a protégé of Gerické's; the latter allowed him sixty pounds a year, which now ceased, and he felt the bitterness of the change. To his great joy, he was afterwards ordained in 1807, by the other missionaries, and sent to Tanjore to assist Kolhoff. The society now appointed Rotler, from the station at Tranquebar, to the Vepery mission, and soon after a man of more influence came to reside at this place, Pœzold from Madras. The latter complains, "that having himself no other means of subsistence, save what was furnished by the society's allowance, he was much straitened, and under great difficulties to subsist in times like the present." The pressure of poverty was, perhaps, quickened by the memory of the bounties of the deceased, amidst whose possessions they were now dwelling: had they possessed his spirit, it had been better for their peace, but an unhappy discord broke out between the two companions at Vepery.

The cause, in the mean time, went on with various success; the most prosperous was the Tanjore mission: at Tritchinopoly its progress continued to be slow; the number of the Heathen congregation never exceeding three hundred, and the Portuguese one hundred. It is difficult to estimate the number of Christian converts, at this period, in the different stations, still more that of the number of Heathens converted during the half century of missionary labours; the former amounted to several thousands; the latter must have been very great. It would be too much to say that all of these were an honour to their profession: the missionaries, more than once, speak of the grief of heart caused by the insincerity of many of their converts.

Few things will, perhaps, more conduce to the conversion

of the natives, and sooth the path of the missionary, than the progress which has since been made in the study of Indian literature. It will shew the incredulous Hindoo how widely his practice differs from the precepts even of his own religion; it is well known that the enormities practised by this people, are either unauthorized, or faintly countenanced, in their sacred writings. Of the four great castes, only one is admitted to the reading of the Vedas, another is permitted only to hear them read, while the other two, by far the most numerous, can only have the commentary read to them. Even the Bramins themselves seem not generally to have known the real doctrines of their religion, except from tradition; it is a singular fact, that their reluctance to communicate the contents of their sacred books, had never been overcome till within these few years. We are told that even the Emperor Akbar himself, in the plenitude of his power, could not obtain what is now freely granted to the curiosity of every inquirer. The missionary can now lay open to the people the weakness of their superstitions, and contrast them with the pure morality and exceeding glory of the gospel. It is said, the sacred books of the Hindoo bear a strong, though disfigured, resemblance to many parts of the scripture. But the men were quickly to appear in the field, by whose hands this blessing was to be conferred on India.

In the mean time, the want of more missionaries was severely felt; the few who survived Swartz, were enfeebled by years and labour: as yet no new ones came from Europe. "Would to God," writes Pohlé, "that we could receive them. I am upwards of sixty-six years old, my strength faileth me, and I may soon be gone, and the mission be an unprovided-for orphan, whereof to think only is painful to me." In this dearth of labourers, it was memorable to see Sattianaden, the first convert of Swartz, now a very old man, still wandering from place to place, on mountain and plain, to visit the scattered congregations: he had received ordination long before, at the hands of the missionaries, after the rites of the Lutheran church. With the garrulity of old age, he continued to speak of the man who had first called him when a youth; he had much to tell, and the converts loved to listen to him.

It would be injustice to the cause of the mission, to omit the mention of one of its best supporters at Tranquebar and Calcutta, the Rev. Dr. John, a man of great learning and piety. "I know by experience," he says, "how pressing poverty is, having learned this lesson in my early years; my late father, being a poor clergyman, was ill able to maintain me at the university, so I was obliged to provide for myself by becoming the tutor of those who were younger;

by this means I was able, not only to study theology, but some branches of the fine arts and sciences, including natural philosophy, which at that time began to flourish at Leipsic, Hallé, and Gottingen.

“As soon as I arrived at Tranquebar, I could not feel myself happy without having young persons round me, whom I could instruct according to my own method. Three years afterwards, I was requested by families from Negapatam, Ceylon, and Batavia, to take their children under my tuition. My object was to polish and civilize the native character, to make them acquainted with European manners, languages, and sciences: as a missionary, I had also the charge of a christian congregation.”

This simple detail conveys but a part of the history of this laborious man: it was varied by few vicissitudes; all his time and energy were given to the instruction of youth: the list of those who were indebted for all their acquirements to his care, presents a singular medley—country priests, teachers of English to native families, organists, merchants, draughtsmen, interpreters, captains, mates, schoolmasters, &c. His German industry, and multifarious knowledge, seemed to embrace all paths and professions: it must be confessed, that as to the things of this life, Dr. John was one of the greatest friends the Indians ever had. “Of these,” he says, “the greater part were formerly the children of beggars, but now provide handsomely for themselves, and for their poor relatives.” Animated by his success, he began to think it practicable, after many years, to extend his system of instruction to the Tanjore country: in his travels there, he conversed with collectors, judges, and other gentlemen of influence, who all approved of the proposal. It is not easy to say how far his sanguine views could be realized, but he was called soon after to lay aside each loved reality, as well as visionary hope. He felt his eyes, to his great grief, grow so weak, that he could no more read or write: soon after, his sight totally failed him. Words can poorly describe the anguish of such a calamity: of what avail now were all his dear pursuits? each day had hitherto risen joyfully; it had gathered his numerous scholars, of all ages, around him; but now the day rose, and set no more; he could hear the sound of their voices, but could no more rear their minds, or send them forth useful tenants of their country. It was affecting to see him led by the care of his pupils, who did not all desert him, to his church, where he continued to preach: by their aid also he carried on his correspondence, for he had educated several of them for this favourite object.

There is another scene, that cannot be separated from the Indian mission: Calcutta, where, in 1785, arrived the Rev

David Brown, a clergyman of the Established Church, and chaplain to the Company. He had studied at Magdalen college: his memory has been preserved by Buchanan. With great fidelity and piety—qualities in which he excelled his predecessor, though not in genius—he served the church and the mission at Calcutta. His life was, like his journal, a calm career of ministerial duties and pious affections, without any of the striking vicissitudes or events that sometimes throw a heroism and sublimity round the missionary's way.

Those who love to contemplate a highly gifted spirit, borne away at times by the power of temptation—again rising from its fall—struggling to the last, and ending, by a death of fortitude and peace, a troubled and impassioned life—will turn to his predecessor, Kiernander. But in the Rev. David Brown, is a picture of the faithful, exemplary pastor, whose life was the best comment on the doctrines he taught. For the recovery of his health, that had long been declining, he took a voyage along the coast. The ship, after leaving the roads of Saugor, struck on a bank of sand; they were in danger of perishing, for the sea made a passage over the deck, and no succour was nigh: the low flat coast offered little hope to the view, and night was closing fast. At last, after long suspense, the vessel was got off, and the invalid, worn out by the shock, returned to Calcutta to die; he was buried in the church of St. John's. On a marble in the chancel is an inscription, not to his virtues or learning, for they needed no marble, but simply expressing, that for twenty-five years he had preached the gospel to the poor.

## HANS EGEDE.

DURING the space of two centuries, the Danes made repeated efforts to form a permanent settlement in Greenland, but without success. About the year 1530, Bishop Amund, of Skalholt, in Iceland, was driven in a storm so near the coast of Greenland, that he said he could see the people driving in their cattle: the hope of landing was vain; the wind changed, and carried the ship the same night to Iceland. A Hamburgh mariner was afterwards driven three times on the coast, where he saw many fishers' huts, but no men. Many years after, an entire boat, fastened together with sinews and wooden pegs, was driven ashore in Iceland; an oar was fixed to it, with a sentence written in Runic letters, "I tired when I drew thee." A German author, Dithmar Blefken, tells us, that in the year 1546, being in Iceland, he spoke with a Dominican monk, who came but the year before from St. Thomas's cloyster, in Greenland: he spoke freely of the state of that place, even in the presence of the governor, and said, that in the garden was a fountain of hot water, that flowed through it, and made the soil so fruitful, that it produced the most beautiful flowers. These accounts, whether true or false, greatly excited the curiosity of the people of Denmark: the desire of discovering the unknown northern countries was general; some said, gold and silver mines were to be found there. In the reign of king Olaus, Friesland ships were reported to

have brought store of silver and precious stones, though these treasures were said to be guarded by infernal spirits, or by cruel savages. Accordingly, some adventurers set out, but the ice forbade their approach; the more religious were convinced of the truth of the reports, because it stands in their version of the book of Job, that "gold cometh out of the north."

Frederick II. in the year 1578, sent the famous navigator, Magnus Henningsen; who, after many storms, was so far successful as to come within sight of land; but he was obliged to return, for the ship stood still all at once, and could not be worked any further, though there was the best wind, and a depth of water unfathomable. He attributed it to a hidden magnetical rock. Forbisher, in the mean time, sent out by queen Elizabeth, was the first to discover, and hold communication with the natives: Davis followed in 1585. The Danes were animated by these discoveries to seek once more their lost Greenland: Christian IV. sent one of his admirals there, with five ships; he found the people very wild, and brought home six of them to Denmark; the fate of these men was lamentable: in spite of the kindest treatment, and the best stock-fish and train-oil, they often cast an eye northwards to their native country, would stand for hours on the shore with sad countenances and many tears, till at last two of them died of grief; two sprung into the sea, as if to go to their loved land, and were drowned. The last ineffectual voyage was made in the year 1670: till Greenland, after a time, was so buried in oblivion, that there were many who scarcely believed in its existence.

The desirable event of obtaining a firm footing in the country, was reserved for the reign of Frederic IV. a prince of spirit, as well as of wisdom, in his enterprises. It was he who sent out the first missionaries

to Tranquebar. The person whom God had selected for this purpose, was Mr. Hans Egede, a clergyman in priest's orders, who had a congregation at Vogen, in the north of Norway. He had been little more than a year in this office, when he recollected having once read, that formerly Christian inhabitants had lived in Greenland, whom the world now heard of no more. It seems, there was a tradition, that, in 1380, two Venetians of note, Nicholas and Anthony Zeni, were hurried by a storm to the shores of Greenland, and that they found numerous villages, inhabited by a Christian population. So much was this credited, that the Archbishop of Drontheim, Eric Walkendorf, read all the writings that treated of the country, inquired of all merchants and mariners who had been in those seas, that he might seek out these neglected Christians; but he fell under his prince's disgrace, and travelled, in 1521, to Rome, where he died.

An imaginary tale was, in this instance, made subservient to the loftiest ends: Egede had heard it when a child, and it was fixed indelibly in his memory: the more he brooded over it, the more was a deep interest and curiosity roused. Perhaps, he reflected, this tradition is true; if so, how noble a thing it would be to seek these lonely Christians, and carry the pure gospel to them! Such musings insensibly gave birth to a desire to be himself instrumental in this work: at the first this appeared impossible, because he was already engaged in the pastoral office, and had a wife and children, whom he tenderly loved. He strove to banish it from his mind, but the effort made him so uneasy, that he knew not what to do with himself; an inward impulse urged him on: on the other hand, there was trouble and danger, wilder than the fancy could paint.

At length, he thought it would be the best way

to make a proposal for the conversion of the Greenlanders, to some persons of greater influence and wealth; but his timidity still kept him back. But, in the year 1710, he ventured to send his memorial, with a letter, to Randulf, bishop of Bergen, and another to the bishop of Drontheim, to whose diocese he belonged, entreating them to support it at court with their influence and counsel. Both the bishops commended the design, and promised to do the utmost in its favour, but, at the same time, laid before him the many difficulties and hardships.

The design, that had long lain in embryo in his own mind, was by this correspondence made more public than he wished, and it soon came to the ears of his friends, who set up a violent opposition. They instigated his wife and family to divert him from so absurd an enterprise. Their persuasions were so strong, that poor Egede tried to desist from any further thoughts about the matter; he said he had done his best, and could not swim against the stream. But those words of our Saviour, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," brought his mind into such a new agitation, that he had no rest day or night, nor could any one appease him. The passion to go to Greenland was like a consuming fire within. At last his wife, who was a woman of sense as well as of firmness, seeing this miserable conflict in his thoughts, began to waver; she listened with interest to his descriptions of the lost land; and at length said, she could renounce every thing for his sake. Love for her husband was at the root of all this; but a higher and holier influence had also touched her heart; she followed Egede's advice, spread the matter before God in prayer, till the christian, as well as the wife, was decided. Oh how glad was Egede! he now believed he had vanquished every difficulty, he felt new courage

and ardour, and instantly drew up a memorial addressed to the Mission College, and again entreated the Bishops of Bergen and Drontheim to promote his request with all their earnestness. But they thought proper to advise him to patience.

In this manner the project was not only postponed from year to year, but loaded with all kinds of censures. He could not go into any company, but people's mouths were filled with ridicule; some said it was a frenzy to relinquish a certain livelihood for so sad a career; others, more cruel, defamed his motives, as if, under the specious pretext of spreading the honour of God, he wanted to aggrandize his own name, or, perhaps, have Greenland for his diocese.

In the mean time, a report was spread that a Norwegian vessel had been shipwrecked on the ice on the coast of Greenland, and the crew, retreating to the land, were murdered by the natives. The tale was not groundless. He was not daunted, but now, resolving to prosecute the affair in person, he repaired to Copenhagen, and presented his memorials to the College of Missions; and here obtained the joyful answer, that the king would consider of some means of accomplishing the design; still more, his majesty did him the honour of granting him an interview, and acceding to his propositions.

At last a royal order came, that the commercial people, who had been in Davis's Straits, or engaged in the Greenland traffic, should send in their opinion concerning a colony to be settled there. But no one having any inclination for it, they all described the voyage as so dangerous, and the land so disagreeable, that the schemes of Egede became once more a subject of mockery and derision. Thus one year more passed away: yet he did not intermit his petitions to the king, or his persuasions to the merchants, to engage in the enterprise. At length, he was so fortunate as to prevail with a few men, who were touched to the heart with

his zeal and disappointments, to consent to a conference. By entreaties and arguments, he attained his object so far, that each of them deposited a sum of £40 each, and he himself £60. Immediately he drew up an instrument, which he presented to all the clergymen of the city, and to several of the merchants, who each made some addition to the capital, so that in the whole he got together about £2000. After all, it was an inadequate sum, but a vessel was bought, and called the Hope, to carry him to Greenland.

Soon after, the king gave his public approval, and appointed him pastor of any new colony that he should find or form in Greenland, with a yearly salary of £60, and £40 more for his equipment. Thus this unwearied man, having obtained the desire of his heart, after he had sought it without ceasing for ten years, returned happy to his home. Yet when he came to take leave of a congregation he loved, among whom he had laboured long, and of many friends and relations, he was more subdued than by all his difficulties. Even his wife, instead of giving way to the meltings of nature, was obliged to animate her husband, and strengthen him in his resolve; "that stedfast heroine," as a biographer justly calls her, "was now as enthusiastic in the voyage, as she had first been adverse to it." They took their leave for ever of the parsonage at Vogen, and went to the city of Bergen, where the vessel waited. Was there ever a more bold and hopeless undertaking? a lonely couple, with four small children, wandering forth to a land that the hardest mariners dreaded; not to visit, but to dwell; with no comfort, but their mutual affection and society; no support, but God. At Bergen he was looked upon by every body as a monster. They pitied the yet young and fearless woman, but the husband they regarded as a fanatic, who must have had dreams

and revelations, to induce him to desert his proper call, and wander up and down the world like a knight-errant.

In the month of May he went on board the *Hope*; the ship's company consisted of forty persons: a few days after, they set sail. In the beginning of June they met with a great deal of stormy weather, and vast quantities of ice, to which they could see no end. Towards the conclusion of the month they spied an opening in the mass, and ventured into it; but the wind was contrary and stormy, and threatened to dash the ship to pieces in the midst of the ice, and the captain warned them to prepare for their end. To add to their distress, there was such a thick fog all day, till midnight came, that they could see nothing before them; and when the sun broke, they could scarcely believe what they saw: the wind had changed, and the boundless plain of ice was broken up, and was floating fast away on every side. July 3d, they reached the shore, on an island called Kangek. The tents of a summer village of the Greenlanders was in sight. They crowded to the shore, to meet the strangers, and wondered, above all, that women and children came. Thinking that they came for traffic, they led Egede and some of the people to their tents; which they were obliged to stoop low, to enter. The tale of the Cloister of St. Thomas, and its garden of flowers and green beds, watered by the hot fountain, was grievously belied by the appearance of these dwellings: before the door-way was a kind of curtain, of the entrails of the white fish, bordered with red or blue cloth and white ribands, to keep out the cold air, and admit a partial light. On poles, in the interior, was hung meat, fish, boots, &c.; piles of seal skins sewed together, with the hair inside, served as beds, on the floor: when it rained, which was always violently, the hairy side of these skins was turned out-

side, that the drops, descending fast through the thin tent on the sleeper, might roll off without annoying him: when the sun pierced through, the other side of the skin was turned outwards.

As twenty people, all members or relatives of the family, sometimes lived in one tent, the interior was well peopled, and the odours were not of frankincense or aloes: in one corner was the mistress of the house, who displays all her ornaments only in summer, keeps her furniture in her little sanctum, and hangs before it a curtain of white leather, stitched with all kinds of figures, and fastens to it her looking-glass, ribbons, and pincushions. From behind this screen she came forward to welcome her visitors. The wife of Egede perhaps thought of the home she had left behind, and the clean chambers, and the neat attire of her neighbours, as the squalid hostess came to embrace her, covered with a seal skin, open in front, with the same feeling that a beautiful woman in England would not hide all her neck. The breeches hung down below the knee, yet there was a dash of coquetry in this; the seal-skin cloak was trimmed with red cloth; around the neck was a string of glass beads, some of which were mingled with the long black hair that floated on the shoulders; the boots, of yellow leather, were also trimmed with beads. The strangers sat down on boards or skins, while the people gathered round in stupid surprise. They cooked some rein-deer flesh for them, and this was followed by berries and roots, as well as sweet sea-weed: some of the family fed more sumptuously; from the wild grass in front of the tents they eagerly drew forth the legs and heads of seals, that had been thus preserved, and are esteemed as delicacies; they were boiled hastily, and devoured.

This interview was sufficient to give the strangers an insight into their future habits and society in Greenland. For some days the people's friendliness

of manners continued ; but when they saw it was the intention of the former to abide in the country, and that preparations for building were already begun, they struck their tents, and left the district, out of fear, nor would they again receive a European beneath their roof. Yet by degrees, the kind behaviour and presents of the Norwegians touched them so far, that they entertained those who came to visit them, not in their own dwellings, but in a small house apart, and stationed a watch there all the night.

Egede made use of every opportunity to learn their language, and, as soon as he heard the word, *Kina*, " what is this ? " he asked the name of every thing he saw, and wrote it down. The natives stood in awe of him, and got many an *angekok*, or sorcerer, to practise conjurations to do him a mischief, and oblige him to leave the country. The black art availed nothing, for the sorcerers themselves, after a time, declared that the minister himself was a great but good *angekok*, who would do them no harm. The credulous natives were struck with these words, and when they observed also how he preached to his own people, and how all of them treated him with great respect, they began to reverence him also. He was eager to instruct them in the things of religion, but could not enter into conversation, for he had not yet learned the language.

He got his eldest son to draw some pictures of scripture transactions, and called their attention to them : they looked with eager interest and curiosity, and by this means easily comprehended his meaning ; by the questions they asked in return, he by degrees began to learn their language. Amongst the sketches of young Egede, was one of the resurrection of the dead, and of the miracles of Christ, of his healing the sick ; these strongly captivated their minds. If he was the ambassador of so mighty

and beneficent a God, they desired him to cure their sick, by breathing on them, as their sorcerers did. By such simple ways he led their minds to God, to whom, he said, they must apply for health, and life, and every good gift. The number of those who came to hear him, increased; and when he went out to view the country, he was cheerfully received in their homes, and kindly treated, especially after some sick persons grew well, whom he had admonished to invoke the true God.

The trade with the natives, which was the chief object of the Europeans who accompanied Egede, went on badly. The Greenlanders had but little; and the overplus the winter left them, they did not choose to barter with the Danes, because they were accustomed, for many years, to dispose of it to the Dutch, who gave higher prices. Even the necessary sustenance began to fail: they had imagined the Greenland fishery to be more productive than it proved, and had provided themselves with little fish or flesh. Being strangers to the country, the reindeer and hares they caught were few, and they took little fish with their tackle, so that want began to stare them in the face. The people also began to murmur against the minister for leading them here: the store-ship did not arrive so soon as was expected, so that all were resolved to return with the vessel that wintered there. This resolve reduced poor Egede to great perplexity: he would not desert a post he had attained after so many years' labour; yet he could not stay alone with his wife and four small children, and see them perish. All that he could obtain from his people, was a consent to wait till June for the arrival of the ship; and if it did not come then, he agreed that they should depart. The time came: the missionary and the traders, for many days, watched intensely for the coming of the ship: Egede, in an agony of hope and distress, passed hours on the shore, by

day as well as by night, for the nights were beautifully light and clear, to descry the distant sail. The traders prepared to go, offering to leave him some of their provision : he persuaded six sailors to stay with him, and share his fate ; but when these six saw that the stores left would only suffice for a few months, they also determined to sail home. He was constrained to yield to circumstances ; the hand of Heaven, that had guided him thus far in mercy, was now veiled in clouds and darkness, and he also resolved to return.

The inexpressible blessing of a firm, devoted, and high-minded woman, in a career of sorrow and trouble, was never more justly put to the test than here. His wife withstood his design with such courage and constancy, as chased away his fears, and animated his mind once more :—" Never," she said, " would she put her foot on her native land again, to endure the derision of her people, and meanly fly from the post, that God, after so many trials, had given to their charge." She upbraided the rest, when they began to demolish their habitations, and told them they might spare their trouble, for that she had an unfailing confidence that a ship was sent out, and would quickly arrive. The people laughed at the prophetess ; but on the 27th of June, early in the morning, a ship was seen in the distance, steering her course straight to the shore. Letters from the merchants declared that the traffic should be prosecuted, in spite of its bad success ; and from the College of Missions came the intelligence, that it was the king's pleasure to support the cause to the utmost of his power, for which purpose he had ordered a lottery in favour of the Greenland mission and commerce. This was a rather novel and unhallowed way of providing for the conversion of the heathen : it did not succeed, and then he laid a small contribution on all

his subjects of Denmark and Norway, under the name of the Greenland assessment, which produced a handsome sum.

Now was the missionary incited to new efforts: he and his two little sons went and took up their abode for a while among the Greenlanders, in the winter of 1772, that he might gain some knowledge of the country, and initiate his children in the language by an intercourse with those of the natives. He had taken great pains, from the beginning, to explore the country, out of curiosity, as well as to find a better place, and a kinder soil, for the colony. He made two journeys to Amoralik bay: here he one day wandered into a beautiful valley, in which was a decayed building of flat stone, many yards high: he took this to be the tower of a church, for not far from it were many ruins of dwellings, nearly fifty yards in length; he believed them to be the remains of the old Norwegians, who formerly dwelt here, or probably of the colonies of Christians, of which he had read in his childhood. He sat down some time on the spot, and thought of his early days, when God touched his heart with a desire to labour for the good of this people. The sun of a Greenland summer shone brightly on the spot, the soil was covered with grass and wild flowers, with which the ruins also were partly shrouded, and the little valley was covered also with thickets of birch, willows, elder, and juniper trees. The stillness of the place was unbroken by any sound, save the distant murmur of the sea. What made the spot more attractive was, the dismal prospect of mountains of ice riven into every form, and between them were glimpses of a vast and cheerless sea. The manner of building in one of these ruins, was different from the rest, and had every mark of having been a church. Here, in this lone place, he thought, once rose the praises of God, and the hymns of his native

land ; but where he had imagined to find the living congregation, he found only a heap of ruins. Still, there was room enough in the land for all his efforts ; and the time would soon come, he believed, when heaven would smile on them. He was so taken with the appearance of this place, that he wished to found his colony in it.

In the same year, three ships were fitted out for Greenland ; one with provision for the colony, by which he received intelligence that a colleague was about to be sent. The second ship was fitted out for the whale-fishery, and returned to Bergen the next year, with a cargo of the value of six hundred pounds. The third was to reconnoitre the straits, but was cast away near Statanhook in a storm.

Egede, soon after, set out with some undaunted sailors, to discover the east side of Greenland, in two shallops. It was a dangerous voyage, for they were, at one time, so beset with ice, that their eye could see no end to it. He was out five weeks on this enterprise, in which he had sailed to the distance of one hundred and twenty leagues from his home. In their voyage, both going and coming, the Greenlanders pointed out many inlets, where, they said, were still ruins of the old Norwegians ; they had fine grass pastures, and small wood, but there was no time to inspect all of them. At one place, lying between the sixtieth and sixty-first degrees, they found the ruins of a church, fifty feet long, and twenty broad, and the walls were six feet thick, with two doors on the south, and one large one on the west side. The four large windows in the walls were ingeniously made, but without images. The walls of the church-yard were also still standing ; the graves were covered with rank grass ; but the few inscriptions were quite defaced. This was the cemetery of the ancient Christians : here slept both pastor and people. The massive remains of one

great house and many smaller ones were near. The tradition was then true, thought Egede, and the hopes of so many years were not visionary. The sailors had put into this place, to avoid a storm : but, although the heavens gathered blackness, and the winds swept loudly over the lonely cemetery, he continued to explore the place with ardour. He got the sailors to clear away a heap of rubbish from the church, in hopes of finding some antiquities. At first, the Greenlanders would not consent to it, for fear the souls of the foreigners buried there should be disturbed, and do them harm. He could find nothing but some bones and pieces of earthen urns.

In the beginning of this expedition, the Greenlanders would not trust the Danes, but, when they landed, put themselves in a posture of defence ; when they understood, however, from the native pilot, that the minister, or, as they called him, the great angekok, was in the company, they received them with singing and shouts of joy, accompanied them from place to place, and heard with pleasure of the Creator of all things. Their confidence once went so far as to conduct the missionary to a grave, beseeching him to raise the dead, because they had heard so much of the wonderful works of the Son of God, and the future resurrection. These were the first proofs he had received of the confidence and submission of the natives, and his joy was great. He was soon after joined by Albert, the missionary from Norway. Resolving to cultivate the soil, he chose a spot at Amaralik bay, and caused fire to be set to the old grass, in order to thaw the frozen earth, and then sowed some corn, by way of trial, in May. It grew very well until it was in ear ; but in September they were obliged to cut it down unripe, on account of the very hard night-frost. In these things, he was earnest for the good

of the colony, the direction of which he had accepted from the Company. This was the reason, as he writes, that he was constrained to intermeddle in affairs that did not wholly become him as a divine. It also induced him to undertake so many difficult voyages, in one of which he endured a month's excessive labour and cold ; that he might shew every one, by his own example, how he should act, and to inspect with his own eyes, where, and how, the Company's interest might be promoted.

Having now a colleague in the mission, he began in good earnest to instruct the Greenlanders. He translated, as well as he could in so intricate a language, some short questions and answers on the creation and fall, the redemption, and some prayers and hymns : these he read to them, till, by hearing them several times, they could make the answers, and also receive fresh information. At first they heard willingly, but when it recurred too often, they were disinclined, especially if they wanted to go to sea, or had some diversion in prospect ; but, above all, if a sorcerer practised his invocations, no devotion was to be thought of ; if the missionary still read on, he was only mocked and ridiculed. The natives, with all their stupidity, have considerable talents for mimicry ; their figures, clad in loose skins, and their long and lank locks and grimaces, made them resemble so many bears endowed with intelligence. Some said they did not know what end it answered, to sit all day looking on a piece of paper ; that Egede and the factor were worthless persons, who did little but scrawl in a book with a feather ; but that the Greenlanders were brave men, who could shoot birds, and hunt seals, which gave both profit and pleasure. At last, a family desired to be baptized ; but Egede declined, telling them that they must first attain more knowledge of God. The Greenlanders liked, above all things, to

hear that the soul did not die with the body, that friends and relations would meet again, without any more sickness or pain. But if they were told that they should supplicate God chiefly for his spiritual gifts, they replied, that they neither understood nor desired them, and wanted nothing but healthy bodies, and plenty of seals to eat. If he told them of a future judgment, and the eternal punishment of hell-fire, they said it would make amends for the cold they endured upon earth, and could not be so hot but it would be tolerable to them. Then they retorted the question whether he had ever seen God, of whom he spoke so much; for that, he said, He was present every where. As for the depravity of the soul, and its restoration, they could form no idea of it.

The following year, two native youths were sent to Copenhagen: after some time, one of them came back to Greenland; but his companion died on the voyage. The relations he gave of the kingdom of Denmark, of the royal family, to whom he was presented, of the splendour of the court, the churches, and other edifices, excited great amazement in the natives, and the presents he brought raised all their cupidity. His descriptions, however, were of great use: what they heard of the grandeur and power of the king awoke a new and peculiar reflection in these people, who had been always wont to regard the man who could catch the most seals, as the highest among them; for they had neither laws nor magistrates, nor any office or dignity, to elevate one person above another. These reflections helped them also to form better notions of God and of his majesty, especially when they heard that the king, amidst all his power, hearkened to the voice of his pastors.

Greatly, however, as this youth was pleased with Europe, he soon felt a strong inclination to his former way of life; he again adopted his native dress, his seal-hunting and love of train oil, and the palaces of

Copenhagen were forgotten for the sake of the icebergs. At last he fell in love with a young woman of the neighbourhood; but the Greenland beauty had a great aversion to marry a man who had degraded himself, she said, by his outlandish way of living; and he was obliged to give substantial proof that the legs and heads of seals, flanked with a good dish of blubber, were dainties far more delicious than all he had eaten at the tables in Denmark.

The language still gave Mr. Egede great trouble; but his children, by continual converse with those of the natives, learned it more easily, as well as the pronunciation. By their assistance, he proceeded so far as to begin a Greenland grammar, and translate some lessons out of the Gospels, with short questions and illustrations.

In the year 1727, they were exposed to a cruel alarm. A vast field of ice was seen driving along the coast, and on it was the wreck of a vessel; they imagined this to be the expected ship from Norway, in which was their sole hope of provision. In consequence, Egede resolved to go with two shallops a hundred leagues northward, where the Dutch whale-fishers rendezvoused, that he might buy provisions of them. He was obliged to push forward night and day, in fear of coming too late; little, however, could be procured of the Dutch, and he turned his face in dejection homewards, with the resolve to be as sparing as possible at the colony. There were about thirty souls, and the whole stock was no more than three barrels of pease, three of oatmeal, eleven sacks of malt, and about 1000 biscuits. They could shoot nothing, because they had no powder and shot, and the fishery did not succeed well. He intended to buy seals of the Greenlanders, to boil their flesh with a very little oatmeal, and dress the fish with spermaceti instead of butter. Eight men were now obliged to be satisfied with one man's portion of bread.

Another fear arose, that the colony would be forsaken : it was quickly verified : A vessel, after being long embayed, with great difficulty entered the harbour, and brought intelligence, that the Company had entirely disengaged themselves from the Greenland trade, because they reaped no advantage from it ; no one would risk any more. Albert, his companion, had laboured four years earnestly ; but his constitution having sunk beneath the inclemency of the climate, it was resolved that he should return to his native country.

Egede's only solace was now in his loved companion. This noble-minded woman thought nothing of her sacrifices. Confined during the greater part of the year to the shelter of the dwelling, and left alone by the frequent absence of her husband, she never repined for a moment. The comforts and conveniences of her abode were few and miserable ; yet she saw the ships from Norway come and return again ; she heard the tidings of her native home, and of the blessings enjoyed there, yet never desired to forsake Greenland. To the strong affection for her husband, was added the still stronger love of God. Amidst the troubles that so deeply mingled in their lot, Egede always saw her countenance free from sorrow, and her spirit cheerful. He had more excitements in the land than this lonely woman ; wandering among the vales and plains, exploring the coast in boats, or forming plans for the colony and its commerce. He also sought to divert his hours by experiments in alchemy, in the hope that he might turn them, some way or other, to the advantage of the trade ; but he saw at last that this could not be.

He writes at this time, " that he was obliged to be satisfied with a hope that God would make use of some unknown and strange way, for the conversion of the Greenlanders ; for all the means that had

been tried, and they were expensive also, proved hitherto ineffectual." Had he been ambitious to have a parcel of baptized and heartless heathens, he might have had as many as he chose. It was true, he perceived in several, when dying, some seriousness, and a desire to go to a better place; as to those who were well, they increased more and more in faith, as they said, because they had many proofs that God heard their prayer when they were in danger of their lives, or had nothing to eat. Once, as he was instructing them about baptism, they all desired him to perform this act upon them, and wondered that he scrupled the sincerity of their faith and love. In spite of all their pretences, he could not observe the least change in their lives or hearts. He found out, to his sorrow, that they were arrant hypocrites; for the Greenland boys who were maintained by him, as well as the people who traded in the country, informed him that the very natives, who pretended to believe every thing, treated his singing, praying, and reading with the most laughable derision, and, a few days after, the fellows would come with the most solemn and devout faces, and appear to devour every word they heard.

So cheerless was now the prospect of both the commerce and the mission, that Egede was more than once staggered in its hopes of its duration; but Heaven decreed otherwise. In 1728 there arrived five ships, one of which was a man of war, and they brought materials, cannon, and ammunition for erecting a fort, as well as a garrison, under the command of Major Pars as governor, to protect the trade against the ships of other nations, that frequently plundered it. A number of married couples were sent over from Copenhagen, and, among them, masons, carpenters, and other mechanics. Christian the Fourth was a prince of great constancy and uprightness, who would not desert the cause he had embraced.

The officers brought horses with them, to ride over the mountains, and discover the lost Greenland, for they still affected to believe the country was anciently dwelt in by *their* people. By these ships, two colleagues to the mission arrived; Olaus Langen and Henry Milzoug. Egede's eldest son went to Denmark to prosecute his studies; with him went Poek and his wife, now called Christian and Christiana; this was the same youth who formerly went to Copenhagen, and afterwards returned to his wild habits; whether he was now more sincere, or wished again to see the palaces, and taste the good things, of Copenhagen, is doubtful.

They now made preparations to remove the colony from Hope Island, where it had hitherto remained, to the main land, four leagues farther eastward, and to enlarge it with additional buildings. But a contagious disorder broke out among the Europeans. The most useful people and the artificers died apace; and, as the horses could not be taken proper care of, they all died. Thus a fatal blow was once more given to the cause; but the most adverse circumstance of all was, that these newly arrived people, when they saw the frightful aspect of the country, grew discontented and violent. A mutiny at last broke out among the soldiers, and neither the lives of the governor or missionary were safe. The latter they looked upon as the cause of bringing them to the land, and of their present wretched condition. It was necessary to have a guard around the dwellings; and Egede said, he could before sleep secure in the tents of the savage, but was now forced to have a watch round his bed against his fellow-Christians. The sickness made such ravages, that most of the mutineers died. This mortality lasted till the spring of 1729, when the residue of the invalids were carried to the tents of the natives, to the few green spots, and some were thus saved from death. It was impressive to see the eager-

ness with which they grasped at the short grass that began to shoot out under the snow. They heeded not the cold and melting soil on which they were laid, but clasped the tender moss and the fresh wild flowers in their feeble hands, like long-forgotten luxuries.

During this accession of strangers, and the disorders that followed, most of the natives removed from this territory to other and distant parts. This was the fruit of soldiers and fortresses : the mission was more hindered than promoted by them. In September, all sorts of building materials arrived, to erect houses in the valleys where the Norwegians formerly lived. But these projects, carried on with so much ardour, labour, and expense, received a mortal blow by the death of Frederic the Fourth. The consequences were instantly felt ; a royal mandate was transmitted, that the colonies should be relinquished, and all the people return. The option was given to Egedé, either to return with the rest, or remain in the country. In case of the latter, he was allowed to retain as many people as were willing to stay, and as much provision as would last for a year. But he was expressly told that he had no further assistance to expect. In such circumstances, no one would consent to stay with him : and his heart grew heavy and sorrowful to leave the land where he had toiled so long, and desert the children whom he had baptized, to the number of 150, with the consent of their parents, and whom he was now instructing. The houses that they had built, and the little plantations ;—all were to be left behind. He remonstrated so strongly, he entreated so earnestly, that a few seamen, together with the provisions for a year, were left him ; but then he bound himself to indemnify the captains, in case they should suffer any thing by this step.

His two colleagues, the governor, officers, and the other people, went away, and he remained alone. He looked long and sadly on the returning ships,

till they were lost in the distance. Hope, that had hitherto been his star, for he had called both the vessel in which he arrived, and the isle where he dwelt, by its name, now seemed for ever to forsake him. The usual excitements also were wanting. The many cares and vexations had so worn his frame at this time, that he was unable to take the long journeys he had done. Still, he called the settlement on the main, to which they had repaired, by the name of Good Hope. Thus deserted by his countrymen, and friends, for Olaus and Milzoug had also returned in despair, he was left for more than two years.

The present situation of Egede was one that drew forth the real character of the man. He had left Norway full of glowing hopes and anticipations; in spite of the paintings of his friends, and the tales of mariners who had visited the land, he had marked it out as his own scene of success, his own field of unbounded usefulness. Men, even the holiest, do not see the perishing of their prospects or dreams without bitterness of soul, however calm an aspect they may outwardly wear. Swartz mourned beneath delay, and appealed to heaven against the hardness of men: but *his* path was not all barren; many a soul was rescued, many a lip breathed forth blessings; the constant change of place and scene, also, kept alive the excitement of the mind; the seed that withered in one place sprung up in another. But with Egede, the desolation of the land was not greater than the desolation of all his hopes: confined and cabined the greater part of the year to one melancholy spot, he saw the same faces of unbelief daily gather round him; the same mockeries rang in his ear every eve, as the natives passed his dwelling on their return from sea. And was it for this he had made so many sacrifices? his literary pursuits and leisure; his home of comfort and competence; the society of his friends, the care of his loved and attached congregation?

There is no mention made of books that he had brought ; of any library, however small, that a learned man would love ; he had believed that his time would be so occupied with the highest interests of others, that literature would be a fruitless thing. In long anxiety, in baffled and defeated hope, in uncomplaining anguish, no missionary can ever compare with Egede. Who can tell, save the minister of God, what it is to wait at the altar, morn, and noon, and eve, and the sacrifice is not accepted, and yet there is no reply ?

There was another cause of anxiety, the more bitter, because men, already prejudiced, were the only judges ; the company that he had formed at Bergen for commercial purposes. By raising the hopes of gain among his countrymen, he had sought, by degrees, to turn their thoughts to the lost state of Greenland. This enterprise had long since entirely failed, and much of the responsibility rested on him. He could not but remember also, that the king, who had so nobly seconded his views, as well as the whole court, had their eye upon his mission, and waited with deep interest to hear of its results—bishops, monarch, merchants, all were interested in its welfare. Even on the body of the people, a small tax was levied to defray the expenses, so that, from these united causes, the attention of the kingdom was turned to the Greenland enterprise. “ Where were the converts ? what was the upshot of this fanaticism and wild romance ? Had they not predicted this ? ” So said most who heard the tidings brought by the vessels from Greenland. He heard it—he knew it all, by the letters of his friends ; they wrote also, that the congregation at Vogen desired their pastor’s return, and thought that he should forsake so unfruitful a field. He wished it earnestly, for the sake of those who were to come after him. He had four children, two sons and two daughters, for whose education he felt

anxious; at present they had no associates but the children of the wild natives; for them there was no sweet and kindly impulses in the land. Was there no after-thought for himself? doubtless there was; the lowliest pastor is ambitious of having seals to his ministry, that some one may survive when he is gone, who shall mingle his name in their prayers, and feel that the gate of paradise was opened to their hope, and the dark valley of death made beautiful—by his hand! In the bitterness of his soul, Egede might exclaim with the prophet, “O! earth, earth—cover not thou my hope!”—The covering was never taken away, but God, who saw the sorrow of his servant, left him not without a recompense.

Egede was of a collected, thoughtful, enduring character, whose strength was in its stillness—without any lofty energies; yet never blenching from its purpose. He strove, as man seldom strives, through ten years' disappointments, ere he spread his sail from Norway; and now he was like the wounded reindeer, sadly flying, amidst frozen hills and vales, to his lair in the rock. Yet he wrestled with his fate, and prevailed. It was well that he did so; for his desert home became to him a throne of many mercies: never, in his dwelling and church at Vogen, did he enjoy such seasons of consolation—so entire a resignation to the will of God. Now came the triumph of the Christian, even from the desolation of the pastor—in that deep and unbroken communion with his own heart, in the long and lonely hours of prayer, penitence, and retrospection, that he sought every day; for he believed that the want of success was due to his own deficiencies. But he soon clearly saw the hand of God in every event of his life, in the many years of neglect and ridicule—the many of darkness that followed; they were given, he said, to bring down his imaginations, and make his wisdom and foresight as nothing. His implicit faith, spring-

ing from the death of every human trust, never afterwards forsook him ; and his stricken heart was blessed with "the peace of God that passeth understanding," in such power as the deeply tried alone can know.

It was fortunate that his health was so little impaired by the rigours of the clime ; even in the most inclement weather, he again wandered forth into the country ; in these excursions, he sometimes had the company of his two sons. About three leagues from their dwelling was a place called Kanneisut, a tract of rocky hills, interspersed with plains, lonely lakes, and streams : there was fine salmon-fishing here, and they came to seek a supply for their table, to eke out its frugal fare. In summer, the air was so infested with swarms of musquitos during the day, that they often preferred to come in the night-time, to enjoy the silent beauties of the place. There were many grass-plots and tracts of moss in the plain, which made it the resort of numbers of reindeer. The aspect of nature, during this perpetual day, that lasted a few months, was strange and indelible, and affected the imagination. There was no passing away or return of the sun ; a cold, pure, yellow light, covered the surface of the sea, and the rocky hills and waste ; its effect on the lonely lakes, and the scanty groups of birch and juniper trees, was beautiful ; the forms of the reindeer moving to and fro ; no changing hues in the sky, no shadows on the earth ; but the same dream-like lustre spread over all ; it seemed like a silent world, from which man had passed away. Perhaps the feeling, after a time, was painful : those who wandered there, knew that no night was to come again, no sweet repose of evening, so welcome to the senses and the fancy, that in no cave of the rock, or chamber of the dwelling, would there be any gloom—on the ocean and shore, there was no pause to the everlasting light. The morn brought a burning sun, but no softness of

the moon or stars came with the close of day. One object there was of inexpressible grandeur; when some noble iceberg floated slowly from the bay, the faint golden light streaming on every part of its white surface, it looked like a mountain in a holier and brighter world, save that at intervals one of its many pinnacles was seen to tremble, and then a crash, like thunder, rung through the silent scene. This season lasted many months, and when darkness came again, it seemed like a stranger that had been forgotten.

Leaving Kanneisut, the father and his sons would sometimes arrive at their home before morn, where the wife, and her two daughters, were expecting them. If the home of the "cotter on the mountain side," or of the weary wanderer, cleaves to his affections, that of Egede was very dear: it was the only place in the land where smiles and kindness awaited him. The little family group found all their enjoyments and hopes in each other; and when the father gave out the hymn, and they all joined their voices, or knelt down in prayer, it was as if one soul and one voice were offered to God. Well did the children afterwards repay the hopes of the parents. Paul, the eldest, succeeded his father in the mission, and was distinguished for his learning and piety: he wrote some valuable works.

The second son became a captain in the Danish navy, and, in a voyage of discovery along the coast of Greenland, he founded a colony in honour of his father, and called it Egedesminde (in memory of the latter.) The eldest daughter never forsook him, but retired with him, many years after, to the island of Falster, comforted his declining years, and closed his eyes.

The return of winter called for all their resources: there was then little enjoyment out of doors, and there was still less within, except cou-

stant fires were in each apartment, and warm furs round the body. The doors and windows were carefully closed; but winter crept, like a serpent, into every nook and corner of the dwelling. The cup full of heated brandy or water, when laid on the table, was frozen in a few moments. The ice and hoar frost would sometimes spread, in the night time, from the chimney to the stove's mouth, without being thawed by the warmth of the fire. The linen was often frozen in the drawers, and the soft eider-down bed and pillows were stiffened with frost, even while the sleepers rested on them.

One of the most singular effects of the cold, was the frost smoke, that rose from the sea, in thin volumes, as if from a furnace: this is more injurious to the human frame than the keenest atmosphere, for it was no sooner wafted by the wind over the land, than it created such a cutting and exquisite cold, that no one could go out of the house without having his hands and feet bitten. The rising of these wreaths of smoke, from the moveless surface of the sea, was a strange sight: the feeble moon struggling through them; no one stirred abroad at this hour, and every casement and avenue, by which light or air could enter, was shrouded. In the dim twilight of the day that followed, the daring hunter would sometimes venture forth in his sledge, to seek the reindeer. It was miserably cheerless, to rise from sleep: "yet a little more folding of the hands to slumber," were words excusable here: what charm had the waking hours? how were they to be spent? The fire must be fed carefully, for their life depended on it; and the lamp never suffered to go out, for then they could neither read the few books they possessed, nor work, nor see each others faces, the only glad sight that was left. This long night lasted for two months; it begun in November, and ended with the middle of January. It was often made more

painful, by fancied terrors : sad sounds were often abroad in the air, caused by the meeting of masses of disjointed ice, or the splitting of the rocks with the intense cold : even the piteous cry of the seal was sometimes enough to create alarm : there were noises also on the deep and the shore, for which they could not account, so that the exiles were often like the people in Egypt, during the plague of darkness, when, in the sublime description of the Apocrypha, " they heard the sound of fearful things rushing by, even by their doors, and in their chambers, but saw not the form thereof." No visitor came to cheer the lagging moments, no friend dropped in to tell of passing events, or share their solitary meal. There were no events to tell of ; the land was sealed and covered ; within each silent dwelling was seen to glimmer the undying lamp : every friend was in the distant land of Norway, around their forsaken home. And did not the thoughts sometimes fly to that home ? its dear fireside, its bright faces, and unfailing comfort ? The wife and the husband often talked of it, but with submission to the will of Heaven. Mrs. Egede had left it early, when all her attachments, as well as her personal attractions, were fresh and unfaded. The four infant children, that the youthful mother had brought from Vogen, were now grown up ; the oldest, whom the father loved most, had her blue eye and flaxen hair, and the same mild, but resolved, cast of features. Could a man be desolate, even in the horrors of a Greenland winter, who had such a wife, such a companion ? for she possessed a strong and intelligent mind. There came a ray of hope, at last, in the interests of this world, at least. In May 1733, a ship was seen coming into port, that was the herald of happy tidings ; that the Greenland trade should be begun anew, and the mission supported. For this purpose the king was pleased to order a free gift of four

hundred pounds annually. Messengers also came, through whose means a new era in the cause was hereafter to open: they were three Moravian missionaries, from Hernhuth, in Silesia.

Egede was delighted: but he refused to trust these bright promises: he was too deeply acquainted with adversity. A few months had hardly elapsed, when a calamity drew nigh, to which all former ones were trifling. This was the small-pox, that broke out like a plague. The natives viewed its passage with horror. Ignorant how to treat it, they suffered excruciating pain, heat, and thirst: which they strove to allay with large draughts of ice-water. Some stabbed themselves, or plunged into the sea, to put a speedy end to their torments. In one cottage was an only son, who died, and his father, who loved him tenderly, was convinced his wife's sister, who was a kind of sorceress, had bewitched him. He inveigled her into the hut, and put her to death by the side of his son. A singular effect of the imagination occurred at this time. A Greenlander came from a distant and quite healthy place, to visit his sister in the colony: they were deeply attached to each other. Before the boat came to land, he thought he saw her apparition flitting along the shore, and beckoning him to come. The Greenlander paused on his oar, and gazed intently on the spot; his companions saw nothing but the rocks and the ice-hills. But there, he said, she was standing, like the dead, and he refused to go near her. They rowed back directly; overcome with the fright, he fell sick the very day of his return, and infected the people where he dwelt, though they had neither spoken to, or seen a single person that had the disease.

In this distress, Egede was not idle; he went about every where, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with the Moravians, or sent

his son to comfort the poor people, and prepare them for death. They found, in most places, nothing but empty houses, and unburied corpses; some within the dwellings, and some without, lying in the snow: these they covered with stones. In one island they found only one girl, and her three little brothers. The father, having first buried all the people in the place, laid himself and his sick infant child in a grave he had raised, and ordered the girl to cover him with skins and stones, that he might not be devoured by the foxes and ravens. He said he could not part with his little child, that it must go with him to death; and before they covered him over, he pressed it to his heart, and looked round sadly on the scene of the wasted homes and many graves, and then laid himself down, and never after uttered any moan. The girl and her three little brothers sat a long time round their father, and cried bitterly, till they were obliged to seek some sustenance to preserve their lives. The former had left some dried fish in his dwelling, that they might not perish.

What a scene was this for a painter! the solitary isle in the middle of a frozen sea; the lonely group of orphans beside the grave of their parent; the empty homes of the hamlet, and the fresh tombs of snow of them who had perished, and the ravens and the foxes gathering round the dead, as well as the helpless living ones. Egede sent them to the colony. He lodged all the sick that fled to him, and the Moravians followed his example. They laid as many in their own rooms as they would contain, and attended them with care. Many a native was deeply touched by such proofs of kindness. Pain, and the approach of death, did more than all their discourses; one man, who had always derided them in his healthy days, said to Egede, before his end, "You have done for us what our own people

would not do : you have fed us when we had nothing to eat ; you have buried our dead ; you have told us of a better life." During eight months, the contagion prevailed. When the agents went afterwards to trade, they found all the dwelling-houses empty for thirty leagues : the number of those carried off was estimated at between two and three thousand.

Now came the saddest event of all. Her great attentions to the suffering natives brought a mortal illness on his wife : she did not murmur at the approach of death, but there were two things that rendered it very bitter—to leave *him* behind, and to go ere God had sealed their long and painful mission with success. Each trouble and delay she had borne nobly, in the persuasion that the hearts of the people would even yet be touched, and bow to the love of Christ. Her aid had often been given in instructing, in reading, and conversing with the natives ; her prayers had besieged the throne of grace, that she might yet live to see the hour of His coming. The stay of her husband's heart, the love of his early youth and his declining years—her words were so often the rallying cry of his fortitude and hope—and now he saw her die. The spirit of Egede was disciplined ; but the loss of his wife was what he had never dwelt on, or anticipated : for the moment, it was more than the man or the Christian could bear. He hung over her in the extremity of grief. Alone, in that Greenland hut, with their three children as the only attendants, the wife waited the coming of her last enemy ; the husband wept, and was subdued as a child. She breathed her last, blessing him. They buried her in the little burying-ground of the colony, and none but her husband and children stood round the grave ; for the Moravians were

themselves confined by illness, and the natives had either perished, or wandered to other parts.

Paul Egede, his eldest son, now came from Europe, as the Danish missionary to the colony, to be established in the bay of Disco. He had prosecuted his studies with success at Copenhagen, where he was ordained. His coming was welcome to his desolate father, whose little circle now strove to supply the loss of their mother. He would sit silent for hours, when they were gathered round the hearth at evening, and look on the place that she had occupied for so many years. It was a welcome thought that his son was come to share in his toils, and be his successor when he was gone. The only places to which he now loved to resort, was Disco, where Paul was soon after established; and Amaralik valley, that was near to Good Hope. The spectacle of the ruined church and cemetery, and dwellings of former times, was suited to the abandonment that had fallen on him; and when spring and summer came, and the flowers, the willow and birch-trees sprung from their mantle of snow, it was a lone and peaceful place. He strove to divert his mind by translating several religious pieces into the Greenland tongue; these he often read to the people, to put them in mind of what he had formerly taught; and adjured them, not only to avow the Christian doctrine, but to experience it in their hearts. The printed copies of his translations, that had lately arrived, found him employment: among them, were Luther's Catechism, and other treatises, which he circulated as widely as he could.

If our estimation be influenced by success, we shall judge wrongly of Egede; but his lot was peculiarly hard. He still had the sorrow to find the hearts of the people hard as the frozen plains where they dwelt. No light from heaven, no ray of mercy, entered there: the very fountain of feeling was dried up.

He still watched and hoped; and offered up his prayer to Him who had chastened him—though desolate, this heroic man still upheld the banner of the cross. Paul now laboured with some prospects of success: a chapel was built, in which service was regularly performed; and he was beloved by his people, who consisted chiefly of Europeans. The colony was called Christian's Hope. The place had many beauties; the noble bay of Disco, 160 leagues in circumference, afforded the best fishery in the country, and was the most remarkable scene it possessed, being surrounded, not with bold rocks or cliffs, but with a splendid range of icebergs. Some of these are so large as to reach two or three hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea, and five or six hundred feet in height. They look as if they would bid defiance to time; yet they are as deceitful as water. In the distance they appear to the mariner like a range of battle-ships approaching the land under full sail: this resemblance is singularly strong, when they are swept by a fierce tide and wind through the sea. In general they are moveless, and, on entering the bay, and sailing slowly by, you fancy you see castles, flights of columns, and arches. On entering farther, the picture changes, and you believe that a ruined temple, with its hoary foliage, is before you. The illusion is increased by the exquisitely bright and pure air. "I saw," says a missionary, "among other magnificent buildings, the great gate of the palace of Christianberg; with its pillars and side-doors: so strong was the resemblance." As these noble masses are formed of either salt or sweet water, they are white, blue, or green; this difference of colours heightens their beauty. They have an attractive power, by which large ships are in danger of being driven against them. The Greenlanders are very familiar with them, yet a great many lose their lives by their

confidence; but as the seals like to be near them, they must follow them there, and seek either food or death.

The echo is so very strong among the icebergs, that any sound beneath is instantly carried to the top. When the latter has become rotten or infirm, it is often so shaken, even by a word spoken, that it falls. A boat was once passing through a cavern or vault in the icy mountain, with seven of the natives, when a boy wantonly struck with a piece of wood on the skin stretched over the boat. The sound was carried in a few moments to the top of the iceberg; a crash like thunder was heard, the cavern suddenly darkened and closed on the unhappy crew, for the summit had fallen, and crushed them beneath the waves. The bay of Disco being a celebrated fishing place, at certain seasons of the year a great many people assemble; those who live at a distance come to purchase, and the fishermen sell. It is quite a fair. Every iceberg threatens them, yet they are as careless and secure as if no danger were near. Egede sometimes visited the place, to try to draw their attention to religious things; and found the bay was covered with thick ice.

After staying several hours, on one occasion he left them, for it was growing late, and he wished to return home. Not half an hour after he had left, he heard a loud noise, and, looking back, saw an iceberg, which stood near the fish-market, falling: it broke to pieces the firm footing; the sea gushed up in torrents from beneath; some of the people fell into the water, others were crushed beneath the pieces of ice. From such a range of mountains, a raw and keen air came continually. "I lived," says the younger Egede, "half a mile from them; when a mountain fell in ruins, it was a glorious thing both to hear and see." The effect of the vast fields of floating ice on the eye and

the imagination, is often very singular: the exiles who dwelt on this shore for years, or the mariners who wandered over the frozen deep in search of an asylum, saw, as the sun rose, the prospect of hills and valleys, houses, churches, and towers, before them—they gazed in wonder and then in agony, for it brought their own native land to mind, which they never hoped again to see. “I saw,” says the missionary, ‘a very lofty tower, and then the picture of a long street of houses with pointed gable-ends; there was a vista and cascades, as of a stream rushing down. All this was in that wild frozen plain.’”

From these visits to his son, Egede returned to his home at Good Hope with a more comforted heart. But that heart was now visited with a new and appalling guest. It was caused, solely, he says, by the loss of his wife; the effect of which, on the mind of this deeply proved, and unshrinking man, was singular in the extreme. The love of woman is said to be a fearful thing; but the bereavement of a wife, who has rejoiced and wept with us for many long years, is far more fearful. Earth or hell could not have so shaken the soul of Egede. His spirits sunk into such a state of depression, that he sometimes seemed like a man on the brink of despair. One Sabbath in particular, he felt such a hatred of God in his heart, and such dislike to hear his word, that he absented himself from public worship the whole day, spending it in private in deep and unutterable distress, without making known his situation to any. In the evening, as he was retiring to rest, he was struck with great horror of mind; he could not utter a single petition to heaven; he felt as if he was beset with the bands of death, and compassed with the pains of hell. After he had somewhat recovered himself, he burst forth in expressions of despair, as if God had forsaken him. His children, and even the Moravians, endeavoured to console him; but he refused to

be comforted. His own conscience, he said, condemned him, and he thought there was no help for him in God. His mind, at last, became more calm; yet, for some time after, he was subject to these intervals of despondency and distress.

He could have no communication but once a year with his native land, to which he now began to cherish thoughts of returning. He had resided fifteen years in Greenland, when, in 1736, he received a request from the king of Denmark, in the most gracious terms, that he would return to his native country, now that the decline of life was come upon him. He did not think he was called upon to refuse the message: his constitution, that had stood the attacks of so many severe seasons, was no longer the same. At last the ship came, which was to carry him from Greenland. He preached his farewell sermon from these words, "I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." A scene more impressive than this last address in that hopeless land, it is difficult to conceive. It was like an appeal to Heaven that he had never been unfaithful to his trust. He blessed his eldest son; but he drew up his wife's character in the following words:—"I will not dwell on her excellencies in domestic life, nor describe what a faithful helpmate she was to me, and what a tender mother to her children. But let me speak of her compliance to my will, as soon as she saw the resolve I had formed to forsake my people and country, to repair to Greenland. Though friends and relations vehemently prayed her to dissuade and withstand me in this project, so absurd and frantic in the eyes of all men; yet, out of love to God and me, she joined heart and hand with me in my enterprise; and went from her own people, from her father's house, from her weeping brothers

and sisters—not to some paradise, but to a desert and frightful land. It is known to many, with what patience, with what kindness, she bore her part of the labours and sorrows we had to endure; how often she comforted and cheered my mind. O Christian heroine! O faithful wife! words fall far short of what her piety and virtues deserve.”

On arriving at Copenhagen, he had an audience of the king, and gave his sentiments how the mission might be prosecuted to advantage. Its direction was soon after given him, with a salary. The title of Professor was conferred upon him, and he was directed to found a seminary of students and orphans, to whom he should teach the Greenland language, and from whom the future missionaries were to be chosen. He spent his latter years in a retirement on the island of Falster, with his favourite daughter, who refused ever to leave him, and there at last he closed his life, in the 73d year of his age.

## THE MORAVIAN MISSION.

THE United Brethren trace their origin to the churches of Bohemia, which, even previous to the Reformation, maintained much of the pure principles of Christianity, and were distinguished by giving birth to the two illustrious martyrs, John Huss and Jerome of Prague. These churches were at last driven to despair, by incessant oppressions, because they refused to receive the decrees of the council of Trent, or return to the bosom of the Catholic faith. Many of the nobility still maintained their courage, and animated the people; but in 1627, being drained of their wealth, and stripped of their estates, they were banished from the kingdom. Hundreds of noble and respectable families took refuge in the neighbouring countries, and thousands of the common people fled into exile. Many went into Silesia, Prussia, and Poland, and formed congregations, or founded new villages: but the greater part were, after a time, lost among the general mass of the inhabitants, till, at last, a few only continued stedfast to their ancient profession.

Early in the eighteenth century, religion awoke afresh among the exiles in various places: a man of good family, of the name of Christian David, was the means of rekindling its dying embers in Moravia. He came, on behalf of his countrymen, to Lewis, Count Zinzendorf, who granted them permission to settle in his domains in Upper Lusatia. Little did the Count foresee the great conse-

quences that were to ensue from this simple incident, or the extensive enterprises to every part of the earth, of which these poor exiles were to be the source. Christian David returned from Moravia, with some families of his countrymen, to the estate of this nobleman, where they laid the foundation of the celebrated village of Hernhuth.

Zinzendorf, who for several years was absent at the court of Dresden, found, on his return, that some hundreds of families were collected on his domain. He tried to persuade them to unite with the Lutheran church, of which he was a zealous member. But they resolved, that a constitution, of nearly three hundred years' standing, for which their ancestors had suffered, and bled, and died, should never be abandoned by them. They agreed, however, to hold communion with the Lutheran church, while, at the same time, they maintained among themselves the Bohemian discipline. In this decision the Count at last acquiesced; from his childhood, he had cherished an ardent desire for the salvation of the heathen nations: in his travels through Europe, he inquired every where into their condition, and was considered by many as a sincere, yet wild enthusiast. Having engaged to marry a beautiful and accomplished woman, he told her, in an interview, his future plans; she consented to them with ardour; but as yet no path was open to their accomplishment. He attended, in 1731, the coronation of Christian the Sixth, in Copenhagen; he there saw two baptized Greenlanders, and heard, with pain, that the mission in that country was to be abandoned. About this time, Christian David, being on a journey, found in the hands of a divine, in whose house he lodged, a short account of the Greenland cause. He sent to Hernhuth an extract of it, and endeavoured by a letter to animate them to this work. The imme-

diate cause of their engaging in it, is best related in the following simple description of Matthew Stach.

“When I heard the first account of Greenland, I felt a strong desire to go there. Soon after, I was at work with Frederic Bæhnish, on the new burying-ground called the Hulberg. He was the first person I acquainted with what passed in my mind: we conversed with simplicity about it, but knew not whether we ought to look upon the propension as an impulse from God: therefore, we retired to the wood, just at hand, kneeled down before Him, and begged that our minds might be cleared up in this important affair, and be led in the right way. Upon this, our hearts were filled with an uncommon joy, and we omitted no longer to lay our minds before the congregation in writing. The letter was read in a public meeting, and was heard with surprise; one of the brethren said something to me, which left me but little hope. Yet, we were not frightened out of it by this, nor by the tales of the difficult voyage and sad country, which we heard enough of by the bye. We waited with tranquillity, and, after a considerable time, Count Zinzendorf sent for us, and asked us if we were still of the same mind? We answered, Yes. We now expected the time of our being despatched with longing, and kept working on in our outward calling. Another year passed: Frederick Bæhnish was gone a long journey. Yet the time of dismissal came. The last two days the Count had some sweet interviews with me, and gave me some instructions about the preservation of my body and soul from evil, which were an abiding blessing to me. My cousin, Christian Stach, also accepted the call with joy, and made himself ready in haste. We did not trouble our heads how we should get to Greenland, or how live there. Neither could any one give us much information

about things, or many instructions how we should manage. We hoped, that apostle of the Greenlanders, Mr. Egede, who had been raised up by God in so remarkable a manner, would and could make use of us. As to the rest, we were to live alone by ourselves."

At Copenhagen they were received with great kindness by those to whom they were recommended; who told them that things were reduced to the last extremity in Greenland: and how were they to subsist when they got there? The lords of the court, as well as the clergy, observed, with some reason, that if the learned, faithful, and indefatigable Egede had effected so little, what success could be expected from illiterate persons, especially as the modern world had not as yet seen any instances of lay missionaries. The Lord Pless, however, was so convinced of the uprightness of their intentions, that he presented their petition to the king, and seconded it with all his influence. He is said to have alleged, that God has, in all ages, made use of weak and unimposing agents, in the eyes of the world, for accomplishing the designs of his mercy, that mankind should rely, not on their own penetration or power, but on His wisdom. His Majesty acquiesced in the truth of these observations, and accepted, with many kind expressions, the voluntary overture of the Moravians, and wrote with his own hand to Egede on their behalf.

The Lord Pless introduced them also to several persons of rank, who made them a present towards their future comfort: they talked of cultivating the land, for they did not know that it consisted of little but bare rocks. But the noblemen advised them to take wood, as well as building materials, fowling-pieces, iron stoves, windows, beds, and some books. At last, on the 10th of April, they went on board the king's ship *Caritas*. The congregation at Hern-

huth had a custom, before the commencement of each year, to compile a little annual book, containing a text of scripture for every day in the year. This tract was called the Word of the Day; it was meditated upon in secret by every one. Many a time it has been afterwards found that this passage, or the verse of a hymn by which it was illustrated, had a remarkable coincidence. Thus, on the 10th of April, when the Brethren set sail on a course that had so long baffled all hope, the passage was, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In this confidence they embarked, and, through all the unspeakable difficulties of the following years, they never forgot this passage.

After a speedy voyage, they spied land on the 13th, but the same day there was a total eclipse of the sun, and a violent tempest arose, that lasted four days and nights, and drove them sixty leagues back. Wretched the country looked, in comparison of Europe, with scarce any thing but bare rocks and steep cliffs, covered with snow. As soon as they landed, they repaired directly to Mr. Egede, and delivered the letters of recommendation. He welcomed them very cordially, congratulated them on their undertaking, and promised his best assistance in their learning the language. The Moravians immediately searched the sea-coast for a suitable place to build on; and, having fixed on the spot, kneeled down, and consecrated it with prayer. Then falling to work directly, a Greenland house was run up with stone, and turf laid between, to shelter themselves and their things from the snow and rain, till the wooden house was erected. An old boat was purchased of the captain of the ship. It was May, but still so cold that the turf often froze in their hands. In June they had finished their Greenland hut; and soon after, the foundation of their proper

dwelling-house was laid, the wood brought having been from Copenhagen. Another was also begun, for such of the natives as might, perhaps, drop in for instruction. Alas! no one had any inclination for it. The house remained desolate and unhonoured, as useless and silent as the ruined church in the valley of Amoralik.

In their first letter to the congregation at Hernhuth, they say, "You may now very well address that saying to us, that should a man ever lose his road, let him ne'er lose his faith in God. Yes, here, in truth, the way is barred up: as to our own persons, we are very happy, but as to our desire to win souls, we cannot gratify it yet. When will this frigid zone kindle into a flame? when will the ice-cold hearts of the people melt? It is true, all men count us fools, especially those who have lived long in this country, and know this people. But where the breaker is come up before us, there must be room to tread and follow. Is there not safety in his shadow?"

They now began to set about those sorts of labour which were necessary for their maintenance, and also to learn the language, for a better intercourse with the people. All these things were attended with great difficulties. They got little or nothing by fishing and hunting, being unable to follow the method of the Greenlanders in these pursuits, or manage a *kajak*, or boat. On going out the first time to search for drift wood among the islands, they were overtaken by a storm, and hardly saved their lives; but in the night, the wind carried off their boat, with wood and all. Now they came to a resolution to follow the example of the Silesians and Lusatians; when other work failed, to earn some necessaries by spinning. Mr. Egede gave them his help on all occasions; also his written remarks on the language, to copy; he ordered his children to explain it carefully. First, they had to learn the Danish language before they could understand their instruc-

tors. The natives aggravated the case, by stealing away the books they had written with so much pains. When the small-pox broke out, and desolated the land, they were advised to go back to Hernhuth ; but they would not hear of this. Soon after, they fell ill themselves ; for the vicissitudes of their life were very great ; sedentary habits often followed a period of hard labour : confined within doors for weeks, where they sat writing continually in a damp cold house, or read with so deep an attention, that their extremities were nearly frozen before they were aware. As soon as they were restored to health, they resumed their coast voyages with as much ardour as ever : being obliged to perform them in the winter, because the Greenlanders, whose villages they went to visit, were seldom at home in the summer. On one occasion a high wind drove them in among the ice and rocks, where they spent three days and nights in the open air. They bore their situation very well during the day, but the cold and horror of the night were extreme : the sea was covered to a vast extent with drift ice, that closed round them nearer and nearer every moment.

Three times they saw the transient light go down, and thrice their hope was quenched. At last they were obliged to forsake their boat, and set out on foot : there was nothing but an endless frozen plain, as far as the eye could reach. At length they espied, afar off, some Greenland huts on a little island. They drew nigh eagerly, and found a friendly reception from the people, who forced them to stay ten days in the hamlet. Christian David's description of this little community is characteristic. "According to outward appearance, the life they lead is angelic, as to outward vice, in comparison of European Christians. . . And yet it may be said of them, that they live without God in the world, and what they have hitherto heard of God is like a chip to them. 'Tis all one to

them whether one speaks of Him or lets it alone, or whether we sing a hymn or they a song. Their intellectual faculties are so weak and dull, and so indisposed to reflection, that they cannot form the least idea of a Divine being. Sensitive as they are, yet they seem to be almost destitute of passions, and their nature is not easily inflamed or stirred up. They know nothing but Greenland finery and good eating. They associate with their like; love their young, like the beast; and know of no other sort of culture to be spent on them. Now, whether these people can be rendered capable of faith, God only knows."

This year arrived Frederic Bænish, with whom Stach had conversed on the mission in the garden at Hernhuth—and John Beck: these men laboured to the last, in the cause.

Already, David Stach began to think about returning, there appeared so little prospect of good in a land almost depopulated; and among the people who survived, there was no wish for religion. But Matthew Stach could not resolve to go away. He often thought of a passage that had made a deep impression, when he first desired to go to Greenland, "*at the evening it shall be light.*" Mr. Egede confirmed him in his resolve, and offered to take care of him, so long as he himself should stay: so that they all decided to remain. The supplies from Europe were uncertain; from Hernhuth they could afford but little aid. The Moravians improved in the art of fishing more and more, and could now gain their own subsistence. In this manner began the third year of their residence in Greenland. The chief winter occupation was the acquiring the language; they were unlearned men, and were told by their more gifted companions, that it would not be possible to translate any but the historical pieces, as the natives had no expressions for most of the topics of scripture, and

could not form the least idea of spiritual things. Yet they were not appalled at this account, but in a few years, by constant inquiries of the Greenlanders, made a far greater progress than they had ever imagined possible; especially after some of the natives embraced the truth, and themselves found words to utter such feelings of the heart as were before unknown to them.

One evening, in the Moravian dwelling, some of the people wished to join in the meeting, and were very serious. One of the former gave a Bible into the hand of a native, which he opened by chance at that passage, "Then the heathen that are left round about you shall know that I the Lord build the ruinous place, and plant that that was desolate." This beautiful promise greatly animated their minds. These minds now began to doubt if all was right within themselves; it was a situation in which the fancy might easily begin to darken every object and every hope. Yet the imaginations cannot be blamed, that quickened while they alarmed the heart. Hence, they had not been able, for some time, to approach the Lord's table, because they "discovered," as it is observed, "that they had not yet buried all that was their own in the death of Christ. They could not attain the performance of their good intentions, for at times the enemy had gained his point of sifting them." For these reasons, they resolved, every evening, to keep an hour of strict examination, when each of them should, without constraint, declare what had passed in his soul throughout the day; and, finally, what hinderances or offence had occurred, either from himself or from others; at the same time to remind, and, if necessary, admonish and reprove one another.

It must have been a singular scene in the thick gloom of a Greenland evening, when their solitary lamp dimly lighted the chamber; and

these five men, amidst inclemency without, and poverty within, arose alternately, and told of the sadness or hope of their soul, and of their struggles against temptation. Alas! what temptations were there in such a place? they said justly, that they must seek them within, for without was not a single snare. But they were right: the long weary nights, and the joyless winter days, were enough to make the spirit prey on itself, and call into action every dormant evil or desire. By degrees they prepared for a closer examination, but first allotted some weeks to try themselves privately as to the following points, before they talked them over together:—first, whether they were convinced their call was from God; secondly, whether they were resolved to suffer nothing to obstruct that call; thirdly, whether they could offer themselves up entirely to the service of the heathen, and would never abandon it till they had done all in their power. The anxious and incessant searching over these points, seems of itself to have rather unsettled their minds; for their answers were at variance with their previous career. When the time came, they opened their thoughts as follows:—Christian David said he had received no other call to Greenland but to accompany the Brethren thither, and when he saw them settled, to return again; which call home he had now received, and would act in pursuance of it by the first opportunity. Christian Stach said he never looked upon his call, from the beginning, as if he was to devote his whole life to the service of the heathen; he rather undertook this voyage upon trial, where, if nothing is to be done, one returns again. Yet he would remain till God took him out of it, or till the Brethren called him away. The other three said, they would bind themselves in the strictest manner to this work, come life, come death—to believe, where there was nothing to be seen—to hope, where there was nothing to be expected. These de-

cisive words had an effect upon every one. Then the several tokens each of them had to avouch, that their call was divine, were also brought forward and examined.

Some months afterwards, they were in a state of deep distress. The amount of provisions, for the whole year, was only a barrel and a half of oat-meal, half a barrel of pease, and a small quantity of biscuits. Out of this pittance they had to fit out Christian David for his return to Denmark. Little or nothing was now got by hunting or fishing, there being a great scarcity both by sea and land. The only way left was to buy some fish of the Greenlanders; but the heartless people soon found out that they were in want, and valued their goods at double the price; and most of them, even those with whom they were best acquainted, and to whom they had shewn most kindness, would sell them nothing at all. Often, after rowing among the villages on the coast for two or three days, the utmost entreaties could procure but a scanty pittance, and when that was consumed, they were obliged to pacify their hunger with raw sea-weed or shell-fish.

At length heaven disposed a strange Greenlander, whose name was Ippegau, to come forty leagues out of the south, to sell them all he could spare from time to time. Once, in summer, having lost their way among the islands, they chanced to meet with this native; he brought them to his home, made them welcome, and listened earnestly to their discourse. In the present extremity, this man was scarcely remembered; when he suddenly came of his own accord, and invited them again to visit him. It was beneath his roof that they first inured themselves to the seal's flesh; yet even this was a delicacy, compared to the old tallow-candles they had been obliged to use, boiled with sea-weed. A month was passed in the house of Ippegau, where the manner of

life had little variety. The dwelling was built on a steep rock, that the melted snow-water might run off the better; it stood near the sea, and was without door or chimney; the use of both being supplied by a vaulted passage made of stone, that ran in the middle of the house. This entrance was so very low, that it was necessary, almost, to creep in on the hands and feet; but it kept off the wind and cold excellently. There was a raised floor within, a foot high; the windows consisted of the entrails of white fish sewed together, impervious to the blast, yet admitting a partial light: lamps and kettles, chests and tubs, were scattered about. Benches were laid along the walls, and covered with skins, where they sat all the day long. The women cook, and sew, and converse, while the men drive out in their sledges every fine day. Fires were kept continually burning, so that the interior of the chambers were warm enough; a lamp burned in each of them day and night, and there was no smoke. But the odour of so many lamps fed with train oil, and the flesh and fish, sometimes half decayed, that lay on the floor, attacked the senses unmercifully. The order and stillness within the dwelling were remarkable; the sea often broke loudly at the foot of the rock, and the winds howled around its summit where the dwelling stood, but the people spoke little, and behaved to each other kindly. Though a great number lived together, nothing ever passed to violate decency. But they could no longer tax the hospitality of the Greenlander, being four in number, and took leave of him with many thanks.

Passing from place to place, the strong cravings of hunger compelled them, more than once, to set out on a stormy sea in an old decayed hulk of a boat. "Above all," they say, with great simplicity, "we were sometimes seized with an uncommon gloomy apprehension, when among the infidels, and felt a great power of darkness." So dawned upon

them the fourth year; when their friend, Ippegau, began himself to be in want, and could shew no more hospitality. As for the rest of the Greenlanders, they would not curtail even a trifle from the luxury of their dancing feasts. At one banquet, which lasted the whole night, the Brethren saw eleven seals devoured, whilst all their entreaties could not move the gluttons to sell one bit.

One day the wind forced them upon a desert shore, where they spied an eagle upon her nest far up the cliff: climbing up the face of the rock with great hazard and difficulty, to reach the nest,—they at last got two large eggs, and, after a conflict between the eagle and two of the emaciated men, they succeeded in killing the bird. Even when starving, they never lost sight of the mission, and now exulted at finding, in the wings, eighty-eight quills for writing, an article they greatly wanted.—“It seems,” they write, after, “as if we were forsaken of all men, even by our brethren.”

A strong and mournful impression was made by the annual departure of the sun. It took place about the 26th of November. A few days before, they generally ascended the rocks at noon, to behold the sun once more; and when on the 26th he just shewed his faint and mild light, ere he vanished for a long period, they sadly bade him farewell. The days that immediately succeeded were still tolerably light, but in December it was twilight, even at noon. At this hour they could not read a book when standing at the window, and the candles were always kept burning. The stormy sea, at times, beat against the shore near which their dwelling stood, and then there succeeded a long calm, when the waves were chained by the ice, and could move no more. They used exercise out of doors, to preserve their health, when the sky was clear, and there was the light of the moon, as

well as of the northern lights, which often seemed to float close by. With what heartfelt joy they saw the sun return! About the middle of January, if the weather was fine, its light could be seen on the high rocks, and a few days afterwards he was seen glorious, and as if new created; but only for a few moments. They now felt as if they had conquered all the troubles of the year, as if they had recovered strength and life; the thoughts were more clear, the soul more happy; hope looked forward to spring, summer, and ships, all joyful prospects. After the middle of May, the sun did not again set at night, but rose higher and higher, till the summer solstice; and about the end of July, dipped again at night, but partially, under the horizon. The sinking was, at first, imperceptible, only the night-frosts became more severe.

In the ensuing spring a vessel arrived, and brought provisions, as well as some companions, most welcome to their solitude. These were Matthew Stach's mother, a widow of forty-five years of age, and her two daughters, both single; Rosina twenty-two years of age, and Anna still younger, they were to take the housekeeping between them. These ladies began to learn the language with might and main; in which, to every body's surprise, they made a great proficiency. So true it is, that women, when they are bent upon it, will learn a language much quicker than men; the Grecian, Circassian, and Smyrniote females, are proofs of this. The arrival added wonderfully to the comforts of the forlorn men; it brought cheerfulness and courtesy to their roof, as well as better housekeeping. In the diary this year, it is noted, as a peculiar festivity, that in the Easter holidays they ate birds once more, and each of them had a whole partridge for his share. Their fishery and reindeer hunting also prospered better.

Christian Stach, who had returned to Germany, had hastened to Hernhuth, and afterwards to Jena and

Frankfort, in order to seek Count Zinzendorf, and recommend the mission to his greater care and patronage. He was gone to England, and Stach followed him there; but the Count was too visionary and mystical to feel much enthusiasm at the detail of such hopeless labours. The hour, however, was near, for which they had waited so long in Greenland. The Moravians sorrowed much, for the faint impression made on the natives, and now believed that the topics hitherto chosen were not well suited to the hearers—such as the attributes of God, the Christian duties, eternal salvation or perdition: they were assured that something more than these was yet requisite. The detail is best given in their own words.

June the 2d, “Many of the southland natives visited us. John Beck was just writing out fair, a translation of the Evangelists. The savages wanted very much to know what was contained in that book? He read something of it, and then entered into a discourse with them. He told them how God created all things; how man revolted from him, and was plunged into extreme misery and ruin. They were not touched by this. We had resolved, a few days before, to change the manner of our addresses, and speak only of the sufferings and death of Christ. Hereupon the Holy Spirit prompted one of us to describe that love with more and more energy, and he exhorted them that they should not withhold their hearts from Him, which he had purchased at so dear a rate. At the same time he read out of the New Testament, the history of our Saviour’s conduct on the Mount of Olives, and of his exquisite anguish of soul. Then the Lord opened the heart of one of them, whose name was Kaiarnac, and he stepped up to the table, and said, with a loud, earnest, and affecting voice, ‘How was that? tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved, too.’ These words, the like of which I had never

heard from a Greenlander, penetrated through my very marrow and bone, and kindled my soul into such an ardour, that I again gave the Greenlanders an account of our Lord's whole life and death, whilst the tears ran down my cheeks. In the mean time, the rest of the brethren came home from their employments abroad, and began with joy to tell the heathens yet more of the way of salvation. Some of the latter laid their hands on their mouths, as is customary among them when they are struck with wonder. Some, who had no relish for the subject, slipped away secretly, but others desired we should teach them also to pray, and when we prayed, they repeated it many times over, that they might not forget it: in short, there was such an agitation and stirring among them, as we had never seen before. At taking leave, they promised to call upon us again soon, and hear of this matter, and they would also tell the rest of their people of it. June the 11th, some of them came again, and staid all night with us. Kaiarnac said he would now go to his tent, and tell his family, especially his little son, these great things. From that time he visited us more frequently. When we speak to him, he is often deeply affected: he scarcely hears a thing twice, before he understands it, and retains it in his mind and heart; at the same time he shews an uncommon attachment to us, and a constant desire to be better instructed. O dear friends, how many an agreeable hour have we now, after so many sorrows."

Their hopes were soon fulfilled in this man. His family, consisting of nine persons, were the first that were brought under convictions by his words and conduct; and, before the month was over, three large families of natives came, with all their effects, and pitched their tents beside the dwelling of the Moravians. They came to hear the joyful news of

the redemption, as they called it; and when the former could not find words to express themselves sufficiently clear, Kaiarnac assisted them. Most of them went away soon afterwards, to hunt the reindeer; they took leave with tears, and promised to come again towards winter; but Kaiarnac would not go with them, for fear his soul should suffer harm. Indeed, the Brethren were in great concern, lest his friends should entice him away, who said that his new way of life was a bondage, to their wild freedom. But he was very different from most of the Greenlanders; he shewed a singular sincerity and stedfastness, amidst all the allurements as well as mockeries he met with. At last, his nearest friends were so struck by his firm conduct, that they resolved to move again to New Hernhuth, the name given by the Moravians to the settlement.

In the beginning of October, when the Greenlanders remove out of their tents, many more persons came to the settlement. With what a different hope did this winter set in, from each that had preceded it! They took five candidates for baptism into a more close tuition. "This lovely beginning," says one of them, "did, however, soon admit of an occasion for correction. At the return of the sun at the winter solstice in December, the converts were invited by their friends in the neighbourhood to a dance; and, though warned against it, yet most of them went there secretly. Now, after they had slept upon it, they were told, from Exodus, how dearly it had of old cost the people of God, to follow such merriments. The better to watch over the people, the Moravians went as much as possible to the distant fisheries, and, on going to sea, always left one of their number with the Greenlanders who staid at home. In the beginning of the year, there was such a rigorous cold, that even the natives could not go abroad for any supplies; they

could no longer sally forth on the sledges: the ice lay fast off the shore for ten miles. The seals retired so far, that the people, with all their activity, could not procure sustenance for their families. The winter provisions were soon consumed, and want and famine were at hand. Many were frozen or starved to death; they shut themselves up in their houses, and there the lamps went out, one by one, for want of train-oil to supply them. The people gazed miserably on the dying light; some, whose homes were too wretched, and had more strength left, walked over the ice eight or ten leagues ere they could reach the water; others forsook their wives and children, promised to come to them again, and went to seek some relief; but they never returned: many were at last obliged to devour their dogs, valuable as they were to them, and, after that, to tear the skins from the walls. The two dwellings of the Moravians were so crowded with the sufferers, that they could scarcely stir. The former embraced this moment of distress, to speak to the heart; but, contrary to their expectation, they found that heart callous, and were for the first time aware, that extreme want, like excess of prosperity, frequently hardens the heart, and causes it to regard the things of God with a sullen and thankless feeling.

Yet it was evident that Christianity had entered the minds of many of the natives, by a change of life: the number of hearers also increased; and the amulets and idolatrous charms were cast away. The Moravians were resolved to hold forth the gospel in the light, only, that had been thus signally blessed.

In the ensuing spring, two marriages were on the tapis. Living under the same roof with two young and attractive women, softer emotions than those of friendship, almost inevitably arose in the breasts of the Moravians. Every day and hour gave proof

of the valuable qualities of the two sisters : however sacred the cause that draws them together, men will grow weary at last of each other's faces, as well as wisdom, and sigh for a gentler relief, a more endearing variety. Rosina and Anna entered so warmly into their pursuits, shared all their trials ; above all, felt the same deep yet patient enthusiasm, for the conversion of the heathen, that love came an easy guest into the heart. Frederic Bæhnish was married to the younger sister ; and the elder, to another of the missionaries. Their hands were joined by one of their brethren : the ceremony was as simple as possible, in the Greenland cottage, that was to be their future and only home. A wedding-dinner was given on the occasion : what the materials were, we are not informed ; but the joy was as high, and the affection as strong, amidst the icebergs and wastes of snow, as in a gay, and bright, and luxurious European home.

Kaiarnac had now been absent a year, in a distant voyage and hunting expedition ; they feared that he would return another man : but he suddenly entered the room, when they were keeping the wedding-dinner of Bæhnish, and filled them with joy. He had sustained no loss in the society of his countrymen ; and all their persuasions, instead of drawing him aside from religion, had only deepened its power on his mind. He brought his brother and family with him, whom he had persuaded to the same belief. Now he would leave them no more, he said, but he had left his son a year longer among the natives, in hopes that his conversation would have a good effect on them.

Many who came this summer from remote places, went away with a strong remembrance of what the converts had told them. Kaiarnac was the great agent ; his growth in knowledge seemed to keep pace with his fidelity : as he was once upon a journey, he was invited by the natives to a dance at

the sun-feast, to rejoice with them at its return. He went, and addressed them thus—"I have now another kind of joy, because another Sun, even Christ, is arisen in my heart. Neither have I any time to stay here; for I must hasten to my teachers, who will soon have a great festival, to rejoice that the Creator of all things was born into the world to redeem us." Then he continued in such a strain, as amazed them all. Soon after, this man died, and evinced to the last the sincerity of his soul. His death was a great loss to the cause; yet several were so struck with his tranquil exit, as instantly to embrace Christianity. It seemed that the departed man was destined still to be the instrument of permanent good: his son, Kaiarnac, and his daughter, whom he had carefully instructed, now began to teach the natives of their own accord.

Another convert was quickly added, who proved very useful, a youth of the name of Arbalik. The eldest Stach, in the mean time, after travelling through Switzerland and Germany with Count Zinzendorf, went to Marianborn, where he was ordained a priest by Polycarp Millar, then bishop of the Brethren, and soon after set out on his return to Greenland. In his way, he presented a petition to the king at Copenhagen, whereby he gained larger privileges for his companions, and received an edict, in Danish, in the following words. "It is our gracious will that the new-ordained Matthew Stach shall be henceforward the regular teacher of the Greenland Moravian Brethren, and in that quality may administer baptism and all ministerial acts, usual among them." On his return, he found a great change: wherever his companions ranged, along the coast or in the interior, neglect and derision were no longer their portion, no doors were closed against them; nor was the superstition of the natives a powerful obstacle to success.

They believe in a superior Being, called *Torn-garsuk*, whose nature is rather evil than good; but he is neither loved nor feared, and receives very little reverence. When they are in health, and their fishery is successful, *Torn-garouk* is quite indifferent to them; neither offerings nor prayers are given. When they are ill or unhappy, or the sea-animals leave the coast, recourse is had to the sorcerer, who is believed to be in connection with the deity. The former asks advice, and brings the answer. They believe in the immortality of the soul, if the idea of two places of abode, one in heaven, and the other under the earth, may be called so. They consider the subterranean abode as the happiest, because probably they think it is the warmest, where frost and snow cannot come. The most tasteful part of their belief is, that the northern lights are the souls of the deceased sporting in glory in the sky. Of apparitions they stand greatly in dread. The loneliness of their lives, with the long darkness, where the sense of light is so confined, and that of hearing is often invaded with the most appalling sounds, conduce to this belief. The accidents also, by which so many lives are lost in storms, and in fishing, affect their imagination. The spirits of the lost are heard to come on shore in the dead of night; they can be heard to knock the ice from their favourite kajaks, and utter a mournful wailing, that they shall sail in them no more. Sometimes also they are seen to sit sadly beside the pillows in their dwellings, as if they watched the feeble lamps, or came from their cold bed to revel in the warmth once more. The rocks also have their spirits, which are very dangerous, as they even come down into the houses by night, and steal the provisions; but it is said also, that these are Greenlanders, who, from despair and ill-treatment, fled from society for ever, and dwelt among the

cliffs. It is no wonder if they availed themselves of the fears of their countrymen, to prolong their existence. The survivors always bind up the legs of the dead, and carry them, in winter, out of a window, and, in summer, out of the back part of the tent to the grave, that their ghosts may not return.

The sea-spectre in which they believe, is of a more fearful character. Egede, in his scarce narrative, published in 1741, and inscribed to Prince Frederic, dwells on these superstitions. This spectre appears before any misfortunes, as shipwrecks and storms, and is seen sometimes on a solitary field of ice, clad in a loose robe or shroud; at other times it flits rapidly over the frozen plain, and its frightful shrieks can be heard to a great distance. Those who see and hear it, know that inevitable misfortune is at hand: it has even been heard to utter words, but they only warned of shipwreck and death. There is another phantom believed in by the more superstitious natives; it is the figure of a child, clad in swaddling clothes, with long beautiful hair, whom they call Marmel: he is seen at times on the shore, but oftener on the lonely isles, where he is heard to sing in a sweet voice, but those who are allured to follow him, are sure to be led into disaster and sorrow: this kajak breaks loose from the shore; the fields of ice are suddenly broken to pieces, and all escape prevented, or a snow-storm comes on, so that they wander about till they perish. There is another dreaded being, whom they call Elversortok, who, like the Grecian vampyre, feeds upon the dead, and is seen to hover round the places of graves. His countenance, they say, is ghastly and haggard, with hollow eyes and cheeks. The Ignersoit are phantom living in the mountains, and in high and craggy cliffs: they sometimes entice the wandering Greenlanders to their homes, but it is only to enjoy their company: again they are seen to speed along the coast,

and over the wild plains, enveloped in light and fire like a meteor. The Ingersoit make their appearance only when the perpetual night of winter is on the earth, and can be discerned far over the frozen wastes.

Now came a harder trial to the faith of the converts than dances, or ghosts, or derision; this was self-conceit. It was easy for people who were so lately sunk in the grossest ignorance, to have a wonderful idea of the knowledge they had obtained, and fancy that it exalted them far above the rest of their countrymen. The Moravians complain much of this, and say, that many set themselves up for teachers, and entertained high thoughts of themselves. This was human nature truly portrayed on the shores of Greenland. Surprised at their own fluency of speech, as well as the attention with which it was listened to, religion began to be to them a concern of the head, more than of the heart. Had their faculties been more keen and strong, the Moravians would have found great difficulty in reducing their vanity. They set about, "without delay," as they quaintly express it, "to enforce that needful and happy point of sinnerhood, or poverty of spirit, the knowledge of one's own misery and corruption."

They had now translated the greater part of St. John, which they constantly read to the Greenlanders in their meetings. The latter learnt several hymns also with great eagerness, and sung them continually in their houses, and at all their employments, as well as at the fishing grounds. In the great market, in the frozen bay of Disco, with the noble iceberg on every side, the voices of some of the groups of converts were heard rising in hymns of praise. No doubt, this was a singular change in an obstinate and brutal people. There was such an emotion at times in the assemblies, that speaker and hearers wept together. "And this had often a better effect," says one of the Moravians,

“than the most regular and learned sermon.” The latter now began to form the converts into little associations, which they called bands, or classes, in which four or five persons of the same sex spoke freely of the state of their soul, and their advances in religion. A director was appointed to each band. When Egede heard all this, there was little doubt that he deemed it at first to exceed belief; for fifteen years he had seen this people as the beasts of the field, vindictive, treacherous, and utterly selfish, filthy in their habits and persons; with dwellings, to which the cave of the bear was sweetness itself. Even had there been no light in the mind, no hope of immortality in their present change, it was yet a mercy to civilize and render them more like denizens of earth. To the credit of the Moravians, they enforced a change of manners and tastes, as far as it was possible; greater cleanliness in the dwellings, greater kindness to each other. The youth, Arbalik, had already delivered many a noble testimony among his countrymen. He had formerly been a pupil to a famous sorcerer, and was to have learnt the art of conjuring people to death.

Among the candidates came a son of Ippegau, the once generous host in their extremity, who had maintained them many weeks when every other dwelling was closed. It proved, that in the loneliest places, even on a desert rock, good may be done by the poor and helpless Christian. Some words that were spoken by the missionaries, some discourse they had offered in the cheerless dwelling, had sunk into the heart of this son, and now he resolved to be a Christian. The preaching of the gospel had such an effect the following year, that it seemed as if an entire awakening of the natives would ensue. Often did the people, when they saw the missionaries pass by in the boats, come down and stand on the shores, call after them, and entreat them to land, and tell

them the words of God. Had these men not been Moravians, it is probable that the same disease of vanity, that had infected their converts, would have seized on their own hearts. But the early discipline of Hernhuth was seldom known to be forgotten by its members. The very circumstance, which before was so great a hinderance, that of the natives wandering from place to place, was now a great advantage; for these scattered Christians bore the word of life to the most distant parts. One of the greatest triumphs was, to see the warm and friendly feelings of the converts to each other; people who before would sometimes put their parents and relatives to death, and were capable of atrocious deeds, were now meek and gentle.

It was but two years before, that the Greenlanders had murdered the crew of a Dutch ship in a very artful manner. They posted themselves among the crew, as if they wanted to deal with them. Each of them looked his man in the face, and the sign agreed upon being given, they drew their knives from under their coats, and every one stabbed the man who was next to him. Only the pilot and a couple of sailors, who were below, saved their lives.

A reading school was now kept with the children, and a singing school with the women: the men, who had no time for it, learned the hymns and the tunes from the others in their houses. The Moravians found the singing hours an excellent opportunity to instil into the minds of the natives the truths of scripture: they learned the verses presently by heart, and loved to ask the meaning of a verse, sooner than of a discourse. The singing of the Greenlanders was not without sweetness, for the voices of the women were soft, low, and plaintive; and those who cared little about Christianity, loved to stand still and listen. This year the congregation was increased with eleven adult natives.

It is remarkable, in this progress of religion among the Greenlanders, how rapid was the improvement of the faculties; it seemed to prove, that their former portion was one of utter ignorance, rather than utter stupidity. The power of reasoning, before so slow and imperfect, now acquired strength and quickness every day: during the teaching, they no longer waited till they were asked, or had learned an answer by heart, but themselves made earnest inquiries. Their memories, that were before like sieves from which every thing glided, now strove to treasure spiritual as well as natural subjects: they were seen, in their sledges and boats, to talk to each other of what they were told; the voice of the lonely native was heard as he passed along, singing the hymn, or repeating the prayer, he had learned: and they were observed often to sit silent and thoughtful. In a life so dull, so dreary, and confined, it may be believed the faculty of imagination was rare enough; yet, in some of the converts, it rapidly developed itself: in the few speeches of Kaiarnac; still more, in the relations and addresses of Arbalik, who loved, when he spoke to his countrymen, the themes of the woman of Samaria, or the story of Mary Magdalene and others, by which he gained many converts. Mind, that glorious and inexpressible gift, was vouchsafed to the native, as the influence of grace and mercy prevailed in his heart: the eyes of the understanding, as well as of the soul, were opened, and the Greenlander arose from his long night of vice and brutality, a changed, a blessed, and a rejoicing man. It was perceived that no theme was so dear as the one that had first moved them.

The Moravians wisely ministered to this; thus they write on one occasion: "The people made ready for their departure: some wanted very much to know how they should be kept from evil during their absence." We knew no better counsel to give

them than this: "Think of the soul's chief object—let His pains and love never be forgot—think of them amidst the rocks and icebergs, and say often, Beloved, depart not from me." On another occasion:—"We kept the morning meeting before we set out on our voyage. Then we steered on our course. As we glided along, the Greenlanders in the boats sung out their whole stock of verses, and then began again. The sound of their voices was sweet and solemn. In the evening we came to Pisiksaric: there were six tents of wild Greenlanders pitched there already, but we pitched ours at a short distance. The next day, some of our people spoke a great deal of our Lord in these tents, and wondered at the dead and deplorable condition of the people. Their own deliverance from darkness was anew important to them. Anna and Ketura, two of our converts, spoke with the women, and they listened to them in silence. The weather was so warm, that when we were upon land we could scarcely bear our clothes on. But the three following days it snowed so hard, and was so cold, that I could hardly write. I delivered the Whitsun sermon on the 29th, under the azure sky, and the next day went a hunting, and killed a large reindeer. It being now light at night, I went with some others at midnight to another place in search of game." Now that they had acquired so much influence over the people, their plan was to go abroad from island to island, and to the various places on the coast, where the summer abodes were fixed. One such visit is related in the following words:—"After the morning meeting, we spoke with all the baptized; and at the close of the day, when they were all returned, we addressed them in these words, 'God is love.' From hence we went to some of our own people. We admonished them not to put themselves upon a level with the world any more; for those that merely did so, are still

harassed in their souls." There is great simplicity in this counsel. As if in the midst of a court, or in the dissipations of a city, the Greenlanders were warned not to conform to the world—in the frozen zone, upon an island, with the reindeer for their companions, and the howling of winds for their melody.

But temptation does not always depend upon the guise in which it is veiled. There was evil example enough, even here; and care was taken that, in the first steps of their career, there should be some test of obedience; however trifling, it mattered not. They were commanded not to play at ball; or at the ducl of poetry, as it is called; or to dance with the unbelievers. Upon another island, they say, they found things better. "No description can paint the joy they had in us, nor the joy we had in them. Some of them turned their hearts inside out, and laid bare all that was in them, good or bad. Some told us what honourable reproach they had borne from the infidels." It may be thought by some, that this conversion was too sudden and surprising; since its detail is almost startling. But the way had been long silently and diligently prepared: the fifteen years' toil of Egede, and the five years of the Moravians, were not utterly in vain, though the fruits did not appear. Obstinacy and sullenness had closed the hearts of the natives; but their understanding was long since awakened by the appeals of the teachers, whose life and example they also allowed to be upright and good. The error of Egede, as well as of the Moravians, was in addressing the reason rather than the feelings of these hardened men, who would probably have remained to this day in wretchedness, but for the change of theme, as well as manner of address, adopted by the missionaries. From the day, that the love and the sufferings of Christ were set forth in a manner more moving and heartfelt than

had ever been done before—the attention of the natives was arrested as by a spell: for the first time, their feelings were engaged. “It was now perceived,” write the Moravians, “that they were always particularly affected when the Saviour’s agony was spoken of. And, as to our own hearts, they were uncommonly warmed by this theme; the words came so fluently, that each wondered at the other’s power of expression.”

They went on their way from isle to isle; passing a few days at each, to inspect the state of the people, and then returned, happy, to their home at New Hernhuth. There was cause to rejoice in the change in these homes: it could no longer be said that they were comfortless; the long winters were no more spent in lonely communion, in brooding over the darkness of their prospects, or tracing the deficiency of their own hearts. Abroad all was cheering, within all was comfort and affection; three of them were already married: Rosina and Anna proved excellent wives. The interior of the dwellings was neat and cleanly; poverty no longer looked in, nor did famine wait at the door. There was reindeer-flesh, haddocks, stock-fish, and herrings: smelts caught in abundance, and dried in the open air, were an excellent winter provision; and, for delicacy, there was bear’s-flesh: brandy, sugar, and even wine, were some of their comforts. The following summer, another Danish ship arrived, and with it came Rosina Niehman, and two single sisters. Affairs had altogether passed from one extreme to another; the poor youths who, the year before, were begging from house to house, on the waste of snow, plucking the raw sea-weed from the rocks, and fighting with the eagle of the desert for the possession of its eggs, were now an object of desire to the fair Moravian sisters of Europe. They were known to be lonely, and much in want of helpmates beneath their roofs,

as well as in their toils among the heathen. In a few months, Shuaider was married to Rosina Shlesar, and her companion, Thiem, to Mr. Drachart, two missionaries, who had arrived some time before.

They had now a little community, full of kindness and cordiality to each other; they could set the elements at defiance; and, as one or two of the families removed to other parts of the coast, for the sake of the converts, it was very pleasant to make and return visits, and pass a few weeks at each other's houses. Excitements without doors were not wanting: their early necessities had made them expert hunters and fishers; they now joined the parties of the Greenlanders, either for exercise, or to procure food, or sometimes set out alone. Their favourite chase was the reindeer; either using the dart of the natives, or the fowling-piece. It was highly exciting to follow the deer over the vales and plains, in the lightness and coolness of a summer's night, when all was so still around; and no sound awoke among the echoes, but the hunter's cry. During the days of winter, the sport was most productive, the extreme cold making the deer less wild: but it was necessary to have a practised eye and foot. It was like the shadowy chase, in the German traditions, of bodiless hunters, and game hurrying on, in the dim light of the midnight sky. Sometimes on the snowy plain, sometimes on the moveless sea, was the flight of the reindeer and his Moravian pursuers: the hills of ice and snow never failed to give a faint yet clear light: some of the latter at last became more able hunters than the natives; and the large gray antlers, hung in abundance on the walls, made the missionary dwelling resemble that of the warrior or savage. Foxes and hares were abundant. The eider fowl's plumage afforded bedding, soft and indulgent as down; but, though commonly used, the birds were not good eating.

The chase of the bear, in which they sometimes joined, for the sake of his skin, as well as the food he afforded, was the most dangerous: if the ball missed him, or he did not fall at the first shot, he often rushed on the hunter. The instances were not rare, of the latter perishing. The natives go out in parties, and always with dogs. The white bear affords a more bold and exciting chase, and a more valuable prize; for the flesh is fine, and eats like mutton: it was necessary to follow them over the flakes and plains of ice, where they sought the dead whales and seals, or to attack the sea-lion. The combat was sometimes obstinate and fierce, the great strength and size of the animal enabling him to resist a whole boat full of Greenlanders, who are by no means bold hunters when imminent danger is in the way. Yet the fat of this animal, being a rich stock for the lamps, as well as for the cookery during the whole winter, made them run many risks. When the winter is unusually severe, the white bears often come to the burying-grounds of the natives, and tear the bodies from the graves; at times even drawing near the Greenland dwellings, and breaking into them, allured by the scent of the seal-flesh within. The natives, in their turn, set up the hue-and-cry after the spoilers, the whole hamlet is roused; they surround them with their dogs, attack them with lances and harpoons; yet, so desperate is the defence, that, on more than one occasion, several lives were lost in the fray.

During the progress of the mission, the sorcerers were not idle; perceiving that their gains were passing away; they worked on the minds of the irresolute, and strove to frighten them by all manner of tales. One gave out that he had performed a journey to heaven, to know how it went with the souls of the Greenlanders. There he had found all the baptized in a wretched condition,

without food or raiment, looking very sad and miserable; but the unbaptized were in great affluence, dancing and feasting continually; their voices also had such melody, that the very angels came in crowds to listen to them. This detail was rather staggering to the faith of some: but another tale was yet more so; this was of a Greenland convert, who died at a distant part of the coast, and his spirit had come again. Its appearance was very dismal, as it seemed to be suffering exquisite and eternal cold. It was seen standing at times immoveable on the ice, or in the middle of a plain of snow, and uttering wild and thrilling cries. As this tale was in unison with the belief of the people, it spread no little alarm; the spirit was seen by many; he loved to draw near at night to the dwelling, where the glare of a large fire told him how warm the people were within. On some occasions he entered the huts, and stood at the door, a white and ghastly figure in a mantle of snow, with a strange fire in his eyes, and shivering without ceasing. Some said they could distinguish in the sounds he uttered the words of a hymn that he was fond of in life, which he now trolled out in mockery, to shew what little comfort Christianity had been to him. At other times, he was seen moving among the ice-hills with wonderful swiftness, and on the brink of precipices and in gloomy places, so that the hunters began to avoid these spots. He was heard to say once to an affrighted group, that he had been driven into a dark dismal region, where he endured great distress, but that his greatest misery was the amazing cold he suffered; so that if they ever wished to be warm after death, they should have nothing to do with the missionaries. A few, who were glad of an excuse for apostacy, took advantage of these alarms, and went back.

The Moravians, however, went on with their system of discipline from one step to another. From

the bands or classes, in which each told the state of their own minds, they began to hold love-feasts, in which all the converts should meet together, and speak, as many at least as felt disposed, of the progress of religion in their hearts. The observer of human nature, as well as the man of piety, might desire to be present, if possible, at one of these assemblies, where the Greenland converts were gathered into a large dwelling, in the midst of the frozen waste, or on the edge of their icy ocean, to hear them tell simply and fervently of their being raised from hopelessness and sin to knowledge and peace. Then to listen to their hymns, whose sweet and plaintive strains passed over the wilderness like the voice of a people redeemed to God. It is easy to imagine that these meetings had strong attractions. They were held in the sunless days of winter. Till now, the natives had little resources during this season, to vary the dull monotony of their life; they slept away a good part of the time. Now they were seen going over the snow from their several dwellings, with lights in their hands, men and women of all ages, to the house that served for their chapel. And when the storms prevailed, as they often did in winter, and the winds arose with their wonted violence, it was strange to hear the voices of the worshippers amidst the pauses of the tempest, praising the love of Christ.

The following quotation shews the spirit of both people and teacher in trying situations:—"September the 3d, some Greenlanders went upon the reindeer hunt, and I (Matthew Stach) went with them. A violent squall came on; and at last we were hurried very near to a high bold shore. The current was rapid, and the lofty surges dashed together in such confusion, that we thought every moment to be over-set. The women's boat writhed itself in the billows like a worm. One of them asked me who was that I lately spoke of, to whom our Saviour said, "O

woman, great is thy faith." At last we got to the land. The 6th we could not stir out of the tent for the rain and storm, and the next day it was no better; so that we gathered into a company, and entered on the chief point I wished to impress on the Greenlanders; namely, 'if they loved God and one another heartily?' Afterwards I advised each to remember this question—'Lovest thou me?' to remember it, till each should be able to answer with truth—'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' The 12th, we went a hunting. I killed two reindeer, but the Greenlanders none; however, I gave them one of mine. This year, the congregation, that before amounted to seventy-three persons, was increased by twenty-six more. A great number of children were also regularly instructed."

It was now the year 1747. The little company of the baptized were faithful to their profession: some painful circumstances indeed occurred, but it could not otherwise be expected. "For are we not," says one of the Moravians, "here below in an imperfect congregation? On this side the grave is a hospital, not indeed of dead people, but of sick, who are recovering, where one is to strengthen that which is ready to die. On the whole, there is much cause for gratitude."

The fault of the Moravians was every now and then a little mysticism, inseparable from their institution; and it sounds as gracefully among their Greenland homes as it would have done in those of the bears of the wild. Thus they write: "Hitherto we had scrupled to tell the Greenlanders of this great and inexpressible mystery, even of the sacrament. First of all, it was needful that that depravity, which is in every man, should begin as it were to foment, that so each individually might be brought to a real knowledge of himself, and get exercise and senses. Most certain it is, that from this year that unutter-

able *charisma* of a true assembly, which is called the congregation spirit, appeared in an amiable manner, even the walking of the Head of the congregation in the midst of the candlesticks—such breezes—on which no stranger seizes—perceived alone by the spouse of the Lamb, Revel. — —.” Their words had never so much effect as when they were most simple. The chapel was now too small for the hearers, so that in the summer they were obliged to hold their meetings in the open air. “And matters were brought,” says Stach, “from time to time into a beautiful edifying order.”

Accounts of these things began to excite great attention in Europe, and they had such effect on the synod at Zayst, that some wealthy members resolved to get a large timber house framed in Holland, and send it to Greenland in a ship freighted solely therewith. A few Brethren offered to go with it, in order to erect and finish it there; and the old Christian David, who had returned some years before, seized the opportunity to go in the quality of master builder. He had built the first hut for his companions in Greenland, but never imagined, on his departure, that hereafter no dwelling in the country would be large enough for the converts. The ship arrived safely; the building was carried on so rapidly, that it was erected on the 7th of August. Much snow had fallen in July, and now began again; but the consecration of the edifice was an impressive thing; the rumour of such a house as had never been seen in Greenland, enticed numbers from far and near to look at it. As two of the Moravians, who arrived this year, understood music, and had brought two or three instruments, the singing on this occasion had more melody than usual.

In an extract from the journal of Stach, he says of another place, “There was a gentle wind of the Spirit: there were many people, although it snowed

hard upon us: for the church at Pisarbik, where we were, had no roof but the firmament; the walls consist of the snow-white mountains; the pulpit is a large stone, and the benches are the bare rock." Two years before, five of the natives had gone to Europe with Matthew Stach; one of them was Arbalik, another was a young woman of the name of Judith. They were taken to Hernhuth, as well as to the synod in Silesia. Two of them died. With the other three he travelled through Germany, and no one unacquainted with the circumstance, would ever have thought they were savages. The greatest precaution was used to prevent their being much observed. The princely dwellers at Gotha, who had heard about them, requested a visit, and a stay of some days. This visit gave occasion to their being afterwards presented to the king of Great Britain, and the rest of the royal family. Every scene, as well as habit of cultivated Europe, was strange to the natives of the north: the green pastures, the forests, the neatness of the houses, and the refinement of the people, struck them with extreme surprise. Yet their own demeanour was perhaps equally surprising: Judith had few pretensions to beauty, but, for a Greenlander, her person was attractive, and her mind decidedly superior. Habited in a European dress, with that mild and serene exterior which the Moravians seldom fail to impart to their disciples, this young woman and her friend Arbalik traversed a good part of the continent, observing much, and treasuring in their memories what they saw and heard. They came to London in the *Irené*, and the same vessel took them thence to Pennsylvania, where they visited the congregations at Bethlem and Nazareth. The converted Indians gathered round the strangers, conversed with them eagerly, and sent some letters by them to the Greenlanders. It was a deeply interesting thing to see the converts of

Elliot meeting with those of Egede, from the frozen zone, speaking of the things of religion, of their common hopes and fears; and the once savage warrior of America sending letters of peace to the Greenland fisher and hunter. Was there ever a nobler triumph of the cross of Christ?

From America, the wanderers had a prosperous voyage back to New Hernhuth. Their countrymen thronged the shore, greeted them with eager welcome, and listened to their details with surprise and delight. It is no small proof of the religious influence on the minds of the travellers, as well as of the careful instructions of the teachers, that the many strange and dissipating scenes and examples did not shake their fidelity. They had now a rich store of conversation for many a tedious night and day. Continual demands were made, and the various groups who gathered round them were never tired of listening. The women were rejoiced to see their friend Judith again, who returned in the next ship. But she came alone, healthy and happy, though less fortunate than the sisters of Stach in finding a helpmate for life. Her return gave rise to an institution singular enough in the frozen zone; but this fair Greenlander was a woman of no ordinary mind or resolution. She now in a peculiar manner turned to account her abode in Germany, where she had some time lived in the single sisters' choir-house at Hernhuth, and there imbibed a love of their mode of life. And now in her own land she sent a proposal to the heads of families, to allow their daughters to live with her in a separate house, and sleep beneath the roof, so that they might not, as hitherto, be exposed to see and hear such things as would awake unnecessary and hurtful thoughts. Her proposal was agreed to; and there was built in the autumn a good and comfortable dwelling, as a single sister's house in Greenland. With joy Judith looked on the company of young women

of the wealthiest families, who were placed wholly under her care; and with all the zeal of a lady abbess, she entered on her solemn and difficult charge, and began to form rules and observances. In the mean time, the younger men were diligently instructed by the missionaries; some were found of such good and quick capacity, as to learn not only to read, and to write a good German and Greenland hand, but to play on some musical instruments. A few afforded hopes that they might soon be employed as preachers among their nation.

A singular proof of obedience occurred at this time in a Greenlander. It is held by all the natives, that the murder of a father must be revenged, however long a period may elapse. A son, about fourteen years of age, was present when his father was murdered. He grew up to manhood, was a very active fisherman and hunter, married, and was much respected by his countrymen. But he was yet too weak to revenge the deed, the murderer had a numerous family, three wives, and was in general so superior to the rest of the natives, that the Danes called him king. The better to obtain his end, the son removed with his family far to the south, where most of his relations lived. He hoped to prevail upon them to accompany him back, and, with their assistance, execute his design. He came to their dwellings, painted the murder of his father, of which he had been a witness, and the dreadful circumstances which attended it, in the most lively colours. An eager consent was given; but the laying in provisions for the voyage caused some delay. At last he landed near his native place with his relations, among whom were some powerful young men, all bent on seeing justice done to the orphan. His father's house was forsaken, and fallen into decay: he came and stood beside it, and gave way to passionate amentations. The Moravians, who knew the cause

of his journey, and saw his numerous train, gave him a house at a short distance; but they took care to visit and often converse with him.

A few weeks had hardly elapsed, during which he had watched in vain for a favourable moment, ere he came to them, and said that he should like to learn something about the Lord of heaven, who had created all things. They went the following day to the dwelling. The avenger paid great attention to their words, and often neglected his fishery to listen to them. At last they told him that it was the command of God that he should do no murder. He looked at them sternly, and in silence, and went away sorrowful. They saw him no more for several days, during which he and his relations held consultations without ceasing; for they had been watching every day, and every hour, to execute their design. He was seen oftentimes walking up and down the shore alone, for the struggle in his mind was violent; his relatives pointed to the home of the murderer, and laughed at his doubts. Revenge would have prevailed, but the Moravians made him promise to do nothing till after his baptism, which was fixed for a certain day. A great number of people were assembled, to whom he gave an account of his belief in Christianity with openness and truth, and knelt down to receive the rite. His relations stood around, with gloomy and dissatisfied looks. The other converts drew nigh, to welcome him. "Receive me now," he said, "as a believer." He went to his home, and again strove hard with the demon within his heart, whose whispers painted the sweetness of the avenging deed. But after some days, he sent his enemy the following message: "I am now become a believer, and you have nothing more to fear." Upon repeated assurances, the former came one day, with a few attendants, armed, however, against any attack. He was received in the most friendly manner, and returned

home in peace. "You need fear me no longer," said the Greenlander, in parting; "I have forgiven it." The latter was invited to return the visit; he went, contrary to the advice of his friends, quite alone; he was received kindly. They ate, and spent the time in conversation, and parted in the evening on the best terms. But when Neil, the name of the convert, was not far from the shore, he perceived water in his kajak. He hastened to the land, got out, and found that a hole was cut in his boat. He soon stopped it up, and at last arrived safe home. Some time after, he told this to the missionary, and said with a smile, "He is still afraid I shall slay him, for my father's death, and has done this for that reason; but I will not harm him." He never broke this resolve; even ten years after, a message was received from him, saying that he was still faithful to God and his vow.

The comfort and cleanliness now introduced among the natives were real blessings; for their homes could be entered without any offence to the senses. Young women left off the practice of perfuming themselves with certain exquisite odours, which, however loved by the Greenlander, people of another country could not abide. The next year thirty-six persons were added to the congregation, and the sacrament was given to one hundred communicants. One of their oldest converts was this year taken away; a venerable person, whose end is thus quaintly told: "He was a very singular man; an humble, sinner-like, happy heart; always courteous and cheerful, and the person we could most confide in, of all our fellow-labourers among his nation. He often refreshed us by his childlike disposition, and every thing that he heard or saw of God, or his people, filled him with joy. We bid him a final adieu, and wept heartily; about two hundred persons came from other parts to his burial. They walled him up

in a pretty tomb, for they all loved and respected him very much, and inward pain was visible in every countenance."

Soon after, they sustained a still greater loss in the death of Rosina Shleser, alias Mrs. Drachart. The little community of Moravian families felt the void caused by the absence of this youthful and agreeable woman; it broke up one of their few domestic circles. The account of the closing scene is original. "Her illness was of a lovely kind; she incessantly sung verses of her own composing, and that in such a coherent manner, as if she had been one of the most excellent poets. Her corpse was deposited in a walled sepulchre, in the burying-ground at New Hernhuth." In the year 1750, the Bishop John de Watville being returned from a visitation in North America, resolved, with the consent of his wife, the Countess Benigna Zinzendorf, to visit the congregation of Greenland. He set sail accordingly: but the visit to the plains and forests of America had not prepared him for the dreary and desolate region he now saw. Rocky and mountainous, it towered above the fogs, like a white list in the sky; the summits entirely covered with snow, the hollow restless sea, and the floating masses of ice, making an irksome and everlasting noise. De Watville spent some time in the country.

"I cannot express, he says, how my heart felt at the sight of a congregation gathered out of this nation. Their nature, genius, and manner of life, differ, indeed, a good deal, from the Iroquois in America. Our Greenlanders are a mixture of phlegmatic and sanguine; but the Iroquois are a composition of melancholy and choler. The latter are also more grave, and not so childish and trifling, though it is certain there are some truly solid, manly, steady people among the former. I took a view of the region round New Hernhuth. No one would

expect to find such a pleasant place in such an unpleasant land. The country consists entirely of bald rocks, thinly interspersed with spots and veins of earth, or rather sand. But our house, area, and garden, looked very regular and decent. All the adjacent land round about the place, where once not a blade of grass grew in the sand, is now enrobed with most beautiful foliage, so that New Hernhuth may be called a garden of the Lord in a most frightful wilderness. I began to employ my spare hours in bringing the church register into order, out of the catalogues of those who were baptized, become communicants, married, and departed this life. And I added a short sketch of the course of life, and character, of every one that was fallen asleep. It was a pleasant work to me. June the 18th, the Sunday meetings were in the order they always used to be. In the forenoon I kept the choir meetings, and could express my heart and mind to every choir plainly and fully. In the afternoon the sermon was in Isaiah liii. "Surely he hath borne our griefs." In the evening was the liturgy of all the baptized Greenlanders, in which the litany was prayed. A peculiar grace rests upon this meeting of the litany, and it has something divine which very particularly distinguishes it. It is principally for the sake of it that the natives come on Sundays from places of six or ten leagues distant, and must often set off again in the night. When the words that closed this service, "O'er all, blest Lord," were sung, it sounded very beautiful and grand in Greenlandish. The next evening I took a walk eastward, over some cliffs and valleys, to Partridge Hill, where our brethren get many partridges in winter for their table, though they cost them a good deal of trouble and danger. We slept the night in a Greenland tent. These tents are beyond comparison more convenient, and better regulated, than those made use of in the woods of America."

The establishment of the travelled Judith now formed a regular community. Though less stern than the sisters of St. Clair in Palestine, who mutilated their beauty out of fear of the Saracens, these vestals of the north were faithful to their institution. They did not, indeed, keep themselves within doors, or refrain from going into the company of the other sex, or absolutely resolve against marriage; but they lived under one roof, kept an eye on each other's actions, revealed to each other their thoughts and temptations, and had daily meetings. The Moravians now felt how much sweeter it was to have a little power than to be subject to that of others. The people who so long regarded them with contempt, were now as obedient as little children. All their injunctions were strictly obeyed: nor was this power abused, but borne calmly and meekly. There are several letters of the better informed Greenlanders extant, written towards the close of life: from beginning to end they speak but of one theme—one hope and love. The teachers ever took care to keep their mind on this strong anchor.

The Bishop John De Watville now departed for Europe.

The Moravians found great difficulty in persuading the people to relinquish some peculiar customs. They had themselves loved the women they married, and wooed them fairly and honourably; and they wished that the converts should do the same: but, in Greenland, decorum requires that a girl must not choose to marry, nor the parents appear to give their consent to the union of their daughters—whom the young men carry off by force. Some friends accompany the suitor into the house of the parents, and assist in this summary mode of courtship, even in the presence of the latter. Often the girl knows nothing of her lover's attachment; but even if she does, she must make all possible resistance, and often

suffer herself to be dragged along by the hair. If she persists in not getting up, and refuses to go quietly, she receives some hearty boxes in the ear. When she at length arrives in the house of her lover, she sits desponding, with dishevelled hair, and seizes the first opportunity to run away again. Away she goes, over the snowy hills and vales, and, as a last recourse, sometimes cuts off her hair, a decisive and awful step; for then she will certainly never be wooed any more. If she is brought back to the lover's house again, she sits for some days dejected, without eating any thing; and when no kind persuasions avail, the old women of the house fall upon her.

Such a desperate kind of courtship, the Moravians wished to abolish; they insisted on the suitor coming to them, and making known his attachment, and then disclosing it to the parents and the girl. They at last succeeded: it was, however, but imperfectly; the flight to the hills, the obduracy, and then the beating, continued to be loved in many instances. A widow must express her affliction not only by her bowed head and unornamented hair, but also by the neglect of her person and dress. If, after some time has elapsed, she begins to look more clean and neat, this is a proof that she is not indisposed to marry again. The young women, when fourteen years old, begin to set a value on themselves, and wash their hair and persons. They love finery to excess. This appears in the gay trimming of their dresses, tent curtains, &c. Reindeer pantaloons are an especial article of luxury. "The demon of vanity," says the missionary, "also reigns in Greenland, among the female sex. A dress of handsome reindeers' skins is for a native woman, what the finest ornaments are for our ladies. In spite of their want of beauty, there is," says the writer, "a mildness in their manner, and an amiableness in their temper which atones for it in some measure."

The return of the husband to the home from his dangerous pursuits, is always a matter of joy; the wife drags his prize, whether seal or reindeer, to the house; in which her friends assist: the man, who has put his boat, dart, and harpoon in their right places, comes in, takes off his cloak, and sits down. In the mean time, he relates the adventures of the day in the chase. If there are any dried herrings in the house, some are laid before him on the ground till the dinner is ready, and with these, and a draught of water, he satisfies the first calls of hunger. While the men suffer much hardship at the fishing-places, the women are very comfortable in their warm houses, but they are never idle. At their feasts, a portion is always sent to the widows and orphans, even before the guests eat. The poor, say they, have no husband, no father, no one to rejoice with on their success in fishing.

When they row to other islands, or shores, on a visit, some presents are generally carried. If the guests are agreeable, they are welcomed with singing, and soft skins are put on the benches: the men sit on one bench, and the females on the opposite. The former talk gravely of the weather and of the usual sports; the women bewail their deceased relations with a low howl, that soon dies away; then they divert themselves with all manner of stories of hairbreadth escapes, ghosts, &c. All the while the stag-horn with snuff goes constantly round. When the repast is ready, the whole house, as well as some of the neighbours, are invited to partake. They have commonly three or four dishes; but if a feast is intended, there are many more.

A Danish merchant, who was invited to a great entertainment by some of the richest Greenlanders, counted the following dishes—dried herrings, dried seal-flesh, boiled ditto; the same half raw and rotten, called mikiak; boiled willocks; a

piece of a whale's tail dried, this was the dainty dish, this was the haunch of venison, to which the guests were properly invited; dried salmon; dried reindeer venison; a desert of crowberries mixed with the chyle of a reindeer; the same enriched with train oil. The talk on these occasions is prolonged for several hours; their tales or descriptions, as may be supposed, are prolix enough, but the audience is seldom wearied. The people are admirable actors and buffoons, and their little features are twisted into every variety of expression. When they relate how a seal was vanquished, they describe the very instant of time, the very spot, and then act over every motion, offensive and defensive, of the combat. The left-hand personates the seal, and represents the various leaps the animal gave this way or that; the right displays all the motions and evolutions of the kajak and the arm; how steadily they aimed the fatal dart. The whole scene is exhibited with such a happy mixture of art and nature, that it is a pleasure, even to a stranger, to look on.

The great festival is the sun-feast. Never had people more reason to celebrate his return; it is kept about the end of December. Over the whole country, large parties assemble, and treat one another with the best they have: excess in drinking is out of the question, for they have nothing but water to drink. Night after night is now spent in dancing and singing. The most singular of their observances is the singing combat: if a Greenlander imagines himself injured by another, he betrays no sign of vexation or wrath, but composes a satirical poem; this he repeats so often, that the women and domestics at last get it in their memory; then he publishes a challenge every where, that he will fight a duel with his antagonist, not with a sword, but a song. The latter repairs to the appointed place, where the people are assembled. The accuser begins

to sing his satire to the beat of a drum, the only instrument they possess, and his party and the auditory back him steadily all the while. He discharges so many taunting and ludicrous things at his adversary, that the audience are moved to continual laughter. When he has finished, his rival steps forth, and retorts, if possible, with yet greater ridicule and buffoonery; his party raise their chorus in unison, and so the laugh and the applause of the audience change sides. They are allowed to speak the most cutting words, but there must be no mixture of rage or passion. The whole assembly compose the jury, and give the laurel to the best and severest poet.

The following winter was harder than any preceding one, for the last fifty years. The cold rose to such a pitch, that many of the windows and stones burst, and eighteen of the congregation perished. "Will the summer never come?" was a question often asked, and "will the sea never melt again?" Towards the end of April, however, the sea suddenly burst forth with a tremendous noise, as if the mountains had been shivered to pieces, or sunk for ever in the flood. The people ran out to their doors and saw that the deep was broken up, the ice-hills were moving to and fro, and the waves were rising over the scattered masses like a whirlpool. They waited a few hours, and then pushed their kajaks from the shore, and soon returned with halibuts and seals to their families. The Brethren resolved to celebrate this joyful event, but not with merriment or feasting. On Easter morning early, the congregation went in order to the burying-ground, and called the eighteen brethren and sisters by name, who had sunk to rest during this severe winter, full of the hope of a joyful resurrection. They prayed for everlasting fellowship with them, in

the church made perfect around the throne of God. Then they sung the following words:—

Hush!—stir not up the friend of Christ,  
Wake not the soul, his bride;  
Some vision causeth her to smile,  
She views his open side.

In May, some of the missionaries went to the different fisheries with the people. In many parts they found proofs of the good effected by their first convert, Kaiarnac, in his distant voyages and huntings. This zealous man drew a train, they say, of near a hundred souls after him, who all forsook their native territory, which was the distant south, to come and live near New Hernhuth. There were now many helpers, as they called them, among the natives, who shared in their toils, and often supplied their places in speaking to the people at the scattered hamlets. It was an impressive thing, where a group of tents stood beneath the cliff—the men coming to land in the boats, the women waiting at the tent doors to receive them; when a solitary man was sometimes seen advancing, over the rocks or along the beach, without kajak or lance: he was one of their countrymen come to speak of the gospel, but not idly. In Greenland, the missionary, the convert, the helper, all got their bread by the sweat of their brow: the visitor assisted in landing the fish, in drawing the boats, and gathering the wood, and after they had taken their evening meal, the people gathered in the open air in the stillness of the summer evening, and listened to the words of life. Two other missionaries, Sacrensen and Ballenhorst, had arrived some time before; the latter came with the new house in 1747. The converts, now about three hundred, were divided into thirty bands or classes, each of which had its keeper, or leader, who was selected from the best informed and most pious of the natives.

There was a custom among the Moravians and their people, of a rather singular nature: this was to send to the distant converts on the remote hunting and fishing grounds, some watchword or touching passage, by which the state of the mind might be communicated. This was borne over the wilderness by some hunter, during a journey of days and weeks, or by some fisher in his long coasting voyage, and consisted of verses or passages, such as the following:—

“Haste, Lord, within my worthless heart—to form thyself a shrine.”

[Or,]

“How do you think it then will be  
When Christ shall come in majesty?  
Prepare—weep at his pierced feet.”

At other times, the following were used:—“He takes all pains to keep our heart as a clear fountain.”  
“His love is dear and glorious as the sun, when he chases the darkness of winter for ever.”

Fervent expressions and images, such as these, in whatever light they may appear to other minds, were useful to the people who were afar, without any religious instruction, even at a distance of a hundred leagues. The latter were cheered and animated by the message, and anxiously sent a suitable reply to the teachers. Let not this simple and impressive custom be blamed; to the hearts and tastes of the Greenlanders it was admirably suited. The result of this practice was very visible. A desire after salvation often arose, first of all, in the children; of which there were, this year, many instances; the merchants on their trading journeys, found, that even where the parents were heathens, the children could repeat passages, and sing several verses, which they had caught by chance; and they wept at their departure, because they could not go with them to New Herrnhuth.

In the year 1758, the congregation amounted to 400 persons; each year now brought an increase of thirty or forty, and in the school above 100 children

were constantly instructed. The number of Europeans on the coast had greatly increased: several trading factories were settled in different parts; Fisher's Bay, Frederic's hope, Claus Haven, and others. The Brethren, also, had what they called chapels of ease, on two of the scattered islands. Matthew Stach, with the two Moravians, Jens and Peter Haven, resolved to fix a society in Fisher's Bay, where was a trading company; and many of the natives resided. Arriving from New Hernhuth with four families, in all thirty-two souls, as a beginning of a small congregation, they fixed on a spot, favourable to their views in every respect save one—it had no prospect towards the sun, whose beams were entirely interrupted by a high mountain for three months together. The first thing they did was to raise a house of stones and sod, in the Greenland way, consisting of one room five yards square; the roof was six feet high, supported by two pillars, to keep out the rain and snow. Old tent skins were spread over the whole, and the walls within were lined with the same. All around was rugged cliff and valley.

But we must return to New Hernhuth, to witness the close of a character, whose career threw an interest around her. This was Judith, who, it will be remembered, loved her country all the better, after her wanderings to foreign cities and palaces. A woman who could so devote herself, contrary to all the usages and feelings of her country, ought not to be forgotten. The Greenland Judith, like the beautiful heroine of Bethulia, was steadfast to her purpose, and thrust temptation aside with a high hand and heart. But, alas! she could not breathe her own spirit into all her community; several young women, in spite of her persuasions and appeals, left the dwelling where they all lived together, to marry with some Danish trader or factor, or with one of

their own countrymen. They melted away from their zealous monitress: Judith mourned their weakness, and said her own lonely career was far happier and holier: she saw how vain it was to make the recluses of one heart and mind; but was comforted by the fidelity of some, who still rallied around her. "She was beloved by every one," says the missionary, "she was often discovered in some solitary place in tears; and, from her serenity of mind and cheerful walk, it was plain that our Saviour had bestowed particular grace on her. The last letter she wrote is very characteristic: it is written to a friend in Europe.

*" My Dear A. C.*

" My body is decayed by sickness, but the grace which our Lord confers on me is inexpressibly sweet. We cannot see him with our bodily eyes, but our hearts can feel his presence; if we love him and cleave to him as the augmarset\* does to the rocks. I have been very happy this winter with my sisters: I sometimes tell them that the sisters over the great waters have no other aim but to please our Saviour, and live unto him. We then wish: ah! if we loved him so too! I should have been willing to tarry a little longer with my companions, to rejoice in their order and prosperity; but God calls me. I love him, I love him without ceasing! farewell for ever,

" JUDITH."

The colonies were now in a thriving state; numerous patches of earth were sown with corn; many sheep that were brought from Denmark, through great care, throve well. The trade with Denmark became more profitable to the natives; linen, cottons, ribbons, beads, and various articles of comfort, were exchanged for seals, foxes, and bearskins, whale-bone eider-down, and a quantity of

\* The cidor fowl.

oil. Increasing comfort found its way to the dwellings; even the chilling beverage of water, melted half the year from the ice and snow, received the addition, in the wealthier families, of brandy and Hollands, and even bread.

The settlement of Disco bay, in the mean time, went on prosperously, as to trade: the Moravians seldom intruded on the fold of Paul Egede, who was the minister to the European colony there, but a friendly intercourse was kept up between them. The factory at Claushaven was founded here, in 1752. A few years after the death of his father, the former had quitted the country, and returned to Norway, having first provided a successor in his place; what had formerly been his dwelling, was then converted into a chapel. The settlement called "Egede's Memory," founded by Captain Egede, throve greatly: it still exists, and flourishes. The articles for firing are, woods of low birch trees, the turf on the moors, and drift-wood cast in by the sea.

The settlement at Lichtenfels, which has been previously described, had to contend with many difficulties: the situation was isolated, and the dwellers were ignorant of the country around. A tempest did great damage by its fury to their only dwelling, that was situated under a hill; the walls, which were of immense thickness, shook as if by an earthquake: balls of fire were seen falling in several places at midday; they struck the ice-bound soil with a loud noise, and a column of smoke issued from the place where they fell. The lonely Christians were cheered, however, by some little increase of their congregation. The dwelling-house was soon after enlarged to twenty-five yards in length, in which seventy-four souls lodged, in different apartments. Matthew Stach, although the Chief of the whole mission, continued to reside here, while his brethren were enjoying comfort and plenty at New Hernhuth.

A vessel arrived from Germany, with the account of the death of their patron, Count Zinzendorf; their sorrow was great; for this pious and benevolent man, had not only restored the Moravians' institution in Germany, but had aided their designs in distant lands, by his influence and counsel. His house, which was an ancient chateau or castle, in Silesia, was ever opened with the warmest hospitality to the Moravians; and he made them pass weeks, and even months, under his roof.

Thirty-four persons were this year baptized in the little solitude of Lichtenfels, but it was a dismal retreat. There were signs and omens, also, which, if they had been men of superstitious minds, might have scared them away. Their Greenland dwelling became a ruin; part of the walls fell down twice, and the ravens came and picked the skins which covered the scattered roof, so full of holes, that the rain penetrated in various places; and then they wheeled round, with hoarse croakings, or sat on the ruined walls, as if to warn the inmates of coming woe. Situated at the foot of the mountain, the house was often so covered with drifted snow, that they could walk over the roof. Yet there were some things, that made their shattered dwelling and mountain site, very dear. Early one morning, while a missionary was letting out a few sheep to graze on the scanty pasture, he happened to hear pleasant sounds in a tent, and found that the head of the family was performing the morning devotions with his people. "He beckoned for us to come," writes one of his companions, "and we stood still, listening to this melody, with hearts exceedingly moved. What a change, thought I, has been wrought here? These people were, but two years ago, unfortunate savages; and now they are singing, of their own accord, to the Lamb who was slain. We know not how one, baptized in this place, can sing so sweetly,

when none of us can sing well: we have no instruments here, except an old flute, which nobody can play upon, except some Greenlanders, who learnt the art at New Hernhuth."

As to the employment of the missionaries, it is mentioned in the diary at this time, that they are "to finish their house, to rebuild a chimney thrown down by the frost, to caulk the roof, and to tar the walls; to finish the floor with some dozen boards from Good Hope." They also built a turret for a bell brought from Copenhagen, repaired their old boat, dug a well, raised a marshy spot, and laid it out for a garden; and enlarged the wall round the house. Another labour, was to seek for turf on the islands, and drift wood in the sea. Surely, these Moravians were singular men: the discipline that could enable them to do all these things, and attend devotedly to the souls of the heathen at the same time, puts that of Lycurgus utterly out of countenance. How strangely must the bell from the turret have sounded, when it pealed amidst the solitudes, and called the people from the distant rocks and vales, to assemble at the close of day for prayer. The dwelling-house and church, so long promised, arrived this year from Copenhagen, and was set up with much joy and thankfulness. And now, having an excellent place of worship, they conducted their meetings according to the plan at New Hernhuth. Lichtenfels, however, did not possess the comforts of the latter settlement. The place makes one shudder, almost, to look at it—a grim and sorrowful region, hemmed in with solemn dells and wastes, behind which rise the terrific icebergs. The chapel stands in a nook, where no one would have looked for human creatures. This nook was necessary to its safety, for the snow often rolled in huge balls and avalanches from the mountain that overhung the settlement. The chapel was one

story high. "The congregation hall," says the describer, "has no pillars, and is every way more beautiful, durable, and somewhat larger, than that at New Herrnhuth. One night, the snow drifted in such immense quantities into the hollow between the rocky ridges which surround Lichtenfels, that, in the morning, all was completely level to the eye, we saw neither precipice nor valley."

Mathew Stach, while out hunting, in company with the assistant, Rudberg, was overtaken by a storm. Rudberg being provided with snow-shoes, was driven like a ship under sail, with great rapidity, to the settlement. But Stach approaching the brink of a precipice which he did not see, fell headlong into the valley below: fortunately, he pitched in a snow drift, and was not much hurt. Frederic Bœhnish, one of the earliest missionaries, met with a fall which hastened his death. Several vessels were wrecked on the surrounding shores.

The congregation, in the mean time, prospered at Lichtenfels. They had to regret the loss of Agusina, whom the Moravians called Daniel, one of the most able and useful converts in the country. His father was a rich Greenlander; but the eldest son parted from his family, and removed to the colony at Good Hope, that he might be among the Christians. He became one of them, as did his wife also. Some time after he fell into temptation, and the Moravians feared that Agusina would make shipwreck of his profession. The man had talents, and influence among his countrymen; and they spoke kindly and solemnly to him, with such effect, that the transitory error only seemed to render him, in the end, more vigilant. He was received into the company of the assistants. The natives heard him gladly, and had a singular veneration for his words. If, when he was absent from the settlement, he heard of the arrival of strangers, he would hasten home,

shew them every part of the place, and explain to them its design and its excellence. When, during the fishing and hunting season, he was obliged to lodge for a night in a strange place, he was generally requested to deliver a discourse: "On these occasions," say the European agents of the factory, who used to call him, by way of distinction, "the man of God," "he would fold his hands on his breast, and then speak in a strain so appealing and heart-felt, that the natives could not refrain from tears, nor from speaking about what they had heard, till a late hour of the night."

In winter, when the time hung heavily on his hands, he would enter his kajak, and go to places inaccessible to the missionaries, where he knew that an awakened soul was to be found. He often spoke by similitudes, and had an agreeable method of applying them to the heart. Thus, for instance, "Sin is like a tempest gathering about us, and we hear dreadful sounds. We see the sea-grass carried on in the current of the tide, driven without stop on shore; so is the breath of the Spirit wafting our heart to Christ; his love melts it as the sun melts the snow. And then it is as with the lamp, when fresh oil is poured into it, it burns brighter, and can enkindle others. O Assarsoi!\* how is it, that, whilst I am speaking of thee, I cannot refrain from tears? my heart grows tender as the moss in spring, and soft as the eider-fowl's breast, when sheltering his young." He had an only daughter, Beata, of the age of fifteen, who used to read the scripture to him every evening. By constantly listening to it in this way, from the lips of his child, Agusina fixed it in his memory, so that he was never at a loss in his discourses. His wife had died, and he was left alone with this girl. Beata had a melodious voice, and every evening the hymn was heard rising in their

\* Redeemer.

cottage, the deep and coarse tones of the father mingling well with the sweet ones of the girl. She prepared his meals, took the sole charge of the household affairs, waited anxiously for his coming from hunting, or fishing; and when Agusina rowed his kajak to land, he often saw Beata standing on the shore to welcome his return. All his near relations, both parent, brother, and sisters, were gone; but not till he had persuaded them to embrace Christianity. They had died happy, and Agusina said, were it not for his child, he would be glad to follow them. That hour was nearer than he thought, for Beata was taken ill, and died also. The father's heart feebly bore the shock. "Except Christ," he said, "she was his all upon earth." He gave way to excessive sorrow; for he missed his loved companion at the close of day, when he came from sea, or from the mountains: she was no longer there. Her voice was hushed now; the words of scripture that sounded so beautiful and impressive from her lips, seemed to lose half their charm. He felt that he was a lonely and heart-broken man, and what had he more to do on earth? It was better that he had died with Beata, for the blow, by one of those caprices of character for which we cannot account, brought hardness and recklessness of heart.

"The door was now opened," says one of the missionaries, "for self-complacency, at the great and excellent gifts which Agusina really possessed, though he himself appeared unconscious of them before." An alteration was soon after observed; the Moravians were alarmed on his account, and his piety, as well as peace, were perceived to be in a very critical situation. His gifts were diminished, and his discourses were not attended with their usual power. The truth was, an awful void had fallen on the heart. It was placed in a new situation, that he had never anticipated, and for which he was not prepared. His

sole, his deep and overflowing human love, was cut off at a sudden blow, and, having no other on earth on which to fix, he turned inwards, and centered on himself. In his long and solitary hours, instead of being wholly engrossed with thoughts of God, and of Beata, he began to revert with pleasure and pride to his past career, and his present influence among his people. When he joined the group at the fishing grounds, or in the chase of the reindeer, the respect with which they received him, the veneration and interest with which they listened to his words, were laid as flattering unction to his desolated soul. There was a great change, visible to all, in his manner and bearing, of which he himself, perhaps, was almost unconscious. It was a mournful change to the eye of those who loved him. At last, one of the Moravians freely told him his sentiments. Agusina listened with surprise and displeasure. A few days afterwards, however, he came, and confessed that it was true; that he had strove to deal faithfully with himself, and God had given him light. But, on account of the disturbed state of his mind, he absented himself from the holy communion.

Weeks passed away; no one saw Agusina at the meetings, or the confessions; and when the Moravians visited him again, they found him, they say, "in happy intercourse with the Friend of his soul; but they found also that the hand of death was on him." He said that he was going to Beata, that earth was no longer safe for him, that it was full of snares, and God was in mercy about to take him away. All the strength and self-possession of his soul had returned; "his countenance," says the writer, "seemed to us like that of an angel." On the last day of his life, many gathered round him; for they wished to see the end of a man whose career among them had been so useful and distinguished. The people embalmed his memory with many tears. "So did we, too," say

the Brethren, with great simplicity," for we have lost in him an inestimable present from the Lord, a man whose heart was warm with love to God, a faithful assistant, an ornament to the congregation, and a man approved both to Christians and heathen. Yet, why do we say lost? He is gone to those blessed mansions where we hope soon to join and rejoice with him eternally. "He was carried by six natives to the little cemetery in the wild, followed by a numerous procession. The body was wrapped in a white cloth, and placed on a bier. His desire to be laid close to Beata was easily accomplished, the grave being made of stones, as most of them are: it was opened; he was placed close to the remains of his child, which were wrapped in a thick covering of moss. The snow was thick upon the ground, for it was December, and the light of day was so faint, that, but for the gleam of the snow, they had not seen to inter the departed. Yet, amidst that dim day, more solemn than midnight, and the frightful scenery on every side, they offered up a prayer, and sung a hymn, around the grave. Was there ever a funeral more solemn? or an appeal to heaven more touching or resistless? In such a scene and hour, it was as if it came from the shore of eternity, when the world was darkening and failing around."

A greater loss to the mission took place in the following year, 1763, in the death of Frederic Bœhnish, who had laboured for thirty years in Greenland. It will be remembered, it was he with whom Matthew Stach first conversed on the subject of the mission, while busied in the garden at Hernhuth, in Silesia: next to the latter, whose sister he married, he was the most eminent among the Moravian missionaries. He was interred at Lichtenfels, where he resided the few last years.

It may not be amiss to give a short description of the settlement of New Hernhuth, the chief scene of

the mission: it stands at a short distance from the sea, from which the ground rises with a gradual acclivity, and ends in a small valley, containing a rivulet, which is frozen to the bottom every winter. In the middle of the little valley, and near the stream, stands the chapel, which, with its two wings and area, shews in Greenland like a little palace, though it is only one story high, and built of wood. In the middle of the roof there is a small turret for the bell. Besides the large room, which serves the purpose of a church, it contains four dwelling-rooms and two antechambers, one of which serves to dine in, and the other as a school for the girls. The north wing contains an antechamber, school-room for the boys, and another for the catechists. Under ground is the kitchen, bake-house, and oven. There is a draw-well in the kitchen, which is a great addition to their comforts, as the Brethren were formerly obliged to procure water during the winter by melting ice and snow in their chamber. The south wing consists of a storehouse and a magazine of wood: not far off there is a sheep-cot, built in the Greenland style. In front of the chapel is the garden, which furnishes the missionaries with lettuces, radishes, turnips, cabbages, and leeks. A path leads from hence to the sea-shore, where there is a hut to screen their boats and timber from the storms.

The winter houses of the Greenlanders stand on the rocks, ascending from the water's edge on both sides of the chapel, and behind them are small store-houses. The large magazine containing the stores, skins, and other articles, stands on a rock, a conspicuous beacon to ships approaching the shore. In summer the tents of the Greenlanders are pitched on the plain, so that the missionaries can have a view of them all. Towards the north is the burial ground: the tombs, which consist of stones on the rock, and are covered with sods, resemble in this wilderness

the beds of a garden. The primitive customs of the people were now done away; there was no more howling over the deceased, when a woman waved lighted torch to fro, with the words "there is nothing more to be had here." It had been the usage, for the nearest relation to carry the body on his back, or drag it on the ground; then they deposited in the tomb the kajak and darts of the departed, and the tools he daily used. At the grave of a child, a dog was often slain, for the natives said that a dog could find its way every where, and would shew the ignorant child the way to the land of souls. They believe that if any of these things were taken away, or the tomb was ravaged, the spoiler would be followed by the enraged spectre of the departed. After the interment, all who attend the procession go to the house of mourning. The men sit awhile silent with their heads bent to the earth, but the women lie prostrate upon their faces on the ground, and weep and sob. At length, the father, or son, or the nearest relation, delivers a funeral discourse, or elegy, in which all the good qualities of the deceased are numbered; and at every pause, his loss is deplored by all with loud weeping. The following is the lamentation of a father over his son; the only specimen preserved of Greenland eloquence, and taken from the "Relation of M. Dallager," who dwelt some years in the land as a factor:—

"Woe is me, that I see thy wonted seat empty! Vain are thy mother's toils of love, to dry thy garments. Lo! my joy is gone into darkness; it is crept into the caverns of the mountains. Once, when the evening came, I went out and was glad; I stretched out my eager eye, and waited thy return. Behold, thou camest! Thou camest manfully, rowing, and vying with the young and old. Never didst thou return empty from the sea, thy kajak brought in never-failing load of seals or sea-fowl. Thy mother

she kindled the fire, and boiled; she boiled what thy hand acquired. Thy mother, she spread thy booty before many invited guests, and I took my portion among them. Then were thy seals produced, and thy mother separated the blubber; for this thou receivedst shirts of linen, and ironed barbs for thy spears and arrows. Thou espiedst the shallop's scarlet streamer from afar, and joyfully shoutedst, Behold, Lars\* cometh! But now, alas, it is over! When I think on thee, O could I weep like others! for then might I soothe my pain. What shall I wish for more on earth? Death is now become a most desirable thing. But then who is to provide for my wife, and the rest of my children? I will still live a little while!"

These funeral observances, it appears, were mostly abolished by the Moravians; but the processions went in order and decency to the cemetery. If the Greenlanders were often capable of such a funeral wail as the above, it is a pity that their teachers suppressed its indulgence.

The green and pleasant little village of New Hernhuth forms a striking contrast with the dreariness of the surrounding country; for the tops of the Greenland houses are covered with scurvy-grass and other verdant herbage; and the spots of earth around are now carpeted with the finest grass. Every winter's evening there is a kind of illumination of the place, as the houses stand in two parallel lines, and have light in all the windows. The women's boats are the most expensive moveables, and the most difficult to keep in order, because they must every year be covered with fresh skins, for the frame-work is finer, and the whole array more neat and cleanly than in the boats of the men. They are managed and rowed entirely by the female sex, who urge them through the water with surprising quickness.

\* The factor.

At this time the Moravians received no salary; and, except the provisions sent them every year from Europe, had to depend entirely on their own resources; and keep their chapel and boats in repair. In some seasons, there was a scarcity of the invaluable article of firing. When the drift-wood failed, the missionaries were compelled to seek a substitute in the bushes, which, at the farthest extremity of the bay, where the sun had more power, grow to a considerable size. The collecting of them was attended with much trouble and danger; for it was necessary to carry them down the almost perpendicular ledges of the rocks. The turf from the moors was always an inefficient supply. Every day in the week, at six o'clock in the morning, a short meeting is kept, which all the baptized attend; at eight there is another, for all the inhabitants of the settlement, in which a text of scripture is explained. It is begun and concluded with singing; but seldom lasts longer than half an hour. After this, the men follow their usual occupation on the sea. But the evening is the favourite time, both with pastor and people; for then the toils of the day are over, the cares of the mind are past; the meeting also is more lively and impassioned than at break of day. On Sunday the service is held after the Lutheran manner. They have a small musical band, with several violins, a couple of flutes, and a few guitars, for the German love of music is not quenched in the frozen zone. They have also the trumpet and the French horn; yet these instruments are never used in the congregation, but they are often used instead of the bell, to assemble the people to the chapel; and when blown from the high rocks, can be heard to a great distance over the sea and the plains, through the thin frosty air.

In 1771, the venerable Matthew Stach closed his long and successful labours. With him originated the Moravian mission to Greenland; by his close

intimacy with Count Zinzendorf, and the high respect in which he was held in the institutions of the brethren in Germany, he was enabled greatly to assist the mission in temporal as well as spiritual things. With this view he several times sailed to Europe, travelled through many parts, and, by his details and persuasions, animated the minds of the more religious. He spent the remainder of his days at Wachau, in North America, where he died, in the 77th year of his age.

Two additional missionaries, of the names of Fluegel and Grillich, had arrived some time before; to these was now added Michael Konigseer. The latter was a man of liberal education, an advantage which none of his predecessors had enjoyed; and he was enabled to correct their translations, and add several new versions of useful works.

In 1777, the congregation was deprived of two of their oldest missionaries, John Bech and Michael Ballenhorst. The former of these was the only one who remained in the country, of the five Moravians who first came, to whose zeal and activity the great success in Greenland is to be attributed. In addition to his pastoral duties, he translated the entire New Testament, and several portions of the Old, into the native tongue.

In the year 1774, Sørensen and Grillich, two of the Brethren, sailed from Lichtenfels, with the view of founding a third settlement in the south of Greenland. After a voyage of six weeks, they arrived at the island of Onartok. Here they discovered a warm spring, at the mouth of which was a beautiful green meadow, adorned with many flowers, a sight very uncommon in this country. They took up their residence at a short distance, and called the place Lichtenau. Within the circuit of a few miles, it was supposed there were about a thousand inhabitants, so that there was an ample field for labour: in the

course of a few months it began to be successful; and, after some years, a larger congregation was collected at Lichtenau than in either of the ancient settlements. In 1786, they had the misfortune to lose Konigseer; a death felt greatly, but his place was supplied in some measure by Frederic Rudolf; one of the most memorable events in whose career was, a storm, to which he was exposed with his wife and child :

Early in the morning, after leaving Lichtenau, a violent wind arose, which drove the ice mountains close to their ship. Ere the concussion took place, the captain sprung into the small boat, with part of the crew, and, landing them on a large field of ice, returned for another party. Ere the latter could come back, the shock took place, the iceberg hung over the ship like the demon of the waters, whose only message is to destroy. "The scene," says Rudolf, "was awful and horrible. The captain and all the sailors having left the ship, my wife and I were left alone above our knees in water, holding fast by the shrouds. Every moment the ice mountain, with its shivered peaks and trembling precipices, drew nearer, and every moment we expected to be crushed to pieces. At last Captain Keir came at great hazard, saying, I cannot possibly forsake these good people. We were now twenty-eight miles from Lichtenau; our boat was heavily laden with men and baggage, the sea broke over us continually, and the steersman, fearing the boat would sink, made for the nearest island. It proved to be a rough, pointed, and naked rock, deeply excavated in many places by the dashing of the breakers. After ascending some height, however, we found a small spot covered with low grass.

We now endeavoured to land our provisions, but the waves beat frightfully against the rock, so that the boat broke from her moorings, and was hurried out to sea. Eight men immediately pushed off in the small

boat, in the hope of recovering her: they succeeded in overtaking her, but the fury of the storm, which whirled the waves like smoke through the air, baffled all their efforts to regain the landing-place. They were driven to the other side of the island amongst foaming breakers, and we now beheld with horror both our boats crushed to pieces. All our hopes now vanished, and the whole company gave themselves up to loud cries and lamentations, seeing no other prospect than that of miserably perishing by hunger on this naked rock. In the evening we laid down to rest without tent or covering; I clasped my wife in my arms, covered her with part of my garments, and strove to give her a hope which I did not feel myself. We were wet through, and lay in a pool of water. As it rained heavily and incessantly during the whole of this and the following day and night, the water flowed down in torrents from the summit of the rock. August the 26th, the captain, the mate, and the rest of the crew, made an attempt to gain the shore, by walking across the ice. They went on from one floating fragment to another, till they came to the plain of solid ice: we watched them long, and would gladly have ventured along with them, but, having fasted for two days, we were conscious that we could not bear the fatigues of such a journey. We were now alone on the rock.

Whenever the sun shone, we employed ourselves in drying the few things we had saved from the wreck; but we were at last so enfeebled by hunger, that we were scarcely able to do even that, having nothing to support life but fresh water collected in the holes and crannies in the rock. In this dreadful situation Anna and I strove to comfort each other; sometimes we wept bitterly, and said, how could we bear to see each other die? I prayed that I might be taken first; I could not bear to see the wife of my bosom perish miserably before my eyes. We felt that our daily hope and trust was in the Lord, we believed that he

would not forsake us. All day long we looked out towards the opposite shores, in the hope of descriing some one coming to our rescue, but we could see nothing but an endless and dismal spectacle of ice, and waves yet more cruel. No Greenlanders came, and we gave way to the dreadful suspicion that the ship's crew had perished on the road. The thoughts of lying here unburied troubled us greatly at first: the ravens and sea-fowl were constantly hovering round us, and seemed impatient for their prey. But after a while, we felt resigned to the will of God. Anna happening to raise herself up from the hard couch on which our emaciated limbs were laid, espied two Greenlanders in their kajaks drawing near, and hailing us. A new life instantly seemed to animate our mind and body, we climbed to the summit of the rock, and shouted with all our might to make ourselves heard. It appeared that these men were sent by the captain, and had rowed about the island the whole day, but, seeing no person upon it, were just about to return, concluding that we were dead. If my dear wife had not raised her head from the rock at that moment, while I was buried in sleep, we had surely been the prey of the fowls of the air. From them we received a few herrings, after being without food for nine days. But, as the Greenlanders had no boat with them besides their kajaks, we were obliged to remain upon the rock till the next day, when they said they would return for us. We watched the boats disappear with a sorrow we could not restrain; it seemed as if this visit was only to mock us with vain hopes. Anna, who had borne all our sufferings with more fortitude than myself, was now moved like a child to complain and weep. All the next day we watched for the return of the Greenlanders, and never took off our eyes from the spot where they had last disappeared; but it was not till evening that they came. A woman's boat arrived for

us, rowed only by the women, who helped us down the rocks with great kindness. On the 4th we came to an island, where we found the greater part of the crew. They had suffered extreme hardships, for they were quite emaciated. It was many days before we could return to Lichtenau, where we were received with the most affectionate welcome."

It is necessary here to pass over many years, because they contain little variety in the history of the mission. In so confined a scene, on which the light of heaven shone scarcely more than half the year, exciting events were few, and far between. The Moravians were faithful to their charge, and though Christianity was not so rapidly embraced as in past years, its converts were stedfast in their profession.

The external comforts of the mission were liable to great vicissitudes: shipwreck, war, or any other cause that prevented the arrival of the store-ships, placed them in situations of great trial. Yet the contrast with former times was striking. "How greatly were times changed with us," says a missionary, Conrad Kleinschmidt, "from when, nineteen years before, I arrived in Greenland." The morning that I set sail for Europe, July 1812, was uncommonly clear and beautiful. The sound of several wind instruments, upon which some of our Greenlanders, stationed on an eminence on the shore, played various tunes, was heard by us to a considerable distance. At every pause they waved their hands, and shouted their heartfelt adieus."

A new character now came on the scene, the "Grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede;" he subscribed himself, and he inherited the name of his ancestor, with the addition of Saabye. He landed on the shore, endeared to him by a thousand associations; he was either the son of the Professor Paul, or of his younger brother, the Captain in the Danish navy; but the details he had heard from

childhood, of the man who had toiled so long in vain, and of the land where he dwelt, kindled his imagination. He resided a long period in the country, being one of the Danish clergymen with which Greenland had for many years been supplied, and who were quite unconnected with the Moravian mission. It is evident that the usefulness and zeal of the Danes were very inferior to those of the Brethren. The salaries of the former were about three hundred dollars per annum; but the contributions to the widows, orphans, and distressed, and the expenses of the various journeys, greatly diminished this allowance. To the remotest part of Saabye's district, was a distance of two hundred and fifty miles; this could not be completed, with the return, in less than eight weeks. The chief catechists, who were always natives, and understood Danish, had each a salary of thirty or forty dollars, and an allowance of provisions: the inferior catechists had only a salary of from four to ten dollars, without any allowance. The stated number of the clergymen was ten: their districts were widely scattered, though the population of the country was never more than six thousand persons. In reading the descriptions of this worthy Dane, of his visits and journeys, it is difficult sometimes to imagine one is in the same country. Some of his pastoral visits resemble those of the curious traveller, more than the self-denying teacher. Indeed, a learned bishop of Norway calls the book of Saabye, a fine monument of the golden times of the mission in Greenland. Comfort and ease are visible throughout; but there is more interest in one page of his ancestor's trials, or those of the first Moravians, than in his whole volume.

“Under my windows,” he says, “I had a little garden, it was surrounded with a palisade; the ground was rocky, and the earth was not deep enough for the spade, but in the neighbourhood

I found good earth, and, with the help of my wife, brought it in baskets to our garden. So far to the north, the garden was an uncommon sight, and the wonderful and rapid growth was a very agreeable thing to us. Cabbage and turnips grew extremely well, but the carrots were not thicker than a tobacco-pipe, and the potatoes were no bigger than a pea. Every autumn I gave my garden a layer of heath ashes. My salary was one hundred and fifty dollars, Danish currency, per annum; and the allowance of provisions for myself and my wife was, per week, ten pounds and a half of bread, three pounds of butter, two pounds of bacon, two pounds of stock-fish, one-third of a bushel of pearl barley, and the same quantity of pease; besides, fifty dollars per annum were allowed me for coffee, sugar, brandy, wine, and groceries in general. I will say nothing of the assistance which the Greenlanders now and then required, but the hospitality introduced among the Europeans consumed a great deal. In winter, the servants of the Company have no employment, they therefore continually drive from one place to another to pay visits, and at every place are joined by new companions, and at last make a caravan. The true object is, in fact, to kill time, to enjoy good cheer in the houses of others, and to give them good cheer in return. I was alone at Clauthaven, bore alone the cost of the entertainment, but also had alone the honour of shewing my hospitality. Hence, and from our limited incomes, arose the long fast which we are sometimes obliged to make; we were, however, never in want of the first necessaries of life. One summer we went to a place some miles from the colony to catch salmon-trout, and staid there ten or twelve days. The winter before, my wife had made two fishing-nets; I and the Greenlanders spread the nets and attended to the fishery, while my wife

and the two maids were employed in salting and smoking."

During the war with England, when almost all communication was intercepted, the number of Danish clergymen in the colony was reduced to five. At last, the famine frightened these away; all returned, save one, who remained at Good Hope. This solitary minister seems to have thought, that he was monarch of all he surveyed, and he accordingly took on himself to ordain a native catechist, that he might have a companion of equal dignity. It must have been a singular rite, as well as scene—the forsaken clergyman at the little altar at Good Hope, ordaining the native! This event occurred after the return of Egede Saabye to Denmark.

The latter had found great consolation in the friendship and intimacy of Provost Sverdrup, who had been a minister in Greenland six years. The provost was a man of enlightened mind, possessed of various knowledge, and an affectionate heart. The two friends used often to pass their hours of leisure together: they sometimes botanized in the neighbouring vales, but the collection of Saabye was very inferior to that of the other, who had a beautiful herbarium. I learned from him, says the former, what it was to be a minister in Greenland. When the time came that Prince Frederic summoned me and my family, the provost Sverdrup went with us as far as Egedesminde, where we staid a short time; as the former wished, before his departure, to see once more the settlement founded in memory of his eminent ancestor.

The means of knowledge were in the mean time multiplied; a translation of the New Testament into Greenlandic, by Conrad Kleenschmidt, the most perfect that had yet been made, was printed at the expense of the Bible Societies, both in London and Edinburgh. In 1819, it was sent out. The generous

in England did not confine their gifts to spiritual matters only; £120, collected by the poet, J. Montgomery, was laid out in useful articles, and sent to the Moravian settlement, for the use of the widows and orphans.

The number of the destitute is increased by a singular cause. When family discords occur amongst the natives, one of the parties, but more commonly the man, sometimes runs away into the wilderness, and lives and dies in voluntary seclusion from human society. Such incidents are recorded even of baptized Greenlanders. Abia, an inhabitant of Lichtenfels, had suddenly disappeared; and as his empty kajak was found some time after cast on the shore, the belief obtained, that he was lost at sea. His wife and friends sought him along the coast, and in the islands, but could gain no tidings; then they thought he had been carried out to sea on one of the floating masses of ice; but weeks passed away, and Abia never came. Nearly ten years afterwards, a Greenlander, absent in a solitary excursion to catch eider-fowl, saw the long-lost man sitting on a hill, and conversed with him. He inquired after his wife and children, adding, that he had withdrawn from the society of men merely on his wife's account. The first winter, he said, had passed very heavily; but time rendered his solitude more bearable, and he now felt perfectly at ease. Having provided himself largely with powder and shot when he left home, and using it sparingly, he had still a store remaining. He was the only tenant of the lonely isle; and it was strange how the love of solitude had fastened on his mind. He could sometimes see from the rocks the kajaks of the natives in the distance, but never felt any desire to join them again. He seemed to listen with a sullen satisfaction to the detail of the misery his absence had caused; and that his wife and friends had long lamented after him.

He said that he thought much of his children and of God, and still trusted in his mercy. He had turned his kajak adrift, that there might be no temptation to go back; there was plenty to subsist upon; he managed to kill a seal now and then on the shore with his dart, and to shoot cider-fowl with his gun. When the long winter came, he confined himself chiefly to the little hut that he had built, where he burned his solitary lamp that he had made. The drift-wood from the sea, and the few bushes, furnished him with firing. He had always cherished the wish to speak with one human being, and only one, before his death; that wish was now satisfied, and he would never again suffer himself to be seen by man. After making this solemn declaration, he beckoned the intruder to be gone. He was covered with reindeer skins coarsely tied together, and had on a cap of hair skin; his boots had the appearance of being netted.

An extract of a letter written by one of the Moravians, Grillich, in 1820, gives a picture of the prosperity of the people:—"It is evident that the Spirit of God is leading them gradually into all truth. It was the Christmas festival. I have often assisted at such solemnities before, but I never felt what I felt on this occasion. Yes, my dear friend, how happy is such a life spent among a flock, collected from among the wild heathen; how willingly do we forego many outward advantages enjoyed by those living in other countries! I landed upon Greenland thirty-seven years ago, and gladly would I stay thirty-seven years more, to have my share of the grace and mercy now enjoyed among us."

In March 1824, the new settlement of Fredericsthal was founded by Conrad Kleinschmidt, on the southernmost point of the continent of Greenland. The voyage was long and dangerous. During the first year, he and his companions resided in a hut of stones and sods, that exposed them to continual

wet and damp. A comfortable dwelling was at last erected, and this was followed by a church. The spot on which they stood was not without beauty; it was a grassy plain, enclosed by two bays, and sloping gently towards each, and traversed by a fine brook full of salmon.

The following is an extract of a letter from Kleinschmidt, to his friends in Scotland, dated July 1829.

“I am delighted to find that my daughter has very soon regained her knowledge of the Greenland language. Louisa sings well, and will support the liturgical part of our worship, for they have sent us an organ from Stockholm. Tell my brother, in Ayr, that I wish he could behold our congregation, and hear their voices, joining with the tones of the organ, in some beautiful church-tune or anthem. We are occupied in enlarging our garden, and carrying earth to it; it is eighty feet long, and surrounded with a wall on three sides. We celebrated our arrival here five years ago, when we saw nothing but naked rocks, and no living creature but a solitary raven. We have now a congregation of upwards of three hundred, dwelling around us. Our live-stock consists of five goats and seven fowls.”

The letters from New Hernhuth, of 1830, represent that settlement as in a good, though not an affluent, condition; they dwell on the valuable present of coals sent them, there being no more brush-wood in the bay; but the drift-wood never ceases. “We have this year also a proof,” they write, “that when your winter in Europe is severe, ours is mild. Music always remains a delightful subject. Here we have two violins, and a violincello, played by Greenlanders, and an organ with three stops and a half, to accompany the hymns. The women have five voices. It is a singular circumstance, that in January last, when the degree of cold was excessive

in Germany, in Greenland thaws and rain prevailed. Our garden, last summer, yielded thirteen tons of turnips and other roots, besides a large supply of cabbage."

It may not be amiss, at the conclusion, to state the different settlements of the "Mission of the United Brethren, in London," as well as its income and expenditure. The account of the year 1829 is as follows :

Collections in the Moravian Settlements.....	£1665
Legacies and Benefactions .....	1140
Contributions on the Continent .....	728
in Great Britain .....	4590
in North America .....	1820
	<hr/>
	£9943
	<hr/>

## DISBURSEMENTS.

For Greenland .....	503
Surinam .....	112
Barbadoes .....	722
St. Kitt's.....	558
Antigua .....	1406
Jamaica .....	850
Labrador .....	85
North American Indians.....	435
South Africa .....	1682
	<hr/>
	6353
Agents' Salaries, Books, &c. ....	372
Pensions to Ministers .....	773
Pensions to Widows.....	350
Children at School or Trades.....	1605
To support Missionaries in Europe.....	200
Travelling Expenses .....	306
	<hr/>
	£9959
	<hr/>

## SEPARATE WEST INDIA FUND.

Amount at the close of 1828 .....	2268
Receipts for the year .....	421
	<hr/>
	£2689
	<hr/>

Expended at building the church at New Carmel, in Jamaica .....	1316
--	------

## CHURCH AND MISSIONARY PREMISES.

At Irwin-Hill, in Jamaica .....	775
Schoolhouses, and expenses in the other islands....	600
	£2691

What a field of labour and usefulness is here ! When these noble missions were first begun from Hernhuth in Silesia, the whole congregation consisted only of six hundred persons, and these were exiles. Tartary and Lapland they have also explored.

At New Hernhuth, the present missionaries are Grillick, Lehman, and Ulbricht. At Lichtenau, reside Ihrer and Muller ; the number of Greenland Christians here is six hundred and forty. At Lichtenfels, Eberle and Kœgel have the care of the congregation. The last letters received from these settlements, speak cheeringly. The able and learned Conrad Kleinschmidt continued at his loved exile of Fredericsthal, with his daughter Louisa, whose liberal education, and refinement of manners, were not thrown away on the fair natives ; although she had not, like Judith, the ambition of founding a Greenland nunnery.

“ July 4th, we arrived at Lichtenau : the nearer we approached this agreeable place, the greater was the number of kajaks coming to meet us. When we reached the shore, we heard a little band of trumpets and horns playing that hymn—‘ Now let us praise the Lord.’ This is certainly the most pleasant of all the Greenland settlements, and much milder in climate than the two northern ones. Here cattle, sheep, and goats, are seen feeding in the valleys : milk, butter, and fresh meat, are therefore not difficult to be procured, and we may call it the Greenland Goshen. There begins, however, to be

a great scarcity of brushwood, so that we should be very short of firing, without a supply of coals: we have also much trouble to procure hay for our cattle in winter. The disturbances in Europe, of which we hear very unpleasant reports, as likewise of the spread of the cholera, give us some uneasiness. On the 26th, we had a narrow escape; we met a tremendous iceberg, like a moving mountain, which we found very difficult to avoid by hard rowing; we were still alongside of it, with death before our eyes, when it suddenly broke with a terrible noise, that passed like thunder over the face of the waters. We had got to a distance of two hundred yards, before the whole fell to pieces; and the motion of the sea was violent and dangerous, like that of a whirlpool."

## JOHN KIERNANDER,

Already alluded to in the life of Swartz, was born in 1711, at Akstad, in Sweden, a place situated a few miles from the city of Lindkoping, in the province of East Gotland. He here received the first rudiments of learning, but completed his education at the university of Upsal. In his twenty-fourth year he became desirous of visiting foreign universities; letters of recommendation and a passport being obtained by the influence of his friends in Stockholm, he journeyed to Hallé, in Saxony. He was well received by Professor Augustus Franke, who conferred upon him several appointments. He spent four years, and, having satisfied his youthful curiosity, began to think of returning to Sweden. A circumstance, however, occurred at this time, which changed his purpose, and took him away from his native country, never to return. The Society, instituted in London, for Promoting Christian Knowledge, wrote to Professor Francke, requesting him to recommend a proper person to be sent out as a missionary to Cuddalore. The latter made the proposal to Kiernander, who, after some deliberation, consented. There was evidently a struggle in his mind; for he was an ambitious man; conscious also of endowments, both of mind and person, that justified his ambition. The only alternative was to return to his native Akstad, and push his fortune at the university of Upsal. The office of a missionary was at this time held in far less estimation than at present; and the

influence of religion on the mind could not be feeble, when he decided to choose the former as his portion for life. He was ordained to the ministry, and went to London, whence he sailed for the East.

At Cuddalore he found a congregation, left by Sartorius, now removed to Madras, and he was appointed to be the successor. He was treated with the most polite attention by Admiral Boscawen, and the English settlement of Fort St. David, who having judged it necessary, as a measure of policy, to expel all popish priests from this part of the Company's territories, put Kiernander into possession of the Portuguese church. It was solemnly dedicated anew, and from this time the mission at Cuddalore prospered under his care. He seems to have been delighted with the situation and climate, so different from those of his native Akstad; whose barren hills and rocks, and eternal snows, were exchanged for a noble plain, amidst whose wild and glowing vegetation rose the city of Cuddalore. In the first letter to the Society, he writes, "that his prospects were good; that he went out into the villages several times a week, to make known to the people the truths of Christianity; that his congregation in the town was increased. In the year 1745, its number amounted to near 200 persons, including those who were left by Sartorius, and, in the following year, it received an increase of a hundred and sixty converts." In more than one place, he speaks of the happiness he felt: he had reason to be satisfied; for no mission in India prospered so rapidly at this time, as that of Cuddalore. But the hour of trial had not yet come.

He now united himself in marriage to a Miss Wendela Fischer, a lady of some property. Hitherto Augustus Francke had sent him presents—at one time, of £150: the Council of Fort St. David had also been generous and kind: he needed no benefactions now, nor would he receive any. In 1758, the

celebrated Count Lally appeared with his forces before the city; it was quickly compelled to surrender, and a general confiscation took place. Kiernander waited on this officer on behalf of the mission, and entreated to be allowed to remain in peace, and continue his office. It was answered, that no Protestant minister was required there; that he must instantly leave the city and the church, in the same summary way that he had ejected the Romish minister a few years before. It was a measure of retaliation: Lally spoke politely, but decidedly; yet at the same time offered him a passport to the Danish settlement of Tranquebar. The offer was accepted, and the latter set out on his journey to this city, where he arrived in safety, stripped of all his property, except a few articles of wearing apparel. In the following month, Fort St. David also fell into the hands of the French. In consequence of these events, every prospect of his restoration was at an end, and Kiernander turned his attention toward Bengal.

He left Tranquebar, furnished with ample means by the munificence of the Danes, and arrived in Calcutta, where the celebrated Clive, flushed with his recent victory of Plassey, was pleased with the intention of establishing a mission in the city. It was a strange design for Clive to approve of: but the truth was, Kiernander was a man of polite and insinuating address, and handsome countenance; alike fitted to make his way at the court of a nabob, or in the hamlet of the Hindoo. His portrait, in the old German volume, as well as the painting still preserved in the vestry room of the Calcutta church, by Garbrand, gives a faithful idea of the spirit and character of the man. They are thus sketched by an able hand. "At this period he appeared a man of ardent zeal, of great integrity, with a dauntless courage, and decision of mind." This is a high character, but it is a just one; for his heart was

now full of devotion to his cause, and pursued it with fervour and sincerity: his talents and attainments, such as seldom fall to the lot of the missionary, were various and brilliant.

He opened his cause in a dwelling given him by the government. The birth, soon after, of a son, may afford a criterion of the estimation in which he was held at Calcutta; for Clive and Watts, the chief members of the government, stood sponsors, with their ladies, to the infant. In the following year, 175 children were taught in his school, of which number forty were maintained at his own expense. In addition to his many engagements, he preached occasionally at Serampore, where the Danish settlement, then in its infancy, had no chaplain. Three years afterwards he lost his wife, a loss that exercised a dark influence on all his subsequent career. It had been a marriage of affection, not impaired by the bitter vicissitudes of life. Wendela Fischer was a woman of piety, and devoted to her husband; she had borne the wreck of her fortune without complaining, and had journeyed from her home, first to Trauquebar, then to Calcutta, with a mind armed for yet greater reverses. She lived to see her husband admired and esteemed by all, while his religion was stedfast in the midst of many snares. Had she lived, Kiernander had served God with fidelity, and man with usefulness; but when she sunk into an early grave, it was as if his guardian angel had passed away from him.

With such an exterior and manner, the popular preacher need not long remain companionless. About a year afterwards, he married a wealthy widow of Calcutta, a Mrs. Ann Wolley. Now came the love of the world, in full tide, on his heart; the obscure and well-educated Swede, who had tasted of affluence for a short time at Cuddalore, but to be utterly stripped of it again, now saw himself secure.

Poverty, like an armed man, would no more claim him for a prey. Is it any wonder that, in the exultation of his heart, he fell into some errors? He raised a handsome tomb over his first wife, in the burial ground to which he had given his own name. And now he mingled with wealthy and well-descended associates; was a favourite guest beneath the roof of the conqueror of Plassey. To his own table numbers came;—were they such as the poor and devoted student of Akstad, the messenger of God to the Hindoo, should have loved? He knew that they were not; but he was carried away by the torrent of example, by the influence of his wife also, who was a young and luxurious woman, and cared little for the souls of the heathen.

The love of one so dowried, so attractive, who lived in splendour, and was courted by the first society in Calcutta, was a subtle and fearful thing. He first assumed great external state in his equipage and mode of living; and displayed the vanity of driving a carriage-and-four through the city. He thus created many enemies, and drew on himself much censure. He now sought some assistance in his ministry, and chose for that purpose two persons, Bento de Silvestre and Manuel da Costa, who had been priests of the church of Rome, but, on their arrival at Calcutta, had made a public abjuration of the errors of Popery.

Manuel da Costa was a Dominican friar, who, after spending seven years at Goa, proceeded to Diu, on the coast of Guzerat, invested with the dignity of an inquisitor. Here Da Costa dwelt in sole and absolute authority, and found its exercise sweet. At last he appears to have recoiled from some of the tests, as well as cases of heresy which he was called upon to examine. Being afterwards sent to Siam, he there became acquainted with Antonio Rodriguez, a father of the Jesuits, whose mind had for some time been

troubled with doubts as to his own faith. He lent Da Costa a solitary copy of the bible in Latin; the latter read it with great attention and interest; and after some time procured, among other books, a catechism, published at Tranquebar, which afforded him much light relative to the agreement of the doctrines of the Reformation with the word of God. The two fathers held frequent and fervent conferences together, and balanced, with the keenness and research of able Jesuits, the warring points of the two faiths, till both the reason and the heart yielded. Rodriguez was at last so convinced of the errors of the church of Rome, that he withdrew from her communion, and placed himself under the protection of the Dutch, who at that time had a factory at Siam. He was in consequence excommunicated by his brethren, and an order was received from Goa to deliver him up to the inquisition. This commission, which was addressed to Da Costa, placed him in a very singular position; as an inquisitor, he was commanded to arrest the man who had enlightened his own mind, and deliver him up to a cruel fate. The mandate was peremptory, and he remembered how often and how pitilessly he had condemned many to the torture, or the dungeon, for heresies less light than those of Antonio.

He refused to be the executioner of his friend, and in excuse pleaded the power of the Dutch. Rodriguez soon after fell sick: in his dying moments, the Jesuits visited him, and promised the removal of the sentence of excommunication, and complete absolution and favour, if he would yet return to the bosom of the church of Rome, and submit to extreme unction. This offer he rejected: the Jesuits, however, buried him with great pomp. Da Costa had now a difficult part to play: he was surrounded with enemies; he had strove to conceal the change in his own sentiments; but in spite of all his caution, it was discovered

by his brethren. One day, as he lay sick in bed, a friar of the Dominican order, secretly opening his writing table, found a paper, in which were noted many of the errors of the church of Rome. This manuscript he took with him, together with some of the heretical books. With such evidence in their hands against Da Costa, the Jesuits instantly seized, and sent him on board a vessel bound to Goa. Dreadful fears arose in his mind, for he was no ordinary criminal; he believed in the faith for which he had condemned others to the flames. Rich would be the vengeance, fierce the tortures, which the inquisitors thirsted to exact.

He watched for an opportunity to escape, and one night, when the vessel was becalmed off the shore, contrived, either by bribing some of the crew, or by his own address, to get to land. He made his way along the coast of Coromandel to Tranquebar, where he remained a short time. He next came to Calcutta, and formed an intimacy with Kiernander, whose conversation, full of talent and powerful reasoning, soon decided his choice. He broke through every remaining scruple, and publicly embraced Protestantism. The inquisition soon after sent a Romish priest to Calcutta to menace him, and, if possible, get him once more into their power—well aware that the secrets of their prison-house had been laid open; and that, if he chose, he could make a fearful revelation. But the protection of the English was too powerful to violate: the anathemas of the priest of Goa fell harmless. Kiernander behaved with the kindness of a friend, and took Da Costa and De Silvestre under his own roof. They were of great use to him in his mission, for they were eminently learned men, skilled in many languages, and he delighted in their company.

His residence at Calcutta had strong and various attractions; the assemblage of English in the city was at this period less numerous and more select

than at present. The city had sprung up with a quick and wanton growth: but a few years before, the ground on which it stood was covered with jungle, where the tiger made his lair. Even now the cry of the jackal, suddenly breaking forth in the night, was heard in the silent streets. Spacious and elegant houses, shrubberies, and lawns, already rose in the suburbs. People of talent, as well as distinction, were perpetually arriving from Europe; the successes of Clive had opened a field of ambition and wealth, which was believed to be boundless. The levees of this man were splendidly attended: native princes, dethroned, or candidates for thrones; Mahratta warriors, and the ambassadors of the Emperor Shah Alum, were mingled with civilians, statesmen, and adventurers from England. Into these circles Kiernander sometimes found his way, for Clive was personally attached to him. To a man so well skilled in the Eastern languages, and devoted to their study, Calcutta presented other attractions, in the number of strangers to be met with from all parts of Asia; Chinese, Arabs, Persians, inhabitants of the Eastern isles, and Jewish merchants. Many of these men found a welcome in the home of the missionary, who passed much of his time, at least all he could spare from his labours, in study with his two companions, De Silvestre and Da Costa. The Arabic, as well as the Hindoo literature, offered an inexhaustible store to his inquiring mind; the priests had passed their whole lives in the country, and were well versed in its manners and customs. Had Kiernander written a detail of his own life, with the fruits of his observations and acquirements, few pieces of biography would have been so instructive, few so full of strange vicissitudes. In a letter, written in 1771, his employments, as well as feelings, are well depicted:—

“I acknowledge the mercy and goodness of God, who has favoured me with the enjoyment of health,

and every necessary comfort; and has enabled me to go on with my various functions, preaching in the city and country, and teaching the people. My companion Manuel da Casta died, after an illness of many months. To the last, he longed to return to Siam, the country that he loved, where his friends expected him, and wrote letters that he should come. But his loss was supplied by Francis Hanson, a Romish priest, who abjured his religion. He is a man of great acquirements, and will be very useful to me. He was born at Vienna, and having taken orders, he came, after many wanderings, to Bussora, on the Red Sea, and dwelt four years as missionary of the order of Carmelites there. By reading the scriptures, he had a full conviction of the errors of popery. There were present in the chapel the governor, and council, and many gentlemen: in the face of all, with an audible voice, he made his abjuration. He has a knowledge of many languages, the German, English, Portuguese, French, Turkish, Armenian, Arabic, and Latin."

This man was a great acquisition to the missionary; Da Costa had continued faithful and diligent to the last: the number gathered from heathenism and popery were two hundred persons. But it was to persons of able and educated minds that Kiernander was most useful. Another priest, of the order of Jesuits, who had long been active in their cause, Marcellino Ramalete, was persuaded by his conversation, and became a Protestant." This was the golden period of his life: the society of learned men that he loved; admired as a minister, not only by his converts, but by great, distinguished, and intelligent men; a tasteful and luxurious home; a circle of agreeable friends—what had he more to wish for?

He did not at any time neglect the interests of his mission, nor does he appear ever to have deserted its duties: but the subtle influence of his associates had

long been fatally playing its part. The Society at home, as well as the missionaries in India, began to see the decline of his fidelity, in his letters, as well as the reports which reached them. The former foresaw the fall, at no distant period, of their able minister: from the latter, he sometimes received affectionate, as well as warning, letters. But he believed in no fall, and listened to no warning.

So large had been the fortune of his wife, that he was reckoned one of the richest men in Bengal: he was generous to excess, and the poor blessed his charities. He built a dwelling-house for two of his assistants, and another for the education of the natives.

In the pauses of his mission, after painfully teaching the native children, going forth to the distant hamlets, or debating with the Bramins or Moors, he would return to the city, to his affluent dwelling, and take the cool air of the shore in his beautiful equipage. The decline of his religion was perhaps gradual, it might be almost imperceptible, such was the influence of his situation on the soul as well as on the senses; one day holding forth the gospel in some mountain village, where he no doubt spoke sincerely and feelingly, and loved to see the tear flow, and hear the words of conviction; on the following day, preaching before the victor of Plassey, now his intimate friend, and the chief people of the city. Well and eloquently did he speak, for such a minister was rare on the shores of India, and praises quickly followed; sweet, delicious praises, from beautiful lips. His carriage waited at the door of the church; as did many a welcome and invitation, for every home was open to him. They loved the man—and *he* forgot his love to God!

About this period the court of the Emperor Shah Allum, having heard of his reputation, requested from him some copies of the Psalter and New Testament, in the Arabic language. He complied,

and had afterwards the satisfaction to hear they were so well received by his majesty's Mullahs, that he was induced to transmit to Allahabad, where the court was then held, all the Arabic Psalters and Testaments in his possession. He now resolved to build a church at his own expense; and, in the month of May, 1767, the foundation of the present mission church at Calcutta was laid. By his unremitting exertions and diligence, it was completed in little more than two years, though the architect died during its progress. In December it was consecrated, and named Beth Tephillah, that is, the house of prayer. The building cost the founder above £8000 sterling, of which sum, only £250 had been presented in benefactions. So that after a lapse of the many years from the capture of Calcutta by the English, the first national church was completed at the expense of a stranger and wanderer from Akstad in Sweden. His other buildings for the mission cost £4000 more. Two years after, Kiernander lost his second wife. She bequeathed her jewels for the benefit of Beth Tephilla, and, with the amount their sale produced, he founded a mission school in his own ground behind the church, capable of holding 250 children. It was evident that his wealth was beginning to melt away, or he would hardly have sold the jewels of his wife; yet, it is greatly to his credit, that the object of the sale was so disinterested.

He was now again left alone; he had not loved her like his first wife; they had not passed through the vicissitudes of affluence and poverty together, or proved the scenes of danger and excitement which so cement domestic affection. Yet he deeply felt her loss: she had been ardently attached to him, even to the last; had done the honours of his home, so as to make it attractive to all, for she was a woman of refined manners, and had welcomed him with smiles when he came wearied from the hamlet and the wild.

He had seen his table surrounded almost every day by guests, for his style of living was profuse and hospitable.

It is uncertain how long the veil would have rested on his soul; but it was suddenly and rudely torn away. He was seized with blindness; and soon he sat almost solitary in his spacious chambers: his conversation, his vivacity, were no longer the same; nor were his table and wines. A few came to sooth and comfort, but the greater part did not seek the afflicted man. The pleasures of study and learning were also taken from him; all was taken, save the converse of Da Costa and Hanson, but he no longer saw their faces. He at last remembered how far he had wandered from God: O! how welcome would now have been his lost feelings of fervour, of hope, and joy; but they did not come at his call. His sorrow was inexpressibly great, for if there be any situation in which the visitations of mercy and peace are precious, it is amidst the agony of blindness, when the soul is left to struggle alone. It was more than he could bear; and he lifted his humbled spirit eagerly to God, resolved to know no rest till "the lost should be found again." His deep repentance, his tears, his unceasing prayers, could not be in vain; and, ere long, Kiernander blessed the hand that had chastened him.

His blindness continued four years; at last he consented to submit to the painful operation of couching, which succeeded so well, that he was soon afterwards able to write to the Society in England. The strain of his first letter shews that a stern and decided change had passed on the mind of the once fortunate man. Adversity gathered fast around him. His fortune was now ruined, partly by his former extravagance in living, his generosity of temper, and still more by the neglect of his affairs during his long blindness. He looked abroad on his recovery, as if

to begin the world anew with a purer hope and resolve, but found himself impoverished. The seal of the sheriff of Calcutta was affixed to the gates of Beth Tephillah, as a part of the personal estate of the ill-fated and bankrupt missionary. The edifice, however, was redeemed from the desecration which otherwise awaited it, by the munificence of an individual, who paid for it the sum at which it had been appraised, namely, 10,000 rupees. This individual was the late Charles Grant, Esq. the East India director, whose powerful support to Indian missions was ever generously given.

The founder of the edifice, from whatever cause, no longer officiated within its walls. Was it because he was poor—or had lived extravagantly? It was a harsh and pitiless deed. His health soon after became infirm, and he sometimes wandered round the walls, and looked wistfully on them, and thought how it had been with him in former days. Where, now, was the world of admirers and flatterers?—passed away like the moth, when they saw that his resources were at an end. His home, his equipage, his many servants, all were gone. Still he was kindly received at some tables; there were those who felt that they could not utterly forsake the man to whose eloquence they had listened, whom they had loved as a companion, at whose table they had feasted. But he rarely made himself a guest, for he felt that the world was no longer the same to him; that his words were not now listened to with the attention and the applause they were wont to be. He confined himself to a small and retired dwelling. There was a circumstance yet more hard to bear. Another missionary came, entered into his labours, and was chosen to supply his church; and this, Kiernander felt exquisitely.

Soon after, this church was enlarged, and he was invited to open the new chancel, in which he admi-

nistered the sacrament. His authority was passed away; but he said it was a moment of great happiness to his mind. All who were present did not think so; one who had known him in other times, said, "I cannot but lament his destitution in this his hour of sorrow." It was an affecting picture—the declining, grey, and stricken man, giving the holy communion in a chancel of the edifice that he had raised in the hour of his splendour. Around him knelt many of those who had first flattered, and then deserted him; the false friends of his brighter life! And now he resolved to quit a scene that was become too bitter to his memory: he left Calcutta, to offer his services to the Dutch at Chinsura. The sum of forty pounds had been transmitted to him as a present from the Society in England, and enough remained to support him yet longer. But ere he went, he entered the burying-ground called by his own name, to visit once more the graves of his wives: they slept side by side. In the first was the wife of his youth, and his only child; and near her was Anne, his second bride, the proud and richly-dowered woman, who had first drawn his heart from God. He sat down beside the graves, and wept bitterly; every object around made the past rush back upon his heart: the church of Beth Tephillah, where his words once fell in power, and his state was glorious; the trees, that stood silent in the evening calm, he had planted till they grew in beauty. And now what had earth for him? had it *a home, a friend, a loved one?* He went forth, in the eightieth year of his age, to dwell among strangers. If his little girl, who slept with Wendela, had but lived, what a comfort, what a blessing, he thought, would she now be to him: he knelt beside the grave with strong emotion, for he felt so helpless and forsaken, that he clung to each broken reed. O! if that dear, that only child, had lived, she

would now have screened her father from the sorrows of the world, and been the companion of his way. He offered up his vows anew to God, and then for ever quitted the scene where he had called others to mercy, and pointed their way to heaven.

He arrived at Chinsura, where his services were instantly accepted, and he was appointed chaplain to that settlement, by the Hon. Mr. Fising. His duties as a chaplain were far less laborious than as a missionary. The situation was suited to his age and prospects. The scenery around was of a rich and tranquil character: the Dutch town had quite a national appearance, small neat houses with green doors and windows, a pretty little square with grass plots, and promenades shaded by trees. There was a fortified factory, and a gloomy and ancient government-house. The people were in character with the dwellings: mild, plodding, contemplative; they loved, after the business of the day was over, to sit beneath the rows of trees, and smoke and converse. The noble river, Hoogly, flowed in front of the dwellings; its banks were lofty and precipitous, and the sight of the many barks passing to and fro, as well as the incessant bustle and ardour of enterprise, made it pleasant to sit and watch the scene. His duties were confined to the settlement, where their trade made the Dutch reside together: there were no villages or hamlets, where he had to seek the scattered people. The little Lutheran church, in which he performed service twice on the Sabbath, was the only sphere of his exertions. Here he passed several years, still endeavouring to render himself useful, for he kept a school during some days of the week, though he received no salary for it. The people pitied their aged pastor, but, like Dutch traders, their pity did not warm the heart, for they allowed him a very small income, that scarcely raised him above poverty. Their manners

were simple, and their converse, as well as souls, centred wholly in their commerce: he found a welcome in their dwellings, whenever he chose to enter; but he felt that the society of the phlegmatic and mindless men of Chinsura was a sad contrast to the circles of Calcutta. According to his own confession, he was now brought to a knowledge of himself: it was a knowledge darkly and fearfully purchased!

Chinsura was but thirty miles distant from Calcutta: it was a mere excursion, often taken for pleasure, on the river Hoogly, by the civil as well as military servants of the Company: the route into the interior also lay that way, yet none came to see him, none sent a friendly greeting, or even a message of sympathy to the heart that was bleeding at the unkindness of the world. O could he have seen some well-known footstep draw nigh his door, or hear one voice of the many that he once loved to hear. He was changed only in outward circumstances; his intellect was as powerful as ever, and his fine and sorrow-stricken countenance, and his conversation, full of various knowledge and learning, were strange to meet with in such a place. But his home, whose latch was seldom lifted, the few volumes of his beloved Oriental lore, now his only companions—his thrifty meal, prepared by his own hand,—told more indelibly than Persian, Arabian, or even the son of Sirach, could have told,—that the human heart is faithless as the wave, even as the passing blast, and that poverty is cruel as the grave.

His great possessions were not utterly passed away; a remnant remained, but it was withheld from him. Part had been laid out in the purchase of houses in Calcutta, in junction with some of his acquaintance, for, rents being very high at this period, it was considered a good speculation. He had expended many suns on these dwellings; the spe-

culatation did not answer, and they fell, on the failure of his fortunes, into the hands of his associates, who reaped the benefit, while to him it was a total loss. A pittance out of this property, or even of its rents, would have made the exile of Chinsura at ease in his circumstances. Though infirmities were gathering on his frame, he was still able to go forth, at times, into the country around.

The town of Serampore, where he had once laboured, was but a few miles distant, a beautifully clean and quiet little town; and he loved to go there at times, for he found a few to whom he had been useful in his earlier days, who had not forgotten him; they said that they had once been blessed under his ministry, that it had first called them to God: Kierlander was deeply moved at the words, that were to him inexpressibly sweet. It was not the voice of the world; it could not be false! There were many lovely spots around the banks of the Hoogly, for they were well cultivated, and laid out in fields and plantations, among which were the ancient woods, as yet unfelled. At a small distance was the French settlement of Chandernagore, to which the victories of Clive had brought decay: all spoke of desolation—large and lofty houses nearly deserted, and warehouses half empty. From the forsaken monastery the priests had taken flight: the scenery around was wild and impressive—silent ghauts, deep and lone ravines. The residence of the former governors, a superb house, was a lesson to put no trust in prosperity: fragments of doors and windows. The roof of what was the music-room, and that of the banqueting-room beneath, had fallen in; and the sun-light, falling fiercely on the faded colours on the walls, shewed that they were once decorated with taste. The venerable missionary, on whose head so many storms had beat, now turned his thoughts and desires towards that world, where the heartless and the proud can

trouble no more. From this last resting-place he was rudely thrust forth. In 1795, war was declared by the English against the Dutch republic; the settlement at Chinsura was captured, and Kiernander became a prisoner of war; in which character he received from the English government the pittance of fifty rupees a month, as a subsistence. He lost his office, and he lost his liberty, even at eighty-six years of age. At last, the English, pitying his age and misfortunes, allowed him to go to Calcutta: he took leave of Chinsura with a faltering step, and a heart almost broken: he had looked upon it as the last asylum on this side the grave, a rest from all his troubles, where he would wait calmly till his hour should come. And now he was to go again to that city of pride and luxury, and seek friends—friends to a poor man bordering on ninety. If Calcutta had such within its bosom, their names should be written in letters of gold. He arrived in the city, and wandered through the streets, and passed by the doors of the rich, the high, and the happy, where he was once so welcome. O! when his own home met his eye, what must have been his feelings, where he had lived with the proud and beautiful Anne, in his chambers of luxury? The dwelling was still there, but no one, in the bowed, the humbled, and suffering man, recognized the once admired and beloved Kiernander. The few who would still have soothed his desertion, had gone down to the grave: Clive had perished by his own hand. At last he found a relative of one of his wives, who opened his door to him. In the following spring, when in the eighty-eighth year of his age, rising from his chair too suddenly, he fell, and broke his thigh, and lingered long in agony. If any man had ever cause to pray to be allowed to depart in peace, it was Kiernander. Did no one remember, of the wealthy and the devout, that the noble church in which

they weekly worshipped was raised by the man who was lingering, hard by, in torture and desertion. The dwelling in which he was received, had few comforts; for the circumstances of the inmates were narrow, and they had six children: they probably regarded their aged guest as a burden. The Rev. David Brown, the chaplain at Calcutta, and a few others, visited him at times, in order to comfort him with their counsel. But Kiernander had higher comfort: it was not the will of God to give bitterness of heart in the midst of such exquisite misery—his cup was full—and the hand that had so long chastened, now poured into his spirit the richest consolation, the brightest hope. And what counsel could his visitors offer to this man of nearly a century, compared to the stores which his strange and chequered life had laid up? Even now, his mind was in all its vigour: it was sad, yet beautiful, to sit at his bed-side, and hear him tell how he had suffered; how he had known all that love, or riches, or learning could give to man—and that now he was going home to his rest.

He spoke also of Akstad, in Sweden, his dear native place; he blessed the hour when he first left it, to labour in the cause of heaven. "My heart is full, but my hand is weak," writes the dying man, in one of his last letters to his distant land, "the world is yet the same; there are many cold friends; others like broken reeds: but God makes the heaviest burdens light and easy: I rejoice to see the poor mission prosper, this comforts me amidst all." He then goes on, with great clearness, to depict the then state of India, and predicts, with singular accuracy, the extension of the British power through every part of the empire:—"When I first landed, sixty years ago, there was not any more than a little territory, or small tract of land, of about four or five square English miles, at each settlement of Calcutta, Madras,

and Bombay. The time will come, when the whole English nation will unite in a general society to send the gospel to the East Indies. This will give the firmest stability to the British possession in the East." Such were his last thoughts and words: his remains were deposited in the same grave with those of his second wife, Anne: this was strange, for Wendela Fischer had been his first and strongest love, and his only child also slept in her tomb. The funeral procession was slender, that wound its way through the cemetery; through his own cemetery, his own groves of trees! His name is almost forgotten. This is a great and cruel injustice: let his errors, but not his memory, pass away. High talents and endowments are of little avail in a missionary, without consistency of character. But we should not forget that he lavished his wealth in the cause, and impoverished himself to rear a beautiful temple for his fellow Christians: for sixty years he sought the good of others; and founded the mission and the church at Calcutta, where they have since known such power and splendour. After expending twelve thousand pounds on this object, he left it for ever, and wandered to Chinsura, with a pittance of forty pounds, supplied by those he had so benefited. He went with tears, but without complaining, to be a pastor to strangers; it was like the going forth of Lot, when all his possessions had perished; but by Kiernander's side was no companion, no comforter. Let it be remembered, how many he called to knowledge and peace—from how many hearts he drew the sorrows, that were darkly poured into his own!

## HOCKER AND ANTES.

IN the spring of 1747, William Hocker, a physician, and one of the United Brethren, quitted Germany, and set out for the East. His purpose was a daring and romantic one; no less than the conversion of the Gaures, or worshippers of fire, in Persia. Secretly cherished for many years, it at last grew so resistless, that he abandoned his profession, his friends, and family, and, after a prosperous voyage, landed on the coast of Syria. On arriving at Aleppo, he and his companion were strongly dissuaded by the European gentlemen there, from prosecuting their journey, on account of the anarchy and distress in which Persia was then plunged by Nadir Shah. Soon after, new and more appalling reports were brought, that the usurper had plundered Ispahan, as well as Kerman, the principal seat of the Gaures, where he had put numbers of them to the sword. Notwithstanding, Hocker determined to set out for Bagdad, with his companion Rueffer, and there wait an opportunity of entering Persia.

Having provided themselves with two camels, and a variety of necessary articles, they accordingly left Aleppo with the caravan, which consisted of fifteen hundred camels. The company was composed of merchants and traders of various nations, and the property they carried was of great value. They quickly entered the desert, and Hocker was startled at the novelty of the scene. It was the first time a missionary had set forth in such guise

and society: without a single regret he had quitted a good practice in Germany, as well as persuaded Rueffer, who was a surgeon, to join in the enterprise. They were both attired in the Eastern dress, and had a spare camel that carried their skins of water, bedding, the bag of meal, and as many books as the animal could well bear. The caravan always set off at sun-rise, and travelled till noon, when they stopped to rest awhile during the heat. This halt took place, if it was possible, in some valley or ravine, whose rocks gave a shelter: after which they again pursued their journey till evening, and then sought a repose of some hours. Their supper consisted only of hard boiled rice and melted butter, and the drink was muddy water, which they were obliged to strain through a cloth. "Though this was an unsavoury meal," says Hocker, whose fancy seems to have wandered to the wines and the good things of Germany, "yet hunger at last rendered it palatable." This kind of travelling was, however, no bad ordeal, to prepare them for future hardships. After advancing a fortnight in this manner, they arrived at a place where the caravan usually divided into two parties, one going to Bagdad, and the other to Bussora. To their great disappointment, the whole, in this instance, proceeded to the latter city. There was now no alternative but to go forward with the company, or proceed alone to Persia. By good fortune, four Jews resolved to separate from the company, and accompany them to Bagdad, where they arrived in safety.

A caravan, in a few days, set off for Ispahan, and they joined it. The route was said to be infested with robbers; many travellers and merchants had lately been robbed, and every one was full of fear. They advanced, however, a considerable way without any thing to alarm them, and were beginning to believe that the danger was over. The path on that

day was first over a rocky hill, then through a valley that wound at its foot. The hill was long and difficult, the vale was narrow and deep; it was a suspicious place. A band of Curdes, who had waited many days for the coming of the caravan, was concealed beneath, but so shrouded by the rocks, that not one could be seen, nor even the glancing of a spear. Suddenly a hideous cry was heard; the Curdes sprung from their shroud of rocks, and in a few moments were in the middle of the company. Some were mounted, and armed with sabres; others, on foot, with clubs and javelins. If any of the caravan had possessed courage, or a good leader, they might easily have repulsed the plunderers; but the most frightful panic took place; many of the merchants fled in full gallop over the hill, after firing a few shots; some sat still on their camels, tearing their beards with rage and sorrow, yet unwilling to quit their rich bales and silks. Of these, many were quickly slain. Before Hocker was aware, he was pierced in the back with a javelin, and while he turned to look about, he received another wound in his right side, and, falling from his camel, rolled down the side of the hill; one of the Curdes followed him, and, ere he had time to rise, aimed a stroke at his face. "Though," says his biographer, "he received a pretty severe wound in the chin, he did not lose it, as some of the caravan did their ears." He rose, at last, and crawled from the spot; the Curdes had taken away all his money and clothes, to the very shirt; he saw the remnant of the caravan departing, and ran forward as fast as his weakness would allow.

From the place where they were plundered, to the nearest habitation, was fifteen English miles; every one felt that he must reach it, or perish. No one offered to assist his fellow; they were like men in a shipwreck, each struggling to preserve his

own life, for the camels had all been taken by the Curdes, who turned the unhappy men on the desert, to shift for themselves. This was an ill-omened beginning of his mission: yet Hocker did not lose his courage or strength of mind; he tied up his many wounds, as well as he could, with some pieces of his shirt, and feebly pressed on over the burning sand. The heat was excessive, and beat intolerably on his bare head, and almost naked body; he saw several of his companions fall down, and cry sadly for help and for water, but no one stopped to aid them. Some hours passed away, that seemed like ages: many who had been prosperous merchants, were now impoverished; but they thought little of their lost wealth; "water," was the cry that burst frequently from their lips, and their eye roamed wildly over the waste of sand, but no fountain was there. Towards evening was seen, afar off, the hamlet they longed for. On approaching it, Hocker beheld his friend, Rueffer, coming towards him; he was unwounded, but stripped of every thing, and had gone on before. Two Persians of the caravan, of some distinction, were kind enough to supply a few articles of clothing, and led them to a house where some bread and grapes were set before them. Here they could only rest for a day; the company was too great for the resources of the hamlet; some camels were purchased or recovered from the spoil, and on the following day they set out again.

The journey was a painful one; a week had not elapsed ere the party was attacked by another band, and stripped of the little the Curdes had spared. The sufferings of the two companions, for some time, were so great, that, they write, it was impossible to describe them, with nothing to eat but bread, and water, and the nights were often piercingly cold. Hocker describes it as a great mercy, that for a few nights they were permitted to sleep in a stable

without either fire or covering. At length the city of Ispahan was nigh; and, passing through its gardens and streets to the house of the English resident, they were received with the greatest kindness. When Hocker once more saw comfort and luxury around him, and lay down at night on a soft and clean bed, his feelings were exquisite. In spite, however, of the kind attention of Mr. Pearson and his lady, and the best medical aid in the city, he continued, for some time, very weak from his wounds. Hocker was a learned man, and his conversation had much interest; he was also in the prime of life, and perfectly enthusiastic in his design. He soon became a favourite with the fathers of the Roman Catholic church, who lived in the neighbourhood, and often visited him, and, together with his host, strove to dissuade him from seeking out the Gaures. They told him that Nadir Shah, and subsequently the Afghans, had attacked and plundered their country.

But the fancy of Hocker, during his sickness, was perpetually wandering to the land of this people, to their sacrifices, and the eternal fire which they adored and blessed. He yearned to be there; for he believed he should succeed in persuading them to embrace the gospel. Often from the terraced roof, where he sat to breathe the fresh air, he turned his eyes to the distant mountains where that people dwelt, and fancied he could sometimes discern, at night, the glare of the undying flames in the horizon. He could not bear to turn back from his purpose. He might have settled at Ispahan; for the Persians, like other Orientals, have the highest idea of the skill of physicians from Europe. A fine path was thus open to his ambition, and Mr. Pearson urged him to embrace it; for there was little doubt that, with his manners and address, he would soon make his way at the court; and as medical science was at a very low ebb in Ispahan, the royal favour, as well as

that of the seraglio, awaited him. It was a tempting proposal, and Hocker paused over it. Nothing could be more uncertain, than his going to convert the Guebres. They were descended from the ancient Persians, the followers of Zoroaster, to whose religious tenets, and moral institutions, they strictly adhered. They lived mostly among the hills and fastnesses, and had cleaved inviolably to their faith, amidst every persecution and suffering. What chance was there that a lonely German would be successful in persuading them to renounce it; but the faith of Hocker seems to have been of that kind which aims at impossibilities; that he had only to believe with all his heart, and it should be done. He had long studied the Persian language before his departure from Germany; and during his stay at Ispahan, he was able to speak it with fluency. Should he now seek wealth, ease, and reputation? was the question he asked himself. He had suffered misery enough, and long illness had depressed the heart. He resisted the flattering prospect: the conversion of a single fire-worshipper was more dear to him than all the riches of Persia; and he was no sooner recovered, than the two companions again left the city, and bent their way stedfastly to the mountains of the Guebres. The predictions of their friends were verified. Ere they could reach the territory, they were surprised by the banditti, and lost for the third time every thing they possessed. It was in vain to contend thus any longer. Hocker turned a wistful eye towards the hills of the idolaters, who were even then battling nobly for their hearths and homes, that were to have been the scene of his future labours, and bent his way back to Ispahan. He would not, however, consent to settle in the country, but soon after set out for Bussora, and thence found his way to Aleppo. Rueffer died, and was buried in the European burying ground: his companion sorrowed over him,

for they had borne many troubles together. He now resolved to turn his views to another quarter; and, in 1752, set out for Cairo, in the hope of penetrating into Abyssinia. His plan was well laid, namely, to practise as a physician in Cairo, and establish a correspondence with the patriarch of the Copts, by whom the Abuna, or chief priest of Abyssinia, is consecrated. Having presented his credentials to the former, he met with a very friendly reception.

Hocker now practised as a physician at Cairo; the change of life and habits was complete, and he found himself in danger of falling in love with ease. Among his patients were some of the wealthy and influential men of the city: he often found his way into splendid chambers, where the master sat with him in the divan. At other times he was called into the apartment of the ladies of the serail, and saw young and beautiful women, whose eyes were turned on him in hope and curiosity. In his own dwelling he had the society of the Europeans; a few of the ecclesiastics were learned and well-informed men. He was skilful in his profession, and had little time on his hands. To an inquiring mind, it was a tempting residence: the great objects of antiquity without the walls, and the enjoyment within, were enough to make him forget the mission to Abyssinia.

Perhaps a love of wandering mingled with his religious enthusiasm; he at last resolved to leave his profession, and depart to an almost unknown land. He went down the Nile, and took passage for Constantinople, in order to procure a firman from the grand seignior, as there was no way of entering on his journey but by the Red sea, the ports of which were all in the hands of the Turks. The plague was then raging in the latter city, and he was exposed, like the rest of the people, to fall a victim. He took shelter in the house of one of his countrymen in Pera, and at first tried to arrest the pestilence; he even visited

the houses of those who were affected, and stood by their bed-side, and paid them every care. He escaped the contagion, while others fell every hour around him. The Turks, true to their fatalism, took no precautions, but walked about the streets, and applied to their business as if there was no fear. It was the will of God, they said : when the blow struck them, they never murmured. The great burying-ground on the summit of the hill, covered with the dark cypress groves, was filled with the living and the dead ; for the mourners never ceased to leave the graves of their relations and friends ; and those graves were daily and hourly opened. The wailing was wild and incessant throughout the gloomy cemetery. The wife, and the children, and the parents, were seen seated at the feet of the cypress trees, or kneeling beside the fresh tombs.

Hocker remained in this place until the pestilence was somewhat abated, and then quitted the city, furnished with the most ample means for his design. Besides the firman of the sultan, he procured letters of introduction from several European ambassadors to the consuls of their respective nations. Moreover, he had a recommendation from the British ambassador to the prime minister of Abyssinia, who had once been in the service of the English. With these he returned to Cairo, where he again met with a kind reception from the Coptic patriarch, and the friends whom he had forsaken. While making earnest preparations for his voyage, the grand seignior died, in consequence the firman was useless, and Egypt became the scene of great disturbance and danger. It is strange that Hocker, with whom a gleam of prosperity was always followed by a night of sorrow, should never have imagined that the will of Heaven was perhaps adverse to his purpose. Every defeat, however, only served to make him more determined. The Moravian sentiment, of

implicit submission and perseverance in all circumstances, is in general a blessing; but there are times where it may become a great evil. Had he remained in peace, and in extensive practice at Ispahan or Cairo, he might have found abundant opportunities of promoting the cause of religion by his conversation and example, and his facilities of access to all ranks. In the mean time, a companion came to his assistance, George Pilder, a student of divinity, from Germany.

With this companion, he set out, in the autumn of 1758, on his hazardous enterprise; crossing the desert to Suez, and embarking in a small Turkish vessel on the Red Sea. After a tedious voyage of eleven days, they were stranded in the island of Hasane; the sailors made their escape in a boat, but the missionaries were obliged to remain on the wreck, which was almost entirely under water: a day and night was thus passed, ere they were taken ashore. Twenty days they remained on the island, in perpetual danger of their lives from the rapacity of the Arabs. This asylum was a desolate place of sand and rocks, on which there was little shelter; the rest of the crew would not allow them to enter the wretched tent they had erected with the sails. By day they could see the prowling Arabs on the opposite shore, who were only deterred, by the want of boats, from coming to plunder and massacre them. At night they could distinctly hear their shrill and fierce cries: the poor companions had no bed but the sand, no pillow but the rocks, into whose crevices they crept for shelter from the keen winds and heavy dews.

They were also in much peril from their fellow-travellers, who took it into their heads that they had vast treasures about them, so that one of them was often obliged to watch while the other slept. They had saved little of their provisions from the wreck, and even fresh water was not to be had. "What

with hunger and thirst," says Hocker, " what, with heat by day and cold by night; and, still more, what with the hatred of men, our situation was very distressing." This is a picture of misery that can hardly be surpassed. They saw there was no help on earth. They often knelt down side by side on the shore: and sometimes thought of the passage of the Israelites through this very sea, how God had delivered them even against hope. They were at last rescued, after twenty days, by a vessel from Suez, bound to Jidda, who took them from the island, and carried them to the latter port. Here they thought that Providence was about to smile on their efforts. Becoming acquainted with two Turkish merchants, whom the regent of Abyssinia had commissioned to bring a physician for the prime minister, who was then sick, the merchants earnestly solicited Hocker to accompany them; he would gladly have consented. But unfortunately, when the vessel was wrecked, he lost his chest of medicines, and, as it was not possible to prepare remedies in a strange country from unknown substances, he resolved to return to Cairo without delay, and procure them there. In the mean time, he transmitted by the merchants a letter to Abyssinia, written by Count Zinzendorf; and embarked and reached Cosseir in Upper Egypt. The caravan had just taken its departure; this proved a fortunate circumstance, as it was attacked and plundered by a band of Arabs. In a few days they proceeded with a smaller caravan by another route to Kenéh, and, after being kindly entertained at Farshoot by some fathers of the church of Rome, continued their voyage down the river. This was the only useful part of Hocker's journeys: he visited the Coptic villages on the shores, remaining sometimes many days, and spent the time in earnest conversation on the excellence of Christianity. Against some of the errors of their system of faith, he mildly inveighed. His great

object of penetrating into Abyssinia was still delayed; the king of that country having died in the mean time. He lived long in hope, and at last, after repeated attempts and disappointments, settled at Cairo, and resumed his medical profession. Still he waited patiently, till a door should be opened in the land, where Bruce was now pursuing his famous journey.

In the year 1769, a yet more tried, as well as interesting character, came into the field. This was John Antes, a man of fine imagination, and passionate love of enterprise. His father possessed a good property in North America, where, in the decline of life, he joined the society of the United Brethren at Bethlehem. Antes was not more than ten years of age, when Lewis Count Zinzendorf wandered to North America, and was received into the house of his father. The conversation of the visitor was full of interest to the lonely settlers; on his departure, the Count drew the son towards him, placed his hand upon his head, and solemnly commended him to the grace of God, with a prayer that he might be guided throughout his whole life. This circumstance made an indelible impression on the mind of the boy.

“In my early youth,” he afterwards writes, “I was much troubled with scruples concerning the truth of those things which were written in scripture. I have since read a great deal of what certain persons, who passed for philosophers, and wise and learned men, have to say against the scheme of man’s salvation; but have seldom found any thing that had not been suggested, at that time, to my own heart by unbelief. Finding no rest and peace for my soul, nor deliverance from sin by these wise reasonings, I was led to the only Fountain of light and mercy. My prayers were at last answered; there was a comfort and a love shed abroad in my heart. I still reflect

on that period of my life with delight and gratitude."

In the year 1764, he came to Europe, and attended the General Synod of the Moravians at Muriaborn. He then went, and staid sometime at Hernhuth, and, in 1769, was appointed to serve the mission, at that time begun at Grand Cairo in Egypt. Having spent some months in London, he sailed in a vessel bound to Cyprus, and was received at Larnica by the English consul; an apartment was given him that commanded a view of the sultry plain without the town, and the range of rocky mountains beyond: there were a few groups of trees, scorched by the intense heat. It was a different scene from the deep forests and rivers of America, which he had left behind. He seems to have early laid down a strict demeanour and conversation to himself; for, one day, when he refused to join in some topics at the consul's table, which were not the most edifying; he was attacked by the whole company, and asked whether he took certain things to be sinful, which they could practise without the least remorse of conscience. "It was the first time," he says, "that I was publicly called to account: I meditated a few moments, and said, that one who had suffered much from the slavery of sin, and then felt its dominion broken, was deeply indebted to him who had thus blessed him; and dreaded to fall away, or incur his displeasure. They all asked, 'Who can be so pure?' 'I am not pure,' I answered, 'but I am no longer a slave: I love my liberty dearly; and rejoice, like a free man, in the brilliant hope set before me.' I mention this circumstance, chiefly because it had such an effect upon a gentleman present, that, after my arrival in Egypt, he wrote me a very penitential letter, asking my advice. He continued to correspond with me till his death."

He left Larnica one evening, to go to Limasol,

where a Venetian ship was lying, bound to Egypt. It soon grew quite dark, and began to lighten, thunder, and rain furiously. Not being prepared for such weather, in the dress he then wore, he went on with his cloak drawn over his face, to protect it from the storm. Having thus proceeded till near midnight in heavy rain, and hearing none of his guides near him, he uncovered his face, and, by the flashes of lightning, discovered that he was on a narrow path like a sheep's track, while his guides had forsaken him with all his effects. Thus deserted in a wilderness, he dismounted, when his mule broke loose and ran away. He sat down on a fragment of rock, and listened if he could hear the sound of any human voice, but there was nothing except the howling of the winds: he felt quite desolate; and, in a short time, arose from his seat and wandered on. He could hear the waves breaking at the foot of the cliffs on his right. Almost worn out with fatigue and drenched with rain, he at last came to a lonely mud-built cottage in the middle of a waste: he knocked at the door, and prayed for admittance: "Never, in my life," says he, "was I so rejoiced to get under a roof, but I found it was only a shed, quite open on the other side: but there was a fire, and some men were lying on the ground around it. After some time, the master led me to a place resembling a room, and shewed me a large hard chest, with a clean sheet spread over it. Weariness made me fall asleep. With the morn I went on my way: the day was extremely cold; Mount Olympus and the other hills were covered with snow; the sea was agitated by a storm; we went on over the sands, the shore of the island being as steep as a wall."

At Limasol he was received by a Greck merchant, in whose house he was confined by the ague. The host and his lady did all in their power to make his stay agreable, and got many of his lost effects back

again : here a Greek bishop and two hermits often visited him, and sat by his bed-side, wondering at the wild enterprise of the man. Their own situation was one of the fulness of ease and enjoyment : the retirements of the clergy and anchorites in this isle, in the country, amidst groves of orange, lemon, and fruit trees—are very agreeable. At last he set sail for Alexandria, and thence, after a few days, for Rosetta. The beauty of the Nile, as well as the extreme clearness of the climate, struck him greatly. At Rosetta, he often passed the night on the terrace of the dwelling, reading or meditating in the brilliant moonlight, for he had met, by chance, with a native, who, after a few questions, invited him to his house, and treated him with great hospitality. In the morning, coffee and sweetmeats were served ; they then parted, the host went to the bazar, where he passed the day in his shop, and dined frugally ; but in the evening a more solid repast was served, which was followed with a pipe.

In the course of a few days, Antes set out for Cairo in a boat that he had hired. In this city he was most cordially welcomed by Hocker, in whose dwelling he became an inmate ; here the ague again returned, and lasted for nine weeks. Hocker being greatly occupied in visiting his numerous patients, Antes was left alone during the greater part of the day, and badly attended by an Arab servant. It was a forlorn situation ; his recovery was despaired of ; and the extreme heat by day, and the musquitos by night, distressed him greatly. The American lay on his solitary bed, and thought of the comforts of his father's home ; he could hear the noises in the street, the shrill cry of the Arab drivers, and the clang of tongues of many nations of Nubia, Persia, and Sennaar, and he was glad when night came, when all was silent ; and not a foot was heard in the street. In this scene he never omitted the

practice of the Moravians, namely to observe a text for each day's contemplation. At the period in which his disorder came to a crisis, and his mind was sorely dejected, "on that day of danger," he says, "I was greatly comforted;" the appointed passage was this, "Fear not, thou man greatly beloved; peace be with thee, be strong, yea, be strong." His disorder fortunately abated, and he soon after recovered, and was never again seriously ill during his whole residence in the East.

In the spring of 1773, the celebrated Bruce returned safely to Cairo from Abyssinia: Antes became intimately acquainted with him, and was very often in his company. Bruce spoke freely of his perilous journeys, and gave the missionary the best information as to the present state of the Abyssinian church, and the prospect of doing good there. He told him that if he went into the country, and opened his lips about spiritual things, he would be stoned to death; that he himself was often in danger of persecution on account of his religion; he could not indeed have escaped, had he not been constantly at court, and protected by the king himself. These accounts, which were afterwards confirmed by several natives of Abyssinia, obliged him to defer his attempt of visiting that country.

He now began to enter on his work in good earnest, and set off on a visit to Upper Egypt. The Nile was then in the time of its inundation, and Antes dwells on its extraordinary appearance. Above the mass of floating waters, and the little isles of palm groves, and solitary hamlets, around which the flood gathered, rose the noble pyramids. The whole population was full of life and activity, it was their time of festival; the rushing of waters, which to us would be an evil, was delicious to their sight and hearing; had the tide even come into their chambers, they would have blessed

the Prophet yet more. The people lined the banks on every side with loud cries of joy, and even the children ventured forth on logs of wood. It was strange to see the sandy desert hour after hour devoured by the creeping tide: first sunk the grove and the scattered palm; when the line of vegetation was past, the rocks disappeared also; and, lastly, the columns of the ruined temple, capitals, as well as statues that stood grimly beside, were slowly shrouded by the flood. "It would be easy," says Antes, "to convert the whole country into a most delightful garden, so utterly does the Nile overflow it." But, to accomplish this, the conceptions of the people are too limited: it is even a saying among them, "We are all made for the sword, let us enjoy what we can to-day."

He came at last safely to Upper Egypt, where he remained a long time; he had now, in some measure, the desire of his heart, and went from one village of Copts to another. "I spoke to them," he says, "of the love of Christ our Saviour, entreating them to devote themselves to Him by whose name they wished to be called, and to seek to approve themselves as believers in, and followers of, his doctrine. They agreed mostly to what was said, but it was easily seen, that though they had a custom of speaking in scripture phrases, or, out of compliment to me, expressed their approbation, their hearts remained untouched, which made me daily call upon the Lord to hasten their conversion. When I went out at night upon the Nile, to go on my way in its coolness, the boat was several times attacked by robbers, who approach by swimming under water, snatch away whatever happens to be within their reach, and then disappear with their booty."

His mission was attended with more success than that of his friend Hocker, his manner was more

impressive and affectionate. On more than one occasion, he went some distance into the desert, to visit some scattered congregations of the Copts. Mounting his mule, he travelled all day over the plains of sand, stopping only to drink at the well by the way; at night he sought a few hours' repose, and kindled his little watch-fire, and boiled some coffee. Antes felt it to be a solemn thing to be thus alone in the desert; it was as if he had left the world for ever behind, but when he retired apart and knelt down on the sand to pray, his soul was never, perhaps, more happy, or his trust in God more strong. There was no sound but that of his own voice; no object visible but his little watch-fire on the ocean of sand, and, above that, a cloudless and splendid sky. The wanderer from America rose from his poor bed with a cheerful heart, and pursued his way. In these far and sequestered hamlets, he was received with a warmer welcome than on the shores of the Nile: a stranger's visit was rare, and the people were delighted at his coming: he found also that he was more useful to them; living afar from the world, they had been less corrupted by its example. He entered their little church, and preached to them the pure doctrines of Christianity, and they listened with attention and interest. They contended who should have the pleasure of lodging him, and gathered at evening to the dwelling to listen to his conversation.— In this way, his visits were often the means of moving the heart and instructing the mind of this ancient people, among whom the truth was but partially veiled. No sooner was the shroud taken away by these earnest efforts and persuasions, than the people listened with wonder and joy; so ignorant were they of any religious influence on the affections, and so bound, hand and foot, by their superstitious observances. It was not easy for a wanderer like

Antes to be well acquainted, even with the fruits of his own ministry, and of his daily visits to their dwellings; but the good and imperishable seed was sown in many hearts.

The religion of the Copts approaches near to that of the Romish, with yet more of superstition. Their great patriarch resides at Cairo; and there are twelve bishops, with many priests, who profess to be of the orders of St. Anthony, St. Paul, and Macerius. The monastic life is in great esteem among them; the more religious make a vow of chastity, renounce the world, and live with great austerity in deserts, sleeping in their clothes on the bare ground, and faring hard. They have seven sacraments, and hold many heresies with regard to the person and nature of Christ: their worship of saints is degrading and excessive. The respect of the laity towards their clergy, is very great; the latter are allowed to marry before ordination. The Copts are said to be the only descendants of the ancient Egyptians; their language, also said to be that of the people of old, is only understood by some of the clergy. No work is extant in it but the Scriptures, and these are a sealed book to the people, who use an Arabic version. A better idea of the people is given in the journal of Danke, one of the assistants in the mission.

August 1st.—“When Antes left me, I wept, and felt faint-hearted: I followed him long with my eyes, for I was in the midst of a barbarous land. We soon after passed Benesucf, a pretty little town in a beautiful country; and on the 2d, a city in ruins, which the Mussulmen assured me was the same to which Joseph and Mary fled with the infant Redeemer: it lay on the eastern bank of the Nile, on the declivity of a rocky hill: the walls are standing as far as the eye can reach. From this place to the shore, presents a steep and rocky ascent; but

there are glens in the mountains, and fruitful plains and islands. Towards evening there was a storm of sand, so violent that it forced us to halt; we were almost suffocated by it. At last I came to Behnesse, a good way inland, and here two Copts, Saleb Ibrahim and Abdel Messich, became acquainted with me. I lived a month in a solitary chamber. I told them of the happiness of those who live in the enjoyment of the love of Christ. They were moved, and said earnestly, 'Bless you, stranger, we never heard the like before; would to God we were like you!' Saleb Ibrahim now received me into his house; many came to converse with me. I felt, at first, much human weakness; but my heart grew stronger every day. They sat round, in silence, in the chamber, on the soft carpets and cushions, which is the use here. I stood up, and inquired, 'if any people lived here who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, who desired nothing so much in the world as to rejoice in Him.' They looked at me for a few moments, and asked, 'What do you mean by that love? do you at baptism make use of frankincense, myrrh, and oil? do you worship all the saints?' Then I said, 'Permit me to ask you in turn, Have you not read that Christ is the way, the truth, and the life.' They said, 'We have read it.' Then I answered, 'Why do you stand afar off, and neither seek the forgiveness of your sins, or a change of heart, or salvation from the darkness that now covers it: He is very near and gracious.' Some of the Copts who were present, said, 'This is strange, but surely there is a blessing in your words.'

I soon after became acquainted with Michael Bashara, the chief justice of the village, a very intelligent man, who paid me many visits:—'You are my friend,' he said, 'and your words are more precious to me than gold or silver.' My chamber where I lived, was on the top of a house,

a staircase on the outside leading to it. I rented this room for five shillings a year; some of the inhabitants assisted to put it in order. I cannot cease to wonder why these Copts at Behnesse, being so spiritually dead, should so generally respect and love me. Next day the four priests came all in a body to my retired chamber, and said, 'Do not soon think of leaving us. We have bound ourselves from henceforth to follow the words you deliver, and which contain truths precious to us. 'Ah!' I replied, 'could I but find a number of souls desirous to know God!' Ibrahim said, 'Be of good cheer! heaven will put them in your way.' The priests of Behnesse now shewed me some of their religious documents; they treated of nothing but the great power with which the Virgin Mary is invested, to save people from eternal perdition. Abdel Melec, Michael Bashara, and some others, grow in the knowledge of themselves and of God. About this time a monk from the convent of St. Anthony came to see me; this convent is considered by the Copts as most sacred: it has a very lonely situation on the opposite side of the Nile. In my journey to Klosanne, I stopped at the house of an Arab chief, in whose company I had once travelled on the Nile. Towards the close of the month, the Aga of Sake sent a messenger, desiring me to pay him a visit; he wished me to stay three weeks with him."

This youthful missionary soon after fell a sacrifice to his exertions: exposed one night on the way to Geis, to a wretched lodging and worse fare, he caught a fever, and had scarcely strength to reach Cairo, where he died.

Though a man of less enterprise and intelligence than Antes, his short career was useful. The latter, in the mean time, despairing ever to penetrate into Abyssinia, devoted himself entirely to the Coptic mission. Having some property of his own,

he was able to procure comforts, as well as indulge in charities, that made his way more pleasant; and the excessive heats did not arrest his progress. The excitement, or rather the enthusiasm of the mind, supplied the place of bodily strength; for his frame was delicate rather than vigorous: but mental energy will carry a traveller in more safety through the East, than well-knit limbs or iron nerves. Antes might be envied for his passages in the desert—the fatigues and perils of the way were quickly forgotten, when he arrived at the close of day, at his Coptic village: and after partaking of the coffee and dates set before him, he sat beneath the shadow of the grove, surrounded by the people, and talked to them of immortal things—while the sun went down in glory on the sands and precipices around. Then it was beautiful to remain all night, and not care for repose, seated at the door of the dwelling, on the edge of the fearful waste, while the cool winds passed faintly through the trees, and the moon rose, as she never rises in colder lands. This is almost the only hour in Egypt when the faculties are awake, and the fancy is in its full vigour, after the oppressive heats are past.

A similar scene occurred to the writer, when travelling in the interior of Egypt. After riding many hours through the desert, we approached some lofty walls, surrounding a square enclosure, within which was a small hamlet of Copts, consisting of eight or ten dwellings: one solitary and lofty palm-tree rose in the midst. These people conducted us into their church, a rude little building. It was imperfectly lighted, and a curtain concealed the entrance into an inner room or sanctuary, out of which they brought, and displayed with no small pride, two wretched paintings, in oil colours, of the Virgin and her Son. On inquiring if they had any books, three large and ancient ones were produced,

much the worse for wear, and written in the Coptic characters. The manners and appearance of this community had much innocence and simplicity the spot of verdure on which the dwellings stood was their little world, and the high walls were its boundary. They would fain have induced us to stay some time, and offered to kill a sheep from the few that grazed on the scanty pasture of their retreat; they had dates also, and excellent honey. The only defect was that of shade: the palm was a very noble and lofty one; but it was a lonely one: no other was seen far or near: the high walls that surrounded the place, afforded a shadow at noon-day, in which the villagers sat. It was enough to make them love the beautiful and solitary tree, that was seen to a great distance, like a beacon in the waste: it stood by the dwelling of the sheich or chief, a very old man, who seemed to be privileged to sit beneath it. He was the patriarch of the hamlet, and gave us his blessing fervently at parting.

Antes resolved to return to Cairo for a time, to visit his friends; here he formed an intimacy with some English travellers. One of them, who had studied physic, and was a man of good fortune, often visited him. The latter had resided some time in Cairo, to which city he had come, partly out of curiosity to see the country, but still more to enjoy the pleasures of an Oriental life. He indulged in them without restraint, and found that his money, and his profuse manner in spending it, placed most indulgences in his power. There was another means of equal efficacy: he was known to be a physician; and, by dint of his skill, and some fortunate cures, found access into numerous families: he often abused this liberty, to gratify his libertinism. He made no secret of it to his companions, and boasted that he had a key to the rich enjoyments of the East, which

they could never possess. There was something in the impressive simplicity and vivid imagination of Antes, that attached this man to him. "He was a bold deist, says the other, and never backward in uttering his thoughts concerning the scripture, ridiculing almost every part of it." This was sure to bring on a contest between the two travellers; it was assailing the strong-hold of Antes, who, in turn, directed his warnings and arguments against the career of his acquaintance. The contrast between the aims and pleasures of the two men, was great. One had left an indulgent home, to come and wander over the wilderness, if he could but wake in its people a love of religion. The other, satiated with the dissipations of his own land, and his imagination long kindled by the glowing descriptions of Orientalism, had come at last to realize them. He said that the reality equalled all his anticipations. Conscience was perhaps awake at times, or he would hardly have sought the society of Antes, who saw that his mind was disquieted. He would have been glad to believe with the followers of the Prophet, that voluptuousness, yet more exquisite, was to be found hereafter. He lived in a house which he had furnished with much expense and luxury, in the Eastern manner: and adopted the dress of the country, and had many servants and horses. One evening Antes was sitting alone with him on the terraced roof of the house, enjoying the delicious calmness and beauty of an Egyptian evening, when the other suddenly addressed him:—"I have now observed you very closely for six weeks, under a variety of circumstances. You seem to me not to have a single enjoyment of life. What is it that makes you proof against all temptation? Pray, tell me what that is, and how you came by it?" Antes answered, "As you ask me the question, I am willing to satisfy you. I have likewise closely observed

you, and cannot but say that I have often pitied you. You say that I have no pleasures, that I am a wanderer in deserts, and an outcast. Look to that brilliant sky, where dwells that despised Redeemer, against whom you have so much to object: it is an emblem of the peace and purity that dwell in the believing heart. Can I help being cheerful? I can never be unhappy, because the fountain is immortal. When your life shall end, where will be your hope?" When he had heard this simple statement, he said with a deep sigh, "I fear there is something in what you have said." He desired me to have him awake before I sat off the next morning for Upper Egypt. I first objected, that it would be as early as four o'clock, and he was not used to rise before ten, but he insisted upon it. Before the sun rose, we walked together to the Nile: I entreated him to forsake his voluptuous life, but he was silent and thoughtful, and seemed to think it a hard thing thus to part with his idols. He remained on the shore looking after me, as the boat slowly passed on her way. As long as I could distinguish, he was still standing there."

Antes again entered on his career among the Copts with fresh ardour, and advanced farther up the Nile, turning aside at times to observe, as he expresses it, the remarkable monuments of antiquity. Of more taste than his friend Hocker, who would not have turned aside to the ruins of Persepolis, if a village of the Guebres was in view, Antes had excellent opportunities of observing the ruins of the land, and he did not neglect them. He had other resources also, "As my occupation," he writes, "was often of a sedentary nature, and trying to the mind, I soon found that much exercise in the open air is essential for the preservation of health. For this purpose, I often went into the fields and over the plains, but the heat of the climate being very enervating, I perceived that when I had no ob-

ject to exercise activity upon, I was always inclined to sit down to rest under the shade of a tree, by which my aim was frustrated. To remedy this, I sometimes took a fowling-piece with me, particularly in winter, when there are plenty of wild-fowl, snipes, wild-ducks, quails, &c. which the natives of every description are at liberty to shoot, the Turks being too indolent to amuse themselves. I made many a pleasant journey on the Nile; for Egypt is the most singular and wonderful country on the face of the globe, but it is subject to numberless inconveniences. It is often necessary to carry provisions along with one, and even utensils to dress them in, besides a tent for shelter at night. There is here and there a caravansera with nothing but bare rooms, and those often very bad."

The best accommodation Antes found was in the Coptic convents, of which a few were spacious and comfortable, as well as ancient. The neighbourhood of Girgé was a place of favourite resort; for, in the town, was a fine monastery of this people, in which he found a kind reception, and made one of the cells his home. From its terraced roof was a splendid prospect of the surrounding country to a great extent: its flatness was relieved by the high and rocky hills which formed the opposite shores, and descended in precipices into the water. A missionary could not have desired a fitter place for retirement or contemplation; the convent was too large for the few fathers who resided there, whose manners were mild and courteous. The fault which Antes found in the Coptic recluses, was too much flattery and time-pleasing. The peasants and villagers, among whom his labours chiefly lay, were distinguished for their kind and simple manners; they regarded it as the greatest honour and pleasure to entertain a stranger in their dwellings.

The writer of this memoir, in his late journey through

Egypt, visited this Coptic monastery of Girgé ; there was only one father left, a man of about forty, of a very mild and pleasing aspect, that had a strong tinge of the world in it. He had the ancient convent all to himself, as well as no small share of power and comfort, being the only priest in the town and neighbourhood. He set before us the best provision he had, with coffee and pipes, and then conducted us through the building. It was a dull and gloomy one ; the windows, or rather the casements, were very small and few, and the light entered dimly to the forsaken cells. The chief luxury the edifice contained, was a little garden on the summit of the house ; it was a singular instance of this ruling taste, and even passion for flowers, in a recluse ; the whole terraced roof of the edifice was converted into a garden with numerous pots and beds of flowers. He had brought up the soil from below, and he watered them every day with his own hand. This garden seemed to attach him to the monastery, as if it had been a child or a wife, being evidently the chief pleasure of his existence ; for his manner was animated, and his eyes sparkled, as he pointed out his favourite flowers, and dwelt on their beauty. It was a delicious thing to walk on this terraced roof before the sun had risen, and breathe the fresh and sweet odours, and look on the immortal river beneath, and the fearful deserts through which it held its way. We could not help telling him that we thought he had a calm and pleasant life, and that the troubles of the world could seldom enter his walls. He smiled, and seemed to think so too. But it was a startling change, to descend from this airy garden to the dim and silent cells, where the only sound was his own footstep.

Antes, during his many wanderings, never appears to have cherished the thought of returning to America ; the love of family and friends, and the

wild scenes of his childhood, were unable to induce him to quit his present career. He had few flattering details to send to Hernhuth in Germany; no vivid or extensive conversions fell to his lot, but he pursued his way with a mind untired and undisturbed. The comforts of the soul, and the pleasures of the imagination, constituted his world: the former he would have carried into slavery or a dungeon, as was soon after proved—the latter, no country in the world can feel more richly than Egypt. Troubles often arose in the country from the insurrections of the beys and sheicks, and he was exposed, on more than one occasion, to much danger.

At these times, the convents, of whatever faith, were his best places of refuge: two or three of them are situated in places almost inaccessible, on the summit of steep rocks. The Coptic convent of St. Michael, near Siorct, in Upper Egypt, or the lonelier one of St. Anthony, were, at times, his asylum. Nothing could exceed the sad life of some of these recluses; there was no excitement to the mind or the senses; they looked forth only on the burning sky, and the sands that gathered eternally round their walls. One of them, or rather its ruins, stood in a narrow valley, whose sides were composed of bare and lofty precipices. No other dwelling was within a considerable distance; the only cheering object was the river at the mouth of the ravine, and the boats at times passing up and down. It had been inhabited for centuries, yet the building was still massive and almost entire; but the hollow windows, the neglected garden and cemetery, where the grass grew rankly, told that the inmates had long since passed away. It was a good resting-place for a benighted man; the roofs, the walls, and hearths, were all there, as well as the refectory and the cells. But the traveller seldom passed that way. In the little burial-place were the tombs of many of the fathers,

with the inscriptions almost defaced. On the opposite shore of the Nile, but at some distance, was Monfalut, a place full of business and bustle, whose bazar was crowded every day, and caravans came from many lands. It was not possible, that the recluses of the monasteries where he lodged, should evince much interest in his mission. Those of St. Michael and St. Anthony seldom quitted their walls: provisions being conveyed to one of them, of the Chain, by means of a basket, drawn up the precipice from beneath. Devotion had here degenerated into a weary and monotonous habit, a daily round of prayers and observances: the spirit partook of the indolence of the frame; each passing season, the monks had gazed, like weary sentinels from their battlements, on the gathering and subsiding of the Nile, on the tempest in the desert, on the rapid harvest, as well as on the withering drought. Antes was glad to make his escape from the walls, and go forth again on his uncertain way.

A change of fortune was now about to visit Antes. He returned to Cairo, to see his friends, and to receive some intelligence from Europe. He had walked one day without the city, and, returning towards sun-set, was observed by some Mamelukes belonging to Osman Bey. The chief, with his train, was near, though concealed from view by some hills of rubbish, part of the ruins of the ancient city. Some Mamelukes galloped up with drawn swords, and stripped Antes of the handsome dress he wore, fur cloak and shawls, and all his money. It grew dark; Osman Bey rode off, and commanded his soldiers to bring their captive. He was hurried on towards the castle, a building at some distance from the city, situated in an extensive sandy plain. The Beys resided here in turn, to guard Cairo against the wandering Arabs. They now passed down a gentle slope, where was a large garden full of plan-

tations of orange, lemon, and other trees, and Antes made an attempt to escape, but in vain. Arriving at the castle, he was put into a dungeon underground, a large iron chain was put round his neck, secured by a padlock, the other end fastened to the wall. He was overcome with fatigue and thirst. In about half an hour the Bey arrived, with his retinue, lighted flambeaux being carried before him, and their glare flashed through the dungeon of Antes, who, in the course of the night, was sent for, and led up the stairs into his presence. He found him seated in a spacious room, with all his people in a circle around. For the captive, a small Persian carpet was spread, but on his refusing to offer a large ransom, the punishment of the bastinado was administered. He was thrown flat on his face, while an iron chain confined his feet. He was again asked if he would give a thousand dollars, but he reflected that, should he consent, one of the guards would be sent to receive the ransom, and he should then be obliged to open his strong chest, in which were considerable sums, not only of his own money, but that of others, left in trust, which would probably be all seized. He offered some elegant English fire-arms, richly mounted with silver; but they were refused with scorn. The punishment he now received was severe and cruel: the pain was excruciating, and the blows were continued till life was nearly gone. The Bey at last saw that money was not to be had, and he sent him again to his prison. The following day one of the officers interposed, and obtained leave to have him carried to his house at a considerable distance. Here he was placed in a good bed, and his wounds dressed: he talked to his host of the cruelty shewn him. "It is from God," said the other, "it is so written in the book of fate, which cannot be altered." The next day they brought him to Cairo. He was confined to his bed for six weeks

before he was able to walk on crutches, and for three years after he felt the sad effects of his punishment.

At last Antes quitted Egypt to return no more, and arrived in safety at Hernhuth, in Germany. At a general synod held in Saxony, he was appointed wardour at a Moravian Institution, at Neuwied, on the Rhine. Here he spent two years, and was then appointed chief of the congregation at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. After all the excitement of his wanderings, he continued with contentment in the stillness of a country life. He now married, and passed twenty-four years without any change to the even tenor of his way. If any dear and resistless memories of Egypt and the Nile came over him, he knew that he could never see them again, that he must remain faithful to his charge. And that charge had its trials and troubles also, but they were those of the spirit, not of hunger, or thirst, or cruelty, yet, to his mind, they were more hard to bear.

Feeling at last the infirmities of age come upon him, he gave up his post, and retired to Bath. Hocker had finished his course many years before at Cairo, cherishing to the last a hope of converting the Gaures. Antes also ended his career in the year 1811, at the age of seventy-one. He seems to deserve the character given by one who knew him well. "He was a man greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew him; of great energy of mind: he had no selfishness about him; had he loved fame, or the riches of this world, he had not cast his lot among the Brethren. His manners partook of reserve, partly the result, perhaps, of his lonely wanderings. But he was a true and fast friend, which was found by longer acquaintance. His spirit was mild and calm, and danger did not disturb it."

END OF VOL. I.