



LIVES  
OF  
EMINENT MISSIONARIES.

BY  
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AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

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DAVID ZEISBERGER.

DAVID ZEISBERGER, a native of Zauchtenthal, in Moravia, was born about the year 1725, and went into exile at an early age, with his parents, who sought an asylum at Hernhuth. The family forsook their home, and the whole of their property, and fled from the persecutors by night. At Hernhuth they had rest, and the free exercise of their faith, which was dearer to them than affluence. The son was distinguished at school by his industry and quickness of apprehension, and a facility in acquiring foreign languages. When at the age of fifteen, he was taken by Count Zinzendorf to Holland, and was employed in some commissions by the Princess of Orange, for he spoke the Dutch fluently.

His readiness in transacting business, together with a cheerful temper and agreeable demeanour, made him a general favourite; and he often re-

ceived considerable presents from strangers. Such a situation offered a fair chance of advancement : but hearing one day, by the accounts read at Herrendick, that General Oglethorpe, governor of Georgia, had assisted the Moravians to establish a colony in that province, he resolved to proceed there without delay, and embarked, with a companion, on board a vessel bound to London, that they might thence take passage to America. As they were ignorant of the English language, the master of the vessel conducted them, on arrival, to a German innkeeper, who treated them very kindly, and recommended them to a ship about to sail for Georgia, to which province his parents had previously gone, with a party of colonists.

The two youths had a safe passage to Savannah, where meeting, by chance, with some Moravians, they proceeded straight to the settlement. Here the appearance of the wanderers was very unexpected : but the parents of Zeisberger rejoiced to see him again, though they and the other colonists were at a loss what to do with him. The family property had all been forsaken in Moravia, and there was no resource in America, save hard industry and toil. The spirit of the boy would not allow him to be a burden to the settlement. He therefore began to act for himself, and used to go forth alone at night, and make war against the beasts of chase which infested the plantations. This exposed him to danger ; and one morning he was found by the Moravians, lying senseless and wounded at the foot of a tree, and the animal he had slain lay by his side : in that state he had remained all night.

It was evident that the love of adventure, of a more wild and daring career, had in part led him to forsake his favourable prospects in Holland ; no glimpses of religious zeal were yet visible. A few months afterwards, he met with a missionary,

whose conversation was very useful to him. One day that verse was sung, "Whom dost thou love," &c.; the sweetness of the Moravian singing, and still more, the import of the words, had such power on his feelings, that he burst into a flood of tears, and left the apartment. Words can express but faintly, the value of those early and affectionate lessons of piety, from the lips of parents, falling on the heart and memory of the child. How often do they rise afresh, even in the wilderness, on the deep, as well as in the city or quiet home! The young Moravian remembered, in this hour, what he had heard in Zauchtenthal, and afterwards in Hernbuth.

According to his own account, he did not live, during some time after this, in the enjoyment of religion. A friend earnestly asking him one day, if he did not desire to possess it, he replied impetuously, "I *shall* be devoted to God, and then all of you will perceive, that that great change has taken place, in deed and truth." This was no prediction, as his friends afterwards believed it to be—but one of those faithful presentiments, sometimes felt by men who are chosen to a remarkable career. There was a boldness and confidence in the words, expressive of the ardour of his mind, that would not, even in religion, be satisfied with anything short of an exalted piety—an entire devotedness to God.

The two first colonies of the Moravians in this country, were situated ten miles from each other, one of them on the river Lechia, a branch of the Delaware. Bethlehem and Nazareth raised their heads in the midst of the desert; the religious assemblies of the people were regularly established: and among the dwellers were a few eminent and learned men. The domain of the former was purchased of a merchant. It was wild and woody, at a distance of eighty miles from

the nearest town; and only two European houses stood in the neighbourhood, about two miles up the river. No other dwellings were to be seen in the whole country. The manor of Nazareth was purchased of the Rev. George Whitefield, who was at this time in America: he had here laid the foundation of a house, which he intended for a native school; but not having perseverance for such a design, he offered the premises and land for sale, to the United Brethren. They accepted the offer finished this dwelling, and many others soon followed.

In the following year, Zeisberger experienced that change which he had so surely anticipated. His conscience was awakened, and his proud and restless nature subdued beneath a sense of sin and misery. The Spirit of God wrought powerfully with him, and he knew no rest, till, with sincere repentance, he sought salvation at the foot of the Cross. The earnestness of his soul was great; and, ere long, he felt the inexpressible comfort of his Redeemer's love. This was a blessing, he believed, too great to be confined to his own heart, which now overflowed with gratitude: he looked on the wide and untrodden field of usefulness on every side, among the Canadian tribes, to whom the words of life were as yet unknown. In his own words, "he now felt an intense desire to serve that Lord who had done so much for him, and came to the resolution to devote himself, soul and body, to his cause."

At this time, Pylæus gave to several young men, instructions in the Mohawk language. Zeisberger soon left his companions behind, seizing with avidity every opportunity of improvement. He also made acquaintance with some Iroquois Indians, for the sake of acquiring their language: in consequence, the Indians who visited Bethlehem soon began to

inquire for, and converse with him. He thus became so well versed in the speech of the Iroquois, or five nations, as to be chosen, some years afterwards, interpreter in the treaty of peace made between them and the British government.

The first visit to Onondago, the principal residence of this nation, was in company with the bishop Spangenberg. The journey was attended with suffering and hardship, yet he was delighted with it. One day, their stock of provisions being exhausted, they arrived in the evening at a fine green lawn, in the middle of a forest, but it afforded nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger. They looked mournfully at each other; the daylight was already failing fast, and Spangenberg implored his companion to try, in some clear shallow water that was near, if he could not find some fish. "It is in vain," said the latter; "at this season of the year they are only found in deep places." "David," said the former, "whether you succeed or not, do it merely out of obedience." He tried, and with such success, that he not only caught enough for a hearty meal, but laid some by for the next day. A few days after, when they were again in want, they found the half of a bear, which an Indian had hung in a tree near the path.

Another settlement was in the mean time formed by the Moravians, near Wyoming, and was called Gnadenhuetten: being in the very heart of the Indian territory, it was exposed to many perils and alarms. The hostile tribes frequently passed by, either in flight or with their prisoners, and the Moravians were more than once spectators of the cruelties exercised on the latter. The great chief of the Iroquois, living on the banks of the Susquehannah, at first mistrusted the Moravians; but, being at last convinced of their sincerity, he became their firm friend. With the caution of an Indian,

he long concealed his real sentiments ; but, in the last year of his life, he received them into his house, and defended them against the insults of his people. He had built his dwelling upon pillars, for safety ; and here Bishop John de Watteville, who afterwards went to Greenland, preached the gospel to him. It was then that his heart was opened, he listened with great attention, and at last with deep feeling. Some weeks after, he visited Bethlehem : the Moravians were surprised at his demeanour and conversation ; the cold reserve and sullenness of the Indian were softened into mildness, and he spoke of comfort and hope. He said also, and it was a strange confession for an Iroquois, that he could not conceal his feelings ; he could no longer lock them in his breast. He shewed them a small idol which he had worn in all his inroads and battles, and destroyed it in their presence. The chieftain returned to his home, where, a few months afterwards, being taken ill, he desired to see Zeisberger. The latter came, and saw him die. He said, that the death of the Iroquois was a happy one ; that his last words were of the merits of Christ.

Zeisberger had now risen into estimation among the Indians. The qualities which they loved in him, were his undaunted courage, and his still and placid manners. " He was a man," says his friend, " who, having made many journeys alone, and dwelt so much with the Indians, became like them in his manner of speaking and behaving." He was now twenty-five years of age, and in 1750 again travelled to Onondago, in company with Bishop Cammerhof. They passed up the river in canoes, and spent the nights on shore, in huts made of the bark of trees, which they built with their own hands. On one occasion, they came to a little Indian village, and were received by an old chief, eighty-seven years of age, a remarkably intelligent man.

He stood erect to receive them, with his frame unbowed by years, and accoutred with his weapons of war. He wished to know the object of their visit, and smiled and shook his head as they related it, and said, that he wanted no novelty, that he would die as his fathers had died. Then he ordered the calumet to be presented, and made them welcome. They were then obliged to leave the river, and proceed by land; the difficulties were almost insurmountable.

After being five weeks on the way, they reached Onondago, which was the chief place of the Six Nations. It lay in a pleasant and fruitful country, and consisted of five small towns or villages, through which the river Zinochsa ran. They were lodged at the house of the chief; the purpose of the journey was to obtain leave for some of the Moravians to reside here. A council was held of twenty-six chiefs, of venerable appearance. Many consultations took place. Bishop Cammerhof was the speaker, and his companion interpreted. The conference came to no satisfactory conclusion, and, during this suspense, Zeisberger and his friends obtained permission from the council to go into the country of the Cajuga and Senecas Indians. About a fortnight was spent on this journey, which was a dangerous and useless one, from the ferocity of the Indians; so that they were obliged to fly, in order to save their lives. On returning to Onondago, they renewed their petition, which was at last successful; and, with many ceremonies, the council came to the following decision:

“That the Iroquois and the Moravians, on both sides the great ocean, should regard each other as brothers. That this covenant should be indissoluble; and that two of the Brethren should have leave to live in any part of the territory.”

At the end of this year, Seidel and Zeisberger

went to Europe, to procure more assistants in their work. At Hernhuth, Count Zinzendorf spoke much with them: he said that he considered Zeisberger as an instrument in the hands of Heaven. The latter felt great pleasure in being once more in the calm and blessed retreat of Hernhuth, where many of his early days were passed; but he appears to have felt no regret for his early desertion of the service of the princess of Orange, ten years before. Had these years been given to ambition, he might have risen into favour and affluence at the Hague, amidst the dissipations of a court, and the smiles and flatteries of the world. How different a lot from the one he had chosen! He returned to America, with a full commission to pursue his career, and with the solemn sanction of the synod of his church.

In the summer of 1752, he again set out with two companions, for the capital of the Iroquois, with the intention to reside there some time. But on their way they were met by about twenty chiefs of the Oneida nation, who violently insisted on their going no farther. Zeisberger, not intimidated, declared that he was under the protection of the Iroquois, a nation more powerful than their own, and requested they would appoint a council, and hear him. They consented, and formed into a circle on a small eminence, where he addressed them in so powerful a speech, as to entirely change their purpose. Then they contemplated the strings of wampum which the Moravians were carrying to the council in Onondago, and attentively considered their meaning. At last, full liberty to proceed was granted.

On arriving at the latter town, they were well received, and permitted to enter every dwelling, and converse freely with the people. This was a great privilege, of which fully availing themselves, to recommend Christianity to the Indians, they

dwelt here some years in prosperity. They earned their bread partly by surgical operations, in which they were skilful, and for which the wars of the tribe gave ample occasion. At other times, they maintained themselves by felling timber, sharpening axes and other tools, and building cottages for the natives. The three men would leave their dwelling at break of day, and entering one of the neighbouring woods, apply for hours to the severest labour, till they had felled and transported to their home some of the finest trees. On other days, they were seen surrounded by the curious natives, while they planted the pillars, or laid the roof of a dwelling, for which they were to be paid in provisions. These labours helped to gain the goodwill of the people.

The chase was often a resource, when other means of subsistence failed. They were also permitted to attend the council, whenever it was held: Zeisberger was always welcome there, on account of his fluency in the language, as well as his friendship with Shikellimus, the chief of their people on the Susquehannah, at whose death he had been present. The council-house was built of bark: on each side, seats were placed: no one was admitted besides the members, save a few who were particularly honoured. In the midst of the council-room a great fire was kept continually burning: for all public business between any nation and the Iroquois, must be brought, as they term it, "to the great fire in Onondago."

The Iroquois are the most powerful, brave, and haughty of the Indian nations, and have such an exalted idea of their own greatness, that they affect to admit no equal in rank, but the king of England.

There were few Indian tribes who had not mourned their invasions. The Six Nations of this people formed an inviolable confederacy, well aware that their whole strength was in their union. The Eng-

lish and French vied with each other during many years, in seeking alliances with them; received their deputies with great pomp and solemnity, and made them rich presents.

These Indian assemblies presented a wild and various picture of the human heart—its coldest treachery and most exquisite cruelty were there, as well as its heroism, fidelity, and honour. The debates were on some days a perfect lesson in the art of dissembling; at others, there was the outbursting of all the furious as well as beautiful emotions of the soul.

The deputies of other nations often came with treaties of peace, or menaces of war; and here Zeisberger gained his perfect acquaintance with the modes of expression and oratory of the savages, as well as with the varieties of their temper and character. In the course of a few years, also, he became familiar with the dialects of all the principal tribes.

At last, a war broke out between the Indian tribes, among whom were many who hated the Moravians, and could not bear that they should thus settle in the country. The small settlement on the river Mahony was marked out for destruction: Zeisberger had some intimation of the design, and instantly set out for the place. He arrived in the evening at a hamlet with his two companions: the latter refused to proceed beyond the river, for it was certain the hostile Indians were near. He would not thus linger on the way; it was now twilight, and, mounting his horse, he wished his companions good night, and rode off.

Seidel, in great alarm for his safety, ran after him, and earnestly besought him to return, but in vain. The intrepid man dashed through the river, and had scarcely reached the opposite shore, when the discharge of musketry was heard; he hastened, in

anguish : the discharges increased, and fearful cries were mingled with them. The light was so dim, that he could see no objects in the distance, save the flashes, which were evidently around the devoted settlement. Zeisberger hurried on, but came too late to save.

That evening, the lonely settlers were at peace in their dwellings ; some had just sat down to supper, others were at their doors enjoying the beauty of the evening, for it was July. A sudden howling of the dogs was heard, the report of a gun followed ; several ran hastily out, and saw the Indians advancing beneath the trees, and now close at hand. A discharge instantly followed : Nitschinan was killed ; his wife and some others being wounded, fled to the dwelling of the former, and barricaded the door so fast with bedsteads and other articles, that the Indians found it impossible to force it. They then set fire to the house, which was quickly in flames : a few of the unfortunate people, among whom was a young Moravian woman, leaped from the burning roof unobserved by the savages, and rushed into the adjoining wood ; a ball grazed the cheek of the girl, as they fled. The flames had now caught the adjoining trees ; the two missionaries on the other side of the river, saw the horizon fiercely illumined by the glare, and heard the cries. Zeisberger, who was now in the midst of the fatal scene, aided the fugitives, but could not save his friend Fabricius, the chief of the mission, who strove to fly through the assailants, but was instantly despatched with the tomahawk. The others perished in the flame. Sensaman, who had escaped to the wood, had the misery of seeing his wife perish at a short distance.

The Indians next set fire to the stables, and destroyed all the corn, hay, and cattle, and laid waste the plantations. The widows and the childless who had fled, paused not for a moment, even to watch the

ruins of their loved village, but pursued their way all night. As soon as they were out of danger, Zeisberger hastened alone, to give notice of the event to a body of English militia, who instantly advanced, but did not venture to pursue the enemy in the dark. At three in the morning, he arrived in Bethlehem with the sad detail. The grief of the people was very great: one by one, during the day, the fugitives came in.

After some days had passed, they went from Bethlehem, to collect the ashes of the slain. It was a mournful procession; they found nothing but a blackened heap of ruins of the little chapel, the dwellings, and store-houses. They solemnly interred the remains of the eleven persons who had perished, and sung a hymn, that sounded amidst the loneliness of the place like a funeral wail. Those who sorrowed knew not how long they should be spared, or whether, in their own words, "retiring to rest at night, they should ever again behold the light of day." They adopted the best means of defence in their power, surrounded the village of Bethlehem with palisades, and kept watch day and night.

The Moravians had purchased a tract of land behind the Blue Mountains, of about 1400 acres, and erected a new town there. Against this place, called Wechquetank, an attack was planned by the Indians.

On the night when it was to be made, one of the inhabitants, wandering into the forest, discovered a fire through the trees; he cautiously drew near, and saw that it was an encampment of hostile Indians: some were gathered close round the flame, and their wild gestures and words sufficiently indicated their design; others, fully armed, were evidently waiting the moment of attack. He hastened home; the defences were instantly manned; the Moravians and their people listened to every sound from the forest—for the yell, that makes the blood of the boldest

run cold—the signal of the onset. At that moment the rain began to fall in torrents, and continued for several hours. Whether from this cause, or the firm preparation to receive them, the Indians deferred the assault, and the next day retired.

The settlements were now six in number. About four years previous, Bishop Spangenberg, whose services were eminent, had visited the more remote congregations. At Pickipsi resided the excellent Gottlieb Buettner, whose sorrows, persecutions, and many afflictions in mind and body, hurried him to an untimely grave. There were some beautiful things in the transient career of this youth: when any of his little Indian flock deserted their fidelity, and went far away among other tribes, he followed them, even if it were a hundred miles off. Thus he writes, at the close of the year, to Spangenberg: “Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep which were lost. Jonathan is again become my brother. My heart followed him wherever he went, and I thought I must go and seek him, though he was hunting in the woods at a great distance.” He set out on this message of forgiveness: when the Indian perceived him coming afar off, he stood like one thunderstruck. The former, accosting him in a friendly tone, told him the aim of his visit, and that if he should fly to the distance of two or three hundred miles, he would still seek after him. The Indian only said, in broken sentences, “Does Buettner remember me still! are you come merely to seek me?” and then wept bitterly. The latter, as it is expressed, “received him as the father received his prodigal son, forgetting, when thus engaged, his bodily weakness.” Soon after, Buettner finished his course, in the presence of all the Indian assistants, having exhorted them with his dying lips to abide faithful to the end. “As children over a beloved parent, so did they mourn for him. They dressed his corpse in white, and interred his remains

in the burying ground at Shekomeko, watering his grave with numberless tears : they even used to go and mourn over it for a long time after."

Gnadenhuetten, on the river Lecha, was one of the most regular and pleasant of the settlements. The church stood in a valley ; and the Indian houses, on a gently rising ground, formed a crescent round it. On the opposite side were the dwellings of the Moravians and their families, and the burial-ground. They tilled their own grounds, and every Indian family had its plantation ; so that the whole valley was a scene of rich cultivation ; the river that flowed near, offered facilities for carriage and commerce. The strict and faithful discipline of Gnadenhuetten was observed in all the other towns. The congregation met twice a day, early in the morning, and in the evening after their work, to sing and pray ; and sometimes to hear a discourse upon the text of scripture appointed for the day. By these discourses, the Moravians endeavoured gradually to make their people better acquainted with the truths of the gospel. Several parts of the scriptures, translated into the Mohican language, were also read and expounded. The catechumens having been duly instructed, were publicly interrogated concerning their sentiments and future views. Being dressed in white, they were absolved by imposition of hands, baptized, and, after a solemn prayer and thanksgiving, the blessing of God was pronounced over them.

Meetings were also held separately, with the married people, single brethren and sisters, bachelors and widows ; in which these divisions were in turn exhorted to become partakers of the promises, and faithfully to adorn their respective stations. The holy communion was administered to the communicants every month. The Indians called the communion day the " great day ;" and such indeed it was, being attended with the most distinguished

blessing, and very powerfully strengthening their faith and hope. The Brethren were, likewise, earnestly engaged in caring for each individual soul, and in leading it forward with gentleness and patience, following the directions of the Spirit of God. The wives of the Missionaries, and also the more intelligent and pious Indian sisters, were appointed to be assistants; and in this view, their presence was required in all conferences relating to the whole congregation. It was required of those who were thus intrusted, not only to question each disciple concerning the state of the mind, previous to the holy communion, but that they should at other times be ready to hear and consider the complaints and remarks of every member of the congregation.

But the Moravians could not possibly attend to the spiritual wants of all their people: they, therefore, appointed Indian assistants among the men, to whose care the daily meetings were sometimes committed. The following after those who had strayed, was often a painful work; for the seductions both of the heathen and the white people were powerful and incessant. Those who, after being warned, refused all reproof, were no longer considered as inhabitants of Gnédanhuetten, or suffered to dwell there. This was a severe expedient, yet the missionaries could not act otherwise, unless they had suffered the people to sink into confusion and carelessness. "They feared nothing more than a Laodicean course. When the least symptom of this appeared, they ceased not to cry unto the Lord until a new fire of grace and love was kindled, and, thus strengthened, they proceeded with renewed courage." A continual intercourse was maintained with the elders at Bethlehem, whose frequent letters and visits were a great encouragement.

As the Indian languages had no words for many

new ideas and objects, the Moravians were obliged to enrich them with several English and German names, and, by degrees, use rendered these new terms intelligible. This usage had another advantage; for several Indian youths, of both sexes, and particularly the children educated in the schools, learnt German with ease. Bethlehem, however, was the chief seminary where the natives sent their children to be educated, and they could not give a stronger testimony of the change in their nature; for, as it is observed, "the love of the Indians towards their children is so excessive, that they cannot bear to be deprived of the sight of them, even for a short time."

In the congregations, love-feasts were occasionally held: they began with singing and prayer; and afterwards, it appears that some of the more experienced addressed the assembly, spoke of their own consolation, and progress in religion, and animated the rest to renewed diligence. Thus it is observed, by one of the Moravians at Skekomeko, where the faithful Buettner died, "We afterwards held a love-feast with all the baptized, seventy in number; the presence of the Lord was powerfully felt. I spoke of the happiness granted unto us by virtue of the sacrifice of Christ, appealing to their own experience; and they affirmed what I said to be true. I then spoke of following our Saviour's steps, and of what we have to observe, as his disciples. Afterwards Isaac exhorted them to be humble and low in their own eyes, never to forget the sufferings of the Lord, not only in their dwellings, but when in the woods, and when out a hunting, &c. We closed our love-feast with prayer and supplication, and commended these precious souls to God, being greatly comforted by their faith, and firmness under such heavy trials."

Additional sources of industry were also provided for the people: not having land sufficient, the Moravians bought a neighbouring plantation for their use. A saw-mill being erected, many Indians had the means of earning money by cutting timber, and conveying it in floats down the river. Hunting was the chief support: from fifteen to twenty deer, or bears, being frequently shot in a day. If provisions proved scarce, they got wild honey, chesnuts, and bilberries in the forests. A present of a spinet having been made for the use of the chapel, the singing of the congregation was improved, as one of the Brethren could play well upon it. He also taught a young Indian to play, who succeeded him. The following rules, also, were strictly adhered to: "That no begging should be suffered, and no debts incurred, either with heathen or white people; but each earn his own bread diligently: That the infirm and aged should carefully be attended to, and their wants relieved." A house was also built for the reception of strangers and wanderers, and was called the Strangers' Inn. How glad was the savage, the hunter, or the wayfarer perhaps from some far tribe, when he saw the spire, the streets, and the caravansary of Gnadenhuetten, and was guided, weary and hungry, to the gate, where neat and clean chambers, a kind greeting, and a comfortable repast, awaited him!

Zeisberger and Seidel went to Shomokin and Wayonick: in return for this visit, a large embassy was sent by the Nautikoks and Shawanosc, to establish a covenant between them. The deputies, with their attendants, were in all one hundred and seven persons. A messenger was sent ten miles forward, with the words, "We are now coming unto you. Gnadenhuetten is a place which delights us. The heat was great: we subsisted on nothing but bilberries: we rest with you at present."

They appeared, a few hours after, slowly moving towards the place, in Indian file; the leader singing a song. The Strangers' Inn was filled to excess; an ample supper was prepared; after which the whole of the assembly met upon a rising ground. A large blue cloth was spread in the middle, and mats placed on it. The Nantikoks and Shawanose gathered around their chiefs, and the inhabitants around the Moravians; the women and children forming a circle beyond the whole assembly, at a short distance. What a beautiful picture!—the evening in June; the shadow of the forests gathering darker around; the sun going down in glory behind the barren ridge of the Blue Mountains; the rushing of the Lecha beside 'the Tents of Peace,' the name given to the town. Many speeches were made by the Indians, and answers given in the same style by Spangenberg, and at last the treaty was ratified, and the former passed some days in the place.

The Indian assistants, who were chosen for their superior piety and intelligence, were valuable auxiliaries to the Moravians, either by their public addresses, or private visitation and counsel to the families. The letters of some of these men are proofs of a reflecting, as well as zealous mind: one of them is thus described—"As his vices were the more seductive, on account of his natural wit and humour, so, as a Christian, he became a most powerful and persuasive witness among his nation. Few of his countrymen could vie with him in point of Indian oratory; his discourses were full of animation; whether at home or on a journey, he could not forbear speaking of the salvation purchased for us. Nor was he less respected as a chief, among the Indians; no affairs of state being transacted without his advice and consent." Another is thus given, "Nicodemus, who, for his fidelity, was appointed elder of the congregation at Gnadenhuattar; as his manner

of speaking was very figurative, his public testimony and conversation were the more instructive to his countrymen. 'I crossed the Lecha to-day in a boat,' he said, 'being driven into the rapid current, and nearly upset; but a large tree, whose branches drooped into the water, stayed my course, and saved me. So are we irresistibly hurried away by sin, but as soon as our Mighty One stretches forth his hand, we receive power to withstand the rapid stream of this world.' In his last illness, while they stood around him, he observed, 'I am weary, and wish to rest, for I have finished my work; my body will sleep in our burying-ground, but it will rise most glorious: corruption and death are near, but only for a time—even as the forest fades before the winter's fury, but lifts its head again in glory. So shall I rise. But if I had no hope, if I had continued the slave of sin, it would be with me as when the flame devours the forest—it perishes for ever. The spring and the summer come, yet there is nothing but blackness and ashes. The oak, and the pine, and the cedar lie withering beside the little trees and the weeds: they are all alike then.'

Around this institution, mischief at last gathered: a plot was formed, with the connivance of many of the European settlers, to seduce the converts from their teachers. In a council of the Oneydas with the Mohicans, it was resolved to bring the christian Indians back to their former habits of life; not by the tomahawk, for that had been tried in vain. Emis-saries were sent to inveigle them, and that so successfully, that many began to waver at the persuasions of their ancient friends, who spoke of their war feasts and battles; they relaxed in their religious duties, as well as in their industry. Some already went to join the other tribes, and the whole settlement was in danger of being forsaken.

But, in the month of February, there came from

the various settlements a deputation of the people, among whom were Zeisberger and others. A meeting with all the Indians was appointed, "that they might speak with them," as they expressed it, "as fathers speak to their children." The whole company assembled in the middle of the valley. Having first reminded the natives of the grace they had received from God, the elders declared the deep grief that filled their own hearts at this change in their conduct, and pointed to the well-tilled fields and homes, and asked, "if they would find such in the forests and wilds, to which they wished to return. Then, kneeling down with the whole assembly, they, with many tears, commended them to the mercy and protection of God. This address, and the prayer that followed, produced an immediate effect on most of the Indians. Several who had deviated from religion—others, who had already put on their original war-dress, and resumed the tomahawks—owned their transgression, and begged forgiveness! The missionaries observed, "that perhaps the influence of Christianity was never more evident than in seeing an Indian, naturally obstinate and inflexible to the last degree, appear before a whole body of people, confess his faults, and ask pardon of God and his fellow-men."

A few days afterwards, Paxonous, a principal chief of the Mohicans, arrived, with a retinue of thirteen persons, to demand what was their resolve. A mild but decisive answer was given by the Moravians. The former, instead of being incensed, could not help admiring the man whose words and example had such influence over his countrymen. In this visit, which lasted some weeks, he was accompanied by his wife, a woman of fine presence, as far as Indian beauty went, and, what was more rare, of great influence over her husband's mind. They used to attend in the chapel on the hill-side, when service

was held there; and so effectual were the addresses of the Moravians, that the Indian chieftainess said, "that she felt subdued like a child." The ceremony of her baptism was performed in the chapel, amidst all the people.

War soon after broke out among the tribes, and continued for several years, during which the efforts of the Christians were greatly impeded. Zeisberger was appointed to the care of the settlement of Litiz, where he compiled a grammar and vocabulary of the Iroquois language; into the latter, he translated the "Harmony of the Four Gospels." He held many conferences with the Indians, and conducted negotiations with them on the part of the government. Six years were thus passed, during which he did not cease to penetrate alone into the remote territories of the Indians.

Had it been the aim of this enterprising man to form a community under his own especial care and command, such was his influence with the tribes, that a numerous body would have gathered around him. An ambition of this kind was foreign to the mind of David Zeisberger: two of his companions, Seidel and Ettwein, men of inferior toils and attainments, were raised to the rank of bishops among the Brethren; but these things he heeded not. The tribes among whom he journeyed and dwelt, were untractable, fierce, of wandering habits, and seldom at amity with each other. It was necessary to be often present among them, to seize the most favourable moments to do good: a few months with one nation, and in the ensuing season with a hostile one, a hundred leagues distant. His exertions were this year eminently blessed, in the conversion of the great Indian teacher, Papunhauk. During several years, this man had been zealous in propagating his doctrines of heathen morality; but

as both teacher and hearers were addicted to the most abominable vices, several of the latter began to doubt whether Papunhauk were a teacher of truth. Yet the influence was great, which he had acquired over the minds of his people. When he heard the gospel of Christ preached at Nain, he said, that he had always believed in a Supreme Being, but this was the saving doctrine he wanted. Then, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "O God, have mercy on me! and grant, that the death of my Saviour may be made manifest unto me." Under these impressions, he went home, called his people together, and in pathetic terms related what he had felt: "My people," he added, "I have told you many good things, and pointed out a good way; but I have now learnt that it was not the right one. If we wish to be saved, we must look to that Redeemer whom the Moravians preach."

Desirous as was this man of becoming a christian, his pride recoiled at the idea of losing his influence among the people, who had so long listened to his doctrines: he paused even at the threshold, looking wistfully back on his past reputation; his words would soon cease to be regarded, and his predictions be as idle dreams: the struggle in his mind was long and violent. In the month of May, Zeisberger went up the Susquehannah as far as Machwihlusing, where Papunhauk resided. As he drew near, he was met by an inhabitant, who told them that they had met six days successively, to consider how they might procure a teacher of the truth. The heart of the missionary glowed at these words. In the evening, the whole town assembled; in their speech made to him, they said, "We all greatly rejoiced at your arrival," and said to each other, "These are the people we have so long waited for, they will shew us the right way." Zeis-

berger then spoke, and they listened eagerly. Every day they met in the same manner. Papunhauk, with many others, was so greatly affected at his discourses, that he no longer offered any resistance or delay, but embraced the gospel with his whole heart. "A man, naturally vain," it is said, "and high in his own conceit;" yet he now, with deep contrition, cast all his own righteousness aside; he would hardly eat or drink, and came to Zeisberger, confessing the gross sins of his former life, and begged earnestly to be baptized. His request was granted: at his baptism, he made a solemn declaration of his faith before all the people.

Soon after, the former returned to Bethlehem, where, after mature deliberation, it was thought that he should again go to Machwihilusing, as a resident missionary; he gladly accepted of the office, and departed. On the road, he was dangerously wounded with an axe, and fainted from the loss of blood. But his Indian companion gathered a healing plant, whose virtues were known to him, and applied it; by which he was not only recovered from his swoon, but, to his great surprise, the wound soon closed and healed. On his arrival, he was again kindly received by all the people, and dwelt some time among them. In Papunhauk he found an intelligent companion, an acute observer of nature and of men—as his influence over their minds, by divination and oratory, sufficiently proved. To the missionary, he became a devoted friend and guide, in many a journey.

The various settlements of the United Brethren were, in the mean time, visited with many troubles and mischances. Sometimes they were obliged to fly from one town to another; the people of Wechquetank sought refuge in Nazareth. The savages had laid waste the country with fire and sword; and the town of Nain, one of the earliest settle-

ments, was blockaded on all sides. These ravages so increased the fury of the colonists against the Indians, that it extended to the native converts, particularly of the latter town. During four weeks, the inhabitants stood on their defence, watching through the long, cold nights; "their joy was every morning renewed, when they met together in the chapel, and strengthened themselves in fellowship, by considering the word of God, and experiencing the consolations of his Spirit. They expected nothing less than a cruel death."

In November, an express arrived from Philadelphia, with an order from the government, that all the baptized Indians should be conducted thither, and be protected in that city, having first delivered up their arms. Here they arrived in safety, and found a refuge from their persecutors in Province Island; whence, after a few months, they were conducted by the missionaries to Machwihilusing, on the Susquehannah. The Moravian colonies were thus harassed, during many years, from the hatred of the white people, as well as the malice and cruelties of some of the tribes, and even the burning of their stores and plantations by the hands of those who should have been their protectors.

"Wechquetank was burnt by the white people, and in the night of the 18th of November, they endeavoured to set fire to Bethlehem. The oil-mill was consumed, and the adjoining water-works were with great difficulty saved from destruction. We heard, with grief and horror, that a party of our people, who lived quietly in the small village of Canestoga, near Lancaster, were attacked by fifty-seven (so called) Christians, from Paxton, and fourteen of them murdered in their dwellings. The rest fled to Lancaster, where the magistrates protected and lodged them in the workhouse, a strong building, and well secured. They were, however, followed by the pur-

sners, who marched into the town at noon-day, broke into the workhouse, and, though our people begged their lives on their knees, yet these barbarians cruelly slew them all, throwing their bodies into the street. Then they departed with a shout of victory."

Truly was it said of these patient and enduring men, that peril and death beset them on every side. "As a mariner rejoices," they feelingly observe, "who, after a long and severe storm, has reached his desired haven, so likewise did the congregation and her faithful teachers rejoice. They forgot all their former distress, and, with offers of praise and thanksgiving, devoted themselves anew to Him who at last gave them rest."

David Zeisberger, seeing the community at Mach-wihilusing prosper, now longed to extend his labours; he could no longer rest tranquil, but traversed the shores of the river, to discover a favourable scene for new triumphs of his faith. A resolve was taken, that a large settlement should be established on the distant banks of the Susquehannah, where the remoter tribes might come and listen to the message. It was necessary that many of the Brethren, together with a considerable part of the Indian congregations, should leave their homes, and go forth on this journey. Never was a finer instance of Moravian obedience and submission: some sold their houses, for they were going to a distant scene, of which they knew but little. Many had grown old beneath the roofs they were for ever leaving, where peace had dwelt with them; and now war and famine, and miserable anxiety, were to be the companions of their way. Others had been born here, and had reared the gardens, and planted the flowers and fruit-trees, which strangers were to reap. As it is beautifully expressed, "they went in silence, weeping, towards the Lecha." Their guidance was committed to Zeis-

berger ; a charge that called for all the bravery and energy of his nature. It was like the warrior Great-heart guiding Christiana and Mercy, and the band of pilgrims, to their place of rest beyond the dark river.

Waggons were provided for "the children and the infirm, the old and blind, and the heavy baggage." The journey was rendered more difficult by the circuits they were often obliged to make, to avoid the hostile Indians. Then came stormy weather, and heavy falls of snow ; their lodging by night was in the woods, each family building a hut, and keeping up fires. In some parts, they had to cut their way for miles through the forest, and build canoes to pass the rivers. Their provisions began to fail, till at last the whole stock was consumed. It was a moment of great pain, when each family received its last portion ; the mothers, the children, the grey-haired men, knew not that tomorrow's sun would bring any supply. They made rafts to bear the women over the broad rivers, but the current often carried them away.

One night they had lain down to sleep, overcome with fatigue and want, when the forest took fire, either by their own carelessness, or by the wind raising the lighted embers. The terror of the people was great : all were instantly awoke, but where could they fly, in the heart of a vast forest ? a swift and miserable death was in the air and on the earth, every step they took. The trees burned fiercely all around ; the clouds of smoke, that increased every moment, prevented their seeing each other, save when the fresh volumes of flame burst forth, and threw a momentary and dreadful light : the falling of the branches added to the peril. They at last fled through an opening in the wood, which the fire had not yet caught. The confusion was very great ; the sick and the old were seen feebly hastening from the flames, that spread with strange

swiftness on every side. Much of the baggage was consumed : several persons were injured, but not one life was lost. The conflagration continued till the following day, and then they ventured back to the place of their encampment, to recover what articles might be spared.

They were frequently rejoiced to find wild potatoes, the disagreeable flavour of which, hunger alone could render palatable. To satisfy the children, who cried for want, they peeled chestnut trees, and made them suck the sweet juice under the bark ; and even the grown people were obliged to do the same. Many died during the journey ; and they made them rude graves in the wilderness. " But all these trials were forgotten," they say, " in our meetings, where the presence of the Lord was most sensibly and comfortably felt. They were always held in the evening, when our journey was done, round a large fire, in the open air. The care of Him who is invisible was over us : we spoke of his mercy and love with joy."

At last they came to the end of their journey, on the banks of the river, where the new town was to be built. They called it Friedenshuetten. It first consisted of a number of huts, and forty houses built of wood in the European manner, covered with shingles, and provided with windows and chimneys. In the middle of this hamlet was the chapel, neatly built. The ground adjoining the buildings was laid out in gardens, and between them and the river about two hundred and fifty acres were divided into regular plantations of Indian corn. Each family had its own boat. The burial-ground was situated at some distance beneath the shadow of the trees. The Moravian system, whereby the diffusion of Christianity goes hand in hand with the civilization of the manners, was never more justly exemplified : these people were in a far solitude,

remote from all other habitations, and entirely dependent on their own exertions. This is the description of their life.

“ In rainy weather, the brethren and sisters assemble in small companies in their dwellings, to sing and praise the Lord for his mercies. A perfect harmony and concord prevailed among them. It was a pleasure to see how judiciously they planned and executed the work of each day. They appeared like a swarm of busy bees. Each knew his proper task, and performed it readily. Some were employed in building houses ; others, in clearing the land ; some in fishing, to provide for those at work ; others cared for the house-keeping.” The same statutes and regulations were adopted here as in the other towns. Papunhauk, the Indian teacher, came from a distance : his extensive acquaintance among the natives, and the rising fame of Friedenshuetten, drew a great number of visitors from all parts.

The Indians, who now dwelt here in peace and safety, sent a messenger, with a string of wampum to the chief of Cajuga, who, as plenipotentiary of the Iroquois, claimed a lordship over all the neighbouring lands. They informed him and his people, that they had settled on the banks of the river, where they intended to live with their teachers, if he approved of it.

He returned an answer, “ That the place they had chosen for a settlement was not proper, because all the country had been stained with blood ; therefore he would take them to the Cajuga lake.”

This was an unwelcome proposal ; Zeisberger was therefore chosen to go, with four deputies, to intercede with this man, for he was powerful. The latter received them beneath his roof ; but he spoke contemptuously of the Moravians and their exertions. The companions of Zeisberger were intimidated at this, and shrunk from proposing their message in the council. The latter, however, “ assured them, that

God would be present also in this assembly, and would direct every thing according to his pleasure." He spoke the Cajuga tongue fluently, and, on the morrow, the council being assembled, he rose, and addressed them in the following words:—

"Brethren, you have heard the request made by your cousins; you see that their cause is good, and you love what is just. You have received them into your arms: they are thankful for it. Their feet were weary, they had suffered much by the way, but you have refreshed their souls. You have land enough; therefore give a small piece to your cousins, who believe in God, that they may live among you in rest and peace. I am of the Delawares, who know that the Cajugas are generous. Do not send me away in sorrow." The request was granted, and a tract of land was given them, larger even than they had desired, extending beyond Tiaogee.

The deputies rejoiced greatly, and spent some days at this place. Zeisberger hastened back with the news of his success, and it was resolved to take immediate possession of the new grant. But this exultation was soon damped, by an Indian from Yaninga, who gave a circumstantial account of a great council, held by the Iroquois in Yaninga, at which he was present, and where the chief of Cajuga was severely reprimanded for having given land to the Moravians without their consent. At this news, Zeisberger resolved to go in person to Onondago, to learn the truth, and renew his covenant of friendship with the Iroquois.

After enduring much by the way, he arrived, and lodged in the same house that had formerly for many years been his home. How beautiful is the remembrance of our first dedication to God! of the first sincere and happy outset in the career of immortality! Once more he was in the place of his earliest mission, in Onondago, the stern yet

indelible source of experience—whose simple, yet solemn usages, mingled grandeur and ferocity of character—wild virtues, and wilder vices, first acquainted him with the native human heart; while his own severe conflicts and trials, gave him the golden knowledge of himself. It was a place full of fear and warning to the timid spirit—of success and power to the bold. And, now, all its associations again gathered round his heart. Who is there, on revisiting the wild scene where he has long struggled with his fate, and prevailed, but feels the very aspects of nature to be unto him like familiar friends? even the aged tree, the rock, the stream, once the only witnesses of his hope and despair, his prayers and tears!

The river Zinochisa, on whose banks he had often wandered, the valley full of armed men, the forest whose trees he had often felled, beneath whose shadow he had rested at noon, even the dwellings built with his own hands—all told more expressively than words, of the rich mercies of his God, who had here been his stay, and, for his sake, had arrested “the arm of the mighty, the fury of the oppressor.” With deep emotion, he saw the people gather round him. Cold, haughty, and perfidious, the dread of the other nations, the Iroquois had been to *him* mild and merciful; and now they received him even as a brother. The morrow was appointed for the great council, and the flag was already flying there in honour of the guest. The hour came, when Zeisberger entered the assembly of “the great fire of Onondago,” where they had often listened to his words. The prophet and the preacher are said to be sometimes indebted, for the kindling of the fancy and the spirit, to the inspiring scenes of nature; but surely no scenes could be more exciting than that of the hushed assembly of warriors, among whom were the most aged, and celebrated of the nation. No ferocity or

treachery of look, no stifled or murderous passion, was there; grave in their aspect, free and noble in their attitude, the Iroquois waited for the speech. And Zeisberger spoke well; he painted feelingly the labours of the Brethren among the heathen; then dwelt on the future state of the Indian congregations; appealed to their former intimacy with himself; and finally, requested them explicitly to declare, whether they would ratify what passed between him and the Cajuga chief. The principal men then inquired minutely concerning the establishment and constitutions at Friedenshuetten, and, according to custom, said that they could not decide hastily.

After mature deliberation, during which some weeks elapsed, a full consent was given by the Iroquois. But this powerful people seemed to have little inclination at present to receive the gospel: they would have been glad to see Zeisberger dwell again among them, but, as one of them told him, "A minister from New England lately came and offered to live among, and preach to them; but they replied, that, as soon as they chose it, they would let him know; for the present, he might return to his own home."

Friedenshuetten, in the mean time, increased rapidly. The Indians, who came in numbers from all parts, were struck with the regular appearance of the place; declaring, it was the most beautiful and regular Indian town they had ever seen. They paid great attention to the preaching of the gospel, and its power on their hearts was often remarkably evident. They consisted of various nations, chiefly Mohawks, Senecas, Tutclas, Mohicans. In 1767, a more spacious church was erected. Previous to this period, Zeisberger had been adopted into the Delaware nation, as one of their brethren, which privilege was often of great service, and more than once was a barrier between him and death.

As a proof of the esteem in which he was held among the natives, the missionary Schmidt, journeying once to a great distance, asked some of the Indians, whether they knew Zeisberger. As soon as they heard his name, they expressed great joy, and, placing two fingers together, said, "We are one with that man: are you also one with him?" Schmidt answered, "We are brethren." "Then," said they, "you must come to us, and build your house in our town." In the autumn of this year, accompanied by Papunhauk, he made a journey to the Ohio, having heard that Indians dwelt there, who were desirous to hear of Christianity. He passed over extensive plains, covered with grass of such height, that sometimes the horse and rider could hardly be seen above it. In the morning dew, his clothes were thoroughly soaked, and he travelled on through places, where, according to the account of the Indians, no white man had ever been seen.

After many days, sleeping always at night in the open air, exposed to almost incessant rain, he came to a forsaken Indian town. He was greatly struck with its appearance; for it stood in a situation of singular loneliness and beauty. "Here," he observed, "was the first grove of silver fir he had ever seen in North America. Near by, was one of the sources of the river Ohio; it gushed forth in a narrow stream, and wound its way into the vast plain. Whether war or famine had desolated the town, he could not tell, but it was utterly forsaken; the dwellings were all entire, nor was there any hand of ravage apparent. He entered one of them, and made it his home for the night, and partook of a simple meal, and drank of the fountain of the Ohio, whose vicinity had probably induced the Indians to settle here. The farther he penetrated, the more drear the wilderness grew, and it cost him immense labour to work his way through the thickets.

“ Having thus proceeded,” it is said, “ four days, through a country of so dreadful and uncouth an appearance, he came at length, for the first time, to a hut in the midst of the forest, in which he took up his night’s lodging.” It was inhabited by an Indian hunter, who lived here with his family, apart from all his tribe. So thick was the forest at this place, and the gloom of the overhanging trees, that the rays of the sun could never penetrate to the dwelling. Surely the hunter and his guests must have felt like brothers, meeting thus in so utter a solitude! A human face had long been strange to the savage, whose love of independence had for years estranged him from all his people. On the arrival of Zeisberger at the first Senecas town, the appearance of a white man caused so much alarm, that one of the Indians mounted his horse, and rode off to a village, thirty miles distant, to repeat the wonderful story to the chief. From the latter, Zeisberger received the next day a very rough reception: his firm, yet mild demeanour, had, however, so much effect upon the Indian, that he conducted him to his house, and invited him to eat. A conversation of two hours ensued, at the close of which, the chief said he would not prevent his proceeding to Gogogschuenk; but warned him not to trust to its inhabitants, who had not their equals in wickedness and thirst for blood. Zeisberger answered, “ that if they were so wicked a people as he described, they stood so much more in need of the gospel of their Redeemer; but that, at all events, he did not fear them.” It was now the time of celebrating a great festival by the Senecas, and he was obliged to stay and partake of two sumptuous meals.

These were held in a spacious dwelling, in the middle of which a large oven was built: the guests sat in solemn silence upon bear-skins, in rows, according to their families. The young men had for

some days previous been sent into the woods, to procure the requisite number of deer and bears: the women had prepared fire-wood for roasting and boiling, and long dry reed and grass, to cover the floor. The boiled meat was first served up in large kettles, with bread made of Indian corn. The oven was heated with twelve large stones made red-hot; then twelve men crept into it; and an old man threw twelve pipes full of tobacco upon the hot stones, which occasioned such a smoke, that the persons confined were nearly suffocated, and, on being taken out, fell down in a swoon. The feast passed almost in silence; the meats being followed by a dessert of sugar, eggs, butter, and fruits. But as soon as the drinking-bout and the smoking commenced, the tongues of the guests were unsealed. Then four men went out before the door of the house, and howled in a mournful strain: as soon as they returned, the whole company, consisting of about one hundred persons, joined in a song. Speedily after, an old man began to pronounce short oracular sentences, which were heard with great attention. In the evening, the dancing was kept up by both sexes till a late hour.

If it be believed that the souls of the dead are enraged, both meat and drink offerings are made, to pacify them; the fire and candles are put out; an old man addresses the spirits of the departed, and begs them to be pacified. Every woman, whose child dies among a distant tribe, travels, if possible, once a year, to the place of its burial, and offers a drink-offering upon its grave. Often had Zeisberger, in his career, to observe these ceremonies. The soul of a warrior or companion, who has met with an unfair or untimely end, is supposed to be in a state of rage and disquiet: a procession, headed by the family of the departed, passes on to the place of tombs beneath the precipice, or in the forest. The

oldest man speaks sadly to the soul, and pours rum, as a drink-offering, upon the grave: it is indispensable that they must drink up the rest of the rum, till not a drop be left: so that, sitting down on the graves, the dark circle of mourners quaff the delicious draught in silent emotion, and soon drown all the bitterness of grief, and sometimes get outrageously merry. Another of their feasts of sacrifice, offered to their gods, is of a more awful kind, being performed in a lonely place, where, as night draws on, they repeat their dreams and visions, in which they put great faith, and sometimes work themselves up to an agony of distress.

When a widow is newly bereaved, she sits down in the ashes near the fire, weeping most bitterly; she then rises, and runs to the grave, where she makes loud lamentations, and returns again to her seat in the ashes. She will neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and refuses all consolation: the image of the man she has lost, is ever present, she says, to her mind. But a widow's grief has rarely any despair about it. After some time, she suffers herself to be persuaded to rise, drink some rum, and receive comfort. For one whole year she is to dress without any ornaments, and wash herself but seldom: afterwards she anoints her hair, which is a sign that she wishes to marry again.

But Zeisberger was bound to a scene, where no festival or gaiety awaited his coming. A few days after, he drew near the village of Gosgoschuenk, that had been described to him as full of cruelty. Here they found a relation of Papunhauk, who received him into his house. This domain consisted of three villages on the banks of the Ohio; he resided in the middle village, and sent word to the inhabitants to request they would assemble and hear the "great words" he had to tell them. All Gosgoschuenk seemed to rejoice at the novelty of this

visit : it was night when Zeisberger addressed the assembly ; the large dwelling chosen for the purpose was illumined by the great fires which the Indians always burn, and which were larger than usual on this occasion. The looks of the people were fierce and cruel ; and they stood round the stranger, as if they already marked him for their victim. Such, however, was the force of his address, that several times they involuntarily exclaimed, " Yes ! that is certainly true ; that is the way to happiness." No weapon was lifted against him : and, at the close of the discourse, they remained silent for some time, with a stern and sullen demeanour, like men who were awed by some sudden power, and yet would fain strive against it. He found that the warning of the Seneca chief was fulfilled ; never having yet witnessed the darkness of heathenism carried to such excess.

The women, both old and young, gathered curiously to hear him : being excluded from the councils and other assemblies of the nation, it was a luxury to them to listen to the earnest eloquence of the stranger, who placed their soul and its future destiny on a level with that of the proudest warrior. But some of them soon became his enemies, because he denounced the torture of their captives, and the diabolical skill and exultation in prolonging their agonies, in which even the softer sex delighted.

This cruelty is, however, more the result of habit than of feeling : on one occasion, a young Shawanose Indian was taken, and condemned to die. He was already tied to the stake, and each fearful preparation made, when a widow rushed forward from the eager crowd of the victors, and placed herself between the captive and death. The love of life, that he had mastered, rushed once more to the heart of the Shawanose. The generous widow then

laid her goods and valuables at the feet of the warrior to whom he belonged: the ransom was accepted; her entreaty was granted; and on the same day, the captive walked up and down the village, well dressed. His protectress relied so much upon his fidelity, as to allow him to visit his family and friends in his own country; and no persuasions or entreaties of the latter could prevail upon him to forsake her. This was more than Roman fortitude: the poor youth heroically left home and parents, and his loved tribe, listened to their laments, that died upon his ear as he threaded his way alone through brake and wood, to the land of his enemies, among whom he must live and die.

But Zeisberger soon became a marked and hated man; he continued beneath the roof of the relation of Papunhawk, but could not restrain the atrocious deeds which these savages loved, or rescue one captive from his fate. Often he turned away from the dreadful scene, from the baffled fury, the fiendish howl, the gnashing of teeth, of the victor—and the mournful heroism, the laughter of wo, of the sufferer! The latter was painted black, and his head ornamented with raven feathers: then the former cried, “The bones of our murdered countrymen lie uncovered; their spirits loudly call on us! revenge their blood!—let us torture and devour.” The victim scorned them, as he died in unutterable anguish: “I will fall like a valiant man: great are your torments; but what are your deeds in war? I go to those heroes who have driven you like chaff before them.”

The missionary sought his own home, and prayed that the hearts of these men might be changed. On every side the very ground was accursed. It was like the hold of Despair, where the very courts were paved with the skulls of the lost and wretched, and a restless horror prevailed day and night.

Was this a region for the gospel of mercy and love? And could he hope that the torrent of blood-thirstiness would be stayed at his solitary words? He *did* hope and believe this, and God recompensed his faith.

“The prince of darkness has here great power,” says Zeisberger, “he even seems to have established his throne in this place, and to be adored by the heathen, working uncontrolled in the children of disobedience.” Scenes of an affecting, as well as harrowing nature, could not fail to occur, where life was so cheaply held, and men knew not how to spare.

Among the prisoners was once an old man, of venerable appearance, and two youths. A large sum was offered to the warriors for their release, but in vain. When they arrived at the place, the two young men were tortured, and burnt alive. The old man was condemned to suffer the same treatment, but, being informed of it by a child, he contrived to escape—was fortunate enough to seize a horse, and fled into the woods. The savages pursued him for several days, but their most practised hunters were baffled by the adroitness of the aged man, who clung thus dearly to life. During ten days and nights he fled, or concealed himself among the thickets, or in some friendly cave, often in danger from the wild beasts, which were his only neighbours. He could hear at times the shrill cries of his pursuers, sometimes near, sometimes afar off; at last he arrived safe at a place not far from one of the Brethren’s settlements, having eaten nothing but grass for ten days. A friendly Indian found him lying in a wood, more like a corpse than a living creature.

At last Zeisberger thought it time to depart, but only for a season; he had marked this place as his own chosen scene, and resolved that neither

the powers of earth or hell should cause him to desist. Once more the missionary and the sorcerer went on their way into the wilderness, and came again to the fountain of the Ohio, and the solitary hunter's home. The quondam teacher and diviner, like others of the more intelligent Indians, was skilled in the knowledge of plants and herbs, and the rich natural productions of his country, and still more in its superstitions. Strongly attached to Zeisberger, he made the troubles of the way lighter by his sagacity and foresight: he had now become entirely a Christian, yet so deeply rooted were the mental habits and delusions of his former life, that he often strangely blended them with his new and purer belief. Like other heathen teachers, he had believed that "the road to a better world lies close by the gates of hell: that the devil lies in ambush, and snatches at every one who is going to God. Now, those who have passed by this dangerous place unhurt, come first to the happier land: none had actually arrived, though some had approached near enough to hear the cocks crow, and see the smoke of the chimneys in heaven." The flight of the large birds of prey, the shriek of the owl by night, and dreams, continued to startle his mind; the visions and phantoms with which he had held others in awe, now awoke at times, to his own disquiet. Many of his countrymen, to whom he was formerly as a god, now hated him mortally; some even accused him of giving poison to the people, who had died of an epidemic disease, whereby numbers were carried off: so strong was the accusation, that the Moravians could scarcely save his life. Calumniated, forsaken, he had an only daughter, whom he dearly loved, and who cleaved to her father in all his troubles. To his great joy, she also became a Christian.

They arrived in safety at Friedenschuetten; here the missionary rested but a short time: through his representations, it was determined by the chief brethren at Bethlehem, that he should go again to the scene of his recent enterprise. With Ettwein and Senseman, and a few Indian families, he again set out. His companions were unused to the mishaps of this journey: they were obliged to pass through many fires in the forest, which filled the air with suffocating vapours; and at night their rest was broken by the howlings and bold attacks of the wolves, which ventured so near the fires, that they were compelled to stand on their defence, and drive them away by casting firebrands. In the middle of June, they arrived at Gosgoschuenk. Zeisberger did not come on a transient visit; but to abide, and subdue the wickedness and ferocity of the people, or else yield his life in the attempt.

He preached every day, held morning and evening meetings, and sung hymns in the Delaware language, of his own translation, which were perfectly new to his audience. All his meetings were attended by great numbers. "It was curious," he says, "to see so many assemble to hear the gospel, with faces painted black and vermilion, and heads decorated with clusters of feathers and fox-tails, which are much in use among the young people." The dress of the Delaware women was somewhat picturesque; the best array of the upper classes was a fine white linen shirt, that reached to the knees, decorated at the breast with silver buttons; their long hair folded and tied round the head with a piece of cloth: others wore a ribbon, or the skin of a serpent, round the hair. The richest adorned their heads with a number of silver trinkets of considerable weight, and their ears and necks with coral, and small crosses of silver.

The enmity of some of the leading people, as

well as the secret instigations of other tribes, soon raised a violent opposition. The old women of the place were formidable enemies; they went about, publicly complaining, that the Indian corn was blasted, that the deer and other game began to retire from the woods, that no chesnuts or bilberries would grow any more, because Zeisberger preached a strange doctrine. In consequence, "they saw themselves encompassed with bitter enemies, who wished daily to take away their lives. Even many of those that had shewn the greatest joy upon their arrival, were so far changed, that they were ready to stone them. Two Indians even entered into a covenant to kill Zeisberger."

The Moravians now built a block-house, as a place of safety and defence, at a small distance from the town. Here they retreated, and kept guard, having some of the baptized Indians with them: but the latter dared not venture a few yards from the door, without being armed with a hatchet or gun. When the cold season drew near, they built a small winter-house, where they might administer the Lord's supper to the Indian Christians, who consisted of a few families. This is an impressive picture: the little forlorn band, in their poor fortress, keeping their wintry watch by night, and listening to each passing sound and cry, lest a foe might be near, or an ambush lurk unseen; for they knew that the tomahawk thirsted for their blood.

From the walls of their block-house, they could survey the three villages around. How welcome, oftentimes, came the breaking of the morn! yet this desolation was cheered by intervals of exquisite comfort and blessedness. If we follow them in fancy to the winter-house, or chamber where the Lord's supper was administered; in the stillness of the night, and in the very bosom of cruelty and horror, the Moravians and the converts knelt side

by side, and commemorated the sorrows of their Lord. How light was every fear! how weak every arm that was raised against them! They rose, exulting in that Redeemer, whose love was "stronger than death, more jealous than the grave;" and their hymn of praise and thanksgiving rose into the air, like that of the conquering messengers of God—not of abandoned and despairing men.

"In the mean time," it is observed, "Zeisberger did not omit preaching to the people, relying on the Lord alone for safety: at this trying juncture, no dangers could depress his confidence." Such faith and labour could not be in vain: his fervent addresses were attended with a Divine influence, to which the depraved hearts of his hearers ere long gave testimony. "Light and darkness," it is said, "began now to separate from each other:" the inhabitants were at length divided into two parties, one of which, and by far the more numerous, opposed the gospel with all their might; the other declared they would depart and dwell elsewhere, rather than be deprived of it. The chief, Allemewi, who had attained the age of 120 years, was at the head of the latter. So inveterate and furious became the adverse party, that the Moravians believed it was now time to depart, and began to build boats for the voyage. While they were thus employed, three of the leading men prohibited Zeisberger from leaving the town; presenting, at the same time, a black belt of wampum, which always signifies some fatal omen. The latter sternly withstood them; bore testimony to the truth of the religion he had preached, and said that they should certainly depart, and that quickly. "The sorcerers appointed sacrifices, to appease the wrath of those spirits who were offended by the presence of the Brethren, and offered hogs by way of atonement. Young people were forbidden, by their parents, to visit the

latter ; and parents were prevented by their children. Some were driven from their own houses : the words of our Saviour were here literally fulfilled—‘ I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother.’” The Brethren seemed to live in a close and pernicious atmosphere. Many demanded that they should be thrown into the Ohio, or murdered in the night.”

One of the most striking scenes, was that of the conversion of the chief Allmewi. This man had attained the age of 120 years, with every inveterate habit and feeling of the savage. He had given his protection and countenance to the missionaries ; but at such an age, in the second century of life, it is a hard and almost impossible thing for the heart to be softened. At last the venerable warrior yielded to the resistless influence of mercy ; and, in spite of many scruples of mind, and much opposition from others, resolved to embrace the gospel. He desired to be conducted to the assembly. He seemed full of grief, and strongly agitated, and at length broke out in these words, “ I can bear it no longer ; my heart is full within me, and I have no rest night nor day. Unless I shall soon receive comfort, I must die.” His wife and nearest relations were there, who, as well as his friends, were bitterly opposed to this step. But there is something in the concentrated energy of a strong mind, in the gush of feeling, and impassioned appeal of the aged, that awes even the boldest. In this fine and renowned old man, it was like a voice speaking from eternity. He was baptized on the Christmas-day, and afterwards could not sufficiently express the peace he felt ; even the frame seemed to borrow new vigour. “ Not only,” he said, “ my heart is at ease, but my body is even restored to health. I could not have believed that I should enjoy such happiness.”

At length the day of separation came : the canoes

were ready, the Moravians and the families of the converts gathered on the shore; eagerly the latter left their homes and friends, rather than yield their salvation. The rest of the people regarded the embarkation in silence, but no hand was lifted against it. They came to a place many miles distant, on the opposite bank, and lived at first in hunting huts, and sowed the land: but many months must pass, ere their harvest should be gathered.

In the mean time, their old stock of Indian corn was spoiled and half rotten; which, however, they ate thankfully. When that was consumed, they could buy no more throughout the whole country. Absence often softens the darkest malice: the people of Gosgoschuenk began to relent: and, some time after their departure, a solemn assembly was held in the town, to consider whether they should receive the gospel. The assembly was divided in opinion; but, contrary to expectation, a majority agreed to receive it: the following was the decision:—"Every one has full liberty to hear, or not to hear it. Whoever has no mind to hear, may stay away. For the Indians are a free people, and will never be slaves." They even sent to beg Zeisberger to forget all former injuries, and the dangers he had been exposed to in their town; owning, that a band of murderers had long sworn to take his life.

At these welcome tidings, the spirit of Zeisberger was lifted in gratitude to God, who could so change the demoniac fierceness of this people, that their council entreated forgiveness of an expelled and helpless man. Although hatred and vengeance, and even death, often met him face to face, he had not to say with the prophet, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought." The good that had been done, was often secret and remote, like seed borne by the wind into the wilder-

ness, that takes root there, but no eye sees it. The savage often listened, with an untroubled heart, and even with the menace on his lips: but when, after the lapse of months and years, the stranger came again, he found that his words had been treasured, as it was expressed, "in the cavern of the spirit," that they were earnestly remembered. Even on the hunting parties with the Iroquois and Delaware, he did not forget his message; and when they rested at night from their toils round the fire, in the midst of the waste, he would tell of the things of salvation, for this was the hour when the Indians loved to converse. The facility he possessed of addressing almost every people and tribe in their own dialect, was of inexpressible use. It might justly be said, that he had no home or hearth that he could call his own; the rank grass of the plain, the shore of the lake or river, or the canoe, was often his resting-place at night. No field was too vast or arduous to his hope.

Around the lakes Erie and Huron, the rivers Delaware and Ohio, and even to the falls of Niagara, he had wandered, in search of fresh successes. Troubles and sorrows only added wings to his career, whose restless activity and energy, among the fierce and idolatrous tribes, was like that of the flame on the forest, withering as it passed, and before which the noble oak and pine go down, as well as the feeble and aged trees. Great was his self-abandonment to God and to his mission; for he was a man of many mercies. Of these he often speaks freely: it is easy to perceive that he was eminently happy, but surely not "in the things of this world." Thus he observes:—

"In our new place of refuge, we had the inexpressible pleasure to baptize several Indians, the first-fruits of this territory. To us, it was a festival without an equal, and attended with so powerful a

sensation of the presence of God, that we were richly comforted for all our afflictions."

A few cheerless huts; a little wooden chapel, hastily erected; and some cornfields scattered over the waste, and reaped ere they were ripe,—were now the only refuge of the exiles, who thought, with a sigh, of the beautiful order and comfort of Friedens and Gnaden-huetten, which they had for ever left behind. But ere Zeisberger led his band to found a fresh town afar off, another and a parting event came, that shed a glory round their lone and wretched hovels: he might have said with the prophet, "I was desolate, a captive, and removing to and fro: yet the prey of the terrible is taken away: they bow down to me, even to the dust."

Numbers of the people of Cosgoschuenk, even of those who had plotted their destruction, who had never spared the captive, or known kindness or pity, came to lay their ferocity and savage hatred at the foot of the cross. The "place of cruelty" was changed, with a high hand: the heart of the mighty was withered before the Lord: the noble Allemewi had gained the ascendancy: the father and the mother, the sister and the brother, were no longer the prey of each other's wrath. These fierce men stood around Zeisberger, and said, that his God should be their God, and that they would go with him wherever he went.

And now he prepared to depart: already the walls and goodly dwellings, the groves and gardens, of another colony in the wild, were present to his sanguine hope; and, in the spring, they embarked on the Ohio. Had the stranger then looked on the broad river, down which the group of canoes was rapidly passing,—in some of which were the warrior converts, armed to the teeth, and the crest of black plumes on their heads—in others, the dauntless missionary and his people,—he would

have said the enterprise was a forlorn and desperate one.

At times the Moravian hymn passed over the waters, and for the first time broke on their solitude—sweet, inspiring, full of hope and love to God: one of his own translations into the Delaware, for his powerful and melodious voice was greatly admired by the savages.

After many days, they came to the Beaver falls, and landing, carried their canoes and baggage over hills and through savannas, and, at the end of three weeks, halted in the waste, and founded Friedenstadt. As the town arose, the exiles looked around with joy: they had once more a home and a hearth of their own; no blockhouse or rampart, no midnight watch, were in Friedenstadt. Even here, in spite of the distance, the dreaded people of Gosgoschuenk continued to follow, that they might be near the man they now loved and venerated, and listen to his words.

In the spring of this year, Zeisberger became acquainted with the most sincere and powerful of all his friends, Nctawatwees, prince of the Delawares. During a journey, he was received and lodged in his house, when “he had suffered much in wading through tracts of deep snow.” He soon perceived that he was in the presence of a man of strong mind and commanding character: he adapted himself to the usages of the family, gave way to their long fits of silence and abstraction, or spoke in oracular and descriptive sentences.

This nation being divided into three tribes, has three principal chiefs, of whom the Unami is esteemed the first in rank. Such was Nctawatwees, who, by his judgment and address, had acquired the reverence of the whole nation: he used to lay all affairs of state before his counsellors for their consideration, without telling them his own sentiments.

When they had given their opinion, he either calmly approved of it, or stated his objections and amendments, always alleging the reasons of his disapprobation. Thus he kept them active, and maintained his influence over their minds.

The friendship of this man was a shield and buckler to Zeisberger, who was invited to form a new settlement, on the river Muskingum, near to the territory of the former. He accordingly set out to examine the place, which was about seventy miles from Lake Erie, and seventy-five from Friedenstadt. It was a place of many attractions: a small lake, from which the river, that ran through the plain, took its source; its shores were verdant; there were good planting grounds, plenty of game, and every other convenience for a colony. Formerly, a large fortified Indian town had stood on the spot; and even now, the ruins of ramparts and forts were visible. In the plain were numerous groups of walnut, locust, and other trees, with wild apple and plum trees. There was something peculiarly wild in the scene—the extensive ruins of the ancient Indians, partly shaded by trees, and near the water-side, gave an interest to the extreme loneliness. It seemed as if a people had once dwelt and flourished here, and either perished by an inroad of their enemies, or else wandered to another land. The former fate was the more probable, for the site was too advantageous to be willingly forsaken: and the Indian might be seen passing by, looking earnestly, yet with awe, at the ruins; for they are averse to dwell amid the desolation of other homes.

Zeisberger took solemn possession of the country, in the name of the United Brethren. By the influence of the Unami, this extensive grant, of all the lands from the river Muskingum to Tuscarori, was made to him; and it was decreed, that all Indians living on the borders of this country, should be directed to be-

have peaceably to the Moravians and their converts.

But he had not long quitted the roof of his host, when a renowned heathen preacher arrived, and declared his doctrines to be false, and said that he had enticed many natives over the great ocean. The minds of the people were troubled, and a commotion was raised, when Netawatwees called a council, and stilled the storm in an instant. He described Zeisberger as a man of God, that he had held converse with him by night and day, and that his words were still sweet in his ear. He even sent many of his people to assist in the building of Schoenbrunn, or "The Beautiful Spring," as the new town was called—where the adventurous missionary had once more arrived from Friedenstadt, with several families, consisting of about thirty persons. This was the loveliest of all his settlements, and the one that lay nearest to his heart. It was now May, in the year 1772.

In the mean while, he found time to continue his translations into the Delaware and Mohican languages, consisting of many portions of the scriptures, hymns, and short religious treatises. When the township of Schoenbrunn was completed, and its environs brought into good cultivation, the teaching and improvement of the people became more regular and rapid. During the erection of a place of worship, the congregation gathered in the open air, beside the shores of the little lake: but the spacious chapel was no sooner finished, than it was filled by a numerous assembly, among whom was often the prince of the Delawares. A school-house also rose, and was attended by a goodly number of scholars, where Zeisberger introduced his Delaware reading and spelling-book.

Among those who came to look and admire, was the chief, Assiningk, who, about nineteen years before,

had taken prisoner a beautiful child of a white family, in Virginia. The parents had either perished or taken flight: but Assiningk brought the orphan to his home, treated her with kindness, and, as she grew up to womanhood, he began to regard her with affection. So lone, so lovely a being, dependent on his care alone, awoke all the tenderness of the savage. She had been long separated from her Virginian home: her captor was powerful, and loved her; he was still in the prime of life, and the world had no other refuge than his roof. They were married, and lived happily: but when she came to the morning meeting at the settlement, and listened to the hymn, and the discourse that followed—all the long-buried ties and memories of home broke forth afresh; she burst into tears, as she recalled the time when, with her lost parents, she had gone to the worship of God, near her once-loved roof: "This morning is the happiest of my life," she said, in her Indian dialect.

And had Zeisberger no remembrance of departed scenes, and moments never to return, in Hernhuth and Moravia? He recalled them with emotion, but not with regret; for his Indian homes, barren as they might be to the eye and the fancy, were not so to his heart.

It is sometimes observable, that with men who make their home "in the wild places of the earth," to whose burning zeal many nations seem too narrow a limit, there is little susceptibility to the warm affections of our nature, which are quenched in a loftier enthusiasm. Howard traversed all Europe to bring comfort to its dungeons, but was a stern father to his only son. The angelic Lopez left his illustrious family in Spain, and went to Mexico, to the valley of Amajac, to devote his life to the Indians; but never after inquired for his parents or his brothers, because he wished to die to each earthly

attachment. It was not thus with Zeisberger, whose way was strewed with many a friendship, deep, romantic, and faithful, as was ever felt by man, and the more enduring because it was formed in sorrow and persecution. The son of Saul had not so cleaved unto David with "a love passing that of woman," but that the latter, encompassed by treachery and death, was thrown helplessly on his protection. And it was not the calumet of peace, his skill in the chase, or the welcome of the night, that knit the soul of the warrior to the Moravian:—he came a fugitive and friendless; his heart-felt appeal was heard—and the chieftain who, had he met him armed in the woods, would have thirsted for his blood, admired his sufferings and endurance; stood in the breach against his adversaries; and, after a time, he loved him! But many had now fallen from his side; some he had followed to the wild burial-place in the forest; others had perished in battle, or at the stake. Of his European companions, several had passed the Atlantic to calmer scenes. Frederic Camerhoff, Pylæus, and others, already rested from their labours. His parents slept in the burial-ground at Bethlehem; but ere their eyes were closed by their only son, they had felt the inexpressible joy of seeing him devoted, in his own words, "soul and body unto the Lord." His intimacy with Spangenberg, and the admirable Camerhoff, had been cemented in many a pilgrimage: others came in their place, but they were not the *same*, in affection or companionship. Men who live in towns and cities, amidst all the stirring excitements and changes of life, find it easy to form fresh intimacies and friendships; but to one who was a denizen of the wild, far from European society, this was a difficult task.

But a constant intelligence by letter was maintained with Europe, and the most distant stations of the heathen; and these tidings were as "a well of

water in a thirsty land." Thus, it is observed, "A chief concern of the Brethren was to keep the unity of the Spirit in all the congregations in the various parts of the world. Though their outward situations were ever so different and remote from each other in the islands and wildernesses, care was taken that they might not be strangers to each other, or ignorant of the inward and outward circumstances of other congregations. This end was promoted by a stated correspondence."

The career of Louis Count Zinzendorf had drawn to a close; his daughter had married the bishop, John de Watteville, the descendant of the baron of that name, of Montmirail, in Switzerland. At the chateau of Montmirail, Louis had often paused in his wanderings, but his feet were sometimes acquainted with strange resting-places: in one part of Germany several offers of residences were made him; but he chose an old ruinous castle on the top of a hill, the ancient feudal hold of Ronneburg, whose apartments were decayed and desolate. When he closed at last his most useful life, the funeral ceremony was splendid: the imperial guards followed the remains; the nobility and gentry came from the surrounding cities, to the number of two thousand, to Hernhuth, which he so loved in life, and where he desired to rest in death. The Moravians, of both sexes, walked in procession, with the choristers, and a band of music: and ere the body was committed to the vault, they prayed solemnly, that they also might rest from their labours, as he, their leader and head, now rested. He had been the early patron of Zeisberger.

Of his native land of Moravia, the latter sometimes heard. Anna Nitschman, a young woman of opulent family, had been a fugitive thence some years before, being among those who learned at Hernhuth, as it is said, "to forget by degrees,

and be content without, their great and rich farms." The lot fell upon Anna, "whose youth was supplied by a rich measure of grace imparted to her, to be elderess of the congregation." She soon after entered into a covenant with seventeen single women, who were of the same mind with her, to give no attention to any thoughts or overtures of marriage, but to devote themselves entirely to religion. There was, however, a clause, that if any offers of marriage were brought to them through the elders of the congregation, they might be allowed a consideration: but the eye was not to be pleased, nor the fancy idly followed. Such was the origin of the single sisters' choirs, as they are termed, in the Moravian establishments.

Julius de Seidlitz, a Silesian nobleman, lord of Upper Peilau, who had been cast into prison for his attachment to the United Brethren, was at last set free, and received them into his castle: he superintended several of the congregations, and preached in his own castle, where the spacious hall could scarcely contain the hearers. Singular and impressive must have been the scene, of the powerful nobleman preaching to the assembly of exiles, in his ancient and gloomy hall, where knights and barons had feasted, where the harp and the song had chased away the hours of night. Count Julius no longer mingled in the gaieties of the court, or even in the hunting parties and carousals of the neighbouring lords: the building of Gnadenfrey, a Moravian settlement, was begun under his direction, on one of his estates. To a man resident on the Muskingum, these details from Europe were most welcome, as well as from the missions in various parts of the world. But this troubled mission to the savage, had fewer candidates from Hernhuth than that of Greenland: few single sisters seemed to be disposed to leave their calm

home, and be the companions of so adventurous a life. They had lately built themselves spacious choir-houses: weary of living in contiguous or separate dwellings, the single sisters had crected a new home, or choir-house, where, contrary to general experience, Protestant or Catholic, they dwelt in excellent harmony and kindness. The widows, "who were growing too numerous for their habitations," also had an excellent dwelling erected.

One youthful woman, who crossed the Atlantic at this time, S. Ohneberg, set out, with two companions, to visit the settlements on the Muskingum: they passed over the Allegany and Laurel mountains; the way was long and weary, no home to welcome, no shelter from the rain and storm! An English officer made them a present of a travelling-tent, which was a great comfort. Soon afterwards, they fell in with an ambush of three natives, who were seeking to get scalps; and the fair Moravian was in imminent danger of having her long hair and brow made the ornament of a savage's hut, the musket-balls passing through the midst of the party. At last, they saw the dwelling and groves of Schoenbrunn before them, "where their arrival gave inexpressible pleasure to the congregations." S. Ohneberg returned no more to Germany: such enterprise proved her to possess the best qualifications for the wife of an Indian Missionary: she was soon after married to Heckenwalder, the friend of Zeisberger.

Several novel guests had come to the settlements in America, to Bethlehem and other places, where their presence excited great interest: these were three natives of Greenland, who came with Matthew Stach. Among them was the youthful and devoted Judith, already spoken of in the history of the Greenland mission. After travelling through part of Europe with her companions, she had crossed

the Atlantic, to observe the state of the missions. The son of Kaiarnac, the first useful convert in the frozen zone, was one of the number: but Judith Issek, as she is termed, looked curiously on the dwellings and habits of the Indian converts, so different from those of her own land: she wore the European dress, and possessed an agreeable person and manners.

This life, so wild, so remote from the smiles and endearments of the world, on which every morrow might gather "clouds and blackness," Zeisberger but loved the more as his years increased. No expression of desire for a more fixed or peaceful condition, is ever visible in his letters: it was well that his frame was of iron, and his heart knew not fear. The hours also must have been well husbanded, and stolen from the night-watches, as well as the early morn, else the many and jarring avocations would have made as great a confusion as that of the tower of Babel. Yet it is inconceivable, how he could find time for his translations: sometimes he would occupy the day in the chase of the bear, the panther, or the elk, which latter abounded on the Muskingum, or Elk's Eye, as it was called: returning at eve to Schoenbrunn, he would survey the progress in building and planting, as well as in the schools; examine the pupils; hold a meeting at night, or deliver an address to the assembly; and then, repairing to his lonely dwelling, pass several hours in the study of his Indian literature. There were also other calls upon his time: it is observed, that "Zeisberger received, every day, visits from people who came to salute him as their father; and some, who were ill, were much pleased by his willingness and dexterity in granting them relief." The Indian physician observes many mysterious ceremonies, and requires an enormous fee. In mixing up his roots and herbs, he pretends to drive

the evil spirit into the desert, and there to bind him fast. Sometimes he creeps into the oven, where he sweats, howls, and roars, and now and then grins horribly at his patient, who is laid before the opening, till both of them are half baked. On one occasion, an Indian physician put on a large bear-skin, so that his arms were covered with the fore-legs, his feet with the hind, and his head entirely concealed in the bear's head, with the addition of glass eyes. He came on, with a calabash in his hand, singing, and dancing, and scattering hot ashes in the air, entered the patient's hut, to contend with the devil, whom he pretty closely resembled.

The simple and efficacious remedies of Zeisberger took away many patients, as well as gains, from these native physicians, who were as furious as the people of Ephesus, at the passing away of idolatry. They heaped on his head all manner of maledictions and incantations, and the invoking the demons to destroy him was not spared; for the forsaken doctors began to go about, looking lank and disconsolate, instead of wallowing in plenty, and imposing upon all their patients. Instead of being half roasted, and frightened to death, and held over the pit of hell, the sick Indians gazed with delight on Zeisberger, who stood by their bed-side with a mild and encouraging aspect, and spoke of mercy and peace, even while he put the simples to their lips. Had the medical men dared to poison him, the deed was easy; for the Delawares were instructed by the Nantikoks to prepare a peculiar kind of poison, which was capable of infecting whole townships and tribes: it was the favourite Indian means of suicide, as it kills in a few hours. The Nantikoks, who were the wretched inventors of this art, nearly destroyed their whole nation by it. This people had an infernal skill in extracting the noxious qualities of herbs and trees: they had one kind of poison, that brought on

certain death in three or four months; another, that caused a slow decay, without pain, for a year or longer, but admitted of no cure. A Mohican mother lost her eldest son by one of these poisons; a few months after, her youngest son was despatched in the same way, by a noted sorcerer. She seldom quitted the grave, but mourned over it without ceasing, making her lament—"The sorcerer has murdered my son, has murdered my son, my eldest born; and then the sorcerer slew the youngest, the widow's only child was slain."

Such was now the report of the colony of "The Beautiful Spring," that a number of families from Friedenshuetten, and other places, emigrated there. In 1776, it was resolved to form another settlement still higher up the Muskingum river, on its very banks. Zeisberger and Heckenwalder, with eight families, went from Schoenbrunn to the spot proposed for the building of Lichtenau. They built one street, north and south, with the chapel in the centre; for many came to help them. The spot was wisely chosen, for the savages came here from the most distant parts, and heard the gospel with an abiding blessing. Among them were a few who came from the river Illinois, a distance of a thousand miles. Many of the converts were in the habit of visiting the nearest European settlements. The following sketch is given of their behaviour and manners by one who then resided in the country.

"The new converts sometimes came to Albany, to partake of the sacrament, before a place of worship was erected for them. They always spent a night, or oftener two nights, here, before joining in this holy rite. This place was their general rendezvous from different quarters. They were cordially received by my relations, who always met together at this time, to have a conference with them. These devout Indians seemed all impressed

with the same feelings, and moved by the same spirit. They were accommodated in a manner quite conformable to their habits, in the passage, porch, and offices; and so deeply impressed were they with a sense of the awful duty that brought them there, and the rights of friendship and hospitality, that though two hundred communicants, with many of their children, were used to assemble on these occasions, the smallest instance of riot or impropriety was not known amongst them. They brought little presents of game, or of curious handicrafts, and were liberally and kindly entertained by their good brother Philip, as they familiarly called him. In the evening, they all went apart to secret prayer; and in the morning, by dawn of day, they assembled before the portico. Their entertainers, who rose early to enjoy unobserved a view of their devotion, beheld them, with their mantles drawn over their heads, prostrate on the earth, offering praises and fervent supplications to their Maker. After some time spent in this manner, they arose, and, seated in a circle on the ground, with their heads veiled as formerly, they sang a hymn, which it was delightful to hear, from the strength, richness, and sweet concord of their uncommonly fine voices. Every one that ever heard this sacred chorus, however indifferent to the purport of it, felt it strongly.

“The voices of the female Indians are particularly sweet and powerful. I have often heard my friend dwell with singular pleasure on the recollection of these scenes, and of the conversations she and the Colonel used to hold with the Indians, whom she described as possessed of very superior powers of understanding; and, in their religious views and conversatious, uniting the ardour of proselytes with the firm decision and inflexible steadiness of their national character.”

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In 1776, the believing Indians in Schoenbrunn and Lichtenau consisted of three hundred persons, and the greatest harmony subsisted among them. Netawatwees was a frequent guest at Zeisberger's dwelling; and, in return, the latter visited the home of this noble chieftain, where he was always kindly welcomed. Slowly, yet without ceasing, he sought to lead the mind of his friend to the love of Christianity—not by ardent appeals, for he saw they were not suitable to his calm and reflecting mind. In their conversations, which were often prolonged to a late hour in the night, beside the dying embers of the fire, while the rest of the family were sleeping around, he mingled frequent allusions to the gospel of Christ, its truth, its dignity, its everlasting value. The host would pause at times, as if lost in thought. The first convert at Lichtenau was a nephew of the prince. Struck by this event, he became yet more thoughtful about his own salvation. He related to Zeisberger, that he had been thirteen Sundays to Lichtenau to hear the truth, and that when he returned, he had cut thirteen notches in the bark of the trees as he passed along, so that whenever he went through the woods to hunt, or with his warriors, these notches met his eye at every turn; and he frequently paused, and wept to think how often he had heard of his Redeemer, without embracing his salvation. This was a humble and beautiful confession, from so powerful a man. Soon after, he received a message from the Hurons, that “The Delawares should keep their shoes in readiness to join the warriors.” He returned an answer of defiance; and warned them to sit still in their homes.

This was the golden period of Zeisberger's career: of the various settlements he had rescued from the desert, none could equal in loveliness or prosperity those of Schoenbrunn and Lichtenau. At last the

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sole and dominant ambition of his heart was gratified—to found a colony, that might be like an infant city in the wilderness, prosperous, fast increasing, with a thriving commerce, an extensive agriculture, a devoted church, to which the nations should gather from far and wide. In every former settlement he had felt, after a time, a restlessness of mind, a persuasion that he must yet seek a nobler home—and now, when he cast his eyes on “the Beautiful Spring,” he felt that his soul could fold her wings, and take her rest at last. If we estimate the lot of this man by its troubles and difficulties, we shall surely judge wrongly—the excitements of the way were indelible—the retrospect was full of victory—on the future was no fear or misgiving: a deathless energy, a glorious hope, were ever in his heart. Oh how beautiful, how welcome, when the desires of our heart, and the rewards of our hands, are given us, and when with these also is given the fulness of the blessings of God! House was added to house, street to street, the chapels were the largest he had ever built, and would not contain the people. The prince of the Delawares was devotedly attached to him, and the whole nation received with attention the words of truth: embassies also came from other and distant tribes, declaring their readiness to receive the gospel, and their personal regard for the teacher. He could not but feel how powerful was his influence among many of the nations: this influence was preserved by the perfect simplicity of his manners and tastes, and his skill in their favourite exercises: he could handle the spear, hurl the tomahawk, or bring down the deer with a successful aim.

External troubles, however, were not wanting. The Cherokees had declared war against one of the smaller tribes, and destroyed a whole town, not very far from the settlements, and put all the in-

habitants to the sword. Netawatwees sent an embassy to the former, and commanded them not to injure the Moravians. The Cherokees, not liking to be stayed in their bloody career, received the deputies sullenly, yet were obliged to consent, out of fear of the Delawares. A few months after, Zeisberger, being on a journey, met a great man of the Cherokees in the way : the latter looked fiercely on him for a few moments, then suddenly stretched out his hand, saying in a loud voice, " This day God hath so ordered, that we should see and speak with each other face to face." The Senecas soon after broke into the country ; many of the converts, as well as white traders, fled to the home of Netawatwees, where they were safe from harm. This conduct at last brought on him the hatred of some of the other tribes, whose threats he treated with scorn.

The loss of this chieftain, that happened at the close of the following year, was the heaviest calamity that could have befallen the mission. " He was," says Zeisberger, " the ablest Indian ruler of his time ; of great prudence in governing. Of late years, his good management has amazingly increased the reputation of his people : he spared no pains to conciliate the affections of all his neighbours." His death was a memorable one : calling his warriors and counsellors around him, he uttered his last will and testament : " That the Delawares should hear and believe the word of God, preached by the Moravians." They bound themselves by a covenant to use their utmost exertions to fulfil the last will of their loved Unami. He then called Zeisberger near to him, and entreated to hear more of the things of God ; while the latter spoke in strong emotion, the chieftain breathed his last. While they all stood in silence around, the first warrior of the Delawares, called, from his very bright and piercing look, " White Eye," holding the bible in

his hand, while his tears fell fast, thus addressed them, "My friends, you have now heard the last will of our departed chief. Let us obey it. Let us tell it to our young men, and to our children, and speak of it when we hunt in the forest, or go to meet our enemies face to face. We will kneel down before that God who created us, and pray that he will have mercy upon us, and reveal his will unto us. And as we cannot declare it to those who are yet unborn, we will pray unto the Lord our God, to make it known to our children, and children's children."

The day after his decease, a formal and numerous embassy of the Cherokees arrived, to renew their alliance with the Delawares. The ambassadors halted about two miles below the town, and sent word that they had arrived thus far. The day after, some captains went down, to bid them welcome. As they drew near the town, they were surrounded by a large number of Indians, and conducted to the council-house. All being seated, the first ambassador of the Cherokees expressed his sorrow for the death of the Delaware chief, and the share he felt in the general mourning: he said, "I wrap up his remains in cloth, I bury them, and cover the grave with bark. I wipe the tears off the eyes of the weeping nation, and take away all sorrow from their hearts." He then drew near the corpse, which was laid out in the council-room, wrapped in a large piece of fine linen, and laid a long string of wampum, with a present of linen and silk, beside it. Then the successor of the departed rose to reply, and said, "We are thankful that you sorrow with us; you have heard by the way what has entered into our hearts. Our whole nation weeps for our chief; he was a rock, and we had rest in his shadow. When the sun goes down, we bury his remains, and cover the grave with bark,

that neither the dew of heaven, nor rain, may fall upon it. Then we will put your heart in good order, and make it cheerful."

The burial place, as is usual, was at some distance from the dwellings. The vast assemblage of mourners, and the love and respect in which they all held the deceased, made the interment a solemn and impressive scene. The corpse, wrapped in a white linen cloth, with the favourite arms laid beside, was borne slowly: each morn and eve, while it lay in state, the female relations and friends had assembled round, and mourned over it. But now there was silence, as the deep files of brave and sorrowing men, each face wrapped in gloom, and fixed on the earth, passed on: the deadly hatred of rival tribes was forgotten in this hour—the Cherokee and the Huron walked side by side with the Delaware. The coffin was placed in the grave, and as the body, according to custom, was let down into it, and the grave filled with earth, the women set up a dreadful howl. It is deemed a shame to a man to weep; yet, in silence and apart, many strove to hide their emotion. A tall post, neatly carved, on which his glorious deeds were portrayed, was erected at the head of the corpse. In the midst of the funeral throng, and among the foremost warriors, walked Zeisberger, in his Delaware dress, but little distinguishable from the others—save that he wept bitterly. And when the earth closed over his friend and protector, he felt a foreboding that a dark change was at hand.

The loss of the prince was quickly felt. A fierce war broke out between the Hurons and the Senecas. The Delawares, who were the nearest neighbours to the settlements, resolved to join the former: the destruction of the mission seemed inevitable, for parties of the combatants were perpetually passing by. In the dead of night troops were seen steal-

ing through the woods, to surprise their enemies. The Moravians were several times driven from their plantations at noon-day. An extract from the narrative of Heckenwalder gives a picture of the time.

“When in April, 1778, after long absence, I again saw Zeisberger at Lichtenau, I immediately perceived that he was in a very distressed state of mind. Grief and anxiety have also had an emaciating effect on his body. About this time, a large sealed letter, signed by the governor of Detroit, was brought to him by some Wyondat Indians. It contained a positive command, accompanied by threats, that the teachers of the Christian Indians should, without delay, march against the rebels on the other side of the Ohio, kill them, and send him their scalps. The threats added to it were as dreadful as the command itself. ‘Here,’ exclaimed Zeisberger, ‘we have it under their own hand and seal, that the destruction of the mission is what the enemy aims at, and whenever I think of it, I suffer something like the pangs of death.’”

About this time died Papunhauk, the celebrated teacher and convert; he was steadfast to the last in the faith which he had embraced; greatly respected by his friends, and persecuted by his enemies; and highly useful to the Christians, by his influence and sagacity. During many years, the affairs of Schoenbrunn were committed to his charge, as warden of the congregation. Zeisberger had no time to mourn for the dead; all his thoughts were given to the safety of the living. Disasters thickened every hour, and the whole country was a scene of wanton ravage: the founder of Schoenbrunn and Lichtenau already foreboded their destruction. The anticipation was bitter: no man can calmly forsake the home he has loved, the familiar scenes, the very chambers where many a happy moment has passed,

and leave them to an enemy! And his heart cleaved to "The Beautiful Spring," and its brother colony: he had believed they would flourish long, fair and prosperous towns, as well as enduring congregations unto God. His hand had marked out the dwellings, the fields, the gardens; two goodly chapels also, each of which could contain five hundred persons. Must the people go forth again into the desert, without a home? Whenever he laid down to snatch a hurried slumber, he dreaded to hear the war-whoop, and see the flames kindle, ere the morning light. Well acquainted, from his long residence among the Iroquois, with the various modes of savage warfare, he passed great part of the nights, anxiously traversing the plain and the woods, where the foe might be stealthily advancing through the gloom. Alone, he watched every alarm, each beacon fire, and distant shout, for he knew the war-cry of every tribe: treachery also was abroad, for several of the people had already been surprised and slain. Nothing escaped his vigilance; even the rustling of the leaves, where some savage might be trailing his body along, or the sudden flashes of flame in the forest, by the discovery of which, Bethlehem was once preserved.

All was not melancholy: there were some noble and consoling passages. The first warrior of the Delawares, White Eye, who had sworn, beside the death-bed of the Unami, to adhere to the gospel, was faithful to his word. He declared to the Indian deputies, as well as the commissioners of the congress, that the Delawares had resolved to embrace Christianity; in many a peril, he stood in the breach, and rendered essential services: his courage, and his fame in war, with his fidelity to God, made his friendship invaluable. But a few months had scarcely elapsed, ere he followed his prince to the grave. Then the enemies of Zeisberger grew more

bold and relentless : he was personally hated by the Mingoes, who were a tribe of thieves and murderers ; he knew that a plot was laid against his life : the great danger he was in, being mentioned to him by letter, his answer was, " If I am in danger, I cannot prevent it, and will not fly from it : but I commit my work, my fate, my future course, to my gracious Lord and Master, whom I serve. I remain cheerful and confident." One day, as he was wandering alone, he met eight Mingoes : " There," exclaimed the leader, as soon as he saw him, " is the man whom we have long wished to see, and to secure ; do now as you think proper." The savages looked fixedly at him—he was wholly in their power : a single blow of the tomahawk, or a rifle ball, was sufficient for their revenge, and no other eye could have seen the deed :—in a few moments, they turned from the spot, and walked swiftly away.

The war had broken out between England and her colonies : the Hurons, who took part with the former, sent the Delawares the large war-belt three times successively, demanding their assistance in the war. The latter returned the war-belt, being firmly resolved to maintain peace. The Americans advised the Moravians to take care of themselves. On a sudden, intelligence was brought that two hundred Huron warriors, headed by their leader, called Half-king, were on their march against them. It was resolved to shew no signs of fear, but, if possible, to disarm the invaders by a kind reception. Numerous oxen were killed, and sent, with abundance of other food, to the village where the Hurons had halted. The Half-king was a personage not to be trifled with : in an action with a body of Americans, who soon after marched against him, he entirely defeated, and killed the greatest part of them. An embassy was also sent with a string of wampum, several fathoms in length.

There was great alarm at the settlements: a guard was kept day and night.

The Huron leader was gratified, and said that the gifts were pleasant to his eye, and that the words had penetrated his heart. "God," said Zeisberger, before he heard of the result, "who has preserved us through so many dangers, will shelter us beneath the shadow of his wings." The following day the Half-king and eighty-two of his warriors came to Lichtenau. They were first shewn into the school-house; he shook hands with Zeisberger, and then spoke as follows: "We rejoice to see our father, and to take him by the hand; nor shall any thing henceforth disturb your minds, but our covenant shall remain firm for ever. We will acquaint the other nations with the proceedings of this day, and they will doubtless rejoice." He returned a suitable answer; after which, the missionaries and the Huron and his officers dined under a hut made of green boughs; the other warriors seated themselves in the shade in front of the place, and were so richly provided for, that they were full of kindness and courtesy.

Could treachery lurk beneath all this fair shew? Even now, while they sat together beneath the shade of the boughs, their eyes, full of the thirst of rapine, were turned-eagerly on the rich townships. Not long after, a plan was formed for the expulsion of the Moravians, as well as their converts, to which the governor of Fort Detroit lent himself. The English agent of Indian affairs went to Niagara, to attend the great council of the Iroquois, to incite them to the deed. This was held by the river side, not far from the falls: the scene must have been a wild and strange one,—of the multitude of Iroquois, completely armed; their deep silence and solemn array; the distant rushing of the waters, that came on the ear like the din of

battle afar off. Perhaps there was a feeling of superstition in the choice of such a scene for their council; for the Indians believe the great Spirit has his dwelling beside the mighty fall of waters. An old traveller relates, that an Indian chief, who accompanied him to the falls of St. Anthony, offered up his pipe, tobacco-pouch, bracelets, and ear-rings, and prayed with great emotion to the Spirit to protect him. There were many speakers in the assembly, but the Iroquois, after hearing the arguments on both sides, decidedly refused to expel the Christians.

The Chippaways and the Ottawas, who were next applied to, said that they had no reason for such an action. The same message was sent to the Half-king of the Hurons, who did not scruple to break the covenant he had made at Lichtenau; he set out with his people, and proceeded straight to Gnadenhuetten, a settlement that had been formed some miles from the former place. They came on like a torrent; and the Delawares, divided in their councils, did not oppose them. They shot all the cattle on the plantations, and the women and children began to be afraid of death. Zeisberger, Sensaman, and Heckenwalder arrived a few days after, and soon perceived how matters stood. They were summoned before a council of war; they spoke boldly to the Huron leader, and the assembly broke up without any results.

A Delaware captain took Zeisberger aside, and told him in secret, that as he was adopted one of their nation, and consequently one flesh and bone with them, the Delaware warriors were willing to protect him. But as this protection was only to extend to himself, and not to his companions, he instantly refused the offer; on which they were immediately seized by a party of Hurons, and dragged off. Some blows were aimed at them with spears,

but without any fatal effect: they were stripped to their shirts, closely bound and guarded, and compelled to sit upon the bare ground all night, with nothing to screen them from the cold. The dwellings were plundered, and set on fire: and the death-song was raised by the Hurons; its burden was an awful one. Justly did Zeisberger say, that the anguish of soul he suffered, was "worse than the pangs of death."

The flames of his loved towns were awfully visible; and their progress was accompanied by the shouts of the victors, and the mourning of the captives, who could not behold the quick destruction without irrepressible sorrow. Ere the morning dawned, all for which he had so yearned and toiled, would be no better than the ruined Indian town on the shore, whose ramparts were now reddened with the glare. The chapels, the school-houses, where masters had been appointed for the classes of young men, and mistresses for the young women, were burning to ashes—and with them were consumed the manuscripts, the books, the Indian translations, on which he had laboured so many years. All the beautiful order of his regulations, the prosperity of his people, was like a dream of the night, that "when one waketh, it is even as if it had never been." Bound hand and foot, stretched on the bare earth, his helpless companions lying around him, the death-song in his ears—what a night of misery and horror passed slowly by!

During four days and nights they were treated in this cruel manner, and at last called before the Half-king, who declared them free, but ordered them to prepare instantly for their emigration. It is described as follows:—

"But they never forsook any country with more regret. They were now obliged to forsake three beautiful settlements, Gnadenhuetten, Salem, and

Schoenbrunn, and the greatest part of their possessions in them. They had already lost above four hundred head of cattle. Besides this, they left a great quantity of Indian corn in store, above three hundred acres of corn land, where the harvest was just ripening, besides potatoes, cabbage, and other roots and garden fruits. According to a moderate calculation, their loss was computed at twelve thousand dollars, about two thousand pounds. But what gave them most pain was the total loss of all books and writings, compiled with great trouble, for the instruction of their youth. These were all burnt by the savages. Added to this they had nothing before them but distress, misery, and danger. However, they could do nothing but possess their souls in patience, and go forward, even whither they would not."

Never was there a farewell more full of mourning: they lifted up their voices, and wept aloud: on every side were the smoking ashes of their happy homes: it was like the going forth from "the Deserted Village," that could hardly have been more dear to its exiles, than the "Beautiful Spring" was to this people. Their families were numerous, and those of the Indian converts far more so. A troop of Hurons guarded them on the way; and the dark phalanx enclosed them on every side: as they passed on into the wilderness, they often turned, and looked back.

In a few short months only, how fearfully all was changed! the Moravians might look on the founder of Lichtenau, and say, in the words of old, "Alas! my brother!—alas, his glory!" Had his ambition been of this world, in his despair he would perhaps have cheered his people to the onset, and broke sword in hand through the captors. But he saw that they looked up to him for hope and relief; and, although his heart was almost broken, he preserved a serene countenance, and spoke bright words of the

future. They travelled on, partly by water, and partly by land, along the banks of the Muskingum, to Sandusky creek. Many died, and were buried in the solitudes, and their friends did not stay to mourn over them. At last, the Hurons departed, and marched into their own country, leaving them in a wilderness, where there was neither game nor any other means of subsistence. Many parts were infested with rattlesnakes and other serpents. It was a hundred and thirty miles distant from their forsaken towns. They roved to and fro for some time, not knowing where to go. Ere the Hurons left them, an instance of devotedness, worthy of the warrior, was given by a young Indian woman: unseen, she found means to mount a swift horse, and rode off full speed to Pittsburgh, in order to bring succours. As soon as her departure was known, she was instantly pursued. At full speed, over the vast and level plain, the Indian girl gallantly rode: neither morass nor thicket stayed her course. Her enraged pursuers were on the track; if taken, she knew that her life would be the sacrifice, and that by a slow and cruel torment. Yet, urged by a fearless zeal, she baffled all the swiftness of the Hurons; "who, when they saw that she could not be taken, were enraged in the highest degree, and charged the missionaries with having sent this woman to call the Americans to their deliverance."

The mournful band still held on their way: as the day-light failed, they sought anxiously for a place of rest. In such a scene, in such an hour, with what inexpressible hope and comfort do the promises of God come on the soul. Their trust in earth was slain utterly: homes they could rear, fields they could plant—but never more *such* as were swept away by the wrath of the savage. Stretched round the embers of their camp-fires, or looking sadly on their perishing children, these noble Moravians

strove with their despair—"believed even against hope;" and while their hearts bled for all they loved, they blest the hand that chastened them.

In no situation does man seem so utterly helpless, as in the bosom of a mighty desert; in no situation can the soul so freely disengage itself from earth, and enter within the veil of the spiritual and eternal world. The sands, the boundless plain, the everlasting precipice, even as when fresh from their Creator's hand,—were they not the scenes where He loved to reveal himself, in Mamre, in Sinai, in Padan-aram? And as Israel in the wilderness, when no help was nigh—so felt the Moravians, when, having halted for the night, they looked around, "and all was nought:" then they worshipped together, and having sung, knelt down and prayed. How solemn and resistless must those sounds of melody have passed over the waste!—like those of many martyred spirits appealing unto God, and asking why he had forsaken them?

At last, they pitched upon the best spot they could find in this dreary wild. They built small huts of logs and bark, as a shelter from the cold, having neither beds nor blankets, and being reduced to the greatest poverty and want. The savages had stolen their beds, and every kind of covering. Zeisberger and three of his companions resolved to travel to Fort Detroit. They passed along the banks of the great lake of Érie, and arrived at last at Detroit, and had an audience of the governor, Arend Schuyler. Their details and remonstrances made such an impression on his mind, that he said he had been deceived by false reports, and that he had believed them to be in the American interest. They were then kindly dismissed, and were well lodged and provided for: and a day of trial was appointed. Many English, German, and French officers visited them, and were

filled with compassion; their clothes were torn and tattered, their frames enfeebled with fatigue and the cruel treatment they had received. The day of trial arrived; they were confronted with two of the Indian chiefs, their oppressors; and the result was, that they were solemnly declared innocent by the governor. He offered them the use of his own house, conferred with them on the state of the mission, and, at last, dismissed them in peace, with many presents.

The joy of their families and congregation was very great, when they returned in safety. They afterwards went on, and settled for some time, close to the lake Erie: but the vast and cheerless prairies around, bore little resemblance to the rich plantations and pastures they had forsaken.

Zeisberger could not resist the desire to visit the ruins of Lichtenau, for he longed to bring his people back to that place. A faithful native brought him word that a troop of Indians were out, with a commission to bring him alive or dead. His friends used every persuasion to induce him to stay; but he replied, "My destinies are in the hands of God. He neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. I will go." The Moravians then engaged some courageous Indians to accompany him, but as they could not get ready immediately, their horses being in the field, he set out by himself. They watched his progress over the plain, till he was lost in the distance; he kept on his way, till the approach of evening: and he was still alone. No sound was heard in the waste, but the tread of his horse's steps. He had arrived within two leagues of Lichtenau, when he beheld at no great distance, the troop of bandits who were in search of him. At that moment, two Delawares, men of tried courage, returning from hunting, saw Zeisberger at a distance, and hastened to join him

one of them uttered a cry of joy. They all seized their weapons, to defend themselves to the last, if attacked. The enemy surveyed them some time ; but, thinking it a case of doubtful issue, they at last went reluctantly away. The Delawares would not part from him : so they went on together to the ruins of Lichtenau. He surveyed them in sadness, yet with an interest more deep than any new colony could have given : walls, and in some places, roofs, were yet entire—but all was desolate ; even in the groves many a half-consumed tree, and prostrate trunk, told of the fury of the flame : in some of the gardens there was a beauty still left, the flowers, and plants, and fruit-trees were there, all uncared for. The dead silence of the place was perhaps more oppressive than the ravage : the river rolled on through the plain, and no one rejoiced in its course. No blessings of the basket and the store were there : already the grass grew wild and rank amidst the ruins of the dwellings and the chapels, where he had hoped to breathe his last, to rest from his toils, and sleep, while a faithful people should be his memorial, and witness how he had served his God. The evening had set in, and the sun was going down in glory on the little lake, and the ramparts of the ruined Indian town on the shore : could he have believed, when he raised the homes and streets of “the Beautiful Spring,” that yet a little while, and it should be even as the things of old ?—blackening, forsaken, a shelter for the wild beasts, for the eagle, and the vulture ! Perhaps it is not easy to sympathize with the full bitterness of his feelings. Eliot had a loved hearth and circle, to whose tenderness he could turn when all was dark without : the daughter and the son spoke words of comfort in the father’s ear, and wiped the tears from his eyes. But Zeisberger had none of these silver cords wound round his heart :

to his settlements he gave his love, his care, his thoughts by day, his visions by night; and Lichtenau and Schoenbrunn were unto him as two lone and beautiful orphans, whom he had reared, over whom he had watched; and when ripening into strength and glory—behold! they were slain at his feet, and he would that he had died also. Not Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, or the exile by the waters of Babylon, when he thought of his lost Palestine, felt more intensely than the lonely man, as the night gathered over his fallen settlements. While Zeisberger slept, the two Indians kept watch all night amidst the ruins, or couched in the rank grass, to guard against the enemy's surprise; for they knew the latter could not be far off.

Governor Schuyler now offered them a place on the river Huron, and furnished them with provisions, boats, and the necessary articles from the royal stores. His lady presented them with a valuable assortment of seeds and roots. They took their departure, passed over the lake St. Clair, and arrived, on the 21st of July, in the evening, at the place destined for their future residence. It was a fine site, situated midway between the lakes Huron and Erie, and close to the beautiful lake St. Clair. The river Huron flowed in front of their dwellings; the soil was excellent, and well wooded with sycamore, beech, lime, oak, and poplar trees. Wild hemp grew in abundance. The making of sugar from the maple-tree, which they had pursued in all their settlements, turned out very abundant. In hunting they had great success, and bartered venison and skins for corn and other necessaries of life. They also made canoes, and other articles, for which they found a market at Detroit. And here the dispersed Indian converts, who had been scattered into various parts, flocked again eagerly. General Haldimand, at Quebec, became their

friend. The vast lake was often explored by them: Zeisberger, and a few of his friends, in a voyage, were once confined for some weeks on a solitary island; the wind being so contrary and tempestuous, that they could not return: what with the great expanse of waters, and the height of the billows, it seemed as if they were in the middle of the ocean. They lived by hunting and fishing, and found wild potatoes and onions, and other herbs, in abundance. They pitched their tents in a kind of meadow, covered with verdure, and were the only inhabitants of the isle.

On another occasion they came to the celebrated rocks on the south coast of Lake Erie, that rise perpendicularly out of the water, and are so much undermined by the waves, that they project fearfully, and in some places caverns and arches are formed. In a tempest, the force of the surf here is such, that no vessel scarcely can escape being dashed to pieces. A party set out, headed by Zeisberger: but before they had left the Cayahaga creek, a dreadful storm arose; the waves beat with such violence against these rocks, that they thanked God they were yet in safety in the creek, and, being in want of provisions, spent the time in fishing. One night they fished with torches, and pierced above three hundred large fish, of a good flavour, resembling pikes. Afterwards they had to ascend high precipices, and cut their way through the thickets to the summit, where they had scarcely pitched their camp, when a party of Ottawas, hunting in the neighbourhood, rode towards them, and expressed their astonishment to find such a number of people in the pathless waste.

Again the spirit of activity and improvement was triumphant—again did this unconquerable people devote all their time and strength, “to make the desert blossom as the rose.” Since the days of Sparta, and the earlier ones of Rome, there surely

never was greater endurance and confidence; obedience also, even to destruction. This beautiful commonwealth of United Brethren seems to have something deathless—something that *must* ultimately prevail, in its spirit and discipline. How simple also, yet expressive, are the words, “the Elders in Bethlehem sought direction from heaven, and consulted the promises,” and resolved that the missionaries should go to the Lake Erie, or to the Ohio, or the Hurons—and they went! It brings before the mind the primeval and indelible days of the scripture, when the elders sat in the gate at morn and eve, and took counsel together, and redressed grievances, and spoke of the glory of their people, so favoured of God.

Amidst all these toils and vicissitudes, time had passed rapidly away, and the missionary had become stricken in years, ere any infirmity gave him warning. Such was the vigour of his frame and constitution, hardened by long habits of temperance and labour, that sickness or disease had rarely arrested his progress; although wounds, imprisonment, and famine, were often his companions. Like the Indian, among whom his life had passed, he to the last loved enterprise and change. The term assigned to man in the scripture, he had already attained: was it not wiser now to take rest? to look back calmly and thankfully on all he had endured; to live on the past, rather than on the future? What could the future be to a man of seventy-eight? but he felt that his spirit was firm, his strength little abated, and his mind unimpaired. The last of his settlements, being the twelfth he had formed in the Indian territories, was on the river Muskingum; the distance was great; yet some of the people desired to go there, and besought him to accompany them: the place was in the vicinity of the ruined settlements; and this circumstance decided him to depart. It was like the going

forth of one of the patriarchs of old, when he went on his way, with his servants, and children, and cattle, and the princes of the land spoke kindly to him. Or, as when Israel journeyed to the last of his homes, bowed with years and troubles, yet surrounded with his people, and with a heart full of faith and strength in God. This noble Moravian was now eighty years of age : and he left his home at St. Clair, and issued forth again to plant and to build, and to gain new converts. The numerous cattle were driven in front, by some of the natives ; the Brethren and their families came after ; the women and children on horseback, the men on foot : the Christian Indians marched on each side, many of them armed.

In this settlement of Goshen, he spent the last eight years of his life. If ever man deserved to taste of rest, it was he. He loved to talk of the years he had spent among the Iroquois at Onondago : and when any of the chiefs, which was not seldom, came to see him, his eye was brighter, and his talk more animated. His constitutional activity never forsook him : and during the fine season, he would wander forth at times to the nearest encampments, or to the plains, to see some of the friends of his earlier days.

One of his dearest triumphs was reserved for the close of his career. He was seated one day at the door of his dwelling, when a band of Hurons was descried, advancing towards the village. They had been his greatest persecutors : the alarm was given : his faithful Indians gathered round. But the Hurons, though armed, shewed no signs of hostility. The person whom they had lately elected to be the chief of their people, drew nigh, and bowed his head, and placed his hands on his breast, before the man whom he had formerly bound and made captive. He said that he had been two years seeking in vain for something better than worldly honour : then he

used these remarkable words, " Now I seek rest for my soul, and believe that I shall find it here : I come, that I may enjoy the good which you possess." Grateful as was this event, David Zeisberger felt that the golden days of his mission were passed, never to return ; he often spoke of them with strong emotion, and prayed that heaven would renew them once more. He might be truly called " a man of the wilderness : " long experience and success in his undertakings, had given him great confidence : his companions, both Moravian and Indian, looked up to him for advice and example in every case of danger, and it was sufficient if he only comforted and encouraged them. His discourses had few pretensions to genius : but they were full of energy and feeling, and often clothed in the garb of the desert : they were burning words and thoughts, and the heart of the savage was broken in pieces before them. He lived sixty years among the Indians, and, during the last forty, visited his Brethren in the United States but three times. In him, the fearlessness and hardihood of the Indian warrior were united with the faith and simplicity of the Christian. When he began to feel the infirmities of age coming upon him, he strove to complete his translations of portions of the scriptures, and other writings, into the Delaware language. He finished the hymn-book now in use ; it consists of hymns of his own translating, and forms a large volume ; he left also a valuable Delaware grammar.

Gently, and almost unconsciously, old age came on : when he could no longer travel, he visited every home in the settlement, from day to day, with unremitting diligence and affection. But, being visited with total blindness, he rested within his home, and went forth no more. His friends often read to him ; and he instructed the younger missionaries. The calamity that had fallen on him,

he bore without a murmur: it was a terrible one, even to a man so near the grave. Oh, bitter, bitter is the loss of all the dear and living scenes of nature! the mountain, the lake, the stream, the glorious forest—to see them no more for ever—to see no more the sun rise or set, and his changing hues pass away on the plain. Zeisberger felt the loss above all men: during seventy years, his home had been among these scenes—his bed by night, his pilgrimage by day, so that “they were graven on his heart.” We can fancy how he would love, like the patriarch of old, to sit beside his door at evening, and listen to the rising wind among the woods, and the breaking of the waves on the shore, and feel the last sunbeams on his withered cheek.

It is said, that, in blindness, the memory is peculiarly vivid, and the imagination embodies the things of the past, as if they lived afresh. What a triumphant vision thus rose, perhaps, before the man of God! what forms of glory and consolation, flitting around his sightless hours! “thy dead shall live again!” Shikellimus, his earliest friend, prince of the Iroquois, to whom he had pointed the way to heaven; the noble Unami of the Delawares, whose dying hours he had comforted; Allemewi, chief of that “place of cruelty,” brought to God even beyond the eleventh hour, at 120 years; Papunhauk, and the famous warrior White-Eye: these were all fruits of his prayers and faith, and were gone before to that holier world, whose gates were now open to receive him!

In October, 1808, in his eighty-eighth year, he perceived that his end was approaching: his illness was short, without pain or suffering: the lamp of life burned mildly away. “The only thing that troubled him,” he said, “was the present spiritual state of his Indian people.” These expressions having been told to them, they all gathered round

the dwelling, and, in different groups, entered the chamber of the dying man. "My father," they said, "forgive us all we have done to grieve you. We will surrender our hearts to our Saviour, and live alone for him in the world." The venerable man, totally blind, the moment of dissolution close at hand, was supported in his bed, while his face was turned earnestly towards the penitents, though he saw them no more. He blessed them fervently; then, with that kindness and seriousness which he knew so well how to combine in his converse with the Indians, he warned them against the dangers to which they were exposed, the vices in which they had indulged. "I am going, my people," he continued, "to rest from all my labour, and be at home with the Lord: He has never forsaken me in distress, and will not forsake me now. I have reviewed my whole course of life, and found that there is much to be forgiven." The Indians saw that his life was departing, and they would not forsake the chamber. When he ceased to breathe, the whole company knelt down and prayed. He had attained the age of eighty-eight years. No other man, perhaps, ever existed, who knew so much of the manners, usages, and minds of the Indian tribes. His usefulness was exceeding great: had he sought power for himself, his ascendancy with the Iroquois and the Delawares would soon have insured its possession; but the only glory he loved was that of his Redeemer.

Of the congregations formed by Zeisberger and his friends, a few have been dispersed in the wars of the tribes, but many still flourish—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Lititz, of the ancient; Salem, Goshen, the town on the Huron, and others, of the more recent ones; even at the Beautiful Spring, dwellings are gathered once more. There are places in the wilderness, where the ruins alone tell what the

Brethren dared and suffered. Thus, in one journey, they say, "All the ground where Gnadenhuetten stood, was covered with briars, hazel bushes, and thorn trees, like a low impenetrable forest, where the bears, deer, and other wild animals, have made themselves a path. Some of the chimneys appeared in their rows. The place where our Christian Indians were slain was strongly marked: part of their bones were still to be seen among the ashes. Numerous snakes and serpents had now taken possession of the ground."

In a letter, at the close of 1825, from the mission at Spring Place, among the Cherokees, they write, "Our meeting is numerously attended: notwithstanding the long drought, the produce of the fields and gardens is great. The Cherokee nation have resolved to establish an academy and a printing-press at Newtown, their principal town. For this purpose, they have appropriated a sum of money; and also resolved to send two of their nation to the principal cities and towns of the United States, to solicit donations. The accounts from the mission to the year 1830, represent the different settlements as tranquil and prosperous. "The Christmas festival," they write, "was a season of abundant blessing at Salem; the church was crowded: the communion-table was surrounded by twenty Cherokees, some of whom were distinguished warriors. It is impossible to behold, without emotion, the earnest desire of this people to partake of the salvation of God. The Delaware congregation remains undisturbed at New Fairfield, in Canada; and old and young are actively employed in building a new church."

Seventy years have now elapsed, since the commencement of this North American and Canadian mission. From a register of the Indian congregations, dated 1772, it appears that the number of

heathens, baptized by the Moravians, from the commencement of the mission to that time, amounted to seven hundred and twenty; but the church-books and other writings being destroyed in the burning of the towns on the Muskingum, it is difficult to ascertain the subsequent numbers. Besides the settlements, or colonies, there are regular congregations of the United Brethren in the towns of New York, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Newport in Rhode Island, Yorktown, and other places. The recent accounts, to the end of 1831, from Salem and Spring Place, represent the native congregations as reduced in number, from the many difficulties and disquiets of the times. From Fairfield, the detail is more encouraging.

The memoir of this devoted and memorable man cannot be more usefully closed, than with the last letter he ever wrote to England, dated Goshen, in the wilderness, August 6th, 1807, in the 87th year of his age. It was addressed to a friend,\* who allowed me to copy it: the handwriting is firm and clear.

“ I have perceived, with great pleasure, that you take a near share in the welfare of our mission, for which I pray God to bless you. I now write to assure you of the love and regard I have long felt for you. I carried on an edifying correspondence with your late dear father. His first letter to me was after our captivity in Canada, when he sent us considerable assistance, and I shall never forget his kindness. At that time, it appeared as if our mission was at an end; but, by the grace and help of our Lord, it revived: many of the scattered

\* The Rev. C. J. La Trobe, the nephew of Antes, the Egyptian traveller and missionary. This eminent and excellent man, now nearly eighty years of age, is well known by his travels in South Africa, and his long and zealous exertions in the cause of Moravian missions.

sheep were brought back to their teachers. Many were the difficulties we had to encounter: we again crossed the Lake Erie to Petquottink, where, during our four years' abode, we had a considerable increase. This, however, was the last abundant draught of fishes; for, when the new Indian war broke out, we were a second time obliged to cross the lake, and take refuge in the British territory, where we were kindly received. But the mission got into the territory of the white people, the consequences of which were evil. As long as we are surrounded by them, we cannot prevent all disorder and seduction. We pray that God may grant the hinderances in our way to be removed, and bless us with such another period of peace and grace as we then enjoyed!

“I myself am now of little use, and am no longer able to travel about; but can only pray that the Lord may help us, and prepare many faithful labourers and witnesses, burning with desire to lead the heathen to their Saviour. We live here in harmony with each other.”

## VANDERKEMP AND KICHERER.

JOHN THEODORE VANDERKEMP was the son of a minister of the Dutch church at Rotterdam. At an early period of life, he became a student in the university of Leyden, in which his brother was afterwards professor of divinity. His acquirements in the learned languages, in philosophy, divinity, medicine, and in military studies, were rapid and extensive. On leaving the university, he entered into the army, in which he rose to the rank of captain of horse. Here he deeply imbibed the principles of infidelity, and cast off the restraints of a religious education; on which account the feelings of his father were so painful, that they are said to have hastened his death.

He at last quitted the army, in which he had spent fifteen years, and resolved to enter on the practice of medicine. In pursuance of this design, he spent some years at the university of Edinburgh, where he composed a Latin work on Cosmology, entitled 'Parmenides.' Having obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, he commenced his practice as a physician at Middleburgh, in Holland, where he acquired great reputation. After some years, being in possession of a competence, he retired to Dort, intending to devote the rest of his days to literary pursuits. But the time was at hand, when such a revolution was to take place in

his domestic relations, and in the disposition of his heart, as to introduce him, as it were, into a new world.

One day in the month of June, while he was sailing on the river near Dort with his wife and daughter, a violent storm suddenly arose, and a waterspout broke on the boat, by which it was instantly upset. Mrs. and Miss Vanderkemp were immediately drowned; and the survivor, clinging to the boat, was carried down the stream nearly a mile; no one daring, in so dreadful a squall, to venture from the shore to his assistance. A vessel then lying in the port of Dort, was, by the violence of the storm, driven from her moorings, and floated towards the part of the river in which he was just ready to perish; and the sailors took him from the wreck. Thus remarkably was preserved, a life, which was henceforth to be employed for the advantage of mankind, and for the propagation of that faith which he had once laboured to destroy. The sudden ruin of his earthly comforts, the long struggle with a painful death, broke the hardness of his heart, and gave the first shock to its infidel principles.

On the following Sunday he repaired to church, perhaps to acknowledge the providence that had saved him. It happened that the sacrament of the Lord's supper was then to be administered, but no one expected to see an infidel at the table. He felt that to receive the elements would be inconsistent with his avowed principles; yet ashamed to withdraw, he placed himself among the communicants. The agitation of his mind was excessive. Alas! the earth was now to him as a wilderness, and he felt bowed to the dust before the sovereign will of God, which had in a moment made him desolate. The pride of reason still struggled for mastery; he was aware that if he yielded to his

present feelings, he must necessarily embrace the Christian system, which hitherto he had rejected as absurd. The prevailing impression on his mind was—examine it once more, and you will judge otherwise; “but eat now of this bread, and remember your new Master.”

In the afternoon of the same day, recovering his composure, he sat down to reflect calmly and closely on the leading doctrines of the gospel. By free grace, he perceived that the justice of God is not only uninjured, but exalted, and placed in the brightest lustre, through justification by faith. He then proceeded to search the scriptures, and was astonished to find his sentiments so fully confirmed by St. Paul's epistle to the Romans. From this moment he revered the scriptures, and determined to make them the rule both of his faith and practice. His leisure was henceforth earnestly employed in the pursuit of sacred knowledge, particularly in the study of Oriental literature.

In this state of retirement, the formation of the London Missionary Society, that has since been the source of such extensive good, first engaged his attention. A printed address from that Society was circulated in Germany, together with the sermons preached at its commencement: as he perused these discourses, he was filled with delight at this noble scheme of benevolence, first cherished in the hearts of the English. Meeting with this passage, “Curse ye Meroz,” said the angel, “curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty,” he was so deeply affected, that he resolved to devote himself wholly to the advancement of this work. He wrote to the Directors of the Society in London, and stated the prevailing wish of his heart. Deeply impressed by such a communication, they lost no time in replying to his letter. In con-

sequence of an invitation, Dr. Vanderkemp came to London, and the Directors had an opportunity, during several months, of enjoying his company and conversation. He appeared to be the very man, qualified by the most appropriate talents, to commence and superintend the mission to South Africa, which he had himself first projected. He returned to Holland to settle his affairs, and met with an eminent assistant, the young Kicherer, whose mind had been filled, some years previous, with the most ardent desire of visiting distant lands, in consequence of reading the voyages and discoveries of Captain Cook. The zeal of a missionary, that was never after quenched, had also been long cherished in secret. Returning to London, Dr. Vanderkemp was publicly set apart for the ministry at the Scotch Church in Crown Court; a number of ministers of various denominations being present on the occasion.

In December, 1798, he sailed with Kicherer, and two other missionaries, for the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived in safety. Letters from the governor to subordinate magistrates in the country, were kindly furnished, waggons were purchased, and Bruntjie, the famous elephant hunter, was sent from the Moravian Brethren of Baviankloof, and engaged as guide and interpreter. In the end of May he commenced his journey towards Caffraria: after passing the valley of Modezand, they entered upon a perilous road between ridges of perpendicular mountains. In the last house on this side the wilderness, they were sheltered from a heavy rain, and the next day advanced until night, pitching their tents amidst a thick shower of snow. Onwards they passed through a trackless waste, infested with lions, tigers, wolves, and other beasts of prey; often they could not sleep for the terrific sounds. The wolves frequently approached their

tents; and one night a lion broke into the midst, and killed several sheep.

As it was now the depth of winter in that quarter of the globe, the cold was very severe. At last they arrived at the house of Mr. De Beer, of whose family Vaillant, in his Travels, speaks so highly. And, afterwards, proceeding thence, they arrived at Graff Reinets, where the landrost and others took pains to persuade them from going among the Caffres, urging the extreme danger of the enterprise. At length Bruntjie, who had been sent to Geika, to request his permission to enter his territories, returned with a favourable answer. After a tedious journey, they arrived at the residence of this potentate, to whom Vanderkemp was at length introduced. After waiting about ten minutes, the former approached in a solemn manner, attended by two of his chief men, one on each side; he was covered with a long robe of panthers' skins, and wore a diadem of copper, and another of beads, round his head. He had in his hand an iron club, and his cheeks and lips were painted red. He reached out his right hand, but spoke not a word. The Doctor then delivered him his tobacco-box, which he had filled with buttons; at a distance behind, stood his captains and women, in the form of a half-moon, and at a great distance, the rest of the people.

Geika then desired to know, by an interpreter, what was requested of him: he said, that we had come at a very unfavourable time, and that all the country was in confusion; that he was in perpetual danger from his enemies. The situation of Vanderkemp was not an enviable one, and one of his assistants departed from him. By degrees, however, the unfavourable impressions concerning the missionaries were effaced from the mind of the king, and he assigned

them some land on the other side of the river Keiskamma.

The place allotted was a beautiful field of grass, in the middle of an amphitheatre of high mountains, inhabited by different kraals of Caffres: round the foot of the mountains ran a river of excellent water; the ascent was covered by thick woods, containing trees of every description. Beyond, were meads of vast extent, and of beautiful verdure; and on the adjacent summits was an inaccessible forest.

In consequence of the want of salt, the Doctor set off on horseback to the sea-shore, to seek for a convenient place for a salt-pan, and returned in the evening of the fourth day. But, as in this excursion he had neither shoes nor stockings, his head and feet were severely wounded by the stones and thorn-bushes. Such, it is said, is a specimen of the hardships which he cheerfully endured. It is certainly a savage specimen: but where was the necessity of his wanting the common articles of clothing? a little industry and foresight would surely have supplied them.

Even in after years, he went about the wilds, with as much of the savage as the minister, in his dress and appearance, and he loved this discreditable dishabille. But, though his wardrobe was scant, and the taste and cleanliness of his garb were questionable, his time and talents were unremittingly given to the object of his enterprise. He had early opened a school, in which he instructed a number of young people in the Dutch and Caffie languages, and in the principles of the Christian religion. He also preached, as often as he had opportunity, to a few who understood the Dutch language.

Although Caffre-land did not offer a favourable soil for the mission, it was not without interest to

the observing mind: the people were brave and independent, possessing greater personal advantages than the rest of the African nations; and the country, dreary as was the greater part, afforded many scenes of redeeming richness and beauty. It is a pity that Vanderkemp, who was a man of education and taste, followed the example of too many missionaries, and neglected to investigate the various and novel productions, as well as strange aspects of nature, in this region. But the Caffres were not numerous, and the manners and usages of the people, farther in the interior, had few attractions.

“After supper,” says a later missionary, “we heard the sound of music near the king’s house; we walked over to the place, and found a large party dancing, and in this way expressing their joy at the late fertilizing and refreshing rains. About fifteen men were dancing in a circle, each holding and blowing a reed. The king directed the dance, leaping, and playing on a reed, like the others. Many women ran forward from the crowd of spectators, and leaped fantastically around the dancers, singing and clapping their hands: at other times, they rushed towards the men, and pushed against them, like bulls, with their heads. Being observed to take up my snuff-box, I was instantly surrounded by women and girls, and as many as could thrust their fingers into the box, which was quickly emptied of its contents. On another evening, during the journey, being surrounded by plenty of fire-wood from the decayed trees of other times, a venerable mimosa protected us from a cool east wind. An extensive plain was before us, to which there was no visible end, covered with long grass, and pools of white water, and low bushes; the summit of a low hill gradually rose into view, as we advanced next day; the whole scene had a sad dull appear-

ance, except when flocks of quachas, striped black and white like the zebra, ostriches, and other animals, presented themselves: the elephant and the rhinoceros were seen, at times, afar off.

“The heat was intense: our sugar was as hard as a brick; the ink was dried up in the inkstand; the board I used for a writing-table was split; the water in all our vessels was as hot as it is generally drank in Briton: and one day during this heat, we had come to a dry lake, four miles in circumference, whose bottom was covered with a crust of dry sand.” This desolation was different from the neighbourhood of the Hex river, where Vanderkemp had been so kindly entertained, after many days’ dreary journey, at the home of De Beer. The latter was mourning for his child, whom he had buried that day: if she resembled the other daughters of the house, the loss must have been great. But Vaillant has omitted a beautiful trait in the character of this family, namely, their simple and admirable piety.

When the host learned the errand of Vanderkemp, he called his family together, and, falling on his knees, uttered this prayer:—“O Lord, thou hast afflicted me with inexpressible grief in taking my child from me, whom I buried this day; but now thou rejoicest my soul with joy greater than all my grief, in showing me that thou hast heard my prayers for the conversion of the Caffres, and giving me to see the fulfilment of thy promises.”

“On the confines of a wretched desert,” says Vanderkemp, “we were rejoiced by coming to the house of Mr. de Beer, where we found a family who knew and served the Lord. He afterwards accompanied us through the narrow Kloof.” The dwellings of this affluent colonist, the last hold of civilization, were substantial and clean; with numerous domestics and dependants, and the daily cares of extensive farms, corn, and grazing grounds: an

excellent order, and plenty, prevailed. Each morning and eve, the whole household joined in devotion, that was led by the master. To come from the desert to such a roof, brought to mind the patriarchal days, when the traveller came over the weary plains at the close of day, and saw the tents pitched, and the flocks feeding beside, and the rich man seated in the door, who besought him to enter and rest, for he saw that he fainted by the way.

In the long stupendous defile of the Hex river Kloof, through which De Beer and his guest went on their way, the scenery was extremely grand, between bold cliffs, rugged rocks, and spiral-topped mountains of great elevation: their bases were covered with mimosa trees, the flowers of which appeared like innumerable golden balls suspended from the branches. The Hex river, with a loud noise, was heard forcing its way along the jungle. The nations of the interior had certainly few qualities or virtues to interest the missionaries. "The king cares not," says one of the latter, "how much he troubles or begs from the missionaries himself, but he is sometimes enraged when he sees them too much troubled by others. On such an occasion, he once laid hold of a stick, and knocked down captains, servants, women, and children, indeed, all who came in his way, without making any distinction. In the evening the people were in such high spirits, that their combined vociferations were like the uproar that prevailed in the streets of Paris during the revolutionary massacres. Many of them appeared so full of rage, as if they would cleave one another down with their battle-axes. Wishing to be informed respecting the history of those with whom we travelled, we invited Munameets, and Sedras the interpreter, into the tent. The feebleness of their intellects was most evidently exemplified: they could frequently say only yes or

no, to the simplest question—for example, if asked whether Mallayabang commanded on such and such an expedition; or is as great in action as the Malapeetzé.—Any one who is not painted red appears frightful to them: my own person was sadly bedaubed by paint from their cloaks. Some of these people, by way of ornament, wear a plaster of cow-dung upon their foreheads. Having greedily feasted till nine at night on the entrails of the quacha, and having still a large potful of flesh on the fire, we asked if they intended to eat that before our departure in the morning: they laughed, and said they intended to eat it now, after which they should all sleep as sound as wolves. The rain having lasted the whole night, the space round the wagons was a complete puddle: and pouring down upon the tent where we were assembled, the king seriously asked us to bewitch the rain, that it might cease. We had a meeting with the principal men after breakfast, at which we learned that the king's name was Leebé: his second son Mooruanzee, (or rich in flies); another, Mahalalewhey (or, scrapings of skin): his daughter Tata (or string). The king appeared to be above sixty years of age, very black, with a white beard, and much wrinkled: he spoke with a tone of decision. Had the Malapeetzé only killed the cattle, said he, he would not have minded it so much; but killing his brother, who was a man, and who, when dead, could not be made alive again! He therefore demanded eight oxen, seven for those taken, and one for his brother who was killed. On giving him a white night-cap, he inquired the use of it; when it was immediately put upon his head, and he wore it till the meeting broke up. He could not conceive the use of the scissors, till I clipped off part of his beard. The whole company were amazed to see how soon a gimlet made a hole through a stick. Reflecting on the demand of

Mahalalewhey for a handkerchief, I thought it might be as well to comply. Having seen a clasp-knife among the presents made to the king, Munameets quietly informed me he had no knife to eat with; though I had no doubt he had one among the things formerly given him. Though one of the most amiable of his countrymen, none exceeded him in covetousness: he was also intent upon a fat cow, which the king had presented to us for slaughter. Mahalalewhey presented his son to us, who had just returned from paying his addresses to a young woman at a distance; but whether he had been successful or not, his father did not state: however, he had the impudence to ask for a third red handkerchief."

These people were rather discouraging subjects for the missionary: if he could feel an interest in such spirits, he should have settled down among the tribe, and not left them so soon to the native raciness of their own manners and tastes. On another occasion, while dining in his tent, in the midst of a great concourse, the brother of the king, a more powerful potentate than Leebé, harassed him with incessant demands for food. The whole repast would have vanished like a morning dream; for the cold beef, &c. stood little chance with a man who would revel over the carcase of a quacha or an ox: so the missionary covered a sandwich thickly with cayenne, and gave it to the prince, and soon after loud outcries were heard without the tent; when the savage was dancing in the wildest terror, with antics like those of a demon, exclaiming that he was burned alive, and should never be cool again.

In January, 1801, Dr. Vanderkemp resolved, after a stay of fifteen months, to leave Caffraria: he had received orders from Geika to quit the pleasant retreat of Keiskamma, and remove to the river Debé. Jealousy of his designs haunted the mind of the latter: under the pretence

of going on a hunting expedition, the former set out with a number of colonists, and numerous cattle, wagons, and horses. Soon after their departure, they were attacked by the Boshmen. Their situation was very alarming, as, from the dread of the fresh assaults of these marauders, they dared not light fires by night, and were exposed to the numerous beasts of prey.

Thus situated, and turning his back on Caffraria for ever, the past full of disappointment, the future of uncertainty, did the mind of Vanderkemp not revert to his loved retirement at Dort; where the pursuits of literature, the society of intellectual men, made life pass happily away? The Hottentots, or the dismal and dwarfish Boshmen, were henceforth to be his companions; and the attacks of the latter were perilous, because of the deadly poison in which all their weapons were steeped. They extract this poison from the jawbone of the serpent, and insert it in the point of their arrow or harping iron. They then creep behind the bushes, where they conceal themselves, and attack the beast at about the distance of a hundred steps. If the dart wounds it in the slightest degree, they are sure of their prey. Even the noblest beast of the forest often falls down dead immediately; if it has yet strength to fly, they pursue and overtake it, cut out the wounded part, and eat the rest of the carcass without injury. It is said that they can run for several days together, and are able to hold out as long as a horse. If, however, they are unsuccessful in the chase, they make a shift to live upon snakes, mice, and such other creatures as they can find. They form their huts by digging a hole in the earth about three feet deep, and then covering it with reeds; which are not sufficient, however, to keep out the rain. Here they lie close together, rolled up like a ball. When they are obliged to fly from their enemies, they often cast their chil-

dren away in the desert, or bury them alive. Their aged relations are also forsaken; they leave them a piece of meat and an ostrich egg-shell full of water; when this little stock is exhausted, they must perish with hunger.

Arriving at Graaf Reinet, the Doctor was cheered by meeting with his colleague Mr. Read, who was more faithful than the companion who deserted him in Caffraria. A body of insurgents soon after surrounded the place; in spite of the guns of the redoubts, and the efforts of the Pandours, and some English dragoons, the fighting continued till sunset. A sure place of refuge was soon after found. His Excellency, the Governor Dundas, aware of the importance of missionary exertions in civilizing the natives, offered a tract of land near Algoa bay in the vicinity of Fort Fucherie. He made them a present of large quantities of provisions, two hundred sheep, numerous oxen, and cows, and a corn mill. Many hats were soon erected, and wheat and rice sown.

About two hundred persons stately assembled for divine worship. But the settlement was attacked in the middle of a dark night by a furious banditti, and they were obliged to resist force by force; after a smart contest, in which the leader of the party was mortally wounded, and died on the field, the bandits retired. The colony being ceded to the Dutch governor, Jansen paid a visit to the settlement, and recommended a more eligible situation. In compliance with this advice, they removed to the west of Algoa bay, near the mouth of Zwarts river, and here founded their abiding home, which they called Bethelsdorff. A church, the roof and walls of which were composed of reeds, as well as a school, was erected. Since the Caffres were given up, the Hottentots became the objects of the missionaries' care; but the boors, or small farmers, sorely opposed the work. The village was two hun-

dred and fifty paces in length, and a hundred and fifty in breadth, and was divided by a brook into two parts. A Mrs. Smith, who, in her zeal, had quitted a comfortable home at the Cape, opened a school, to teach the Hottentot girls to knit, &c.

In the year 1808, Bethelsdorf had arrived at some degree of prosperity, consisting of about seventy houses, each having, on an average, about ten inhabitants. But while its temporal affairs flourished, its spiritual interests did not keep pace with them. In the following year, its people amounted to nearly a thousand; but it must not be supposed that all these were considered, even by the missionaries, as Christian converts. Most of them were merely inhabitants of the place, who, of course, enjoyed the means of instruction. Since the commencement of the mission, the converts did not exceed two hundred, and even of these about one half were children. But it was an excellent thing to make this weak and indolent people industrious, and able to gain a handsome support by the produce of their labour. The demand for the articles of knitting, &c. at Port Patrick was greater than they were able to supply. Mats and Caffre baskets were also made in great quantities, and sold to the country. A considerable traffic was carried on in salt, which the people bartered with the colonists for clothing, wheat, flour, &c. Even the farmers now brought their goods to Bethelsdorf in wagons, as to a market place. Soap-boiling, cutting and sawing of wood, were carried on to a large extent. Mr. Read at one time speaks of a number of these people having gone to Graaf Reinet, with six thousand feet of boards for sale, which would bring them about £200; a large sum, certainly, to be gained by Hottentots on one adventure!

Their fields, too, were covered with cattle, sheep, and goats; and such was the abundance of milk

and butter, that they employed the latter article in the manufacture of soap. According to the accounts at this time, they had no fewer than 2000 horned cattle, including calves; 1,200 sheep and goats; 174 horses; and great numbers of pigs and poultry; together with twenty waggons, besides carts. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable nature of the soil, even agriculture had begun to flourish among them. The Hottentots had become diligent in cleaning and tilling the ground; and lately, besides other kinds of grain and vegetables, they sowed in one year upwards of a hundred sacks of wheat, which they expected would yield fifteen hundred. Even more than this would have been sown, but some had no plough, and others no seed. It is said, that among the inhabitants of Bethelsdorp, there were no fewer than eighteen trades, (smiths, carpenters, tailors, &c.) likewise an auctioneer and a miller. The founder of Bethelsdorp had the pleasure to behold the increasing fruits of his labour. Another scheme of beneficence was to erect an orphan school, but it did not come to maturity. Of what avail was his knowledge of the classics, of Oriental literature, of philosophy, and divinity, in such a scene as this? A familiar acquaintance with the dialects of the nations, would have been far more useful. Surely, he must have groaned beneath the misery of striving to convey ideas to beings so utterly defective in intellect, imagination, or reflection. Lichtenstein, in his Travels through Southern Africa, gives the following sketch of his appearance at this time:—

“On our arrival at Algoa Bay, we received a visit from Dr. Vanderkemp. In the very hottest part of the morning, we saw a waggon, such as is used in husbandry, drawn by four meagre oxen, coming slowly along the sandy downs. Vanderkemp sat upon a plank laid across it, without a hat,

his venerable bald head exposed to the burning rays of the sun. He was dressed in a threadbare black coat, waistcoat, and breeches, without shirt, neck-cloth, or stockings, and leathern sandals bound upon his feet—the same as are worn by the Hottentots. The commissary-general hastened to meet and receive him with the greatest kindness. He descended from his car, and approached with slow and measured steps, presenting to our view a tall, meagre, yet venerable figure. In his serene countenance might be traced remains of former beauty; and in his eye, still full of fire, was plainly to be discovered the powers of mind which had distinguished his early years. Instead of the usual salutations, he uttered a short prayer, in which he begged a blessing on our chief and his company. He then accompanied us into the house, when he entered into conversation freely upon many subjects, without superciliousness, or affected solemnity."

Anxious to lessen, as far as possible, during his labours in Africa, the expenses of the mission, he generally supported himself with little or no cost to the Society. It is still more to the credit of his benevolence, that he at various times purchased the liberty of slaves in the colony out of his own private fortune. In the course of three years he redeemed seven of these unfortunate beings at no less expense than £800. Notwithstanding his advanced age, and many infirmities, he resolved to undertake a new mission to some other part of the world, and fixed on the island of Madagascar. No persuasions of his friends could shake this resolution. That populous and long-neglected island floated before his fancy continually; he could think of nothing else by day or night. Perhaps it was that restless love of change, that hankering after some brilliant and ideally happy scene, that is often a presentiment of dissolution. He had already been

struck with apoplexy. One morning, after engaging in the services of religion, he was taken ill, and never rose from his bed again. His disorder rapidly increased, till a lethargic heaviness suppressed his mental powers. A day or two before his departure, a friend asked him what was the state of his mind: the spirit seemed to rally its powers once more, and with a smile on his countenance he gave this short, but emphatic reply, 'All is well.' He died in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his labours as a missionary.

It will be necessary to go back a few years, to trace the progress of the excellent Kicherer, the youth who accompanied Dr. Vanderkemp from Holland. About the year 1800, at the time that his friend was in Caffraria, he went in company with Edwards to the Zak river. After being detained at Moezand, they set off for the house of Florus Fischeer, who possessed the last farm in the Caroor. This is a vast tract of land, of many days' journey, so dry in the summer as not to produce a blade of grass. A gloom, and even a horror, creeps on the feelings in such a desolate wild, on which the curse of heaven seems to have fallen; there is no tree, not even a lonely one; even the shadow of the rock is a luxury, where the wanderer flies for refuge, till the burning hour is past. The words of old might here be applied: "And the brook of defence shall be dried up; the reeds and flags shall wither; and every thing sown be driven away, and be no more." And when a storm comes on this scene, it is in truth the whirlwind of the desert, that overturns the tent in an instant; even the beasts of chase are seen flying fast to their retreats. Amidst such flatness, without end, without hope, like the vast sea in a sick and dreadful calm, a mountain or a hill would be welcome as a friend, but days

pass ere one breaks on the sight. At length they arrived at the Zak river, and fixed on a spot for a settlement, which they called, "Happy Prospect Fountain;" a suitable name. With what powerful beauty, in a country like this, do the passages of scripture rise to the memory, where the blessings of the rushing waters are painted as among the choicest on earth: where Aksah, the daughter of Caleb, when about to be wedded to the valiant Othniel, prayed to her father to give her "a blessing, even the upper springs and the nether springs." Here the missionaries began to prepare a plot for a garden, and to build themselves a hut of reeds, the only materials they could find for that purpose, as not a tree grew in the country. After a few days, Fischar and other friends left them, and returned home: this was a severe trial.

"I well remember," says Kicherer, "how deeply my spirits were depressed about this time, and how insupportable my situation would have been, separated from all I loved in this world, had not the Lord, whom I serve, condescended to pacify my doubting heart when I spread my complaint before him. This was particularly the case one evening, when, sitting on a stone, surrounded by a circle of Boshmen, I attempted to convey the first religious instructions to their untutored minds." What a disconsolate work was this! These sad, unhappy creatures were enough to drive a man mad: they have a superstitious reverence for a little insect, known by the name of the creeping leaf. They have also some notion of an evil spirit; in order to counteract whose malicious purposes, they blow and make a humming noise over the sick. Not more than four feet high, they live by plunder and murder, and are guilty of the most horrid and atrocious crimes. The number of Boshmen who came to them now increased considerably. Kicherer observes, that he

frequently began his work sighing, and could not but observe how amazed they were when he told them of God, and of the resurrection of the dead. Many of them at last began to pray, and in their prayers actually discovered gleams of sense and feeling. Several, it is said, gave tokens of a work of grace in their hearts.

As the Boshmen now flocked in considerable numbers, the missionaries were obliged, for the sake of distinguishing one from another, to give them names, which they wrote with chalk on their backs. Accordingly, when any one approached them, the first thing he did was to shew them his shoulders. They strove to excite a spirit of industry among them; Kicherer's own garden began to assume a flourishing aspect; but these people have no great relish for vegetables, they would have preferred a dish of snakes, mice, &c.; indeed, they would scarcely eat the vegetables when matured, unless saved the trouble of cooking them. Soon after, he found it necessary to take a journey to Cape Town. A number of the Boshmen, who had never been at the Cape, offered to accompany him; after a journey of about a month, they arrived there. He had anticipated with delight, the pleasing impressions that would be made on their minds, but he perceived they were struck with inexpressible horror and dismay. The first objects presented to their view were several malefactors hung in chains for their crimes, and many of the Boshmen were conscious they deserved a similar punishment. A few days after, their terror was still further increased by beholding the execution of another criminal. Kicherer was called to preach in the Calvinist church, a very capacious building, and crowded with a very genteel auditory. His Boshmen, who accompanied him, were much struck with the sight of so great a number of well-dressed

people, whom they compared to a nest of ants. the said ants being a meal of which they were extremely fond; and the sound of the organ was at first mistaken by them for the humming noise of a great bee-hive. From this time they entertained a higher idea of their minister, for before they had been tempted to consider him as a beggarly fellow, who had come among them only to obtain a livelihood.

Once more they returned to the Happy Prospect Fountain; but though they increased in numbers, it is observed they did not appear to increase also in grace; and, indeed, Mr. Kicherer had often cause to fear that no lasting impression had been made on these fickle people; a circumstance which occasioned him great heaviness of heart. On one occasion, as he was sitting in the evening near an open window, a party of Boshmen, who could hardly have belonged to the converts, and who had concealed themselves in the neighbourhood, were just about to discharge a volley of poisoned arrows at him, but being detected by the same girl who saved the life of Mr. Kramer from the dagger of Vigilant, they made off in haste. Several of the nation of the Corunnas from the Orange river, arriving about this time, invited the missionaries to remove to that part of the country, and to preach the word of life among them. Having agreed to this proposal, the whole congregation left Zak river in May, 1801, and journeyed towards the Orange river. The way lay over immense plains, bounded only by the horizon, over which the ostrich was seen hurrying with a step fleet as the wind, and the spring bucks and zebras peacefully feeding beside the springs of water; while the smoke from the dens of the wild Boshmen was seen rising into the air.

The great Orange river offered a splendid site for a settlement. Superior in breadth and depth

to all the other rivers of South Africa; with what joy they gazed on the mighty forests extending for many hundred miles along its banks: the rushing torrent of its waters, which defied the fiercest drought; for ever they rolled on; and not only, innumerable animals daily came to allay their thirst, but many of mighty size lived in their very depths, or basked on its shores; for all living beings, within a vast circuit around, rejoiced in the glorious river. Corannas, Namaquas, and other tribes, testified their pleasure at the arrival of the missionaries, and began to build a long shed, of timber, weeds, and clay; the middle part of it was their church, and at each end was a chamber. They were here often in imminent danger from the wild beasts: on one occasion, a lion was in the act of entering the wooden dwelling; on another occasion, Kicherer walking, about midnight, in the open air, perceived a pair of eyes shining like two burning candles; he instantly struck a light, and set the grass in a blaze, when he discovered a noble lion, with his mane erect, and just in the very act of springing upon them; at this very moment, the Hottentot fired his piece, and the animal, deeply wounded, slunk away: on that night, eighteen of their oxen were destroyed.

The greatest stumbling-block in their way was a man called Stephanos, a Greek by birth, who, after pretending to be a convert, had attempted the life of Kicherer, and, finally, went to a kraal of Hottentots, and set up for a missionary and a prophet. He had established his power so firmly, that his will had all the authority of law among the people: atrocious crimes were committed by him with impunity, and, whoever murmured against his acts of rapine and cruelty, were sure to become the victims of his vengeance. He had even erected a kind of temple, with an altar, on which his

followers offered their sacrifices. He had a number of select disciples, who, like himself, feigned trances, in which they lay for many hours, and out of which they pretended to awake with messages from the angel Gabriel, or even from God himself. Kicherer resolved to go and stop these diabolical proceedings; but, as there was danger in the measure, he took all the armed men of the congregation with him. Being apprised of his designs, Stephanos called a meeting of his followers, and exhorted them, in this moment of trial, to prove their fidelity. When Kicherer approached the house, the latter stepped forward, and offered him his hand. This he refused, but desired him to walk with him under a tree, where they might converse together. The followers of each stood round, earnestly observing them.

With the bible in his hand, the missionary disputed with Stephanos for several hours, and was enabled clearly to refute his arguments. The impostor insisted chiefly on the prophecy of Joel, concerning the dreams and visions of the latter days: he also introduced many passages from the book of Revelation. Stephanos and his deluded followers, as may easily be supposed, remained unconvinced, or, at least, they would not acknowledge their error. The impostor himself presented a striking emblem of the prince of darkness. His eyes rolled and flashed with rage; he was the prey of the furious passions of revenge, despair, and blasted ambition, and he strove to vindicate all his atrocities.

Kicherer now thought himself fully justified in ordering his people to seize him: the order was instantly obeyed—Stephanos was made a prisoner in his own temple. In a moment his confidence fell; and he requested the missionary, in the French language, which the people did not understand, to set him at liberty, promising, in that case, to leave the country. The former replied, that if

he proved his repentance by a frank confession of his guilt, he might, perhaps, let him go. He complied, and the people, passing from the extreme of credulity to hatred, wished to send him away naked into the desert; but Mr. Kicherer procured for him a supply of provisions, and a guide into the Namaqua country, towards the sea-coast, where he hoped he might meet with a European vessel. In this, however, he was mistaken. Engelbrecht, a farmer, and an officer of the militia, having recognized him on his journey, attempted to arrest him, but fell in the scuffle by the hand of Stephanos. The latter made his escape, and joined the noted robber, Africaner.

Having continued at the Orange river about a year, the missionaries agreed to divide the congregation, and separate. In March, 1802, Messrs. Kicherer and Scholtze set out for the Zak river, to their ancient place, the Happy Prospect Fountain, with part of the people; while Anderson and Kramer remained with the rest. The former travelled till the third day, without finding a drop of water. The numerous cattle then began to be in the utmost distress; their looks indicated extreme anguish, and their piteous cries seemed to forebode the destruction of the whole party in the wilderness. The travellers at length found a small pool of water, and were just going to drink, when they perceived it had been poisoned by the Boshmen. Oh, agony of disappointment, of hopeless, inexpressible sorrow.

Vaillant, on his journey among the Namaquas, thus describes a similar scene. "We had climbed the mountain, and its top was a vast parched plain, exposed to the scorching heat of the sun; we still suffered from its rays, become nearly horizontal, without finding so much as a tree to shelter. The piercing eyes of my Hottentots scrutinized passes,

valleys, plains, and mountains; but alas! the very exactness of their research served but to afflict us the more: we beheld on all sides nothing but the discouraging presence of a frightful solitude; neither man nor beast was to be seen, and we appeared to be left alone in the world. The plaintive cry of the Dama antelopes was the only sound that met our ears. The sun disappeared from the mountain; we kindled a fire behind the large rock, that we might not be discovered by robbers. I gave myself up to the alarming reflections which my horrible situation naturally induced. About an hour after midnight, Klaas drew near of a sudden, and informed me that he had perceived flashes of lightning in the horizon towards the west, and that we should infallibly have a storm. It was not long before I heard the sound of some large drops of water. All my senses again unclosed themselves to life. I then threw off my covering, and, with my mouth wide open, caught with delight the drops that happened to fall into it. What a balm to my parched tongue and burning gullet! I can safely aver, that the purest pleasure I ever tasted was at that delicious moment, purchased by so many sighs and such continued suffering. For three hours the rain fell in torrents, its noise contending with that of the thunder, which ceased not to roll over our heads. All my people, running to and fro in the storm, congratulated one another with an air of triumph. When the day broke, each found himself a very different man; we were completely revived: some of the first effects we experienced from this change was a devouring hunger."

Kicherer looked sadly round on his perishing companions, among whom were many of the Corannas and Namaquas, and then he retired apart with his companion Scholtze, and knelt down in fervent prayer that God would help them in this time of

need. Their petitions were not in vain, and hope broke upon their minds. A few hours more of anguish passed away, and then such plentiful showers fell as put an end to their thirst.

After two days' rest at this place, they travelled on with an elated spirit, and Kicherer, leaving the people under the care of his assistant, hastened forward to the residence of the nearest farmers, that he might gratify his extreme longing for a morsel of bread, as he had not tasted any for four months. He proceeded forward with all possible despatch, and having at length come within sight of the first farmer's house, his joy on approaching it was indescribable. His first request was for a piece of bread, which he immediately devoured with the keenest appetite, and with a relish which no other can conceive. Shortly after, he arrived at his favourite spot on the Zak river. He had received two offers of easy and affluent ministerial situations near the Cape; but he declined them, for the sake of this poor people. Having received a present of a hundred pounds from Governor Dundas, he began to erect a commodious building for a church. Besides this edifice, which was capable of containing eight hundred people, he erected in this place a good dwelling-house which was built of stone in front; the Christian Hottentots, also, built themselves decent habitations, in the style of the farmers; and at the back of it the heathen lived in small huts. Near the church, the missionaries had an excellent garden for raising vegetables, and on the north side of the river were their corn fields. The whole number of inhabitants amounted to six hundred, of whom eighty-three were Christians.

Some time afterwards, he set out for Europe for the restoration of his health; and, at the end of two years, returning to the Cape, he hastened to the Zak river, where he found the people had suffered greatly from the excessive drought, so that

many had taken refuge in a different part of the country. Mr. Kicherer was subsequently solicited to take the charge of one of the vacant churches at the Cape Town. But, with the approbation of Sir David Baird, he chose the situation of Graaf-Reinet, the church of which was nearest to the settlement of Zak river. He accepted it, on the condition that he should retain his connexion with the Missionary Society, and continue to superintend the mission. Here he preached the gospel, not only to the Dutch settlers in the extensive district around, but also to many of the natives; and his labours were attended with great success.

Anderson and Kramer, in the mean time, who had been left in charge of the congregation at Orange river, were faithful to their trust. After some years, the number of people under their care amounted to about eight hundred. Of these, about eighty had been taught to read, and upwards of thirty of them were able to maintain a conversation on the truths of revelation. But difficulties thickened around, particularly from the quarrels and wars of the Caffres with the other tribes. In the mean time, some new Missionaries arrived from the Netherland Society—Christian Albrecht, and his brother. The wife of the latter was also with them; and this lady, who was the daughter of an eminent minister in Germany, came, in the prime of life, to devote herself to the conversion of the Namaquas. They hardly seem to have counted the cost, but onwards they went into the fearful land. They soon found it would not do to preach in the open air, for, in the first attempt, a venomous serpent coiled itself round Christian Albrecht, but fortunately left him without any fatal injury. They advanced further into the interior, and found the country so rocky and so mountainous, that it was not possible to travel with a waggon, and even scarcely on horse-

back. He was obliged to seek the miserable natives in the most dismal holes and dens; and, even when he approached, they fled from him, so that he was constrained to send a messenger in advance to tranquillize their minds.

The spot on which they fixed was the Warm Bath, where about three hundred people resided, the rest lived at the distance of from half a day to three days' journey. There were generally about two hundred present at public worship; it seems that no less than twelve hundred names were inserted in the church books. It is curious to hear the latter phrase made use of in this little remote community.

The missionaries had made some attempts to raise cotton, and had succeeded very well. The condition of the Namaquas was materially improved by means of their labours. Mrs. Albrecht was an absolute heroine in the schoolhouse: she had instituted a regular Namaqua female school, which was numerously attended, and the pupils made rapid progress. In her letters, she speaks of being very happy among these savages. The scene in the church, on the sabbath, was, perhaps, the most characteristic. The Namaquas had come from far as well as near, from the hills and the plains; the women were mostly clad in some of the articles knit or woven at the school, (stockings, caps, &c.) under the latter of which their faces looked sufficiently grotesque.

The men having laid aside their assagays, and being clad in their long mantles, listened attentively. The joy and wonder were great, when Mrs. Albrecht, seated at the pianoforte at the upper end of the church, skillfully played the hymns, which the children and females joined in singing. How this piano was conveyed to this savage place, over rock, river, and plain, without being broken into ten

thousand pieces, is a mystery. Her husband fell ill of a consumption, and she conveyed him to Cape Town: their dangers and sufferings were truly affecting. There he died, and his widow buried him, and then returned to Namaqua land, to resume the station she had so usefully occupied. But, the neighbouring country was soon after involved in confusion and distress, in consequence of the depredations of the robber known by the name of Africaner, with whom Stephanos had taken refuge.

New settlements were subsequently formed, with various success; that of Griqua Town, north of the great Orange river, improved greatly under the care of Mr. Anderson, and afterwards of Helm, a man versed in the African dialects. The Griquas, the converts among whom are about two hundred, do not make very zealous Christians; "a Laodicean spirit, it is said, lamentably prevails:" they are more fond of hunting than of agriculture. During twenty years, Anderson had resided among this thriftless people, till his health declined, and he came to Caledon, in the vale of Zurebrak, where he superintends the school, and preaches to the Hottentots. Such is too often the fate of the African missionaries, who toil, long and minutely, among the fickle and mindless natives; and find, at the last, but small fruits of all their toils, from the wars, and distresses owing to the drought and famine, which compel a frequent change of residence. Even Bethelsdorp is not yet "like an offering unto God in the wilderness;" although Vanderkemp was the director, and it has since been supplied with regular ministers, and every advantage of instruction and external comfort. In 1824, regular streets, and houses of stone, had succeeded to the reed dwellings. The mission school was attended by several hundred scholars, and the chapel by a numerous assembly: of the former Monro was the

superintendent, and Kitchingman the missionary. "Of conversions to piety," they observe, "instances, during the past year, have been few." In the year 1828, a stranger arrived, to whose care Bethelsdorp was generously yielded: this was Cornelius Vanderkemp, the son of the eminent founder. To thus imitate his father's example, and quit Europe, in the prime of life, for an African solitude, required no slight self-denial and zeal. An evening school was now commenced, for the benefit of adult Hottentots, "among whom a great thirst of knowledge is prevalent:" they are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Mr. Forster has under his tuition several promising youths, belonging to different African tribes: and, with his associates, Helm and Foster, also visits the vicinity of Algoa Bay, and other scenes: so that the state of Bethelsdorp is now more full of promise and usefulness than at any former period. The settlements of Stellenbosch and the Paarl, twenty-five and forty-five miles from Cape Town, are very useful, particularly the latter, under the charge of Evan Evans. "Under the shade of some fine oak-trees," it is said, "our Auxiliary Missionary Society was held, the chapel not being capable of containing the persons assembled." At Tulbach, farther in the interior, dwells Arie Vos, a man of advanced age, who continues with delight in his ministry among free persons and slaves. In his tours over mountain and plain, this fine old man painfully gathers his scattered congregations. The only survivor of the first missionaries, who came, in 1799, with Vanderkemp, is Kramer, who now dwells at Boschesfeld. At Pacaltsdorp, two hundred and fifty miles in the interior, there is a congregation of about two hundred Hottentots: Anderson, the excellent recluse, now dwells here, and his daughters have charge of the girls' school. What an uninteresting

abode for these young women!—no society but the Hottentots and their families, and that of the other missionary; no scene but the wide and sandy plain, without grove, or mountain, or stream; but the African wilds are the only world the Miss Andersons have ever seen or mingled in; reared on the banks of the noble Orange river, and afterwards dwellers among the wild Boshmen, and the vale of Zurebrak. Theopolis, sixty miles from Bethelsdorp, under the care of Messrs. Barker and Edwards, is in a highly flourishing state. “The congregations are good; the people seriously impressed with the truth, and the members of the church grow in the knowledge and consolations of religion.” The single congregation of Hottentots in this place subscribe nearly thirty pounds a year to the Auxiliary Missionary Society. “In our journey,” says a late traveller, “we were gratified by observing the success already produced in this country by missionary efforts, and the means in operation for still greater results. The appearance of Bethelsdorp and Theopolis is a practical refutation of the calumnies circulated, particularly against the former. In the schools, the British system may be seen in a state of perfection, equal to almost any thing that can be seen in England: and the number under instruction, and their proficiency, is truly admirable. We united with the people in celebrating the Lord’s supper. It was an impressive season: we recollected the times past, when this scene of fertility and industry was as a desert; and, as we looked round on the silent and devout assembly of Hottentots kneeling at the table of the Lord, in neat apparel, we contrasted their former situation, in their sheep-skin karosses, in the lowest state of mental degradation.” Paaltsdorp deserves a farther tribute; it derives its name from a Mr. Paalt, a missionary, who left the whole of his

property to the improvement of the place. The settlement is surrounded by a wall of seven thousand feet in circuit: there are, likewise, separate enclosures for the gardens, and for the cattle; the former of which measure three thousand four hundred, and the latter one thousand feet: an immense artificial pool, for watering the cattle, had also been made, and many hundreds of valuable shrubs, from other lands, planted in the gardens. These are all public works, performed by the people in a body. Extensive corn-fields, belonging to the institution, lie beyond the walls. Almost every female appears in church, as neatly attired as those of any country congregation in England.

At New Lattakoo, 900 miles from the Cape, the scene is less inviting; the Matchappees, and the Malapeetzé, and the Bechuyana, the chief objects of Mr. Campbell's arduous journeys, appear to be a stupid and senseless race; void of those flashes of intellect and generous feeling, which alone make the savage an impressive being. Daily, at the times of morning and evening prayers, exhortations are given to the Matchappees, and on the Sabbath, the neighbouring villages are visited. The missionaries also seek every opportunity of visiting the strangers who visit Lattakoo, and endeavour to explain to them the leading truths of Christianity. The directors lament to state, that a great indifference to religion prevails among this people: the population of this place is 4,000, including the Bootcherannas. Among the latter, it is observed, little moral or spiritual fruit appears, in spite of preaching, catechizing, and conversing with them; the attendance on public worship fluctuates extremely. King Mateebé, a potentate who waged a successful war with the Mantatees, and with the aid of fifty Griquas cavalry, with their muskets, defeated the latter in a ferocious and bloody combat, came one

day to church with a stranger. The latter was Tsousan, son of the king of the Wanketzens. One or two of the missionaries have made great progress in learning the Bechuanna tongue, the acquisition of which will greatly facilitate their efforts. The chief men, in particular Prince Peclu, and Teysho, are strongly attached to them. The best fighting men in the country are the Griquas; a small body of cavalry, with their muskets, can discomfit a whole host of the Bechuannas.

Their national council, to debate on some enterprise in war, is a fine scene: amidst the terror caused by the approach of the Mantatees, the assembly was called in haste. As the warriors arrived, they seated themselves in rows on the ground, holding their shields before them, and their group of assagays, or spears, bristling beside. The missionaries, Hamilton and Moffat, were seated amidst, the latter: Matecbé, the king, stood up in the midst, and commanded silence; he raised a spear to the north-east, and cursed the invaders. He then delivered a speech, in which he praised greatly the care and services of Moffat, in procuring information of the enemy, their mode of warfare, &c.; then followed a war-dance, with shouting and singing. Four other speakers followed, and then rose Teysho, a man celebrated for his wisdom, and of high rank among his people. "I beseech you, all ye warriors," he said, "to prepare your hearts for the ensuing conflict. Consider well what is before you, that you may not turn your backs in the day of battle. You have heard of the nations the Mantatees have dispersed, and you look alone for deliverance to the Griquas, with their guns and horses. But I say again, Prepare your hearts, be strong, be resolute, else the invaders will overwhelm us, and we shall perish from the earth. Moffat, our friend, has disclosed our danger, even as the daybreak

after a dark night, discloses to a man the danger that was nigh while darkness shut his eyes. We must not act like timid Bechuana: we are Maccoas; let no one excuse himself from the battle." At the conclusion, the air was rent with acclamations: a messenger from the king delivered to each chief a sprig of the camel-thorn tree, in token that a private council would be held next day in the mountains. Among this people there is scarcely an idea of a future state, and a very vague and glimmering notion of a Deity: what time and patience will then be required, to instil into their minds the knowledge of Christianity! Where the native dialects are not understood, divine service is performed in the Dutch language, and translated into Bechuana by an interpreter.

The war habiliments of the Matchapee chiefs, when ready for the field, consist of a plume of ostrich feathers, a leopard skin hung from the shoulders, a battle-axe in the right hand, and in the left a sheaf of assagays. His bow, and quiver of poisoned arrows, are slung on his back: the target is of ox or buffalo hide. When the female is in holiday costume, the bunches of beads around her neck and body weigh at least eight or ten pounds, besides the various copper and ivory rings that ornament her person. Her head-dress is elegantly woven of the quills of the porcupine, and her black woolly hair is smeared with oil. The appearance of these ladies is not very seductive; they are finely made, but the lips are extremely thick, and the mouth is always open: the eyes bear some resemblance, in their length and narrowness, to those of the Chinese, and the black woolly hair is confined chiefly to the top of the head. The Caffre women are the most personable in Southern Africa: the complexion of the former is of a dark brown, instead of the jet-black hue of the more

interior nations—the features have a more European character. The beautiful Caffre, Narina, as described by Vaillant, was perhaps indebted to the traveller's fancy or enthusiasm: her amiable temper and manners, and quick intellect, with the attractions of face and form, woke all his surprise amidst the wilds of Caffraria.

The king, Macebé, entrusted his son Peclu, with his counsellor Teysho, to the care of Mr. Moffat, to visit the Cape Town, a distance of a thousand miles. On going on board some of the large vessels in the bay, it was long before they could recover their ease and serenity. A few days afterwards, they paid a visit to a little cottage, overhanging the precipitous and romantic shore of the Atlantic, and gazed on its vast expanse, so resembling in its stillness one of their flat and interminable plains, where no elevations but a few solitary rocks meet the eye—and the airy passage of the ostrich, like a bark driven by the gale.

It is a pity that the Caffre tribes have in general been averse to the reception of Christianity: in humanity, enterprise, and courage, they are far superior to the other nations; resembling, in many traits of their character, the Iroquois and Delawares of North America, they offer a nobler soil for missionary exertion than the tribes of the interior: intelligent, and passionately fond of their independence, they never ask the aid of their neighbours in their wars. Their country is about two hundred miles in length by seventy in breadth, with a population of 100,000 souls.

The report of the progress of the Mantatee army once more spread such terror in Lattakoo, that the people urged Mr. Hamilton to go to Griquatown, to seek assistance: he complied; but, in consequence of the absence of the leader, could obtain but partial aid. On his return, Hamilton urged the necessity

of sending messengers to spy if the Mantatees were advancing; but, observing the indifference of the king and his chiefs, he resolved to set out himself. Accompanied by a small party, he arrived after twenty-five days' travel, at Peetsan, a principal town on the Borolong country, about as large as Latakoo, and situated on the south bank of the river Molopo, in the midst of a fine plain, and consisting of twenty divisions or wards. He was kindly received, and the people expressed an earnest desire that the missionaries would come and reside there. He preached several times to congregations of above a thousand people. Hamilton's description of the scene is striking—"I never before witnessed, in Africa, any thing like what I beheld at Peetsan; and, when on the sabbath evening I stood amidst the heathen multitude, and saw the crowds coming to hear the word of God, I was ready to adopt the language of Christ, at Jacob's well, 'Lift up your eyes, and look unto the fields, for they are white already to harvest. The princes on the confines of Ethiopia are crying, like the men of Macedonia, 'Come over and help us,' surely it shall not be heard in vain." His companion, Mr. Moffatt, resolved to visit the king of the Wankeets, whose son, Tsousan, had invited him: with Hendrick, and the chief Berend, and a few fearless Griquas, he set out, and, after a month's travelling, arrived at Quaque, the capital, where he was surrounded by thousands of people. The king, Makabba, gave him a kind reception, appointed a guard to protect his waggons and property; and said, that he "hoped no grass would in future grow between the Krooman and Quaque; that the Missionaries should consider him as their chief friend, and should send a man of God to reside in his city." The country of the Wankeets is extensive, and abounds with towns and villages: the capital

contains at least eight times as much ground as the largest Bechuana town: the houses are not larger than those of Lattakoo, but they are more comfortable, and shew more taste, and the people far surpass the Matchappées in cleanliness. He departed from Quaque, on his return, and, towards evening, was met by strangers, entreating his assistance, as the dreaded Mantatees were entering Peetsan. Before he could arrive, an engagement took place, in which the Borolongs, although they amounted to 11,000, would have been overwhelmed by the invaders, but for the Griqua horsemen who accompanied Mr. Moffatt, and who compelled the enemy to retreat, after much slaughter. The missionaries were here the spectators of the battle, whose fate they aided to decide, fortunately for Peetsan, which would otherwise have been pillaged and burnt, and the people massacred or made captive. The Mantatees, in number about 50,000, formed an immense dark and serried square, from the midst of which the bravest rushed forth, to meet the little group of Griqua cavalry, who, from the eminences around, poured in their musketry with deadly aim, and picked off the chief warriors. The Bechuanas, in the mean time, hovered on the hills, not daring, after the first trial, to come to close contest with the enemy.

The two thousand copies of a spelling-book and catechism, in the Bechuana language, translated by Mr. Moffatt, have been printed in London, and forwarded to Africa. Matébé and his people have removed to the fine valley where the missionaries reside, and where they purpose to erect their new town. But the general aspect of this mission is not encouraging, owing to painful vicissitudes from without, and the dulness and inconstancy of the natives, on whose heart and head the sublime truths of Christianity seem to fall fruitlessly.

In Namaqua land, the missionaries find a more teachable and peaceful people: the conversion of the noted robber Africaner, and his subsequent death, had no small influence on the minds of the natives: he was a man of considerable talent, whose exploits and desperate courage made him feared throughout the land. Pella is a prosperous station; but, like some of the other stations, is often of necessity deserted for months together. It is situated in the bosom of a burning wilderness, where the robber at times finds his way, but the passenger rarely. After wandering over the parched hills, and then through the gloomy ravines, you pass over an alternate stony and sandy ground for some hours; and when darkness closes in, and no human abode is seen, and the howlings of the beasts of prey already fill the air, the heart sinks amidst the stern desolation. Then, how delightful is it to hear the distant bark of the dog, or the lowing of the cattle, and to discern the first glimmerings of a friendly light—all evincing that a home and a hearth are near. At last the little, neat church is seen, even near at hand; the pastor's house by its side, and the huts of the Namaquas at a short distance. Pella thus beautifully realizes the words of the prophet, being "a refuge to the stranger, a rest to the weary, when there was no hope, and he fainted because of the terrors of the way."

In the missionary's home there is instant kindness and hospitality: a good meal is prepared, and bread, that staff of life, so rarely tasted in African countries, is set before the guest; and the cheerful and intelligent converse, the blazing wood fire, and afterwards the comfortable bed and clean apartments—these are luxuries which the desolate vividly enjoy. This pastoral place is at the foot of lofty mountains; the river flows through a rocky pass, near to the dwellings, and its banks are covered

with white and black ebony trees. The plains all around are covered with grass, and, when dried up for want of moisture, the people depart, and the pastor departs with them, to seek more verdant spots, and wait till the rain falls, and the pastures of Pella spring up again. The Namaquas, like the Corannas, are a pastoral people, living chiefly on milk, and devoted to the care of their flocks and herds: averse to war, and of a mild and indolent character. They are divided, like all the Hottentot tribes, into separate clans, governed by a chief, whose authority is circumscribed and precarious. They live in moveable huts, and cannot be prevailed on to erect stone buildings: they have all the habits, together with the want of enterprise, and obesity of mind, of the shepherd. The heat of the climate is intense: the thermometer frequently rises to 120; not only is the bite of the cobra capella, but even that of the tarantula and the spiders, venomous. This dull and primitive existence, where in summer the chiefest luxury is to sit beneath the ebony trees on the river side, and look towards the sad mountains, and hope for a delicious breeze, is surely no enviable one to the missionary. In every direction, the prospect is equally dreary. A grey, hard, and pitiless waste, where the heart can find nothing with which to hold communion: the stillness is intense, and even frightful, broken only at long intervals by a sudden and melancholy cry—but not of a human voice: the wild wail of the Arab would here be melody. There is one void, that is felt in every nerve—no water! the eye flits miserably from place to place, to the dry and scared bed of the river, to the mountain's breast, to the sullen plain, from whence rises a faint, hot vapour—still there is no water; no blessed shadow of a cloud passing over, even for a moment. Then is felt the terrible expressiveness of the words, of the passage of

Israel in the desert, 'through a salt land, of drought, and not inhabited.' In many parts of the plain, the parched bosoms of what once were small lakes and pools, were covered with a white crust of salt, on which the sun's rays fell, and the eye turned from the deadly and mocking glare, as if it had seen an enemy—for here once the thirst was quenched, and now there was only aggravation to pain. Under these circumstances, when twilight gathers, and the congregation of simple Namaquas, the sad toils of the day being over, assemble in the little church—the zeal must be fervent, that can find its sole reward in their instruction.

But the fancy and the temper are sometimes apt to be affected by the dread aspects of nature:—and the lonely missionary, abandoned to the long communion with his own thoughts, during the breathless day and night—feels that images of terror and judgment are gathering fast upon him. The prophet of old was "angry even to death," when his gourd perished, and the sun and the wind beat on his head: and it is observable, that the ancient visitations of God to his saints, were often suited in *character* to the scene—glorious, yet gentle and indulgent, even as a man with his friend, amidst the retreats of Palestine—but in the fire, the earthquake, and the thunder, amidst the horrors of Sinai. And in the African desert, the more awful passages of scripture are often dearest to the preacher's lips: soft accents of mercy are less in unison with the quick whirlwind, the crashing thunder that breaks from the shaggy summits, and the lightning streaming as if the last day was nigh. The pale horse and his rider, Death! the garments of the warrior, rolled in blood! the coming terrors of the guilty!—chain perhaps every thought of the audience; and even then, the horrid shout of the bandit, like that of a demon, comes on the night air.

## MADAGASCAR.

It will be remembered, that on this island the longing desire of Vanderkemp was fixed. In the year 1818, Messrs. Bevan and Jones landed there, in spite of the representations laid before them, which were calculated to damp all their ardour. In the town of Tamatave, on the coast, they opened a school, which was soon attended by the children of some of the principal people. Being invited by Radama to visit him in his capital, Mr. Jones set out, in company with Mr. Hastie, the British agent; the object of the latter was to conclude a commercial treaty. The journey was tedious, and the roads villanous: Radama entreated the missionary to remain in his city, and allotted him one of the royal houses, with servants to attend upon him: here he was to have the benefit of some good teachers, while improving himself in the native language.

According to one of the articles of the treaty, twenty young persons were to be selected from among the more respectable natives, to be instructed in useful learning and arts, under the patronage of the British government. Prince Rataffe, brother of the king, arrived in England, accompanied by nine of these youths: he attended the meetings of the London Missionary Society; was received with open arms by its wealthy supporters; saw all the fine sights of London; and, on his return to Madagascar, his recital filled the whole court with admiration and delight. In the school-house, two hundred children were educated: in the royal school, forty youths were instructed. Radama, a man of superior

talents, and ardent desire for the improvement of his people, rendered every aid to the progress of the mission. Very many of the people had attained a considerable knowledge of the Christian religion; and all manifested a great avidity to learn: the girls were instructed in needlework, &c., by the wives of the ministers. A number of missionary artisans were also sent out: the king allotted them a piece of ground for their residence, and for the carrying on of their respective trades. About 2,000 of the natives were employed to prepare the ground for the erection of the requisite buildings: three Madagasse youths were also placed with each of the artisans, two of them as apprentices, the other as a servant. In order to establish the silk-weaving business, the mulberry-tree has been introduced into the island, and looms have been ordered from England. The Madagascar youths, who arrived with prince Rataffe, and were placed by the Society in a good school in the Borough, made a rapid progress in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and subsequently were taught sundry useful arts, previous to their return to their native country.

The kingdom of Radama, now called Imerina, is divided into four provinces, in which about thirty schools are now established; the number of scholars is 2000. Three of the former have been united in one, and, by the desire of the king, denominated the Royal College. This seminary contains 270 boys, of whom fifty of the most gifted and instructed have been sent to take charge of the schools in the country. To every village, whose inhabitants collect eighty scholars, two youths from this seminary are appointed. A public examination of the pupils of the central school took place in April, in the presence of the king, some of the members of the royal family, the generals, and James Hastie, Esq., the British agent: they were examined in reading,

grammar, their attainments in English, in recitation, writing, arithmetic, (some as high as decimal fractions,) and plane trigonometry. The girls' school, which contains three classes, was afterwards examined. At last, after severe application, Messrs. Jones and Griffiths commenced preaching, in the Madagasse language, to assemblies of above a thousand persons. A collection of hymns has been composed for the use of the people. The indefatigable missionaries, Jones and Griffiths, have translated a good part of the scriptures into the Madagasse language, as well as a series of discourses on the works of creation, and on the Divine attributes. A vocabulary of the language, and a Madagasse and English dictionary, are also finished. A printing establishment has also been set up in the island. The missionaries, besides revising the New Testament for the press, are finishing the translation of the Old: ere this, it is probable that the entire scriptures have been published in the Madagasse tongue. His majesty, Radama, has signified his pleasure, that twelve of the more promising youths shall be instructed in Greek and Latin. The wisdom of the royal taste, on this point, may be questioned: if Virgil and Homer are to be read in the land of Imerina, the result may perhaps be, a distaste for its simple and primitive island habits—a useless refinement of feeling. The scripture is their best study: the bold and rich imagery of the prophets of the Old Testament is more acceptable, as was proved by Eliot, to the mind of the savage, than all the beauties of the classics. Five missionaries, with their families, are at present resident in the island: they gratefully acknowledge the reception of various articles of stationery, &c., presented for the use of the schools, from different parts of the united kingdom: many of the "Society of Friends" have rendered valuable and generous aid.

The situation of this mission is very agreeable: the missionaries reside in good dwellings, in part provided by the king; and being on good terms with the whole court, opposition is unknown. The soil of this vast island is in general fertile, being watered by numerous streams and large rivers, which have their source on the long chain of mountains that separates the eastern from the western coast. These mountains are intersected by deep ravines and valleys, in the midst of whose awful precipices the traveller hears the sound of falling waters, of "immense cascades," which are so inaccessible that he cannot view them closely. On descending into the plains, fields of rice, potatoes, &c., and a rank vegetation, appear on every side. So rich is the soil, that the people of Madagascar, like those of Egypt, know not the use of the plough: they turn up the surface slightly with a pickaxe, throw in the grains of rice, and spread the mould with their feet;—a field sown in this manner produces a hundred fold. Among the trees of the numerous forests, are palms, ebony, orange, lemon, and aloes in abundance; cotton, flax, tobacco, indigo, and the sugar-cane, are cultivated. The women shew great dexterity in weaving the beautiful pieces of stuff, which serve them for clothing: some of these are made of the filaments of leaves of a peculiar plant, others are manufactured of cotton and silk. The natives are well made, and rather above the middle stature: the complexion is tawny; some have a copper-coloured tint, but the colour of the greater part is olive; they have a broad open forehead; the nose is not flat; the lips are thin; and the features regular and agreeable: the whole countenance has a character of frankness and good nature. They are very indifferent about knowledge, which must be attained by much reflection and trouble: hence the difficulty of teaching the adults Christianity; the labour of thinking is oppressive to them;

and they are averse to exertion of any kind, from a natural apathy and carelessness. They have only two ways of preparing their food; they either boil it in earthen vessels of excellent quality, which they manufacture; or broil it upon the coals. Their fare is good and various: the pheasant, partridge, quail, wild duck, teals of several kinds, and pigeons abound. The most curious dish is a bat, of a monstrous size, which, even by the Europeans, is pronounced delicate and excellent eating; it is dressed after the manner of a fricasseed chicken; yet the appearance of them on table is so hideous, as even to frighten the sailors, at first sight. The sea and fresh-water fish are various and abundant—breams, soles, pilchards, oysters, mackarel, turtle, and mullet. Most of the villages and towns are built on eminences: the residence of the chief consists of two or three buildings, surrounded by enclosures, where he lives with his women and children. Some historical books are preserved in the Madagasse language; but their learned men, whom they call Ombiasses, use only the Arabic characters; they have among them treatises on medicine, and judicial astrology. These Ombiasses are both sorcerers and physicians. The art of writing was, no doubt, brought into this isle by the Arabs, who conquered it four hundred years ago: their paper is made from the papyrus nilotica; it is of a yellowish colour, and the pens used are made of the bamboo. The white natives, who inhabit the province of Anossi, pretend to be descended from Imina, the mother of Mahomet: they are of a lively temper, and are not destitute of intelligence or capacity. They are so attached to their women, even the husbands to their wives, that they never, when in their company, appear sad or dejected, and their principal attention is to please them: they say that their presence inspires them with joy, and sooths all the cares of life; so that

here the fair sex meet with respect and deference. The balance of power inclines even in their favour. Colour excepted, the Madagasse women are handsome; their persons are slender and genteel; they have pleasing and delicate features; a soft smooth skin; teeth remarkably white; and fine blue eyes. These people pay the utmost respect to marriage: a plurality of wives is not uncommon among the chiefs and those who are rich, but they never espouse more than one legally. A divorce may take place as often as the union displeases either the husband or wife: when they part, however, by mutual consent, they restore to each other the property they possessed before marriage.

The interior of the isle is in many parts very difficult to traverse: high mountains, almost inaccessible; and in the forests, the compass is the only guide: in order to cross the precipices and rocks, the traveller is suspended or secured by silk cords, held by the guides; even the paper kites of Franklin would be useful to cross the wide and rapid streams; at night, the hammock, suspended between two trees, must be his bed. The villages are dispersed here and there on the declivities of the hills, and are defended by palisades; they are agreeably shaded by trees, as the cocoa-nut, orange, wild vines, bananas, and the beautiful palm. The walls and partitions of the houses are formed of the barks and leaves of this palm, which is called the raven; they have the solidity of wood, and are fastened together in a very ingenious manner; the leaves make an excellent thatch to the roof. Of the leaves of this tree also, the natives make their plates, dishes, and cups, which are always clean, being used but a few times, when they are thrown aside, and fresh ones procured. Part of the lands abound with rich pasture and cattle. On leaving the plains and meadows, to enter the immense forests, the imagina-

tion is struck with their utter solitude; the noble trees, the tenants of these retreats for ages, and the deep stillness as well as gloom that reigns around, for the rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate the thick foliage, almost wakes an enthusiasm in the traveller. But this feeling does not endure long: no scene so soon oppresses the mind as the dark bosom of a mighty forest, where the wind scarcely breathes, or the face of the sky is seen.

The many attractions and advantages of the isle of Madagascar are not without the reverse of the picture. The climate, all along the coast, is peculiarly unhealthy; the settler must seek the mountainous parts of the interior, where the air is more pure. The natives are neither cruel nor ferocious; their wars are few; in Tananarivo, the capital of Radama, several Europeans reside; although in a lofty site, it is not free from the visitations of the Madagasse fever, that has already carried off Mr. Hastie, the British envoy; and Hovenden, one of the missionaries. The circuit of their labours comprises an extent of thirty miles around the city: the patronage of the prince is a tower of strength. This immense isle, hitherto so little known or investigated, where the traveller's foot has rarely wandered, offers a very noble and novel field to the missionary; already his zeal and ambition anticipates the civil and mental improvement of the numerous people, who may one day become one vast community of Christians. The very hope is splendid; its accomplishment is in the hands of One who is mighty to save; in the resistless career of whose will, time and space are as nothing. Even thus far, the benefits conferred on Madagascar are great and various; an impulse is given to the mind, a new feeling to the heart; and where all, from the king to the peasant, are well disposed, the conquests of religion, though slow, will probably be sure. The company of mis-

sionary artisans appears to prosper in their new country; and at this period especially, when emigration increases daily, and the adventurers scarcely know where to go, Madagascar offers one of the finest asylums—the countenance, and even aid, of the king; a kind and productive soil; a friendly people, and comfortable habitations. The wilds of Canada or Australia are surely less inviting. The mechanic will be sure to find employment, and the farmer will reap an ample return for his toil. The missionaries have shown great good sense and prudence, as well as ability, in the anxious establishment of the numerous schools, and in the rapid translations of the scriptures; thereby imparting to the people a love and habit of instruction, as well as of civilization. Any other plan of conduct would have perhaps rendered ineffectual the introduction of Christianity to this island. Of the seed so diligently sown, the fruits must be chiefly gathered among the rising generation. “The adults, we are concerned to say,” observes the report, “evinced little desire to hear the gospel, but the younger persons, generally speaking, are very attentive; they advance in the knowledge of religion, and afford ground for the hope of better things.”

Since writing the above, a change has come over this mission, owing to the death of the king, who was a firm and faithful friend. The queen, by whom he is succeeded, is entirely under the influence of the chiefs, or nobles, who are jealous of the growing reputations of the Christian teachers and schools, and do every thing in their power to thwart their success. The residence of any new missionary in the island is decidedly opposed. One of the recent ministers, after a short stay, was obliged to depart to the Mauritius; but, within the last few months, he has been again permitted to return. The aristocracy of Tananarivo, jealous, like these of more civilized

lands, of the march of intellect, and the rapid enlightenment of the various classes of society, have not only withdrawn many of their own sons from the schools, but influenced their inferiors to the same bigoted step; so that a dark cloud rests for the present on this interesting mission. But so inconstant and volatile is the character of the Madagasses, who, in the main, are a friendly and good-natured people, and so unsettled is the situation of the country, that the accounts received the last month from the isle, may be entirely different in character from those of the following. The missionary artisans, already spoken of, are doing well, and are favourably regarded by all the people. But the natives, or rather their leading men, will not now consent for any foreigner to settle among them, unless he is naturalized, and become, *bona fide*, a Madagasse.

On the death of Radama, all the seminaries were closed for three months, in token of respect. The new government at first assured the missionaries of their protection, well aware of the advantages of these establishments, out of which they had procured numerous youths, who, from the education received therein, were capable of rendering good services to the state. But, in the course of the year, it was officially announced to the missionaries, that the systems of idolatry and divination, as they existed prior to their arrival, had been restored throughout Imerina. These systems speedily resumed their ascendancy over the minds of the people, and, in proportion, the schools, once so numerous and flourishing, began every where to dwindle away. But the labours of the printing press have not been suspended; during the last year it has been actively employed in printing the Madagasse translation of the scriptures: so early as May, the Gospels of St. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, had passed through the press, and were in circulation. A second edition

of Luke has since been printed, and, from the accounts recently received, the New Testament, to the end of the epistle to the Colossians, had passed through the press. The number of copies of each portion of the New Testament printed, is 3000; portions of the Old Testament printed, 1500.

The latest accounts from South Africa present a various picture. Dr. Philip is the able superintendant of all the missions; residing in general at the Cape, and occasionally visiting the several stations in the interior. At the Cape Town, the labours of Mr. Elliott are devoted to the coloured population, and the distribution of the scriptures among the Mahomedans and Malays. At the Caledon institution, Mr. Helm has a congregation of about three hundred, and the schools are well attended.

The new settlement of Hankey—so called in compliment to the good and beneficent Elias Hankey, Esq., during sixteen years the treasurer of this Institution—promises fair to become, at no distant period, one of the finest in South Africa. The population at present amounts to three hundred: a water-course has been made, to the extent of five thousand paces, by which most of the surrounding and parched land will be brought into cultivation. A day-school, for children of both sexes, prospers well; and another, for the instruction of adults, is numerously attended.

Bethelsdorp, founded by Vanderkemp, has now a congregation, on the Sabbath, of between four and five hundred persons: few months pass, without additions being made to the church: and the converts afford good evidence of their piety, manifesting greater steadfastness and consistency than in former years. The number of the present members is two hundred and thirty. The school of industry, which is superintended by two of the daughters of

Mr. Read, the minister, is a useful establishment, for therein many young women earn their livelihood by needlework, &c. During the past year, one hundred Bibles and Testaments, seven hundred tracts, and one hundred elementary books, have been distributed. But the people of this settlement have recently suffered severely from long-continued droughts, whereby their cattle have perished, to the value of five hundred pounds, a heavy loss in so remote a place: one result has been, the failure of the almshouses, which were maintained by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants.

The situation of Bethelsdorp was very badly chosen by its founder;—in a dismal, drear, sandy tract: the town is in a wide valley, and on each side are two high and bare hills. Vanderkemp, eminent as he was for his learning, and the steadfastness of his zeal, was, in many respects, somewhat eccentric:—intelligent and agreeable in conversation, yet a gloom seemed often to pervade his features and his mind; the natural result, perhaps, of the early and dreadful bereavement of his wife and daughter, by a violent death, before his eyes. The persuasion on which he acted, that, in order to be very useful to the Hottentots, it was necessary to descend to their standard of manners and tastes, was a very mistaken one. Over one action of his life, the biographer would willingly draw a veil, did he not feel that a sincere and impartial narrative asks for the frail as well as bright parts of the character. Surely, his better genius forsook Vanderkemp, when, at sixty years, he married a Hottentot girl of seventeen: and to what kind of home did he take his bride—a good or a decent dwelling, of wood or stone, with a few comforts within? The residence of the harmonious pair was a Hottentot hut, six feet broad by eight long—sans chimney, sans carpet, chair, chamber

bed; one sole apartment—and when the smoke eddied round, somewhat thickened by the pipes of the bride's relatives or friends—the intellectual student of Dort might have doubted his own identity. The decencies of life, as well as the respectability of the Christian minister, were violated here. The missionary should not forget that he lives for the world at large, as well as for the little fold he has gathered; and that an African kraal or desert may not shroud a sad and glaring inconsistency.

In what part of this unique abode could his library find a refuge? Book-case, shelves on the walls, would have been sad intrusion on the narrow space: and the volumes of German or Eastern lore might have tumbled into the fire-place, a large graceful hole in the floor; or been pulled to pieces, to light the pipes of the Hottentot coterie. A few months' discipline at Hernhuth would have taught him, that cleanliness and godliness should always reside together; and that an airy, comfortable dwelling, of wood or stone, with its sweet and kindly hearth, and all the little exquisite arrangements of "the careful hand and the loving heart"—is a better temple of religion than the dingy earthen floor—the villanous grimed walls; and as to the table apparatus—spare the "aching vision."

The London Missionary Society is supported by the numerous and wealthy body of Dissenters of the Independent church. Great praise is due to the zeal as well as sagacity of its Directors, who have not turned aside from the most unpromising fields of labour, or relaxed, even for a moment, their exertions. Often fortunate in the choice of their agents; from Vanderkemp to Ellis, there are many names, less celebrated, of men who have

toiled and died in the wilderness, near whose remains the wild Boschemen or the Caffre alone wander. It may be interesting to turn awhile from the interior of Africa, and the more exciting Imerina, to the beautiful climes and scenery of the Pacific.

## CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN

CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN was born at Cambuslang, near Glasgow, and was the son of Mr. Alexander Buchanan, a man of respectable learning and excellent character, who was appointed, in the latter period of his life, rector of the grammar school at Falkirk. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Claudius Somers, one of the elders of the church at Cambuslang, at the time of the great excitement caused in that valley by the preaching of Whitefield in the year 1742: whereby his mind was moved to a deep and lasting sense of religion. His only daughter, a woman of piety, inculcated on her son Claudius, even from his earliest years, the love of religious principles and habits. He often mentioned afterwards, the ineffaceable impression on his heart and memory, of the devotional scenes of his father's roof. After the simple and beautiful custom of the Scottish families, he gathered them around him at evening, read and explained the scriptures, and then they all knelt down, while he offered up a solemn and heartfelt appeal to God.

At the age of seven years, he entered the grammar school of Inverary, in Argyleshire, of which his father was then master; he continued there six years, and at the age of fourteen was appointed tutor to the two sons of Mr. Campbell, of Dunstaf-

naige, in which office he continued two years. He was not inattentive, in the midst of his literary occupations, to the strong religious impressions with which he was visited, and which he communicated to his excellent grandfather, who carefully cherished them, and assured him of his prayers. He often spent many hours in devotion amidst the rocks on the sea-shore near Dunstaffnaine; but at length these thoughts and hopes were, by the influence of company, dissipated like a morning cloud, nor did they return till many years afterwards.

In the year 1782, he left the family of Mr. Campbell, and proceeded to the university of Glasgow, where he remained some time. Whether his course of study here was interrupted by the failure of his pecuniary resources, or was the result of choice, is uncertain, but he left Glasgow in 1784, and went to the island of Islay, for the purpose of becoming tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell, of Knockmelly. In the following year, he removed again to Carradell, in Kintyre, and accepted the same situation in a family of that place. In 1786, Buchanan returned to the college at Glasgow; and a certificate that year from the professor of logic, testifies creditably to his improvement and diligence. At the conclusion of the academical session, he returned to Carradell, and resumed his occupation as a tutor. In the autumn of the following year, he quitted his native country under very singular circumstances, and entered upon a project, which, as it afterwards appeared, decided the future tenor of his life.

Buchanan had, from his earliest years, been intended by his parents for the ministry, in the church of Scotland. At the age of seventeen, during his first residence in the University of Glasgow, he conceived the design of making a tour of Europe on foot, for he longed to see the world.

About four years afterwards, a circumstance occurred, which tended to hasten his departure from Scotland. This was an imprudent attachment to a young lady, who happened to be on a visit to the family in which he was then residing, and who was superior to him in birth and fortune. The affection was mutual; but the disparity of their rank and station seemed to form an insuperable barrier to their union. Buchanan became, in consequence, very unhappy; and, in the height of his passion, or his disappointment, recurred to his favourite and long-cherished plan of a foreign tour, in the course of which he hoped to advance his fortune, and, returning to his native country, obtain the object of his wishes. The thirst for such a journey, even the visionary hope of pushing his fortune by wandering over Europe on foot, were excusable; but not so was the expedient of deceiving his parents. For the purpose of avoiding any opposition to his scheme, he invented a story, which, engaged as he had been in tuition, seemed by no means improbable. He pretended that he had been invited, by an English gentleman, to accompany his son upon a tour to the continent; and as this engagement not only offered some present advantages, but held out flattering hopes of his future advancement in life, a consent to his departure was obtained.

“I had the example,” he says, “of the celebrated Goldsmith before me, who travelled through Europe on foot, and supported himself by playing on his flute. I could play a little on the violin; and on this I relied for occasional support during my long and various travels. In August, 1787, having put on plain clothes, becoming my apparent situation, I left Edinburgh on foot, with the intention of travelling to London, and thence to the continent. That very violin which I now have, and the case which contains it, I had under my arm;

and thus I travelled onward. After I had proceeded some days on my journey, and had arrived at a part of the country where I thought I could not be known, I called at gentlemen's houses and farm-houses, where I was in general kindly lodged. They were very well pleased with my playing reels to them, (for I played then better than I can now;) and I sometimes received five shillings, sometimes half-a-crown, and sometimes nothing but my dinner. Wherever I went, people seemed to be struck a little by my appearance, particularly if they entered into conversation with me. They were often very inquisitive, and I was sometimes at a loss what to say. I professed to be a musician, travelling through the country for my subsistence; but this appeared very strange to some, and they wished to know where I obtained my learning; for sometimes pride, and sometimes accident, would call forth expressions, in the course of conversation, which excited their surprise. I was often invited to stay for some time at a particular place: but this I was afraid of, lest I might be discovered. It was near a month, I believe, before I arrived on the borders of England, and in that time many singular occurrences befell me. I once or twice met persons whom I had known, and narrowly escaped discovery. Sometimes I had nothing to eat, and no where to rest at night; but, notwithstanding, I kept steady to my purpose, and pursued my journey. Before I reached the borders of England, I would gladly have returned, but I could not; the die was cast: my pride would have impelled me to suffer death, I think, rather than expose my folly, and I pressed forward.

“ When I arrived at Newcastle, I felt tired of my long journey, and found that it was hard to live on the benevolence of others. I therefore resolved to proceed to London by water; for I did not want to travel in my own country, but on the continent.

“I accordingly embarked in a collier at North Shields, and sailed for London. On the third night of the voyage, we were in danger of being cast away, during a gale of wind; and then, for the first time, I began to reflect seriously on my situation.”

During the violence of the storm, as he afterwards acknowledged to a friend, Buchanan felt as if the judgment of God, as in the case of Jonah, was overtaking him; but, unlike the repenting prophet, no sooner had the tempest of the elements subsided, than the agitation of his mind also passed away. He arrived safely in London on the 2d of September; “but by this time,” he continues, “my spirits were nearly exhausted by distress and poverty. I now relinquished every idea of going abroad: I saw such a visionary scheme in its true light, and resolved, if possible, to procure some situation as an usher or a clerk, or any employment, whereby I might derive a subsistence: but I was unsuccessful. I lived some time in obscure lodgings, by selling my clothes and books: for I did not attempt to obtain any assistance by my skill in music, lest I should be discovered by some persons who might know me or my family. I was, in a short time, reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness and want: alas! I had not sometimes bread to eat. Little did my mother think, when she dreamt that she saw her son, fatigued with his wanderings, and oppressed with a load of woe, glad to lie down, and sleep away his cares, on a little straw—that her dream was so near the truth! What a reverse of fortune was this! A few months before, I lived in splendour and happiness! But, even in this extremity of misery, my eyes were not opened. I saw, indeed, my folly, but I saw not my sin; my pride, even then, was unsubdued, and I was constantly anticipating scenes of future grandeur, and indulging myself in the pleasures of imagination.

“After I had worn out many months in this misery, observing one day an advertisement in a newspaper for ‘a clerk to an attorney,’ I offered myself, and was accepted. I was much liked, and soon made friends. I then obtained a better situation with another gentleman in the law; and lastly, engaged with a solicitor of respectable character and connexions in the city, with whom I remained nearly three years. During all this time, I had sufficient allowance to appear as a gentleman; my desire for going abroad gradually abated, and I began to think that I would make the law my profession for life. During a great part of this time, I corresponded with my friends in Scotland, as from abroad, writing very rarely, but always giving my mother pleasing accounts of my health and situation.”

There are, however, various intimations in a memorandum book kept by Buchanan at this period, that he was often a sufferer from the pressure of poverty; this is not surprising, as an improvident expenditure frequently exceeded his supplies. It appears that he was sometimes under the necessity of pledging articles of clothing, and in one instance his watch, for the purpose of procuring a little ready money: even with these resources he has been obliged to go without a breakfast or a supper, and at times without a dinner. Yet from this scanty supply of the necessaries of life, he saved sufficient for an indulgence in public amusements, frequently going to the theatre, as well as to debating societies.

The biographer would willingly draw a veil over this portion of Buchanan's career: three years of artful and continued deception on his confiding parents, are more painful to contemplate than any outbreaking of the passions, or any gaieties and indulgences. Did the image of the forsaken, seated round their lonely hearth, where he had so often knelt beside them, and talking sadly perhaps of

their absent Claudius, never rush on his mind in the theatre, the debating society, or the hours of poverty?

About a year after his departure from Scotland, the intelligence of the death of his father was received from his surviving parent. Did he not fly on the wings of remorse and repentance to sooth *her* spirit? that excellent and affectionate mother! who had infused into his heart the first lessons of piety, and who was now mourning for one, who died while *he* was afar, without a parting word or look. The only mention in his diary of this event, or his own feelings thereon, is a passage intimating that the widow had written to him on the mournful subject of a monument to his late father; to which he replied by a letter falsely dated from Florence, the 12th of May, which he despatched on the same month. Where men are in the habit of writing diaries, the fulness of the heart will vent itself in words; the tear will fall in secret, and even the marble exterior preserved to the world, will at times be softened utterly. Why did not one redeeming passage of this kind flow from the pen of the son? In palliation of this apparent unfeelingness, it may be observed, that the greater part of his earlier life had been spent away from his parents—and beneath his grandfather's roof.

Buchanan's own memoranda at this time denote a state of mental perplexity and unhappiness. Thus, on the 10th of May, he records in Latin, with great emphasis of expression, "I have lived I know not how, in a state of forgetfulness or mental intoxication to this day." Soon after, he was seized with a severe attack of fever; during which, he observes, that he felt, as might naturally be expected, most uncomfortable reflections on his present situation. These, however, seem to have vanished with his recovery. He soon afterwards states, that on

that morning he had written part of a letter to his mother, telling her, with careless levity, that he had altered his plan of death and misfortune, to that of fortune and festivity. He laments also, that, on his recovery, he broke some salutary resolutions he made during his illness. Vexed at his weakness, he writes, "I *swear* I'll do so no more! Oh! that I knew how to persevere in good resolutions as well as to make them! This has been my failing from my infancy." Although his necessary avocations occupied nearly twelve hours of each day, Buchanan contrived to devote a part of his scanty leisure to literary pursuits. The sabbath was often spent in the study of Virgil and Horace. During the ensuing summer, he began to reflect more often and seriously upon religious subjects, and his reflections were sometimes gloomy and desponding; at others, cheered by a faint and distant hope.

During the following year, he confesses a disinclination to religion, though this was broken at intervals by a fervent season of private prayer. But the period was not far distant when this wanderer from his God was to return. "Since my coming to London," he observes, "until June last, I led a very dissipated, irreligious life: pride was in my heart—I profaned the Lord's day without restraint—and never thought of any religious duty. Thus I lived till within these few months. Exactly three years since my voluntary banishment from my native country, three tedious years, and for any thing I could have done myself, I might have remained in the same state for thirty years longer. But the period was now arrived when that mercy which had always accompanied me, was to be manifested in a singular manner. I had a very strong sense of religion when I was about the age of fourteen, and I used often to reflect on that period; but I had not, I believe, the least idea of

the nature of the gospel. It was in the year 1790 that my heart was first effectually impressed, in consequence of an acquaintance with a religious young man."

Of the latter, he again writes in February, "On a Sunday evening, a gentleman of my acquaintance called upon me: out of complaisance to him, I gave the conversation a religious turn. Among other things, I asked him, whether he believed there was such a thing as divine grace? whether or not it was a fiction imposed by grave and austere persons, from their own fancies? He took occasion, from this inquiry, to enlarge much upon the subject; he spoke with zeal and earnestness, and chiefly in scripture language, and concluded with a very affecting address to the conscience and the heart. I had not the least desire, that I recollect, of being benefited by this conversation; but while he spoke, I listened to him with earnestness, and before I was aware, a most powerful impression was made upon my mind, and I conceived the instant resolution of reforming my life. On that evening I had an engagement which I could not now approve. Notwithstanding what had passed, however, I resolved to go; but as I went along, and had time to reflect on what I had heard, I half wished it might not be kept. It turned out as I desired: I hurried home, and locked myself up in a chamber. I fell on my knees, and endeavoured to pray, but I could not: I tried again, but was not able, I thought it was an insult to God for *me* to pray: I reflected on my past sins with horror, and spent the night, I know not how. The next day my fears wore off a little, but they soon returned. I anxiously awaited the arrival of Sunday; but when it came, I found no relief.

"After some time, I communicated my situation to my religious friend; he prayed with me, and

next Sunday I went with him to hear an eminent minister. This was a great relief to me ; I thought I had found a physician : but, alas ! though I prayed often every day, and often at night, listlessness and languor seized me. Sometimes hope, sometimes fear presented itself, and I became very uncomfortable. Going one morning to a bath, I found on a shelf, Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. This book, I thought, just suited me ; I accordingly read it with deep attention, and prayed over it. I next procured Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted, and dwelt on it for some time. My religious friend then gave me Boston's Fourfold State. This I carefully read, and I hope it did me some good. I now secluded myself entirely from my companions on Sunday ; and during the week, the moment business was done, I went home to my studies, and have since wholly withdrawn myself from pleasure and amusement. In this manner have I passed the last seven months, continually praying for a new heart, and a more perfect discovery of my sins. Sometimes I think I am advancing a little, at others I fear I am further from heaven than ever. Oh the prevalence of habit ! it is not without reason that it has been sometimes called a second nature. Nothing but the hand of the Almighty, who created me, can change my heart.

“ About two months ago, I wrote my mother some particulars of my state, and requested her prayers, for she is a pious woman. In her answer, written by my sister, is the following passage:—  
‘ My mother has heard much of Mr. Newton, rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London, and wishes that you would cultivate an acquaintance with him, if it is in your power.’ ”

To this good and eminent man the application was not made in vain ; the son attended his ministry on the following Sunday, and listened, as he

expresses it, with avidity. "You say," he continues, in a letter to Mr. Newton, "many things that touch my heart deeply, and I trust your ministry has been in some degree blessed to me: but your subjects are generally addressed to those who are already established in the faith, or to those who have not sought God at all. Will you then drop one word to me? If there is any comfort in the word of life for such as I am, O shed a little of it on my heart! and yet I am sensible that I am not prepared to receive that comfort. My sins do not affect me as I wish. All that I can speak of is a strong desire to be converted to my God. O sir, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? I see clearly that I cannot be happy in any degree, even in this life, until I make my peace with God; but how shall I make that peace? If the world were my inheritance, I would sell it, to purchase that pearl of great price.

"How I weep, when I read of the prodigal son, as described by our Lord! I would walk many miles to hear a sermon from the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the thirty-third chapter of the second book of Chronicles."

The preceding letter was addressed to Mr. Newton anonymously. An interview soon after took place between them. "I called on him," says Buchanan, in a letter to his mother, "on the Tuesday morning following, and experienced such a happy hour that I ought not to forget; he encouraged me much, and put into my hands the narrative of his life, and some of his letters, and begged my careful perusal of them."

This was rather a weak point with the pastor of St. Mary Woolnoth; his own life and his own letters were favourite and foremost themes: a portion of the latter could have been spared by the public, without serious loss. Great piety and usefulness were the characteristics of Mr. Newton, but not great talents or good taste.

A continued and friendly intercourse was the consequence of this first interview; the result of which was, to Buchanan, lasting and invaluable. The change in his heart, as well as habits, was not sudden; no doubt, early associations and remembrances were not without their effect, but faint indeed is the allusion ever made to them by his own pen; yet the seed sown by his pious parents, and fostered by their prayers, could surely not be quenched or dried up; they fell on cold and unimpassioned, but not on stony or fruitless, ground.

The few past years presented a painful and chequered scene: the first, and perhaps only strong attachment of his heart, had been blighted in the bud: the thirst of travel, and of rising in the world, was a vain one; then followed a career of insincerity, as well as recklessness and sin; the loss of the mother's blessing; the coming on of poverty—till the conscience became full of pain. That Divine influence, to which he ascribed his conversion, led on the spirit gradually, but decidedly, to greater purity of motive, and integrity of conduct, as well as fidelity to itself and to God. Rich was the mercy, that not only rescued the mind from its miserable doubts, and fears, and self-accusings, but gradually introduced it to a state of righteousness, of peace, and joy. The influence of this change on all his future life, was a noble and undying one: it not only changed, but nerved his heart with an energy and ambition which led on to splendid results.

After a time he again wrote to Mr. Newton, to whose excellent instructions he had been so deeply indebted. In this letter he reverts to the profession for which he was originally designed. “Near the conclusion of the service by Dr. S. it occurred to me, that that enviable office was once designed for *me*; that I was called to the ministry, as it were from my infancy. For my pious grandfather chose

me from among my mother's children to live with himself. He adopted me as his own child, and took great pleasure in forming my young mind to the love of God. He warmly encouraged my parents' design of bringing me up to the ministry. I particularly recollect the last memorable occasion of my seeing this good grandfather. The first season of my being at college, I paid him a visit. He lived but five miles from Glasgow. After asking me some particulars relating to my studies, he put the following question to me: 'What end I had in view in becoming a minister of the gospel?' I hesitated a moment, thinking, I suppose, of some temporal blessing. But he put an answer into my mouth. 'With a view, no doubt,' said he, 'to the glory of God.' I recollect no other particular of the conversation but this. It made a strong impression on my mind, and even often recurred to my thoughts in the midst of my unhappy years; and, lastly, I thought of my present profession and prospect in life. It suddenly came into my mind, that I might yet be a preacher of the gospel. I began to consider the obstacles that had hitherto deterred me from attempting it; but they appeared to have vanished.

"These things passed rapidly through my mind. I wondered that I had not thought of them before. Your suggestion occurred to me, and I seemed clearly to perceive the hand of Providence in my not having been articulated to the law. I now beheld it as an unkindly and unprofitable study, a profession I never cordially liked, and was thankful that I might shake it off when I pleased. These reflections filled me with delight, and, as I walked home, the sensation increased; so that, by the time I entered my chamber, my spirits were overpowered, and I fell on my knees before God, and wept. What shall I say to these things? At first, I feared this change of sentiment might be some idle whim that would soon

vanish. But when I began to deliberate calmly, reason pleaded that the plan was possible; and the wisdom and power of God, and my love to him, pleaded that it was probable. I thought, that I, who had experienced so much of the Divine mercy, was peculiarly engaged to declare it to others. After a fervent prayer, I endeavoured to commit myself and my services into the hands of Him, who alone is able to direct me.

“This day, I still cherish the idea with delight. But I am discouraged, when I reflect on my weak abilities, my slender knowledge, my defective expression, and my advanced age. I am now four-and-twenty; and if I prosecute this desire, I must return to the studies of fourteen.”

Mr. Newton warmly approved the intention of his young friend to change his profession, and to devote himself to the ministry: his counsel on this occasion was admirable. At the close, he writes, “I would advise you to acquaint your mother with every circumstance of your situation, and to request, in the first instance, her advice and approbation.” It was strange, the heart of the son should not first have suggested this. He yielded without hesitation to the advice of his venerable friend, and employed a great part of several nights in communicating to her a full and unreserved narrative of his proceedings, from the period of his departure from Scotland. At the conclusion of this varied history, in which he strongly condemns himself for his past misconduct, he thus expresses himself:—“And now, my dear mother, how are you affected by this account? Is your heart ready to welcome the return of your long-lost son; or does it reject, with just indignation, so much unworthiness? Whatever may be your emotions, I pray God, who has been gracious to *me*, to bless this dispensation to *you*. The veil which was between us is at length rent, and

I am in peace ; for, believe me, I have not till now enjoyed a day of peace since I left my father's house. I once thought I would rather suffer torture, than betray my secret ; but my ' sinews of iron ' are become like those of a child. Nothing less than what I have suffered, could have softened so hard a heart as mine ; and not even that, unless accompanied by the power of God."

He soon after, in another letter to Mr. Newton, thus speaks :—" My desires of returning to my first pursuit, the ministry, still continue, and, I think, increase. Blackstone says somewhere, that to have a competent knowledge of the law, requires ' the lucubrations of twenty years : ' I once had the low ambition of being such a lawyer. But I am now so impressed with the dignity and importance of the office of the ministry, that I would with pleasure sit down to-morrow, and devote, not the lucubrations of twenty years alone, but all my life, to it. But, alas ! my present situation militates much against my wishes. Oh, that He, who has led me thus far, would graciously direct my steps ! "

During the three months which followed the date of this letter, Buchanan continued his employment in the law, yet diligently and devoutly cultivating the spirit of real religion ; but he laments the slowness of his progress in the latter. " I have but sipped," he modestly observes, " at Salem's spring." The letter he received in reply from his mother, is full of deep and simple earnestness ; she thus writes :—" The hint you gave me in your last, of your probably joining the Church of England, caused me at first some uneasiness. I hope you will forgive this. I find now that the difference between the two churches consists in discipline only, not in doctrine. I am therefore easy in mind, whichever way the providence of God may see fit to guide you. I am happy that you consulted your

Bible, and sought the Lord's direction upon this occasion. If you cast your burden upon him, he will direct you aright. Since you were a boy, it was impressed upon my mind, that some time or other you would be a good man. I own, of late years, I was beginning to lose my hope, particularly on the supposition of your going abroad. I thought with myself, this is not God's usual way of bringing sinners to himself. But the word of consolation often came in remembrance, that 'God is a God afar off.' Oh, how merciful has he been to you, and how merciful to us, in concealing your miserable situation, till grace brought it to light! I do believe the discovery, a year ago, would ——— : but these recollections are painful, therefore I forbear. What comforting letters have you sent us! Could a thousand pounds a year have afforded an equal consolation? Impossible. It might, indeed, have tied us down faster to the earth; but it could not have set our hearts upon the unsearchable riches that are in Christ Jesus. Your friends in Glasgow are rejoicing with us; some of them saying, 'Had the good old people (meaning his grandfather and mother) been alive, how would this have revived them!' Among your grandfather's papers, I find the enclosed letter, written by Mr. Maculloch to him in a time of distress, when the sins of his youth oppressed him. Read it with care; and may God grant a blessing!"

A short time previous, he had been introduced by his friend to the late Mr. Henry Thornton, to whose patronage he was afterwards so deeply indebted. At the expense of this gentleman, he was sent to the University of Cambridge. "I was emancipated," he writes, "from the law a few days ago, and am now willing to enter into the eternal bonds of the gospel. I never felt myself more in need of Divine direction than now; and am ready to say, who is sufficient for these things? It seems neces-

sary for me to be somewhat learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians; yet it appears to me, that my sole business at the University is to be enriched with all utterance, and all knowledge, that I may be able to set forth the wisdom, which is from above in a more transcendent light."

In the Michaelmas term, 1791, Buchanan was admitted a member of Queen's College, Cambridge. After a time, he writes to one of his correspondents— "I find that this great attention to study has made me exceedingly languid in my devotional duties. I feel not that delight in reading the Bible, or that pleasure in thinking on divine things, which formerly animated me. On this account, many students in the University wholly abandon the study of mathematics, and confine themselves to the classics, composition, and the like: it seems they generally feel the same effects that I do. Weak in spirit, weak in body, and beset with hard study, I think I hear the voice of Providence say, 'Go forward.' What an enviable spirit does he possess, who walks with God! About a fortnight ago, a dawn of that light, with which I suppose the Lord irradiates the souls of those who walk with him, shone upon my mind, and by its lustre shewed me some things I had not seen before. I prayed often, that this impression might not leave me. But, alas! it did leave me; no doubt, it was my own fault. I would walk three times round the globe to obtain it again; but no such great thing is required of me, I have only to believe."

The first prize for the Latin declamation on the subject of the stage, was adjudged to him. It appears that his personal religion, as well as his academical fame, had increased. "Surely," he observes in a letter to Mr. Newton, "an hour in the morning, and an hour in the evening is not too much for communion with God; though I know not the

Lord as I could wish, yet is he precious. Here is that pearl which I would willingly buy, at the price of all the laurels science ever bore."

Not long after this period, Mr. Newton made him the first direct proposal of a voyage to India; this was seconded by Mr. Thornton and Mr. Grant. At Cambridge he was a member of a debating society, called "The Speculative," consisting of a number of under-graduates from different colleges; they met at each other's rooms to discuss various moral, political, and sometimes religious questions. Buchanan was said to be eminent among the speakers for acuteness and fluency; but his habits were retired, and he seldom mingled in the social meetings or parties which were usual in the college.

To Mr. Newton he again writes, "In philosophy and human science the mind loses its vigour in old age; but in religion, in divine science, we are taught to believe that youth will be restored, and new attainments acquired. Yet I clamber up hill with difficulty: it may be that I had not laid aside every weight; nothing but a cultivated mind, and the constant perusal of the New Testament, seems capable of delivering men from unnecessary prejudices and prepossessions. Grace does not necessarily do it."

He took his degree of B.A. at the commencement, as he had proposed, and continued in Cambridge during the ensuing long vacation, till the second week in September. He thus writes to his venerable friend—"I demand your prayers for one who is about to enter on the ministry. Pray that when the bishop lays his hands upon my head, I may devote myself a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me." He was ordained on Sunday, the 20th September, 1795, at Fulham, by the late Bishop Porteus. Early in the following year, his friends resolved to obtain for him a chaplaincy in the ser-

vice of the East India Company: such excellent and satisfactory testimonials of his talents and learning were sent to Charles Grant, esq. one of the directors, that he was in March appointed to be one of the chaplains. Soon after, he received priest's orders from the Bishop of London; and in the month of May went down to Scotland, to revisit and take leave of his family. The feelings of both parties were of a mingled, but very impressive nature. Nearly nine years had elapsed since Buchanan, impelled partly by disappointed affection, and still more by the visions of a sanguine imagination, had left his native country. He spent but two or three weeks with his family—a short interval, after so long an absence, and when he was about to part with them with the almost certain conviction that he should see their face no more. He seems, indeed, to have possessed little of that strong attachment and enthusiasm for his native land, that characterizes many Scotchmen. No allusions are ever made in his subsequent correspondence, to her all-impressive scenery or literature: his mind was neither an imaginative nor a poetical one; but in solid acquirements, calm and stedfast energy, and perseverance, he was admirably fitted for the arduous task before him.

Highly recommended and accredited, he sailed for Bengal in the following August. During the long voyage, he was diligently occupied in his studies. In a letter, dated "At sea, off the Canaries," he writes, "Every body pays me much attention: I am instructing some in science, some in classical knowledge, some in the belles lettres, and all, I hope, in Christian truth. I do not expect to be so useful in preaching sermons to them, as in conversation. The captain supports a very consistent character." "It would appear," he again observes, "as if I had lost all relish for earthly pleasures. No novelty excites my attention. My countenance is acquiring a grave

settled cast. I feel as if nothing could give joy to my soul, but freedom from the body." The latter feeling was unnecessary; and different from that of Zeegenbalg and Plutscho, who said, that "every day on the deep, even storm and hardship, was music to their souls; so novel were the changes in the face of nature, so excited were their thoughts, that they never had a weary hour." On his arrival at Calcutta, he was welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Brown, with whose family he resided a short time. Not long after, he was appointed chaplain at Barrackpore, a military station, about sixteen miles above Calcutta; he was now in the thirty-first year of his age. There was here no place for public worship, which, indeed, was never required by the military staff to which he was attached. He thus describes his residence—"Barrackpore has been called the Montpellier of India. Here I enjoy every thing that can minister to comfort or elegance, except society. We have society too, but it is only polite society. There are not many here, I fear, whose hearts are awakened to the love of virtue and truth. Shall I give you a picture of the scene around us? I am situated on the banks of the Ganges. The country is champaign, but covered with trees: the most numerous are cocoa-nut, plantain, mango, and banian trees. The river is covered with boats, passing and repassing. On the other side of the river, I see a flock of vultures; they are hovering over a dead body which is floating down the stream. Many of the Hindoos cast their dead into the Ganges, that they may be conveyed to paradise! About a mile up the river, a funeral pile is just lighted. It is now near evening, when this rite is usually performed. The relatives accompany the corpse to the water side, where a pile of dry wood is raised about the body, and the nearest relative applies the torch. The jackals, allured by the smell, will presently come down from the woods,

on<sup>1</sup> prowl about. They live on carrion of all kinds, and are generally inoffensive.

“The air is frequently thronged with kites, hawks, and crows, who are looking for snakes, and other noxious creatures; and they are so successful in their search, that we are seldom annoyed by these animals. So attentive is Providence to the comfort of man!

“Such are the strange things we travellers behold. Have I told you all? or shall I mention a north-wester? This is a violent tornado from the north-west, which makes a regular and magnificent progress through the heavens. Violent wind, thunder, and lightning, roll on in a kind of collected body. This short-lived tempest is very awful and very grand. It is always a welcome visitor; for it cools the heated air, and refreshes all nature around. I am now so familiarized to violent thunder, that I scarcely ever notice it, except when I go out to contemplate the grandeur of a north-wester.”

The mission-church at Calcutta, raised by Keirnanter, was, at this time, occupied by the Rev. Mr. Ringeltaube, a clergyman of the Lutheran church, who had been sent to India by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. On the departure of the latter from this situation, Buchanan shared with Mr. Brown in the performance of the church services. It appears also, that he held Divine service at his house at Barrackpore, as often, perhaps, as he could obtain an audience. “I sigh much,” he writes, “for that singleness of mind, and purity of heart, and love to God, which distinguish the disciples of Christ; and I often wonder, whether it is to be effected by keen affliction, either in body and spirit, or by the power of the word of God, dividing asunder like a two-edged sword. I often compare myself, in my present exile, to John in the island of Patmos. But I am

a stranger to suffering for the testimony of Jesus Christ. How frequent is the character of a semi-serious Christian! There is a state in which some have been held for many years; a state, whose nature is never rightly understood by those around them, nor by themselves. Sometimes looking to the word of God, and sometimes to the world; sometimes animated by a zeal to live holily, and again sinking under a particular sin; but shining, in the evening of life, with a splendour which has dazzled all around." This may be true in some, perhaps in many cases; but such is not the general experience of Christians: the evening of a long, fluctuating, and half-earnest career, is more likely to be visited with doubt and gloom than with splendour.

At Barrackpore, although he had little occupation as a pastor, he prosecuted his studies with ardour—"This is a climate," he says, "which tries the mind like a furnace. Deterioration seems inherent in Indian existence. Were God to grant me a peculiar blessing, it would be the habit of industry whilst I remain in this country. I have observed, in reading the lives of the good, that the most eminent men were famed for industry. I have observed, too, that few of them had to encounter what Boileau calls the dangerous career of wit and genius. The wisdom of God is shown, in choosing for them that disposition of mind which is best suited to a sedulous and humble perusal of his eternal word; for genius hath ever been a foe to industry.

"I have a Moonshee in the house, to instruct me in the Hindostanee and Persian languages. Not knowing what may be the purpose of God concerning me, I have thought it my duty to attend early to the languages of the country; and to the constitution, civil and religious, of the mixed people in it."

From a letter to Mr. Grant, in February, in which he encloses a bill for fifty pounds to his mother it i

evident that his mind was the prey of disappointment and depression. The obscurity, as well as total want of excitement in the life at Barrackpore, were most ungrateful to an aspiring and susceptible mind. He was, in fact, nothing more than a military chaplain; and his prospects of usefulness to India—when were they to be fulfilled? He fell into ill health, and suffered from two fevers. We have now the first mention of a man, whose virtues have been already commemorated—"The apostolic Obeck is well, and affectionately remembers all your family; he succeeds to Swartz in the title to our reverence and esteem. That apostle of the East is dead; I wrote him a Latin letter a short time before his death." Soon after, he adverts to the Baptist missionaries, Messrs. Thomas and Carey; of the latter he speaks in high terms: "Nothing great," he justly observes, "since the beginning of the world, has been done, it is said, without enthusiasm."

The following letter, from Calcutta, is to a College friend:—"A man advances, perhaps, till he becomes Bachelor of Arts; but after that, he is retrograde for ever. Is not this generally true? You may, perhaps, continue to advance in verbiage, but you will go back in life. Your endeavours to fulfil the great purposes for which you were sent into the world, will daily grow more feeble; and your view of those purposes will, at length, be utterly lost. \* \* \* But whither, then, shall we go, if you divorce us from our learned ease? Why, go to London. Take a curacy, or take a chapel. Call forth your learning, and put your eloquence to use. Sluice the fountain, so long embanked at college, stagnant and green, and permit the waters to rush abroad, to fertilize many a plant, and gladden the vale. Go forth, and stem the torrent of infidelity with a resistless eloquence; and let me hear your voice on the banks of the Ganges. To what purpose

have you laboured at Quinctilian, if you do not now lift up your voice, and proclaim the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel? \* \* \* At present I see you and D— lispings, with pebbles in your mouths, on the banks of the Cam. But I hope one day to hear your thunder from the rostrum."

In April, 1799, Buchanan married Miss Mary Whish, third daughter of the Rev. Richard Whish, rector of Northwold in Norfolk. "She is not," he observes, "as yet nineteen, but has had a very proper education for my wife. She has docility of disposition, sweetness of temper, and a strong passion for retired life." This was a happy change in his condition, and he complains no more of the loneliness and weariness of the life at Barrackpore.

During the first six months of the year 1800, the plan of a collegiate institution had been formed by Lord Wellesley, for the purpose of promoting the literary improvement of the younger civil servants of the Company. This important measure, in the arrangement and conduct of which Buchanan was so essentially concerned, he thus mentioned in the month of June, in a letter to Mr. Grant:—"Lord Wellesley is at present engaged in founding a college for the instruction of the young civil servants in Eastern literature and general learning. He desired me to draw out a sketch of the constitution of the college; which I did. And now Mr. Barlow has instructed me to draw up a minute as a justification of the measure. Lord Wellesley proposed that Mr. Brown should be the provost of the college; and he is certainly the fittest man in Calcutta for that office. I had him in my mind when drawing up the duties of provost. There will be about eight or ten professors. No promotion in the service, but through the medium of this institution. The students to remain at college for three or five years. Prizes and honours to be proposed for those who

distinguish themselves, and degrees to be taken to qualify for certain offices."

From a letter of Mrs. Buchanan, there was reason to believe that her husband would be appointed a professor in the new college, and that he might have his choice of three professorships—classics, mathematics, or the belles lettres. The office of provost to the new college was, in the end, filled by Mr. Brown, chaplain at Calcutta, and that of vice-provost by Buchanan. He was also appointed professor of Greek, Latin, and English classics, and 200 students were to be placed under their joint care. The college of Fort William, one of the most useful and excellent institutions in India, offered the career best suited to the restless and inquiring mind of Buchanan, who thirsted for an intimate acquaintance with the native languages and literature, in order to make them instrumental to the great object of the diffusion of Christianity. The following letter to a student, describes the various attainments, as well as intense application, which were deemed indispensable by him:—

"Your letter of the 7th, mentioning your purpose of coming to college, I have just received. Whether you have done right, I shall be able to tell you in about a year hence; not sooner. So entirely does it depend on yourself.

"Before you obtain your qualifying degree in the college at Fort William to serve the Company, you must hold four public disputations in the Persian or Bengalee languages; once as respondent, and thrice as opponent. As respondent, you are to defend a proposition given by yourself on a moral, literary, or historical subject—or concerning Oriental manners and customs—against the objections of any three opponents who may be appointed. You are first to pronounce an essay on your subject, and then begin to defend it extempore, in classical Persian, against

the meditated objections of your opponents, and this in public, before all Calcutta, and before all the natives of rank and learning, rajahs, pundits, moulvies, and moonshees—an august tribunal!

“ You are also to recite in public, at six different times, six essays or declamations, composed by yourself, on subjects which shall be given you, in the English language. Every student, who takes a degree at Fort William, must give proofs of his being a classical English scholar; and a practical one.”

In 1800, an advertisement was published in different parts of India, announcing the establishment of the college, and inviting men of learning and knowledge among the natives, for the purpose of choosing some as teachers. The result was, the attachment of about fifty distinguished natives to the college. Lectures in the Arabic, Hindostanee, and Persian languages were established. Some of the students made rapid proficiency in the Oriental languages, and the spirit of emulation and ambition, and the love of distinction, were excited in the breasts of all.

Two years previously, Buchanan had said that not ten righteous were to be found in Calcutta, and now so great was the change, which he imagined this establishment had produced, that he observes, “ No such field is any where to be found, for learning and piety, as that which Calcutta at this time exhibits.” In July, 1801, Mrs. Buchanan being visited with a consumptive complaint, embarked for England, taking with her their eldest daughter Charlotte, and leaving the youngest, Augusta, then not quite six months old. At this period he writes, “ I have less time now than ever, the chief labour of the churches is devolving fast upon me; my religious correspondence in India is greater than at any former time, the whole direction of the

college lies with me; every paper that is drawn up, and every paper that is printed, is revised by me." From the time that he removed to the presidency, he generally preached at one or other of the churches in Calcutta once, and sometimes twice, on a Sunday. In writing to a friend at Cambridge, he observed, "that the congregations at the new church at Calcutta were more numerous than those at St. Mary's in Cambridge, more elegant, equally critical, and perhaps not less intelligent."

It must be confessed that the congregation at Calcutta, peculiarly composed of persons of so various a name and ambition, great part of whom looked on India as the hot-bed from which to extract wealth, luxury, and rapid advancement in military or civil departments—was an uncertain and baffling field for a minister. Even to the stated residents in this country, the gospel perhaps comes with less acceptance than in their native land; for self-denial of any kind is most unwelcome, and habits of devotion most difficult of observance, in so enervating a clime. "As to this world," writes Buchanan, "there is no object (if I know my own heart at all) which I have in view; neither of family, of fortune, of situation, of leaving this country, or continuing in it. I have chiefly to complain of a languid and heartless constitution, both in body and mind, which makes me to bear easily with all things, and have little pleasure in any thing."

Perhaps he in some measure mistook his own heart, or these expressions in part arose from a debilitated frame. Why should fame and family be indifferent, even to a zealous missionary? a more buoyant and rejoicing mind had been a blessing to Buchanan. Swartz and Elliot had far greater difficulties, more bitter and lasting trials and disappointments in their way—but the strong energy of the spirit took the language of complaint and weariness

from the lips, and bore them onwards. Buchanan's career had been rapid and fortunate; the only disappointment, if such it may be called, was his residence of a very few years at Barrackpore. Three years only, after his arrival in India, we find him at the head of a splendid and learned establishment, surrounded by the chief literary natives of India, and minister in the first and largest church in the country. *His* world was surely a delightful and exciting field of action, enough to string afresh every fibre of the heart, and bid its laudable ambition exult in the high career that God had given it.

The following extracts are expressive as to his views of himself and his ministry:—

“ However, the chief consideration at present is the state of the heart. How is the soul with God? I endeavour, by prayer, to restore it daily, relying (though feebly) on the aid of the Mediator, wondering, sometimes, that I am not worse; oppressed in spirit at a review of the past, and hoping for better days.”

“ I shall ever be ready to accede to any plan you can suggest, for the furtherance of our ministry. You say, you ‘long to launch out into the fulness of Christ.’ So do I. But these words are too apostolic for me at present. In order to launch forth like \* \* \*. I should need not only a new effusion of the Holy Spirit, but those natural abilities which generally accompany such effusions, in order to make them useful. Circumstances seem to admonish me, that the ‘still small voice,’ and not ‘the rushing mighty wind,’ is my province in the gospel. What another school than Calcutta would have produced, I know not: but I shall be blessed, if grace be given unto me to do what good I can, consistently and steadily in my various situations. Unhappily, collegiate avocations usurp much of my time. But let us beware of repining at the necessity of spending time

in this way, till we become confident, that were all our time at our own disposal, we should spend it in a better. I earnestly pray, that we may both be rightly directed in our labours in this vineyard; that we may see some fruit in others, and enjoy the comfort ourselves of faithful ministers of the gospel. I think better days are at hand."

In the year 1802, his income being greatly increased, he requested his mother to draw upon him for the sum of three hundred pounds annually. This was a noble and filial deed. The following letter to his wife in England, has much beauty, piety, and simplicity. "Such, my dearest Mary, has been my varied life, and such the wonderful Providence which has watched over me, during so long a period. I pray that, now I am settled, I may be enabled to shew a heart fixed on my Saviour, and on the ministration of his word. My infirm constitution admonishes me not to expect to enjoy life, as some speak. Let us then live for the day; seeking that heavenly peace, which is always attainable. My spirits are now more alive, and I trust my hopes will be fulfilled. You, my beloved wife, can now pray in faith: a sense of religion has visited you. Cherish it, as the life of your soul. I know that gay society at home will impede your progress for a while. Yet it is not preciseness of external conduct, but communion with God in prayer, which forms the Christian's character. Continue this, and you will gradually arrive at a holy state of mind, pure satisfaction of soul, and inexpressible delight. Christ will be formed in you, and you will begin to learn the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, of his unsearchable riches. We must all suffer a change of heart, before we can enter the kingdom of God. This is the truth which I maintain in my preaching, and it is found to be the only effectual doctrine to reach the hearts of men."

Prosperity and reputation do not always, as in this case, elevate the character, and draw forth the better and finer feelings which have long lain dormant. Such was now the scrupulously honourable and generous conduct of Buchanan, that he sent four hundred pounds to Mr. Thornton, being the amount of expenses paid by that gentleman, on his account, during four years at college, at one hundred pounds per annum. "I told him," he writes, "that I only sent it back to the fountain, from whence it would soon flow again in some act of benevolence." He resolved also to devote five hundred pounds for the support of some young man at the university, of religious character, and of good ability, who might be in poor circumstances; and he sent to England the first instalment for this purpose. The liberality of this action was more romantic than prudent: he had but lately emerged from poverty and dependence; had two children, for whom little provision was as yet made; and his health, as well as that of his young wife, now only twenty-three years of age, was uncertain, and even failing. The allowance to his mother was also a serious deduction.

Intelligence was now brought, startling as a thunder-peal, to the ears of the founders and supporters of the college at Fort William; this was an order from government for the immediate abolition of the institution. Lord Wellesley communicated this dispatch to Mr. Buchanan, and directed him to consider of the reply to the reasons on which it was professedly grounded. An able defence was accordingly drawn up, under the eye of the Governor-General, and transmitted to the Honourable Court of Directors. The former found it impossible to proceed to the immediate abolition of the establishment, being convinced that this measure must be a gradual one. The usual studies in the mean time

remained unaltered. In June, 1802, a volume was published, entitled "Primitiæ Orientales," containing essays by the students, and theses pronounced at the public disputations in the Oriental languages. In the following year, the Marquis Wellesley presided at the second annual disputation at the college. Declamations were pronounced for the first time in the Arabic language. After the degrees of honours had been conferred, and the prizes and rewards for Oriental and classical learning distributed, the noble president delivered an eloquent speech, in which he declared, that the institution had answered his most sanguine hopes, and that its administration had been conducted with honour and credit, as well as great advantage to the public service.

In the summer of this year, Buchanan first thought of proposing certain subjects for prize composition, connected with the civilization and moral improvement of India. With the approbation of the Governor-General, letters were despatched to the vice-chancellors and principals of the universities of the United Kingdom, containing the following proposals:—"For the best essay in English prose 'on the best means of extending the blessings of civilization and true religion in India,' in each university, £100. For the best English poem 'on the revival of letters in the East,' £60." Other proposals were also made, the extent and liberality of which, amounting to above £1500, are very surprising, if made on his own responsibility alone. Buchanan not only cherished great and elevated designs, but was ingenious, as well as successful, in devising means for their accomplishment. In the month of November following, he first communicated his thoughts regarding an ecclesiastical establishment in India, in letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the rest of the episcopal bench;

having previously submitted them to the Marquis Wellesley. He had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the friends and companions of Swartz. The aged Obeck died at this time, full of years, and respected by all. Gerické now died also. "The church at Madras," writes Buchanan, "is in great affliction, for there is no one to fill his place. Letters have come to us for help; but we can give none. I cannot furnish you with the life of Mr. Swartz. He left no papers; and those persons are now removed who could give the best information. He also deprecated posthumous praise, and was in constant dread of fame. He concealed often from Mr. Obeck (his only friend at one time) his favoured seasons from on high."

The college of Fort William, according to the decision of the Court of Directors, was to close on the 31st of December, 1803. To the extreme joy, however, of all who wished well to its prosperity, the despatch in the following month announced that the college should, for the present, continue on its original footing. Soon after, arose the hostility of many influential persons to the translation of the scriptures into the Oriental languages. Happily for the interests of Christianity, the defence of Buchanan was successful. The first versions of the Gospels in Persian and Hindostanee, issued from the press of the college of Fort William.

Mary, his youthful and interesting wife, had returned from England greatly benefited in health; but consumptive symptoms of an alarming nature soon began to manifest themselves. At the close of the autumn, her return to Europe was considered indispensable: the parting was a mournful one to the husband and wife—who were never more to see each other.

The proposals which had been issued to the universities of Great Britain were unanimously ac-

cepted, save by that of Oxford: many compositions of various merit were the result. The finest production, both in taste, talent, and sentiment, was the English poem "On the Restoration of Learning in the East," by Charles Grant, Esq., then fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. The most salutary effect of this plan of Buchanan, was the exciting the attention of learned and secluded men in Europe, to the hitherto neglected subject of Oriental literature and improvement. Equally useful, however, was his own memoir on the expediency of an ecclesiastical establishment for British India; the circulation of which was extensive, and produced a considerable sensation on the public mind. His ministerial duties were, in the mean time, continued every Sunday; their usefulness was naturally of the kind that is almost hidden from every eye but that of the pastor. He thus writes: "We have some of all sects in our congregations—Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Armenians, Greeks, and Nestorians; and some of these are part of my audience at the English church. But a name, or a sect, is never mentioned from the pulpit; and thus the word preached becomes profitable to all. Even among the writers in the college, there are Presbyterians and Methodists. \* \* \* \* When the Hindoo had laid down the pen, and I got up from my couch, he asked me what kind of a thing a Methodist was. I told him that it was a Christian man in the little is'le of Britain, who prayed too much, and was 'righteous overmuch.' He stared, and said, 'How can that be?' So it is, said I; behold that man, (pointing to ——'s picture,) who is reputed a Methodist in England, and is a subject of ridicule, on account of his excessive godliness. 'Among us,' replied the Hindoo, 'he would thereby acquire more reverence and veneration.'"

The sermons of this eminent man, who did not

(as he observed) look for any great accession in number, or any immediate powerful influence on the hearts of his hearers, were distinguished by their vigour of expression, and clearness of argument. The impression on the minds of his audience was a very gradual, yet very important one. Various and inveterate were the prejudices and passions which were set in array against his success; yet the secret visit, as well as the open confession, of individuals of rank and wealth, as well as poor and undistinguished—and the thoughtfulness, and even seriousness of some of the most dissipated and profane—attested his fidelity.

Having resolved, for the relaxation both of mind and body, to visit the coast of Malabar, he was on the point of setting out, when he was visited by a dangerous attack of fever. During this illness, he was attended with great kindness by his friend and coadjutor, the Reverend David Brown. During the recovery and temporary retreat of Buchanan at Sooksagur, no pause or indulgence was given to his restlessly inquiring mind—that employed itself in Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldee studies. And here the intelligence of the death of his wife reached him. “I happily met,” he writes, with some valuable Syriac volumes: while I was thus engaged, the news of Mary’s death arrived. I found some consolation in writing a few lines to her memory, which I inscribed on a leaf of her own Bible; the best monument I could erect, for her body is buried in the deep. I sometimes think that, had I my two little girls to play with, I should be happy, even in this dreary land. My chief solace is in a mind constantly employed; and this is the greatest temporal blessing I can expect, even unto the end. I could relate to you scenes of tribulation and keen persecution in regard to myself and others; but these could give you no pleasure, and I wish not to think of them.”

The most just and comprehensive views as to the condition and the wants of India, are manifested in his letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury. One passage is as follows: "An archbishop is wanted for India; a sacred and exalted character, surrounded by his bishops, of ample revenue, and extensive sway; a venerable personage, whose name shall be greater than that of the transitory governors of the land; and whose fame for piety, and for the will and power to do good, may pass throughout every region. We want something royal in a spiritual or temporal sense, for the abject subjects of this great eastern empire to look up to. They cannot conceive themselves in a settled state without a Sultan or Maha Rajah. The success of the solitary missionary demonstrates what would be the powerful effect of the whole church." Xavier or Swartz would perhaps have said that their success mainly depended on the absence of power and state, and on the very simplicity of their undivided efforts. They entered the cottage of the native, and talked with him familiarly, and sat beside the sacred pool, or watched at the gate of the temple.

Although inferior in Eastern learning to Buchanan, these two men possessed a more intimate and correct acquaintance with human nature, and more especially as it exists in India. Never did they find that their modest and unassuming guise closed a single gate against them. "The fame for piety, as well as the will and the power to do good," do not in general begin with "royalty in a spiritual or temporal sense:" the acquisition of these advantages being in general long and arduous, ought certainly, if possible, to be commenced and matured on the soil, where their exercise is to be a blessing to others. But the times are changed; the above devoted men were the breakers of the barren soil; the wide empire of India, and the numerous clergy

scattered in the various stations, require a supreme head and director, to whose authority they shall submit, and whose eminent example shall shed its influence over their own lives. Soon after, Buchanan was appointed provost of the college, and received from the university of Glasgow, of which he had formerly been a member, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Leave of absence being obtained for six months, he set out on his intended journey to the south of India, the results of which are embodied in his too concise but admirable volume, entitled "Christian Researches."

Leaving Calcutta in May, he proceeded to Contai, and from thence to Cuttack. "I find it inconvenient," he writes, "to have many followers. I have, therefore, discharged some servants from this place, and also a supernumerary tent. I have but few wants on a march, as to eating and drinking; and I cannot be troubled with tablecloths. I enjoy refreshing tea after my ride in the morning; for I generally ride one half of the march on horseback, and sometimes on an elephant. I occasionally use my gun, at which I was formerly as expert as any of the writers. But I feel a repugnance in killing harmless animals, which I did not feel formerly. Tell H—— that, during the two last days' march, I saw beautiful peacocks sitting on the lofty trees by the road-side, and monkeys leaping from branch to branch, holding their young ones in their arms.

"You may direct to me to the care of the post-master at Cuttack, until farther notice. I am very well known now in this country, so that all letters will easily come to hand. Indeed, there has been a singular spirit of inquiry among the natives on the subject of the march of a company's Padre; and I learn from them, that I am a rich man, proceeding on a pilgrimage, to worship the God of the Christians, not far from Singhul Deep."

The scenes of Juggernaut may be passed over; there are other details of far higher interest; those who have read the life of the 'apostle of the East,' will remember his protégé, the young and excellent Kolhoff. After the lapse of many years, it is thus Buchanan writes of him:—"Tanjore, 1st September, 1806.—This is the grand scene of all. This is the garden of the gospel. On my arrival, I first waited on Mr. Kolhoff, and he shewed me two rooms which he had prepared for my reception.

"He is first in piety, in ardour, in meekness, and in knowledge of the Tamil. His countenance is more expressive of amiable qualities and mind than that of any man I ever saw. Great numbers of native Christians came to visit me, Mr. Kolhoff introduced some particularly to me, as being truly godly and intelligent men. He gave me also an account of many triumphant deaths lately, both of men and women, young and old. As I went to the resident's house, I passed through a long street, inhabited by Christians only. They stood in rows as we passed, and bowed affectionately to their pastor, the young women coming forward with lively confidence, and soliciting his benediction. The infants, also, form themselves in little rows, and, waiting his approach, make the customary salutation, 'God be praised.'

"The next day I proceeded in the palace. After some conversation, the rajah carried me up to his splendid apartments, which are ornamented with the portraits of the Tanjore kings. All around there is a display of gold, silver, and mirrors; English paintings; libraries; musical instruments; orreries; portfolios of Oriental drawings; and many curiosities in art and nature. My visit to the rajah was very long. Our chief conversation related to Mr. Swartz. When I first mentioned his name, his highness led me up to the picture of the reverend

apostle. He then shewed me the design for the marble monument, now executing by Mr. Bacon. It represents the prince coming to the bed of the dying man, and taking him affectionately by the hand, while a number of boys are weeping at his feet. The rajah is still a heathen; the Bramins fear him for his learning, and dread the result: last Sunday was a great day among the Christians at Tanjore.

“It being rumoured that a friend of Mr. Swartz had arrived, they flocked together from all quarters; in the morning we all proceeded to his church in the Fort; it is a large commodious building, not inferior to your Calcutta church. In the vestry, all the native preachers and teachers came to make their speeches to me, and, among them, one of his early converts, Sattianaden, the celebrated Hindoo preacher. He is now stricken in years, and infirm; his black hair is grown grey; he is rather stout, and has a placid look, which is rendered more pleasing by his wrinkles and age. At five we went to the small church out of the Fort; this was a solemn service. The organ was drowned by the human voices, which sung a tune of Luther’s in a noble manner. I was sitting with my feet on the granite stone which covers Swartz’s grave.

“Having expressed a wish to hear Sattianaden preach, it was intimated to the people, and they were desired to assemble at the little church next morning (Monday) at nine o’clock. Accordingly a great number came together, and the venerable minister delivered a sermon full of fire. His natural eloquence and various intonation were truly calculated to command attention. After the discourse was finished, I went up to Sattianaden, in the presence of the people, and addressed him in a few words, hoping he would be faithful unto death, like his old master Swartz. The women and aged men

crowded round, and shed tears. Mr. Kolhoff has presented me with a gold and agate snuff-box, which belonged to his friend and patron; and the mission here has given me, from the library, a Hebrew psalter which he constantly used, and also his Greek Testament; you shall have the latter, if you like. I proceed to-morrow to Trichinopoly to Mr. Pohlé, an aged missionary, and a good Hebrew and Syriac scholar. I procured here a beautiful gilt Syriac Testament, and some tracts in Syriac, translated from the German by Mr. Swartz.

Will it not be interesting to pause here for a few moments, and trace the fate of the survivors of this eminent man. In November, 1817, Mr. Paezold died at Madras; and the Rev. Dr. Rottler was appointed to the charge of the Vepery establishment. The incomes of the missionaries had for some time received a considerable increase. The state of Vepery was affluent, from the legacy bequeathed by the noble Gerické, of 63,700 rupees, in the public securities of the government; also of landed property in numerous dwellings at Vepery, of which the rents form part of the mission funds. Pohlé, another of the early missionaries, died now, at Trichinopoly; these losses were remedied by the accession of Messrs Rosen and Haubroe. Soon afterwards, Dr. Bell's system of instruction was introduced into the schools. Palamcotta, the far and lonely congregation whose chapel was built by a Brahmin lady, and whose expenses were defrayed out of a fund left by Swartz, amounting to £14 a month, prospered greatly. The increase of its converts in four years was four hundred and eighty; and the number of protestant Christians in the whole district around, were more than three thousand, and were found in more than thirty hamlets, and villages. "I came," it is said in one

letter to the Society, "to a place, where were seated, under the shade of cocoa-nut trees, a considerable number of women, spinning cotton, and singing Lutheran hymns to the motion of their wheels. There were two old men among the group, who were converted to Christianity by Jænicqué, about twenty years ago; they sang to me several hymns he had taught them."

In 1826, a new and spacious mission church was opened at Vepery. Bishop Heber observes, "Here is the finest Gothic church, and the best establishment of native schools, both male and female, that I have yet seen in India." Startling is the change of many years. We have spoken of the youthful Kolhoff; he is now far advanced in life. When he is gone, the last precious link will be severed between the present race and the primitive founders of the Indian churches. Horst, Haubroe, and Rosen are valuable men. Wessing and Irion have been since engaged in the cause; but the venerable Dr. Rottler is now more than eighty years of age, and has lately retired from his duties, in the enjoyment of his full salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Such is the income given to each of the present missionaries—what a transition from the primitive fifty pounds of the Society! Without a supply of teachers from home, the cause will inevitably languish. The following were the remarks of Gerické, the year before his death. "If we have faithful and discreet labourers on this coast, wherever a door is opened unto us, rapid would be the progress of the gospel. Though some of our native teachers may not be inferior to us in the knowledge of the great truths of Christianity, and in the manner of communicating them, still they never gain that confidence that is placed in a European, when they are *once* convinced that he is actually what he exhorts

them to be. Without good ministers from home, the work would lose its respectability, even though the native teachers were good men; and missionaries, without the spirit and mind of Christ, and as full of the world as the natives are, would soon make the mission the most graceless thing imaginable."

It ought not to be omitted, that the liberality of the East India Company, has been repeatedly evinced in payment of large sums for public works belonging to the mission, as well as private donations to individual teachers.

Claudius Buchanan continued his journey slowly, collecting various stores of knowledge and learning. "I did not observe," he writes, "that the gospel flourished any where as well as in Tanjore. In Tranquebar, a holy remnant is left. From Jaffnapatan, I proceeded by land to Manaar, through the woods; a journey of three days. Elephants, bears, and buffaloes abound: every night two men preceded my palanquin, carrying each a flaming log of gum wood, to frighten the wild beasts. In the open spaces in the woods, I saw the Ryots guarding their cattle with gum-wood torches. At Manaas I embarked in an open boat for Ramisseram; a storm arose, and I went on shore at a fishing village, situated at the extremity of the island; they were all Romish Christians, and I slept in their church; the priest was absent. From Rhamnad I proceeded to Tutecorin, where there is a rich Romish church; the Dutch minister shewed me his library, where I was happy to find the *Lux Evangelici* of Fabricius, in quarto. This learned man was one of the early Lutheran missionaries. Tell H——, who gets all my natural history and political remarks, that I write this at the bottom of the lofty mountain, called Cape Comorin, whose rocky head seems to overhang its base. The birds which

build the pendulous nests, are here numerous. At night, each of their little habitations is lighted up, as if to see company. The sagacious little bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a fire-fly, and sticks it on the clay to illuminate the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four fire-flies, and their blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds. From Trivandram I went to Poontara, on the sea-coast, and here I first saw a Syrian church in the Romish communion: I mean in Travancore; for I before mentioned to you that I had visited one near Tritchinopoly. From Poontara to Angengo I travelled by the sea-coast, and had the pleasure to see a church every four or five miles. From Cape Comorin to Cochin, there are about a hundred churches on the sea-coast alone. Of these the chief part are the Syrian Latin, or, more properly, the Syrian Romish churches. The priest reads the Syriac liturgy, not one word of which the people understand, and then he walks off: or he reads the Latin liturgy, with which the poor Christians are equally edified. Some of them (the private Christians) have, however, the prayers translated into Malayalim, or proper Malabar. The churches are snow-white, and are generally built in a grove of shady trees. Before each, on the sand of the shore, is a lofty cross, which, like the church itself, is conspicuous at a great distance.

I am now about to proceed northward and eastward, to visit the other Syrian churches. They are remote, situated in impenetrable forests, where jungle fevers and tigers abound. The weather is dry and clear, yet cool and pleasant; the scenery of the country every where delightful; and I enjoy perfect health."

A mountain scene in these parts is vividly painted

by a recent traveller. "The place where we were assembled did not continue long deserted: about mid-day, the men and women came to the rice-grounds with their music and their song. The little temple at Bowanee is the most desolate of all we have met with; not a Bramin, not a village within sight of it. The pious sages of former days had, in these precincts, abundant leisure and quiet for the profoundest contemplations. Now, no offering seems to be made at it, no incense burnt upon its altar: it stands in the wilderness, where the neglected ruin heightened the desolation of the scene. A violent storm came on about eight in the evening, while I was sitting in the veranda of a house on the commencement of the mountain range. The pealing of the thunder was tremendous; and the rain fell in such torrents, that it threatened to overwhelm our bungalow, and wash it down the rocky steep on the edge of which it stood. The lightning was even more terrific, but so grand, that it was impossible to draw our eyes from the observation of its flashes of flame, as it shot through the woods, and into the precipices. The tumult was appalling; all the servants had crept into the bungalow, and crouched beneath its verandas, wet and miserable. Our resting-place stood upon the crest of a rock, overlooking a deep valley, the descent to which was thickly wooded: behind was a similar abyss; and on the left hand a still more abrupt descent. On the right was a dark forest of oaks and rhododendron; and when loose masses of stone rolled down the steep, we were disposed, for a moment, to think that we might join in the fall. In the morning, we found many of the trees were riven, and others scattered on the earth, by the lightning stroke: our goat-shed was demolished, and six goats and ten sheep, lying dead beneath it, proved with what violence they had been killed by the fluid.

How indelible are the scenes and associations of a first journey—on which the heart has long been intensely fixed! no after travel can bring back the freshness and enchantment of those hours. Buchanan had thirsted to wander through Europe, to revel, with a violin in his hand, in foreign scenery and adventure; and now, a more lofty and exciting progress was before him, pregnant with discovery and fame—he might be said to drive his chariot-wheels onwards, without a competitor on the lists. The man who has a new region to explore, is infinitely to be envied: he feels in every nerve, at every step, the fine consciousness that no foot has pressed the wilds, no eye gazed on the glorious things which are breaking every moment on his view: no,—his “golden bowl” has been untasted; and the draught is inexpressibly delicious. But, combined with this, Buchanan had also a higher and holier feeling;—he was about to discover, every morn and eve, the ancient churches of God, on the mountain’s brow, in the bosom of the gloomy forest, or in the lone, deep valley;—he was about to enter the homes of the early Christians, which, like the retreats of the prophets of old, contained the pure altar of the Lord, even within the veil—while on every side were a thousand accursed shrines, a thousand horrid sacrifices.

“Early in November,” continues Buchanan, “I directed my course towards Mavelycar. The priests of this first Syrian church received me very civilly; they produced the Scriptures and their liturgy, also lexicons and grammars, Syrian and Malayalim. The latter is a dialect distinct from the Tamul, but the character is nearly the same. It is considered by the Bramins as the eldest and legitimate daughter of the Sanscrit. On Monday, the four chief elders of the church came with the priest to visit me; but distrust and anxiety filled their minds: I afterwards learnt

that they immediately called an assembly. An old man arose and said, 'What if this stranger should prove to be a true Christian, and a real friend? It is true, no European ever visited us before; but what say you to this man's knowledge of our church at Antioch, and to his Syrian books?'

Various attempts have been made by the Roman Catholics to force these Syrian churches to join their communion. Buchanan proposed to send a standard translation of the Scriptures in Malayalim to each of their fifty-five churches, on condition that each church should multiply the copies, and circulate them among the people.

"'But how,' said the aged priest, 'shall we know that your western Bible is the same as ours?' I have here, said I, a copy which yourselves can read. They turned over the leaves with surprise, having never seen a printed Syrian Bible before. After some consultation, they proposed that the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel should be critically compared, word for word, in the Eastern Syrian, Western Syrian, and English. It was an interesting scene to me, to behold the ancient English Bible thus brought before the tribunal of these simple Christians in the hills of Malabar. At last they were satisfied that it was a true and faithful translation; for I proposed that Jonah, the aged priest, should first read his own Syriac, as the standard with which the other versions should be compared. As for the Western Syrian, it agreed with the Eastern nearly word for word. The Malayalim translation alone was faulty. They now determined that one of the priests, and one of the elders, should accompany me to the other churches.

"Still journeying on towards the East, we arrived at the church of Puttencow; from whence we had a view of the delectable mountains, the utmost bound of the Syrian churches. Near the altar of that of

Chinganoor, are two shrines of bishops who died here. At Maraman, I found the aged Zechariah reading the Psalms in the porch of the church. This part of the country is interspersed with hills, round which the rivers from the Ghauts wind their course. The Christians go from place to place in little canoes. The church of Colanchery is built in the bosom of a forest, not far from a river. The people were poor, but very hospitable. An old lady wished me to make a promise that I would come back again in a year or two. The priest Abraham, at Ranniel, is rich. 'No man,' he said, 'should go forth to the ministry until he has studied the whole Bible, and can quote it fluently in his Christian discourse. For three hundred years we have been quarrelling with the Romish church about supremacy, rites, and ceremonies, but the Bible has been out of the question. With the Bible in his hand, every man can become the priest in his own family.' At most of these places there are ancient Syriac copies of the Scriptures, or of some parts of them. In the vicinity of Ranniel there is a high hill, which I ascended, and sat down on the summit, to contemplate the delightful prospect. In a few minutes I saw a man coming up from a village below, with a cocoa-nut in his hand; he presented me with the cooling water. He said he was never farther from home than the adjacent mountains; and did not seem to understand that there were Christians in any other part of the world than the hills of Malayala. He pointed out to me by name the parishes which I had visited, but most of the churches were concealed by the trees. While I surveyed the Christian districts all around, I reflected on the inscrutable councils of God, in finding this asylum for the Bible during so many ages. I next proceeded to Nerenam, formerly the residence of the Syrian bishops. The episcopal chair, covered with red velvet, and decorated with

copper studs, is evidently the workmanship of a former age. In a corner lay the pastoral staff: the church itself is supposed to be nine hundred years old.

“ In all these churches which I visited, I found the same zeal and affection for the religion of their forefathers. In every church, the elders stepped forth, with patriarchal simplicity and zeal, as the natural guardians of the people. The women, in general, were affable and courteous in their manners, and appeared to be as much interested in the objects of my visit as the men. They shewed none of the Hindoo shyness and alarm at a stranger. As to the Bramins, their families live in entire seclusion, as in a Romish convent; unlike any thing that is known elsewhere in Hindostan.”

During his progress, he visited the Romish churches also, and was on friendly and courteous terms with the Jesuits. He came to Camdenad, the residence of Mar. Dionysius, the metropolitan of the Syrian church: a great number of the clergy had assembled from different parts of the diocese, in expectation of his coming. Buchanan delivered to the bishop a paper, relating to their union with the English church, and the establishment of schools in all the parishes of his diocese. At the close of the conference, the former said,—“ I am in a declining state of health, being now 78 years of age. But I am the father of fifty-five churches in a heathen land, and I must soon give up my account to the Bishop of souls. I have been thus explicit in declaring to you my sentiments before my clergy, that they may act wisely, and remember them when I am gone.”

In a letter dated Cochin, he writes,—“ I was present, the other night, at the marriage of the daughter of Nathaniel, the richest Jew in the place; it was a very splendid solemnity. The women were

covered with gold and silver—Decca and Surat muslins. Swartz's catechist is still with me. One of his master's brass lamps is destined for you. It gives a bright and steady light; and a square, moveable, canopy shade preserves the eyes. It is worn thin by the midnight lucubrations of the old man; for he was a hard student, to the last year of his life."

Of Mar. Dionysius, and his residence, he says, "He was drest in a vestment of dark red silk: a large golden cross hung from his neck, and his venerable beard reached below his girdle. Such, thought I, was the appearance of Chrysostom, in the fourth century. On public occasions, he wears the episcopal mitre: a muslin robe is thrown over his under garment, and in his hand he bears the crosier, or pastoral staff. Eminent for his piety and learning, he devotes his whole attention to his sacred functions.—Proceeded to Cranganore, that celebrated place of antiquity, where the apostle Thomas is said to have landed, when he first arrived in India. Not far distant is the town of Paroor, where there is an ancient Syrian church, which bears the name of the apostle; it is supposed to be the oldest in Malabar, next to Verapoli, the residence of Bishop Raigmondo, the pope's vicar in Malabar. There is a college here for the sacerdotal office, in which the students, from ten to twenty in number, are instructed in the Latin and Syriac languages. At Pulingunna there is another college, where Syriac alone is taught. The pope's vicar superintends sixty-four churches, exclusive of the forty-five governed by the archbishop of Cranganore, and exclusive of the large dioceses of the bishops of Cochin and Quilon, whose churches extend to Cape Comorin, and are visible from the sea. The view of this assemblage of christian congregations excited in my mind mingled sensations of pleasure and regret: of pleasure, that so many of

the Hindoos have been rescued from the idolatry of Brama; and of regret, when I reflected that there was not to be found among the whole body, one copy of the Holy Bible. The apostolic vicar is an Italian, and corresponds with the Society de Propaganda Fide. He is a man of liberal manners, and gave me free access to the archives of Verapoli, which are upwards of two centuries old. Almost every step I take in christian India, I meet with a memento of the inquisition: the vicar, however, does not acknowledge its authority, and places himself under British protection; he spoke of it with just indignation.

I penetrated once more inland. Angamalee, one of the most ancient of the Syrian towns, is situated on a high land. In this place I have found a good many valuable manuscripts. The Syriac version of the Scriptures was brought to India, according to the popular belief, before the year 325. Some of their present copies are certainly of ancient date, written on a strong thick paper, like that of some MSS. in the British Museum. There is a volume, which was deposited in one of the remote churches, near the mountains, which merits a particular description. It contains the Old and New Testaments, engrossed on strong vellum, in large folio, having three columns in a page, and is written with beautiful accuracy. "We have kept it," said the bishop, "as some think, for near a thousand years." How wonderful is it, that during the dark ages of Europe, whilst ignorance and superstition, in a manner, denied the Scriptures to the rest of the world, the Bible should have found an asylum in the mountains of Malayala, where it was freely read by upwards of a hundred churches.

The face of the country in general, and the vicinity of the mountains, exhibit a varied scene of hill and dale and winding streams; these streams preserve

the valleys in perpetual verdure. The woods produce pepper, cassia, and cinnamon, also frankincense, and other aromatic gums. What adds much to the grandeur of the scenery in this country, is, that the adjacent mountains of Travancore are not barren, but are covered with forests of teakwood, (the Indian oak) producing it is said, the largest timber in the world. The form of the oldest buildings is not unlike that of some of the old parish churches in England. They have sloping roofs, pointed arch windows, and buttresses supporting the walls. The beams of the roof being exposed to view are ornamented, and the ceilings of the choir and altar are circular and fretted. In the cathedral churches the shrines of the deceased bishops are placed on each side of the altar. Their liturgy is that which was formerly used in the churches of the patriarch of Antioch. During the prayers there were intervals of silence, the priest praying in a low voice, and every man praying for himself. These silent intervals add much to the solemnity and appearance of devotion. They use incense in the churches; it contributes much, they say, to health, and to the warmth and comfort of the edifice during the cold and rainy season of the year. At the conclusion of the service, a ceremony takes place which pleased me much. The priest (or bishop, if he be present) comes forward, and all the people pass by him as they go out, receiving his benediction individually.

If any man has been guilty of any immorality, he does not receive the blessing; and this in their primitive and patriarchal state is accounted a severe punishment. Many of the old men lamented the decay of piety and religious knowledge, and spoke with pleasure of the record of ancient times. Every copy of the Bible which they have is transcribed with the pen: the copies are but few, so that the

Malayalim translation will be a real blessing. The bishop's chaplains confessed to me that they had doubts as to the purity of English ordination. "Your church," they observe, "by your own account, is but of a recent origin. Whence do you derive your ordination? From Rome. You derive it then from a church which is our ancient enemy, and with which we would never unite."

As to the question of a union, it was to be considered that they had existed a pure church of Christ from the earliest ages; that if there was such a thing as ordination by the laying on of hands, in succession from the apostles, it was probable that they possessed it, and that there was no record of history or tradition to impeach their claim. I observed, that there was reason to believe that the same ordination had descended from the apostles to the church of Rome. It might be so, they answered, but the church of Rome had departed from the faith. Next day, after conferring with his clergy on the subject, the bishop returned an answer in writing to the following effect:—"That a union between the Syriac and English churches, or at least such a connexion as should appear practicable and expedient, would be a happy event, and favourable to the advancement of religion in India."

Mar. Dionysius thought it strange that there was no bishop in India, to superintend so large an empire. "I told him we had sent bishops to other countries; but that our Indian empire was yet in its infancy."

This want has since been supplied in Reginald Heber and his successors. It is true, that we look in vain in their details for the enthusiasm or great usefulness of the first missionaries: but they have well fulfilled their charge, as vicegerents over the numerous and scattered folds of Christians, both native and European. Their career has been a

fleeting one; and such will it continue to be. In order to labour, or even to govern, long and eminently, in the religious soil of India, men must begin early, that the frame may be habituated to the various climates; while the mind also is inured 'to that arduous warfare' of patience, long-suffering, disappointment, and then success—till, at last, "India and its triumphs" are graven on the heart, as by an iron pen, for ever. Even the finest zeal and qualifications, in the Indian bishop, are almost counterbalanced—when he leaves, in middle age, a long-loved home and connexions, habits, and tastes long cherished and rooted, and exchanges a mild and damp clime for a fevered and burning atmosphere, where the frame sinks beneath lassitude or disease; and the midnight lamp runs little risk of being, like that of the dweller in Tanjore, worn thin by severe studies in the world of Indian literature. If it were possible that the few candidates for the mitre in India, or the "chosen one," could go out in earlier life, and reside there many previous years, the result would be far happier to himself, and more useful to others. He would thus acquire that intimate personal acquaintance with the minds and manners of the various population, so admirable in a "spiritual ruler"—while the cautious Hindoos, by their observation and experience of the purity of his motives, and the excellence of his life, would love and revere the man, ere they bowed to his sway.

"The cathedral church of Angamalee is the largest of the Syrian edifices, and contains the tombs of bishops and archbishops for many centuries. As I approached the town in the evening, I heard the sullen roar of the great bell reverberating through the mountains. When the Romish archbishop, Menezes, visited this place, in 1599, the Christians strewed the way up the hill with flowers as he advanced. And yet he came to burn their

ancient library and archives. As the flame ascended, the old priests wept; but they were obliged to hide their tears, dreading the inquisition at Goa. The archbishop presented himself next day to the multitude, arrayed in his pontificals, resplendent with gold and precious stones. To this day they have a lively tradition of the splendour of his robes blazing in the sun, and forming a striking contrast with the plain white garments of their own primitive church.

“The Syrian is still their sacred language, and some of the laymen understand it, but the Malayalim is the vulgar tongue. Their doctrines are not, in essentials, different from those of the church of England.” It is sufficiently established by the concurrence of oral tradition with written records, that the Jews were on this coast before the Christian era. Cochin is rich in Hebrew literature, and I am purchasing what is to be sold. The rajah of Cochin has followed the example of the rajahs of Travancore, of Tanjore, of Rhamnad, and other places, in giving me catalogues of the Sanscrit books in the temples. This opening of the pagodas is a new scene in India. Mr. Swartz was the remote instrument: he opened the heart of the rajah of Tanjore, who opened the pagodas—those chambers of imagery, the emblem of the human heart.”

The youthful missionary in Nepaul, Schroeter, did not find so enlightened a people: he writes, “I am translating a dialogue from Thibet concerning the future punishment of the wicked. The angel of death asks the sinner, ‘What sin have you committed? have you killed a lama? have you killed a cow? have you poisoned?’ The answer of this man is, ‘I have done nothing:’—then the angel looks in the looking-glass; he opens, and shews the book—then he siezes that sinner, binds him, knocks him with a hammer, pinches him with pinchers, keeps him in an iron house, boils him in a copper vessel, bore

him, puts him in boiling-hot water, hangs him on a tree, and fills his mouth with dirt—so he does for a long time.”

On his return to Calcutta in March, he found that the college of Fort William, which had flourished nearly seven years, and been productive of such important benefits to Oriental learning and religion, had been reduced within very narrow limits. His influence, as well as income, was in consequence greatly diminished. The Christian tablets, the Syrian Bible, and Hebrew roll, were examined by Carey, the learned missionary of Serampore, with great curiosity and interest. It is impossible to estimate too highly the exertions of Buchanan during the last seven years of his residence in India;—in their nature, they were admirable, as laying a sure foundation of excellent knowledge, literature, and purity of faith—in their degree, they were intense and unremitting:—he may be said to have opened a new world of sacred as well as curious learning, to the consideration of which he quickly arrested the attention of Europe. His discovery, if it may be so called, of the Syrian churches, is a beautiful episode, resembling rather a narration of some prophet of the Old Testament, the strange yet welcome herald of his Lord,—than the pilgrimage of a modern divine. The singular accuracy and extent of his Oriental knowledge, and the acuteness of his mind, were all-availing in the minute researches and conferences with the various Christians and learned men—Syriac, Romish, and Jesuit—as well as in the numerous translations submitted to his approval. No pause was allowed, no interval of indulgence: “I despatched, on the third instant, three chests of MSS. to your care. Be pleased to open them, and air the contents; I shall carry round with me three chests more. I proceed to-morrow, with the Tamul copy of the Scriptures

complete, to the Syrian bishop, who is now engaged with three learned Syrian and Malayalim scholars in the translation of them into the latter language. I leave the three translators at monthly wages. The Romish bishop has consented to the circulation of the Scriptures throughout his diocese; so that there will be upwards of 200,000 persons who are ready to receive the Malayalim Bible."

In January, 1808, he wrote a letter to Mr. Brown, dated "Goa, from the great Hall of the Inquisition." There was no real danger in this visit; the dread of the English was a sure safeguard even in its most secret dungeons; he was treated by the inquisitors with marked civility and attention. All the libraries were open to his inspection, which were extensive and valuable beyond his expectation. On the fourth day, he inquired, in undisguised terms, into the mysteries of this prison house: the Inquisitor was alarmed, and consented reluctantly to accompany him to the great hall, but absolutely refused to descend into the dungeons. A contest ensued; Buchanan demanding that the doors should be opened, that he might count the captives; for he had only seen some small rooms, and the spacious apartments of the chief inquisitor. They now stood in the hall, where the captives were wont to be marshalled ere they proceeded to the flames. "Lead me down," said the visitor, "to the inner building, and let me pass through the two hundred dungeons, ten feet square: shew me the chamber of torture." The inquisitor refused to unbar a single door, or to unfold one hall of darkness.—This proceeding of the former, appears to have been too abrupt and peremptory; it would have been more politic, perhaps, to have dealt with these cruel and cautious men in their own way, by insinuation and address, and perhaps bribery. He goes on to say, "My visit at Goa has excited a very general alarm among the

priests. The whole Catholic body are awed by it ; the viceroy wishes success to my endeavours."

" I went to the place of burning, by the river side ; an old priest accompanied me, who described the scene : I passed over this melancholy plain, and, not being satisfied with what I had seen or said at the Inquisition, I determined to go back again. When I arrived, I had ascended the outer stairs, the door-keepers surveyed me doubtingly, but suffered me to pass, supposing I had returned by permission of the inquisitor. I entered the great hall, and went up directly towards the tribunals of the inquisition, described by Dellon, in which is the lofty crucifix. I sat down on a form, and wrote some notes, and then desired one of the attendants to carry in my name to the inquisitor. As I walked up the hall, I saw a poor woman sitting by herself, on a bench by the wall, apparently in a disconsolate state of mind. She clasped her hands as I passed, and gave me a look expressive of her distress. The sight chilled my spirits. The familiars told me she was waiting there to be called up before the tribunal. While I was asking questions concerning her crime, the second inquisitor came out, in evident trepidation, and was about to complain of the intrusion, when I informed him I had come back for the letter from the chief inquisitor, which he had promised me, to the British resident in Travancore. He said it should be sent after me to Goa, and he conducted me with a quick step towards the door. As we passed the poor woman, I pointed to her, and said to him with emphasis, ' Behold another victim of the holy Inquisition.' He answered nothing. When we arrived at the head of the great stair, he bowed, and I took my last leave of *Josephus à Doloribus*, without uttering a word."

His servants urged him to depart : his own mind at last, perhaps, grew agitated, for it was a place of

blood-thirstiness of old, where, as in the castle of Despair, "the very courts were strewn with the skulls of victims, and hope never came." He had gone very far in his fearless inquiries, and although under especial British protection, there was an infectious dread in the very air, in the dark suspicions that hover around the gloomy walls. He set off about twelve o'clock, and in the next letter he writes, "I passed five hours with Sir James Mackintosh in his library; it is uncommonly numerous and valuable. He is a friend to religion, and professes a desire to support me in all useful plans for India."

About this time he wrote the following letter to his two daughters in England. "I am now about to quit India, and to go home to see you. If I find it dangerous to go home overland, I shall probably sail over those waters where your dear mother lies. Do you not know, that at the resurrection of the dead she will come forth with a 'glorious body.' Though it be sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory! Of this you may read in the Bible, and in the burial service. Your mother will come forth with a 'glorious body,' for she was a good woman, and remembered her Creator in the days of her youth. Perhaps I shall die, too, before I reach England. You ought, therefore, to pray that God would preserve my life, if it be his will, that I may see you, and shew you the affection of a father, and receive the affection of daughters; and lead you onward to that happy state, whither your mother is gone before you."

Soon after his return to Calcutta, a temporary rupture occurred with the government, in consequence of his design of publishing a series of discourses on the subject of the Christian prophecies, delivered in the Presidency church. His memoir of the expediency of an ecclesiastical establishment

for British India, produced a considerable sensation on the public mind. In the year 1808, he arrived in England : his first visit, on his arrival in London, was to the house of Mr. Newton, but he found that his venerable friend had already entered into his rest. In a letter, he thus speaks of his future prospects : “ I have no thoughts of ever returning to India again. My wish is, to take a cure of souls, and to grow old, preaching the gospel ; and I look out for retirement : I have not lived with my mother these twenty years, a fortnight excepted. I have a long arrear of filial affection and personal attention to bring up, and must first fulfil this duty. I shall probably stay over the winter in Scotland.” He gives a brief notice of the admirable Cecil ; a man, to whose fine and original genius, imperfect justice has yet been done. “ I visited Mr. C—— yesterday ; he is much better, and is anxious that I should write the life of Mr. Swartz. Notwithstanding his weakness, he seems to feel a singular pleasure in hearing me talk on Oriental subjects. I have no thoughts of going to India : there is no peculiar sphere of usefulness for me there ; nor is it probable that any will offer.” Surely, in these expressions, there is little enthusiasm, little of loved or impassioned remembrance. Did he not feel, that, but for India, the name of Claudius Buchanan had been, perhaps, unhonoured, unpraised ; that it was the scene of all his triumphs in learning and intellect, of his memorable discoveries—of his first and lasting usefulness !

But if we examine more closely, our surprise at this seeming indifference will be diminished. Where there is exceeding love, and undying remembrance, they have in general been fostered in the soul, by suffering, tears, and abasement, till they are graven as with an iron pen for ever. The career of Buchanan had one peculiar defect, of which few

missionaries have to complain: it was too successful and unresisted. The Christian who has not proved the dark changes of fortune, of society, of hopes and trusts miserably slain, is not greatly to be envied, for he wants the splendid experience of the "field of conflict,"—and when the noon of his fame is come, and the shadows of life are lengthening—his brilliant toils, his lofty purpose, executed almost as soon as conceived—do not rush as with angel-wings round the heart, like the peculiar and ineffable mercies of his God, amidst despair, desertion, and woe!

To Buchanan, the loss of these "sharp assaults," was the more detrimental, because his nature was cold and unsusceptible—even of that kind as to induce a man to pray that sorrow should pierce his heart, so that tender sympathies and meltings might dwell there. Alas! if our life does not present a struggle of the heart as well as of the intellect, if we are never seen "to weep with them that weep"—our memory will be unto others little more than "a chamber of imagery," where incense is offered—but no true grandeur dwells, no tear or voice of blessing is *there*.

In February he preached at St. James's church, Bristol, his celebrated sermon, entitled the "Star in the East:" one of the most forcible and persuasive of his many compositions: it quickly obtained a large circulation. His eminent services and erudition were very tardily and very inefficiently rewarded by the honours of his university.

The valuable Oriental manuscripts which he presented to the university of Cambridge, were twenty-five in number, chiefly Biblical, and written in the Hebrew, Syriac, and Ethiopic languages. The most curious and important are a copy of the Hebrew Pentateuch, written on goat skins, and found in one of the Black Jews' synagogues at Cochim;

and a copy of the Bible, containing the books of the Old and New Testament, with the Apocrypha, written on large folio vellum, and in the ancient, or Estrangelo character, which was a present to him from the venerable bishop of the Syrian churches.

Early in the year 1810, Dr. Buchanan entered a second time into the marriage state: the lady was the daughter of Henry Thompson, Esq., of Kirby Hall, Yorkshire; in which county he afterwards fixed his residence. In an early letter, he writes, "We live at Moat Hall, or Parsonage. I have undertaken the whole charge of the parish of Ouseburn. My parishioners meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings in my own house. I read a portion of Scripture to them, and expound it. I ought to be thankful for the attentive ear of the people." This peaceful life in a secluded rural home, was as singular a contrast to that of India as can well be conceived: amidst the days at Moat Hall, and the evening meetings with the peasants, could he help sometimes recalling the Presidency church and court at Calcutta—the rich mines of Eastern learning incessantly opening to his desire—all the excitements of his journeys in Malabar—the discoveries of its ancient churches, of its learned prelates, like the long-lost remains of a purer age—or like the buried homes and palaces of the city of Bali, which the ocean has long covered, but not taken from them their lustre or their glory. Park, after returning to the bosom of his family, and, amidst his wild rides as a surgeon, over moor and hill, sorrowed for his African scenes. He said that it was more sweet to suffer there, than to lead a calm and regular life at home. The recluse at Moat Hall bore his lot with equanimity, without any restless longings for the land he had for ever left.

About this time occurs the following letter to a

friend, on the dangerous illness of a near relative : " I sincerely sympathize with you on this affliction ; but the excellent accounts you give of her spiritual state, must be your chief consolation. Happy for her, that her affliction hath been sanctified ! Whatever be the event, there is great room for praise and thanksgiving. I feel this the more, from having just heard that a beautiful young lady, of good family and great fortune, has finished her course at the Wells here, and died without a ray of hope. Blessed then is your family, which hath ' this hope,' in the midst of a perverse generation. May it be your hope unto the end !"

Augusta and Charlotte, his two daughters by his first wife, Mary, did not reside at the parsonage. In the course of this year, he published his Jubilee Sermons. The life of Swartz was a favourite subject, in which he had proceeded so far as to intend to publish it, a year or two before his own death : the papers which he had collected for this purpose are now in the hands of his family. They cannot be a voluminous collection ; for the correspondence of Swartz was peculiarly confined : he was averse to writing much, either in letter or journal ; and these communications convey an imperfect idea of the talent, energy, and nobleness of the writer ; they bear the impress of the spirit, but not of the mind. The circulation of the " Christian Researches in India" has been immense : after the sale of many editions, there is not, at this moment, a copy to be had. Early in the year 1811, while preparing the volume of Jubilee Sermons for the press, there came one morning a fearful messenger, dreaded by the deeply learned and intellectual, even more than death itself. He was struck suddenly by a slight touch of paralysis, " of a peculiar kind," he says sadly, that affected the voice and the right hand. Alas ! that the men-

tal world of this man, in which he had peculiarly lived, should be thus mournfully broken up: but the decay was gradual; and it was cheered by one beautiful illusion, one parting beam of enthusiasm, that excited a wild interest, in character, however, with his past career. This was no less an undertaking than a voyage to Palestine, to investigate that region; what language is most generally used there; and also the state of the Syriac printing press of Mount Lebanon; and establish presses in Jerusalem, &c. Afterwards he would visit the Christian churches in Greece. In order to give publicity to this proposed voyage, he transmitted a notice of the particulars to the Christian Observer; but his friends saw that this bold and distant enterprise was of too difficult a nature for his shattered constitution. "I cannot tell the purposes of Providence," he writes, "perhaps I may lay my bones in the Holy Land." In his last visit to Scotland, it is beautiful to read this tribute to his aged parent:—"I have found my mother in tolerable health of body, and in high spiritual health, at seventy-five. She astonishes Mrs. Buchanan by her eloquence on the prophecies." After his return to Kirby Hall, he, in the ensuing December, intimated his intention of proceeding on his proposed voyage early in February following. A more solemn passage awaited him; a few days only had elapsed, ere the second fearful warning was given: between him and eternity, there remained only the third and inevitable stroke. Yet he retained all his ardour in promoting the cause of Christianity in the world. To the subject of an ecclesiastic establishment in India, his thoughts reverted with a yet growing interest; it was a subject near his heart, for he well knew its great utility.

His volume, entitled, "View of the State of the Colonies of Great Britain, and of her Asiatic Em-

pire, in respect to Religious Instruction," was very widely circulated. The hope, ever fervent, the unabated talents given to this cause, even to the last remains of life, were eventually crowned with success. A favourite employment was, to superintend the edition of the Syriac New Testament, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; which he long anxiously sought to obtain for the use of the Syrian Christians of Malabar. He was again left alone: his second wife, Mary, also died: and he then took a temporary residence in Hertfordshire, to be nearer the printer of the Syriac Testament.—“I live with a widow lady and her daughters. I have my meals by myself, being willing to husband my voice, in the hopes that it will acquire some strength. I walk in the meadows by the side of the river Lee, and endeavour to meditate on things spiritual and eternal. There are few days in which I do not think of Mary, now among the blessed. I hope that Charlotte and Augusta are happy and well.” It had perhaps been happier for their father, had these amiable young women been more his companions; they appear to have been very rarely with him: surely their affection and society would have somewhat soothed his slow passage to the grave. The time of his departure was now at hand: in February, 1815, he retired to rest as usual, and about twelve at night, his servant alone being in the chamber, he expired without a struggle or convulsion, beneath the final stroke of paralysis, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His remains were deposited at Ouseburn, beside those of his second lamented wife.

Thus prematurely departed this eminently learned, pious, and useful man; who had well husbanded the years, and gloriously used the “talents,” which Heaven awarded him. In the two and paramount pursuits of his life, Oriental learning, and the

better religious instruction of India, he was singularly successful: it cannot be said that disappointment, self-denial, or the anguish of hope deferred, were his lot; of the stern difficulties and dangers of the earlier missionaries, he knew but little. The sorrows that were given him, were not of the world: friends, patrons, wealth, and distinction, early raised Buchanan from his lowly estate. He justified the most sanguine expectations, either as vice-provost of the College of Fort William, as minister of the church of the Presidency, or when employing his pen in his various literary and religious compositions; for his mind was acute, comprehensive, and persevering, his application unwearied, and the stores of his learning rich and various. His style is vigorous and clear, but often sententious. "The colouring of the picturesque, with which he contributes to invest his subject," as an admirer says, is not a prominent feature; for imagination was sparingly given to Buchanan. His epistolary style is unhappy; it does not flow naturally, or with any grace or beauty. Even when religion is the theme, as it is often and anxiously, there is a mannerism, and formality of expression, which much diminishes its power. Why is it, that, while perusing his life, we feel that we cannot love the man? Simply, from the absence of warmth in his affections, and of *unction*, if the expression may be allowed, in his piety.

The author of the "Christian Researches" has left an imperishable monument, whose brightness time will only augment: the Episcopal establishment in India, owes its foundation chiefly to his masterly pen, and his able personal exertions, which did not cease, even when the dark waters of death were closing around him.

Since the departure of Buchanan from India, a gradual, yet resistless prosperity has attended the church

mission. The names of the Rev David Brown, the faithful pastor, the benefactor to the poor, the true and tried servant of God; and of Thomason, during thirty years also chaplain,—should be written in letters of gold. Archdeacon Corrie, the heat and toil of the day being past, now superintends, in his pastoral visits, many of the stations whose infancy he fostered.

In 1817, the schools at Agra, Chunar, Kidderpore, &c. were directed by able masters, who taught the European as well as native tongues: the prayer book was printed in Hindostanee, as well as the epistle to the Romans; and the former was also printed in the Bengalee and Nagree character. But the difficulty of conducting native schools with success, can only be appreciated by those who have fairly attempted it. A Hindoo college was founded at Chunar. Corrie also sought to procure, at Calcutta, suitable premises for the various departments of the institution, and superintended the numerous schools in the country; while his colleague, Greenwood, undertook the tuition of several native youths of talent. Even at Chinsurah, on the Hoogly, (where poor Kiernander was for many years chaplain to the Dutch factory,) schools were established. At Chunar, Bowley, who was afterwards ordained by Bishop Heber, was an indefatigable catechist and reader, having four of these seminaries under his immediate care: a sketch of these may give an idea of their great usefulness in general. 1. An English free school, containing boys of European extraction, or sons of native Christians: all read the scriptures, and many write. 2. A Persian and Hindostanee: most of the scholars read Martyn's Translations. 3. A more select Persian school, where the pupils are farther advanced. And, lastly, a Hindoo school. The journals of Mr. Bowley present a vivid detail of his excursions in the surrounding country,

and his various conversations with all ranks in Chunar.

At the station of Meerut and Delhi, the Rev. Henry Fisher was the chaplain. In one of his reports, he mentions a sect of strangers called Saadks, or holy persons, who have withdrawn themselves from the authority of the Bramins, and occupy five villages near Delhi.

Brown and Buchanan both advocated earnestly the appointment, in the populous districts, of readers of the sacred Scriptures, there being no doubt that the insatiable curiosity of the people would gather numbers to listen. "Anund prosecuted his tour: the villagers every where received him with reverence, kissed his Bible, and prostrated themselves at his feet. These Saadks gather together every night into a small choppah-house, where they pray extempore, each for himself."

Even into the Nepal country, a missionary, a Mr. Schroeter, was sent, who fixed his residence at Titalya, whence he could have access into Bootan, Thibet, and even to China: his detail of some excursions to these Himalayan scenes is very interesting. "We entered the forest, which abounds with peacocks and wild fowls. Having to wait for the arrival of our tent, we found some Lapchas, or hill-people, under a roof of straw, and begged them to light some fire. On the 20th, we rose early, to pursue our way over the mountains, and sent back all our elephants, camels, and horses;—we had to cross a rapid river, the water of which was above our waist: we then followed a footpath on the other side, consisting of sand and stones; the mountains were covered with woods, in the midst of which we pitched our tent at night. We at last saw Nagree, and where the nazir received us with great kindness. It stands on a high hill, that lies in the midst of higher hills on every side. On the Nagree summit,

are several little hills of different size, each of which has a small stockade. A native, or Lapcha, goes no where without his bow and arrows—men, women, and even children. Many of the women are very handsome; a pleasant red being seen in their cheeks, when smiling: they appear extremely healthy; they are lovers of snuff, and wear beads round their necks, and a small hat of a peculiar shape, from under which the hair hangs on their shoulders. They shew great reverence to their lamas or priests, and have written and printed books. We descended from Nagree, and, on the 26th, having rested in our poor hut on the mountain, and filled our bamboo water-pots, we hung them over our shoulders, and ascended the mountain Goongla. A heavy snow had fallen some days before; in one part was an ancient place of worship, in ruins. On the 28th, we climbed up the Sunkriong, the aspect of which was like a straight wall before us, reaching up into the sky. We had just reached the summit, when there fell a storm of hail-stones, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The night passed in the hut on the ridge of the Sunkriong—a wild and troubled night: in the morning all was serene; and the rays of the sun, falling on the snowy mountains, afforded a beautiful prospect.

“April 16, we took a walk to the top of Rabdenchee, to view the ruins of the palace, formerly inhabited by the rajah. We fell in with the great Meitchee river, which flows between high mountains and steep rocks; we ascended the high mountain of Foggurhee, on the morning of the 2d of May;—very steep and fatiguing, but what we saw was well worth the trouble of ascending: the windings of the various rivers, as the Mahanuddy, Balasun, Charga, great Meitchie, and others, through the green meadows: the wind blowing rather cold, we lighted a good fire, and partook of a breakfast

we had brought with us. How new and charming appeared the rich wide plains, after these dreary mountains! In this journey I have made a collection of words of the Thibetian language, and learned the character of the Limbooa tongue, so as to read it within a short time."

The journal of Rhenius, of his proceedings on the way to Conjeveram, is full of interest. If all missionaries wrote with the same descriptive power as some of those of the Church mission, their details would not be pronounced, by unkindly criticism, to be so often void of all relish for the beauties of nature and of art. An important seminary, begun by the liberal gift of Jay Narain, aided by the munificence of the governor-general, was founded at Benares, which Corrie calls, "a scene of delightful labour." A church was erected at Chunar, to which the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, who was familiar with the native language, was appointed.

Beside Madras, and its more immediately dependent stations, Tranquebar, endeared by the memory of Zeigenbalg and others, is the centre of various school-establishments, and at Cotyn and Allepie, in Travancore. In these different places, nine English or Lutheran clergymen are appointed to labour: about fifty natives are employed under their direction; upwards of 2500 children are under instruction; and, in numerous excursions and journeys, the truths of the gospel are made known, and the Scriptures distributed far and wide.

At Vepery, founded and maintained by the generous Gerické, the venerable Dr. Rottler, the only survivor, with Kolhoff, of the early mission, still resides; and, aided by Rhenius and Schnarré, has lately revised the Tamul version of the Scriptures; and presented, as a gift, his own excellent Tamul translation of the "Book of Common Prayer." The villages and chiefs of that fine mountain people,

the Jains, were visited by Rhenius, and their head poet addressed a curious letter on the occasion.

In the following year, Schroeter, whose acquaintance in the Thibet language, usages, and natural aspects, prove him to be an eminent traveller, as well as missionary, perished in Nepaul; and La Roche, sent as his successor, died also. To the important station of Burdwar, the Rev. J. Peroune, an English clergyman, was sent: and at Chunar, a station in whose welfare the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings took so much interest, the indefatigable Bowley was ordained pastor: his catechisms, and other tracts, in Hindostanee, Persian, &c. were very useful.

The arrival of Miss Cooke at Calcutta, and the commencement of her exertions among the native females, forms an episode in the mission. In a letter to the secretary, she observes—"You may, perhaps, sir, recollect, that I told you nothing less than two hundred Hindoo scholars would satisfy me. I have now nearly twice this number! For these I am thankful; but to be satisfied, is not an easy thing in this land of darkness. I have fifteen small schools: many more might be built, in spots equally favourable, immediately. We cannot get on without money from home. Would that the king would command a sermon to be preached for the cause, throughout his dominions! If, sir, it should prove true, that Mr. K. is the bearer of one thousand guineas, &c. I trust you will soon hear good news of the sons and daughters of many rich Hindoos in Calcutta. You will think me a bold beggar—a thousand guineas at once!!"

The energy and ambition of this lady were almost boundless. Her native schools prospered greatly; but, ere much time had elapsed, she was united in marriage to the Rev. Mr. Wilson. The success of Mrs. Wilson, in her arduous tuition, must

have surprised even herself. The public examination that took place, of the Society's native female schools, under her superintendence, was very impressive. The first classes read the New Testament, not only with facility, but with an evident understanding of its meaning; and answered questions put to them, with intelligence. Specimens of their needlework and writing were exhibited.

In 1826, the Lord Bishop of Calcutta arrived; and the excellent and eminent Corrie, the father of many useful stations and seminaries, was made Archdeacon of Calcutta. Dr. Cammerer succeeded Schnarré, on the death of the latter, at Vepery: and at Tinnevely, near the ancient Palamcotta of Swartz, Messrs. Reycl, Rhenius, and Schmid reside: they have many congregations and schools among the hills. This station embraces 146 towns and villages, in which there are 52 places of public worship. In these, Divine service is performed almost daily: on the week days, the catechists itinerate among the people.

In the year 1828, a severe loss was sustained in the death of the Rev. T. T. Thomason, chaplain to the East India Company, in the Bengal establishment. During twenty-five years, this good and distinguished man was devoted to the cause of his Redeemer—unsparingly, disinterestedly devoted. The friend of Brown, Buchanan, and almost every eminent minister that India has fostered, Thomason's career had been one of deep interest and indelible associations. He had watched, during a quarter of a century, the slow yet sure progress of the noble Church mission, that has now spread its branches to almost every part of India. The writer remembers passing some hours in his company, just before he embarked for India: his mild, handsome features, and insinuating manners and address, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of the progress of

truth in the East, could not fail to prepossess the stranger in his favour.

In the year 1830, the Calcutta and North India mission had twelve stations. The publications in the native languages, which issued from the press during this year, consisted of 41,000 tracts and sermons, in Hinduwee, for the use of native Christians and Hindoos; 5000 in Bengalee; and 500 in Hindoostanee. Female education continues to be maintained, under Mrs. Wilson's direction: the female monitors, 25 in number, are almost all, young as they are, widows, or deserted by their husbands.

In the last accounts for the year 1832, it appears that Tinnevelly is one of the most prosperous stations: many who have renounced idolatry, have been severely tried; but the congregations, in 261 villages, consisted of 2289 families, containing 8138 souls. "In one instance," says Rhenius, "their enemies succeeded, with most crying injustice, in pulling down a whole village of twenty houses; and the people were exposed, for many days, to the open air." This spacious and prosperous field of the gospel, amidst the hills of the interior, offers a cheering and delightful picture. If some, even many, go back, on account of persecution, the mighty residue is sufficient to constitute a glorious church of Christ, in the very heart and fastnesses of India.

The expenditure of this mission is necessarily very great: that of the Calcutta, or North-Indian mission, which is distinct from the Madras, or South-India, alone amounted in one year to about £7,000 sterling. "There are many willows to be cut down, and roots to revive," remarked a native Indian, "ere the path is made clean to walk on." Numerous churches have been built, where faithful pastors reside, and have a stated fold under their care. The stranger

can now wander to many places, on hill and dale, where, on looking round on the secluded and hallowed scene, the spire rising amidst the trees, the little burial-ground, the decent and religious exterior of the people,—he might fancy he was once more in some pastoral scene in England, beside his parish church, and all its dear and early remembrances. Of the various languages to be acquired, some are easy to read, and even write; but to preach in them is a rock of offence and difficulty, terrible to be mastered. Yet it has, by perseverance, been overcome; the Bengalee, the Malayalim, Sanscrit, &c. At Cotym, where there is now a Syrian college, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Fenn, the number of students is above fifty, and their attainments were satisfactory. There are three Latin classes. The Syriac language is also cultivated: and the progress of the scholars in the acquirement of English and Sanscrit has also been steady. In this district of Cotym there are fifty parochial schools, which are attended almost exclusively by Syriac children, to the number of 1231: the number of the schoolmasters is 51. Had Buchanan lived to see these rising and useful establishments, on his loved Syriac ground, he had left India with a brighter hope of the future.

The rites and ceremonies of the Syrian church continue as usual, but the celibacy of the priests is done away with; and the English ministers are allowed to preach freely to the people. These are some of the excellent results of Buchanan's journey; although his favourite hope of a junction between the two churches is not yet likely to be accomplished. The education of the Syrian youths, so wisely pursued by the Society, is a sure, though gradual measure, full of promise, of conciliation, and of future instruction to the mass of the people.

The establishment for female education at Tinnevely is well ordered. "The house and ground are excellently suited to the object which we have in view: the former is 93 feet by 62; and contains a hall 26 feet by 18, &c. &c. On the east side are the offices; on the west, stables, a bathing-room, with a small tank near it. The house and principal out-houses are tiled, the rest are covered with ollahs. There is a fruit and vegetable garden, with a number of cocoa-nut, mango, and other trees, and a grape pandal: the garden is watered by a little stream."

Justly is it said by the directors, "Our missionaries are worthy of our utmost esteem and confidence." Rarely has an institution been so blessed in the choice of its agents: among whom are several men of high and various powers of mind, as well as devotedness of heart. The conduct and example of the clergy, in their wide and scattered charges, is very faithful and beneficial: yet it is singular, that even now, as in the days that are gone, the most brilliant labourers are from Germany. Foremost among these, is the admirable Rhenius. No man, since Swartz, has acquired so great an influence over the natives; an influence due to his intimate knowledge of their minds, manners, and modes of thinking; and his singular facility of address, and ready elocution in the Tamul language, of which he is complete master. Superintendant of Tinnevely, he does not confine his efforts to this remarkable field, but often journeys to different places, and chooses the lone and neglected scenes, such as the bungalow, or caravanserai, in the wild, or the shadow of the trees, where a group of Branins, or wayfarers, gather eagerly to listen. His details are clear and graphic.

Next in interest is Gobat, a native of the Val de Moutier, between Basle and Neufchatel, who has achieved that for which Hocker and Antes strove and prayed in vain—a successful mission to Abyssinia.

He previously resided three years in Egypt, &c. to acquaint himself, through the medium of a few Abyssinians, with the opinions and manners of the country. "Here," he observes, "Champollion, and the learned Frenchmen with whom he was associated, assured him that the facts recorded in the Scriptures relative to Egypt were contained in the hieroglyphics found in that country."

Entering Abyssinia by way of Jidda, Gobat met, to his great joy, with his friend Girges, who had embraced Christianity in Egypt. The Ras of Tigré, Sebagadis, received him with the greatest kindness. Hence he journeyed to Gondar, the capital of Amhara. The scenes of Bruce's travels here rise freshly to the memory. Believing it desirable to fix on Adowah as the future place of residence, he asked the consent of the Ras, who willingly agreed to the proposal. His associate, Kugler, had remained at Quila, in the province of Tigré.

The precious deposit taken out by Gobat, of the complete translation of the Scriptures in Amharic, the only written tongue in the country, was attained under very singular circumstances. When the writer of this memoir was in Egypt, he lodged in the house of Asselin, the companion of Chateaubriand. On the departure of his friend, the former remained behind, and has ever since dwelt in Cairo, occupying nearly the whole of his time in the study of Oriental literature. The appearance of Asselin was peculiar: he wore the European dress, with the appendage of a huge beard, that hung down nearly to his waist; he seldom went out till the evening, and his walk was confined to the streets of the city, or the homes of a very few intimates; his dwelling was spacious and cool, and looked into a garden, where the palm, the orange, and other trees grew. By way of amusement, or to accomplish himself in the Abyssinian tongue, Asselin achieved the pain-

ful, and, to a man of his tastes and habits, singular task, of translating the whole of the Scriptures into Amharic. The British and Foreign Bible Society, hearing of the circumstance, employed an agent to purchase so valuable a work; which subsequently, in London, underwent the revision of Professor Lee, was then printed, and the New Testament was sent by the Church Mission to Abyssinia, in the care of Gobat. In a letter to his sister, he describes the manner in which it was received. "If I had a thousand copies of the Bible, I could advantageously dispose of them. For several weeks past, persons have been continually coming to me, to ask for a Gospel. I have distributed them in all parts of Abyssinia; and, in many places, I find that they have been copied. At first they did not set much value upon it, because it was not the Ethiopic Gospel, the language in which they are accustomed to read. When I found that, I gave six copies to the Etchegua, or chief of the monks, who distributed two of them." The parts of the Ecclesiastical liturgy still retained in the Abyssinian church, are in the Ethiopic tongue; similar to the Coptic in Egypt, which is only extant in their religious books.

Civil commotions at length broke out, and the missionaries were obliged to seek a stronger place of refuge than Adowah: here his associate expired, and Gobat was left alone. The Ras was his firm friend, a man of talent and sagacity; but *his* hour also was at hand. "When I arrived at Adowah, I found Sebagadis, who was then going to war. He received me in every respect as his equal. We passed two evenings alone together: on the last of which, he wept almost all the time. When we separated, he said to me, 'I love you, because you are the servant of God, whom I wish to love with all my heart. I pray you to be my brother.' 'No,

said I, 'I will be your son, and you shall be my father.' At this, he kissed my hand, and said, 'I am not worthy to be called so; but I will be a faithful friend to you. Thus we parted for ever!'"

This powerful man led his army from Adowah: the hostile troops passed the Tacazze not long afterwards, and a battle was fought, in which Sebagadis was taken prisoner, and slain. "My companion is no more," writes Gobat; "my best friend, and second father, is no more. Aichinger is the only one who shares in my grief. There is not one about us, who desires to hear us sing the songs of Zion. But the Eternal reigns."

The missionary, thus perilously situated, is a man of considerable strength of mind, and firmness of purpose: he believes this interesting country, hitherto so rarely visited, is "already white unto the harvest." The aspect of affairs is at present encouraging: Waldas Michael, the son of the slain general and statesman, is likely to succeed to his father's station and power; he also is strongly attached to Gobat and his mission. The latter has already acquired the Tigré tongue, in which he has composed a spelling-book, for the use of the schools. The good hitherto done, has been by conversation alone; public addresses being, as yet, considered premature and hazardous. Gobat has succeeded, by his address and manners, in propitiating all ranks of people; even by the higher class he is treated with civility and attention.

This retrospect of the exertions and success of the Church Missionary Society presents a delightful and animating picture; for India is endeared to the memory by a thousand associations—and Ethiopia "shall stretch out her hands unto God." The mournful rapidity with which the successive bishops of Calcutta disappeared from the scene, threw a gloom on many a sanguine hope: the fate of

Reginald Heber was peculiarly afflicting, for there is now no doubt of his having accidentally perished, not by a sudden fit, but by striking his head against the side of the bath, as he plunged into it; and, being only stunned, he sunk, for no attendant was at hand. The death of bishop Turner was a yet severer loss: less brilliant than his predecessor, he had more solidity of judgment and simplicity of mind. It is deeply to be lamented, that the college of Fort William, sustained with so much care and ability by Buchanan, who dearly loved it, should have been suffered to decline utterly — a capital error of the East India Company. A more important and influential institution, full of splendid promise and certain success, has rarely existed in any part of the earth.

## JENS HAVEN.

A VOYAGE undertaken by Ellis to Hudson's Bay, seems to have first given rise to the design of a mission to the Esquimaux. In the month of May, 1752, some merchants in London, in conjunction with several Moravians, fitted out a vessel for a trading voyage to the coast of Labrador. In this ship sailed Christian Erhard, and four companions, to whom he was to act as interpreter, having acquired a knowledge of the Greenlandic tongue. In July they cast anchor in a large bay on the coast, to which they gave the name of Nisbet's haven; and here it was resolved to fix their residence, and no time was lost in erecting a house of timber, which they had taken with them from England ready framed. Erhard sailed farther north, and found that he could make himself well understood by the natives, who persuaded him to land in an unarmed boat with five of the crew.

The captain of the vessel became greatly alarmed as the shades of evening closed in, and Erhard had not returned: the bay was studded with numerous islands, within which the boat had disappeared; he sought in vain to descry its return through the dim twilight of a polar night—nothing could be seen but the ice-bound cliffs, from which came the dismal screaming of innumerable sea-

fowl. In this state of suspense he remained several days, being unable to go in pursuit, from the want of another boat: he then sailed back to Nisbet's haven, and, calling the missionaries on board, represented to them, that, from the loss of hands, he could not perform the voyage home without their assistance. They left the infant station with regret, but not without the hope of return. In the following year, several of the dead bodies were discovered; for Erhard and his companions had been foully murdered by the Esquimaux: the deserted house was burnt to the ground, and the design was for the time abandoned.

The next attempt at the establishment of a mission at Labrador, was made in 1764, by Jens Haven. He was born at Wust, a village in Jütland, where his father possessed a farm. In his early years he shewed a very good capacity for learning, being instructed with great care by the Rev. Mr. Langaard, minister of the parish. The first time he partook of the communion, he was greatly affected, and resolved to devote his life to the service of God; but as he grew to manhood, this pious sentiment yielded to the impulse of his natural disposition, which was wild and ungovernable.

He chanced one day to wander in a lonely part of the country, when a furious thunderstorm arose, and a flash of lightning suddenly penetrated the earth just before his feet, and threw him senseless to the ground. When he recovered, he prayed fervently that his life might be spared, and time allowed him for more charity and humility of heart. He had no rest day or night, but mourned incessantly: he frequently visited the Rev. Mr. Langaard, whose conversations were of infinite service to him. The stern as well as uncourteous man, now bore a more subdued temper and carriage. "The whole world," he said, "began to appear trifling to him, and he wished

to become an inhabitant of one of the Moravian settlements, of which he had received some intelligence." But ere this could be accomplished, it was necessary to submit to the discipline of the Brethren, and learn some useful art. He might have remained at home, and inherited the farm of his father; but he resolved to go to Copenhagen, to learn the joiner's trade. On the road thither, he reflected, that in the midst of the world he might again lose the blessings of which he had become possessed, and that it would be better for him at once to join the United Brethren. This he did: and having served a regular apprenticeship to a Moravian at Copenhagen, he visited Hernhuth in the year 1748, obtained leave to live there, and was soon admitted to the celebration of the Lord's supper with the congregation.

While he was enjoying the privileges of religion, and growing in the love of them, he felt a strong desire to go and dwell among the heathen of the frozen north; and took occasion to mention it to Bishop Joannes de Watteville, during his visitation at Hernhuth. Here his own words are more descriptive:—"In the year 1752, hearing at Hernhuth that Erhardt, a missionary sent to the coast of Labrador, had been murdered by the Esquimaux, I felt for the first time a strong impulse to go and preach the gospel to this very nation; and became certain in my own mind, that I should go to Labrador. I agreed with a brother of the name of Nielsen, that as soon as there appeared the least probability of our going, we should offer ourselves for that purpose."—Six years afterwards, the way was opened for this voyage to Greenland.

Previous to his departure, he had a confidential interview with Count Zinzendorf; who appears to have been the counsellor and friend of most of these enterprising men. In company with his brother, Peter Haven, he sailed from Copenhagen, and

arrived safe at Lichtenfels.--“ In the year following I was remarkably happy in my situation ; I learnt the Greenland language, felt great love for the people, and began to believe that it was my destination to spend my days in this country. But I had scarcely formed the resolution to make myself easy and happy in this land, than I was alarmed by a remarkable dream. I thought I heard somebody say to me, ‘ This is not the place where you are to stay, for you shall preach the gospel to a nation that has heard nothing of their Saviour.’ I awoke ; and, being unwilling to quit this country, considered it as fancy, and fell asleep again. But, to my surprise, I heard the same words repeated a second and a third time. On awaking, I wept exceedingly.”

In the year 1762, he obtained leave to make a visit in Europe, and arrived once more at HERNHUTH ; where he staid till 1764. His return to Greenland was proposed. “ But as I answered, that I did not wish to return without a direction by lot, having prayed to God to signify to me His will by this means, I received a negative ; and on stating my objections in writing to my brethren, they were satisfied that I acted uprightly. I then proposed that I would first go to England, and enter into the service of the HUDSON’S BAY COMPANY ; and thus watch for an opportunity to begin a mission on the coast of Labrador, or, at least, to discover whether they were a part of the Greenland nation, and had the same language, or not. On further consideration, this project appeared to me liable to great difficulties, and I began to feel much timidity as to the execution ; on which I again turned in prayer to Heaven, and, opening the scriptures, found immediately that text, “ Do all that is in thy heart ; behold, I am with thee.” This strengthened my drooping faith, and I devoted myself anew to God, entreating him to grant me wisdom, grace, and power to execute my

purpose. On considering my proposal, the Brethren advised me not to go to Hudson's Bay, but rather to seek to get to Labrador by way of Newfoundland.

“February 2d, 1764, I was dismissed, with supplication and blessing, by the bishop and elders of the church, and set out, on foot, for Holland, from whence I arrived, with much difficulty, in London, not understanding the English language. After many fruitless attempts to attain the end proposed, I was at last recommended to the governor of Newfoundland, Sir Hugh Palliser, who received me with great kindness, and even offered to carry me out on board his ship. This I declined, but begged for a recommendatory note to the governor of St. John's; which he willingly provided for me, and I now sailed with the first ship to St. John's, where I lodged at the house of a merchant, who shewed me all possible civility. I worked here at my trade, and expected patiently the arrival of the governor. Meanwhile, many people having heard of my intentions, came to see me, and several proposals were made to me, how to establish myself, and make my fortune in Newfoundland. As soon as the governor arrived, he issued a proclamation concerning my voyage to the coast of Labrador, stating my views, and commanding that every assistance should be given me, &c. In this proclamation, it is said, “Hitherto the Esquimaux have been considered in no other light than as thieves and murderers, but as Mr. Haven has formed the laudable plan, not only of uniting these people with the English nation, but of instructing them in the christian religion; I require, by virtue of the powers delegated to me, that all men, whomsoever it may concern, lend him all the assistance in their power,” &c.

This proclamation was the foundation of all the liberty and protection which the Brethren have enjoyed ever since, under the British government.

Having soon found a ship bound to the north, I went on board, and proceeded with her to the north coast, where, after many fruitless attempts to continue my voyage, I went on board an Irish fishing shallop, bound to the coast of Labrador. When we arrived there, I saw the Esquimaux for the first time, rowing about in their kajaks, but none were permitted to approach us, being fired upon by our boat's crew. However, I once landed, and found their huts, utensils, &c. made exactly in the Greenland fashion. But all my attempts to meet and converse with them, were in vain; for it happened, that when I landed, not one Esquimaux appeared—and scarce had I left the coast, when many arrived. The boat's crew, therefore, laughed at me; and the few that expressed sorrow at my disappointment, advised me to return, refusing to lend me any further assistance: I was even told, that a resolution was formed to kill all the Esquimaux. All this gave me the most pungent sorrow, and made me cry unto the Lord for help in this distressing situation, so heavy both for my mind and body. As I was once writing down my thoughts in my journal, the master entered my cabin, and, seeing me in tears, asked me, whether I was going to make a complaint to his owners? I answered, "No! but I mean to complain of you to God, that he may notice your wicked conduct on the present occasion, for ye have taken his name in vain, and mocked his work," &c. He was terrified, begged I would not do it, for he had offended God too much already, asked my pardon, and promised, that from henceforth he would do every thing to promote my design. This he punctually performed, and brought me the next day to Quirpont. Here some people had arrived, who intended to destroy the Esquimaux, and were holding a council for that purpose. I went boldly to them, shewed them the governor's proclamation,

and found it difficult to divert them from their evil designs, but succeeded at last.

He first visited Chateau Bay, on the southern coast, where he found no signs of population, except a few scattered tumuli, with the arrows and implements of the dead deposited near them.

“September 4th, was the joyful day when I saw an Esquimaux arrive in the harbour: I ran to meet him, and called him in the most friendly manner, addressing him in the Greenland language, which, to my inexpressible joy, he understood. I desired he would return, and bring four of the chiefs of his tribe; which he willingly complied with. Meanwhile I dressed in my Greenland habit, and met them on their arrival on the beach, inviting them to come on shore. They cried, ‘Here is an *innuit*,’ (or countryman of ours.) I answered, ‘I am your countryman and friend.’ They were surprised at my address, behaved very quietly, and I continued my conversation with them for a long time. At last they desired me to accompany them to an island, about an hour’s row from the shore; adding, that there I should find their wives and children, who would receive me as a friend. This seemed, at first, a most hazardous undertaking; but conceiving it to be of essential service to the cause of Christianity, that I should venture my life amongst them, and endeavour to become better acquainted with their nation, I turned simply to Him, and said, ‘I will go with them in thy name. If they kill me, my work on earth is done, and I shall live with Thee; but if they spare my life, I will firmly believe, that it is Thy will, that they should hear and believe thy gospel.’ I went accordingly, and, as soon as we arrived, there was a general shout, ‘Our friend is come.’ They carried me ashore, and I was immediately so closely beset on all sides, that I could neither stir nor turn about. I endeavoured to make

them place themselves in rows before me; which being done, I told them my view in coming to visit them, to make them acquainted with their God and Saviour, and promised them, that if they were willing to be taught, I would return next year with more of my brethren, build a house on their land, and speak to them every day of the way to life and happiness. Having entered into much agreeable conversation with them, I returned in the same boat, and staid about a fortnight longer at Quirpont, where I had several opportunities of preaching to the boat's crew, being filled with joy and gratitude to God, who had thus mercifully heard my prayers, and helped me."

After his return to St. John's, which was attended with some hardships, he waited upon Sir Hugh Palliser, who received him with great kindness, and expressed his entire approbation of his proceedings. He returned to England in a frigate, and arrived in November in London. Here he had several interviews with men in office, respecting the proposed mission on the coast of Labrador; as also with Lord Hillsborough, who made some advantageous offers for the promotion of that cause.

Having made another voyage to Newfoundland, he returned to Germany, and spent some weeks at Hernhuth, rendering a verbal account of his proceedings. Hearing that an order of council, in London, was soon expected, to sanction the mission, he hastened to England, where delays were yet thrown in the way. To Zeist, in Holland, he retreated, where Labrador was the constant subject of his thoughts and meditations; nor could he be induced to accept of any appointment to other places.

Baffled, yet still confident, he went once more to London, and addressed a petition to Government, that a piece of land on the coast of Labrador might

be given to the Moravians; where they might build a dwelling-house and church, and make a garden. This was well received; but the answer was some time delayed. Meanwhile the well-known Esquimaux woman, Mikak, was brought captive from her own country to London; and rejoiced greatly to meet with Haven, who had formerly slept a night in her tent, and could speak her language. She earnestly begged him to return, and help her countrymen, who were almost ruined by the late affray with the English; many of them having been shot, and the rest hardly treated. This female received many attentions from the royal family, and other persons of distinction; and her repeated applications were of great use in forwarding the projected mission.

The long-wished-for grant came at last from the privy council; by which the Moravians obtained permission from the king and his ministers, to make settlements on the coast of Labrador, and preach the gospel to the Esquimaux.

“In the year 1769, I obtained leave to attend the general synod held at Marienborn in Wetteravia. Here I experienced rich scriptural blessings; and was particularly led to examine, whether my mind and temper were made conformable to the mind and will of my Saviour. I confessed my deficiency in this respect, and prayed that I might be delivered from every thing that might either retard the completion of his work within me, or prove injurious to his cause; especially from the natural impetuosity and roughness of my disposition, which, as I was well aware, must give pain to those about me. The synod resolved, that I should make another voyage to Labrador, to examine the coast; and that, in the year following, a mission should be established there. My heart and lips overflowed with praise and thanksgiving, that our Saviour had thus far helped us.”

Thus it seems, that the mildness and stillness of temper and manners, so peculiar to the Moravians, was not yet the heritage of Haven: at intervals, his native fire and ruggedness had the ascendancy. A vessel was now purchased, and he sailed from London in company with Drachart, to explore the northern coast, and find a place fit to build on. The land was made at a place called Arnitok, an island about six miles from the spot where Nain now stands. Here they found twenty-nine boats full of Esquimaux, who began to behave with great insolence, till the report of the guns frightened them into order. Having waited a few days, Jensen and he went up and down the coast, seeking a proper place to build on, but in vain: the land, as far as they could see, was utterly desolate. A death-like silence reigned along the shore: the snow already began to fall, and the fleeting summer was closing fast. They passed between a number of islands and sunken rocks, being obliged to venture much on this dreary coast, without charts, or pilots, or any guide whatever.—“I cannot describe the joy and gratitude we all felt, both for the external mercies and protecting care of God, which was every morning new.”

At last they met with some Esquimaux, who willingly sold their land, and earnestly begged them to return the next year, and settle amongst them. They thought, also, that they had found a spot fit for a settlement. The purpose, so intensely cherished, was delayed yet longer. Haven seems to have cast a lingering look on the comforts of the world. Two years before, he had prayed and wept for this Labrador exile; and now, on the very scene, and near the full fruition of his desires, the loneliness of his lot rose fearfully to the fancy. He went back to London, and sought earnestly for a wife. This resolve was easier of fulfilment than the Esquimaux

town; and he was married to a young woman of the name of Mary Butterworth, of Fulneck. In the following month, the bridegroom and bride set sail for the coast of Labrador. It was a cheerless nuptial journey; one that was sure to draw closer the ties of affection. The lonely couple felt that they were thrown in entire dependence on each other's aid and kindness. Mary Butterworth had been approved by the church, as the suitable wife of Jens Haven: there was barely time for love to creep into the heart; they had seen each other but a few times; the hour of embarkation drew nigh, and they had acquiesced, with cheerful obedience, to the approval of the church. However, where there is not a mutual passion, there is a mutual forbearance; even dislike is suppressed by the belief that the choice is divinely ordered. The seclusion of the Moravian settlements allows but a narrow field to fancy: and as there is little caprice previous to marriage, so there is subsequently agreement and constancy. The season was favourable; and although the Havens possessed few comforts, their hearts were full of hope; few were the household cares to occupy the wife—apartments almost unfurnished, a rude and often empty larder, and usages that seemed to defy every effort at cleanliness. Without doors, the attractions were less: the only female society must consist of the Esquimaux women—how different from the sisterhood at Fulneck, among whom she had passed so many happy years!

Along a rocky, unfrequented coast, the associates sailed, amidst many hardships and alarms: arriving safe at Nain, they found the spot fixed upon for the erection of the house, and had great trouble in putting it up. Husband and wife earnestly set about rearing their dwelling; the Esquimaux came and looked on, but did not assist. The long and brilliant nights, the happiest portion of this climate, were occupied in the task, which, with the help of the other

Moravians, was soon completed ; the materials for the house had been brought in the vessel. Two months were occupied in the erection of the dwelling, which was surrounded with palisades ; for they were obliged to be constantly on their guard, amidst a people with whom robbery and murder had become habitual. " Their situation," it is observed, " was critical : it was, as if each, ' with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon.' "

During the summer months, the natives gathered around, and listened, at times, to the discourses of the strangers ; but, on the approach of winter, they withdrew to various parts of the coast, where they remained, during the ensuing season, immured in their huts, every chink of which they carefully close against the cold. Their stock of provisions, though kept in the same apartment, often becomes so hard, as to require to be cut with a hatchet.

The whole company of Christians, in this little settlement of Nain, consisted of fourteen persons. Drachart and Haven, braving the rigours of the season, sometimes travelled over the ice and snow, to arrive at the winter homes of the natives, whose doors they found fast closed. The surprise of the inmates, when roused from their torpor to admit the guests, was very great. Yet the interior of these dwellings was full of warmth and comfort to the shivering wanderers. The fire could not offer a blazing pile of wood, or even turf ; it consisted of a shallow vessel, or lamp, the wick of which is composed of dry moss, disposed along the edge : when the whole length of this, being above eighteen inches, is kindled, it afforded a brilliant light, and sufficient heat, without any offensive smoke or smell. The lamp was supplied with oil, by suspending long slices of whale or seal blubber near the flame. When several of these lamps are lighted, and the inmates

welcome the stranger, the scene is cheering, and the visitor soon forgets the miseries of the way. "I cannot name them all," writes Haven, "of those painful occurrences and vicissitudes, during so many years." They were no greater, however, than those endured by Egede and the Moravians, in their long sojourn in Greenland. In some of their habits, indeed, the Esquimaux appear to be superior to the natives of the latter country. If they have fuel, they always dress their food, and never use oil as an article of diet; nor will they use butter, without eating bread with it, when offered by Europeans. At their meals, the mistress of the family often takes a lump of meat out of the pot with her fingers, and hands it to her husband, who cuts off a piece with his knife, and then passes it to his neighbour. This is about as cleanly as the Turkish mode of sometimes shewing friendliness on a journey. When supping one evening at a lonely caravanserai on the sea shore, where many travellers had sought shelter, the writer was surprised to see a piece of meat winging its way through the air, and falling on the carpet at his feet. At the same moment, the Turk who threw it made courteous gestures, and said it was a token of civility to the stranger, being a choice piece from his own repast. Had each guest on the spacious floor paid the same compliment, a clond of bones and savoury pieces would have fallen so thickly, as to raise a fervent desire for the shadowy supper of the Barmecide.

The women are here held in higher estimation than among the Greenlanders, where the wives are often little better than patient drudges, out of doors as well as within. In the winter, their occupations are light and easy, and a good part of the day is passed in sitting listlessly on their beds, with their legs doubled under them in the Turkish fashion. They are destitute of the enterprise of the Greenland women,

who love to manage their handsome canoes, which are always neat and in good trim, and are rowed with great rapidity; while, with their voices, they keep time with the stroke of the oar. The stranger is hospitably received in their Esquimaux dwellings: the best food, the bed of softest skins, is prepared on the frozen bench; his clothes are dried, or mended, if need be, the snow is thawed for his drink, the lamps freshly trimmed, and fresh moss kindled. The dreary journey, and then the lodging in these huts, were not the "painful occurrences" of which Haven complained: the neglect of his message, and the recklessness and gaiety with which it was often received, baffled every effort. The people were quick-witted, but he could not move them to seriousness or reflection. Drachart and he had many a mournful communing together, when they turned their back on one lonely hut, or hamlet, and sought some other in the trackless wastes, in the hope that they might *there* prevail. Sometimes Mary Haven was also their companion; and the snow-drifts fell, and the blast came miserably keen from the frozen mountains and the deep—penetrating "through the soul and marrow" ere they reached a place of refuge. She was received with eager kindness by the Esquimaux females, on whose hearts her words often fell more impressively than those of her husband.

These ceaseless endeavours could not be wholly unavailing: as time passed on, a partial success began to appear; a few individuals, and then a few families, listened more earnestly; and when they grew inquisitive and anxious about the blessings of Christianity, they were not suffered long to remain strangers to them. Then did many of the snow cottages become palaces to the feelings of Haven and his companion. Even the enjoyments of religion are often proved to be more vivid in proportion to the hardness previously endured—"to the wilds and

the perils passed." Often has the pastor, like Oberlin and Neff, amidst the wintry wilds of Dormilleuse, or the Ban de la Roche, hailed with rapture the lights on the brink of the precipice, or on the torrent's side, that told of an eager assembly of worshippers within. And the Moravian saw the family gather eagerly round him, and join in singing a fervent, melting hymn, and the voices of the women rose clearly on the stillness of night: then they prayed in hope and joy, and Mary, his loved and zealous wife, knelt beside him.—Oh! light were the horrors of the chained ocean, and the darkened air, and the unearthly sounds that broke at intervals on the ear. He was sometimes susceptible of fear, for there were hours of dread, amidst such savage aspects of nature. On one occasion he says, "I was directed to explore the coast to the north of Nain. Just as we were setting out, an uncommon horror and trembling seized me; so that, contrary to my former experience, I was exceedingly intimidated, and wished rather to stay at home." The long seclusion, to which the people were subjected, and their love of conversation, were peculiarly favourable to the improvement of the understanding, when once the impulse was given, and the light vouchsafed. A group of women will sometimes sit for hours together, each relating her quota of information, with many a comment and colouring: this Esquimaux coterie can hash up as keen a dish of scandal, and with as exquisite taste, as any similar one in town or village. In their tales they evince a good deal of invention, and have the tact to seize on some prominent trait of other persons, on which to exercise their satire, which they enjoy with infinite amusement and merriment. In story-telling, a few of their adepts might almost vie with the Arab practitioners of the East. They are fond of relating dreams and visionary sights, which often leave a fearful impression: the spirits of

the departed at times appear, in a watery shroud, weeping sadly, and seeking rest. Sometimes they are transported to a gloomy ravine, beside the frozen waves, from which a vapour at length rises, in the midst of which is seen the form of the mother, or brother, or friend, whom they have lost. The skill of the sorcerers, by several of whom the art of ventriloquism is possessed in a wonderful degree—encourages this belief. It is related on one occasion, of an Esquimaux, who sat still on the deck of the vessel, with his lips closed; but his face was wildly agitated: the sounds of voices began apparently at the bottom of the vessel, and grew more loud and strange as they slowly rose upward. It was Torngak, the dread spirit, whose coming he imitated, and the muttering of the thunder, the angry menace, and the wailing of fear, were all given with surprising effect. At last the savage rose, as the voices drew nigh, and began to dance with wild gestures, while he conducted his illusion with consummate skill, and the confused sounds at last rose into the air, and died gradually away.

A young man, the son of the noted sorcerer, Uiverunna, came to the Moravians at Hopedale, and, with strong agitation of mind, disclosed his whole former course of life, that had been a series of forbidden practices. His father had instructed him in the art of sorcery; and his account plainly shewed that these men are often the victims to their own delusions. “My parents told me that their familiar spirit, Torngak, lived in the water. If I wished to consult him, I must call upon him in their name, and remember this token, that I should observe in some part of the house a vapour ascending. Some years ago I tried this method, when my brother was ill, and called upon Torngak, when I thought I perceived a thin vapour rise, and shortly the appearance of a man in a watery habit stood

before me. I was filled with horror, and I covered my face with my hands. Then there came a terrible dream, in which I saw a deep cave, where my mother and many of my family were sitting in great torment, and their appearance was dreadful. My feet were slipping down the chasm, to where they sat; and some one said to me, 'Into that dark place, thou likewise must depart;' and I was filled with great anguish." "We do not," observe the Moravians, "encourage a belief in these things, yet are they often the cause of leading these people to serious reflections and salutary terrors. We yet find the words of scripture true, 'God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night; then he openeth the ears of men, he sealeth their instruction; when deep sleep falleth, fear cometh also, and trembling.'"

Perhaps it is less easy to conquer vanity than superstition; but some of the young Esquimaux women were heroic in this respect. "On the following day, Lydia came, and brought all the metal rings with which she had formerly decorated her person, and wished to part with them. Louisa also brought all her ornaments, which she wished to dispose of to her friends. They did this of their own accord, for we never begin with finding fault with their dress."

One of the hardest things to be given up was their love of drollery, and turning every thing, with perfect good nature, into ridicule. They are a match for the most practised buffoon in farcical imitations. After visiting an English ship, or mingling in a group of Europeans, they would mould their broad and expressive features, and short and thick frames, into a faithful mimicry of those they had been observing; and, surrounded with a group of their countrymen, peals of laughter and glee would for hours attest their entertainment.

The furious gusts of passion to which they were subject, was another hinderance to piety: passing suddenly, when any thing deeply crosses them, from a state of quiescence, into the fiercest anger, they required a stern rein and watchfulness over the temper. The diary observes, "Kopik had been one of the greatest evil-doers in this country, guilty of the most atrocious deeds; he had grown grey in the service of Satan. The ferocious countenance, which made one tremble at his appearance, is now changed into a mild, gentle aspect. Affliction was soon after laid upon him, and he suffered great pain. We then discovered that he has all along acted the part of a deceiver, and that the many fine speeches, and the tears with which they were accompanied, were the fruits of hypocrisy. This is quite consistent with the character given of him by his intimates; but they durst not open their mouths in his presence. All our kind exhortations and remonstrances were in vain. His impatience increased; he demanded with violent cries that a knife might be given him, to put an end to his existence. Wearied out with his fierceness and vehemence, some one gave him a cord, with which he ended his life."

There were instances of a nature more gentle and impressive. Judith, a youthful disciple, had laid aside her loved ornaments and diversions: ere long she sickened, and welcomed her last enemy: when dying, she entreated that the white dress should be brought, in which she always partook of the sacrament: she looked earnestly at it: the morning was breaking, and, using the familiar images of her life, "A short time will bring me," she said, "to an everlasting light, where the sun shall no more go down. Trim the lamps, and make the room light and pleasant: the love of the Redeemer is not cold." Many were the mourners that followed to the little burying-ground; it was January, and the first signs of the

returning sun already shed hope on the soul; there was a faint lustre on the icy precipice, and the mountain's head; the gloom and the silence of winter were passing from the earth; a few short-lived and brilliant streaks in the sky, and then an infant glory on the horizon. They removed the deep covering of snow to the mossy grave beneath, in which they laid her in the same white dress: the graves of the believers were very few; the scattered stones were just visible above the fallen snow. No howling was heard, or wild wail, according to the Esquimaux custom: when the survivor comes in the night to the grave, and raises a solitary cry, that can be heard to a great distance. They sang a hymn, after covering the bier with green sods.

“ You bear me now to my repose,  
As once they bore my Lord;  
And as his sacred body rose,  
So mine shall be restored.”

The Moravians required that, according to their usage in Europe, every communicant should be clothed in a white dress: this simple and impressive custom was highly useful, as it taught them greater neatness and taste in their apparel; a yet greater benefit was, the frugality and temperance observed by the converts; the Esquimaux were apt, on occasions of great plenty of food, and on the approach of spring, to give way to a loathsome gluttony. Chastity, also, the scarcest of all their virtues, was strictly inculcated, especially among the women: deviations, and they were frequent, were visited with expulsion; yet, even penitence and forgiveness did not always secure from relapses.

In the year 1774, Haven was directed to go with Lister, Brahsen, and Lehman on a voyage of discovery: he felt a sad presentiment, that was verified by the result; for the enterprise was full of cruel

disasters. On their return, they suffered shipwreck ; when the unfortunate Brahsen and Lehman were drowned, and Haven and Lister were scarcely saved. The vessel had struck on a rock, where she remained till her timbers were all shattered and dashed to pieces by the waves. Having spent a night of misery on the falling wreck, they betook themselves at break of day to their boat ; but this, also, quickly foundered on the craggy shore. The two latter swam to a barren rock ; their brethren sunk in the attempt. The sad survivors found means to draw their broken boat on shore, and repair it so far, that on the fourth day after the wreck, they ventured forth on it again. Like true Moravians, their resignation overcame their grief ; they did not mourn greatly for their perished friends, and had the equanimity, as they rushed through the surge, to give vent to one of their hymns :—

Where is now the streaming tear ?  
 Where the pang, the stifled groan ?  
 Sin nor sorrow mingle there,  
 Shadeless splendour girds the throne.

Like the rush of ocean storm,  
 High the thund'ring chorus blends ;  
 Rich with life, with rapture warm,  
 Deep the wavy circle bends.

Even if the shattered boat lived, famine might yet be a more terrible fate. They pushed boldly out to sea ; the wind was fortunately in their favour ; and they had not proceeded many hours, ere they met with an Esquimaux boat, that brought them safely back to Nain.

“ After my return to Nain, I was overwhelmed with grief : spent my days and nights in sighs and tears ; thought much of my whole life ; and cried to God for forgiveness of my many failings, and renewed my vows to devote myself entirely to his service.”

One of the savages, by name Anauke, a bold and daring fellow, on whose countenance thief and murderer were written in strong characters, grew very attentive to the words of the missionaries: he pitched his tent at Nain, and placed himself under their instructions. The ferocity of his aspect was softened: at last he removed to his winter house, where he dwelt alone on the shore. When spring returned, Anauke came no more. One day they saw his widow approaching; and in the midst of her sorrow, she told wildly of his death. When he fell sick, he resolutely forbade the sorcerer to come near him, and prayed earnestly to God. His wife, as death drew near, began to howl and cry after their usual fashion: "O my dear husband!" she said, "wilt thou leave me? wilt thou leave thy two children, and go to that dim country of shadows?" He calmly said, "Weep not, I go to that Redeemer who loves men so much,"—and died. This event made no small impression on the minds of many of the people.

The following year, Haven and Lister sailed to explore the south coast; and after some research, found a spot well suited for the purpose. A settlement was afterwards established here, and called Hopedale, the name given by the unfortunate Erhardt, who was murdered by the natives, with all his companions: the ruins of their dwelling was still visible. It was a melancholy scene: they had begun to lay out a little garden, and make their home comfortable, when a sudden and cruel fate overtook them.

The directors of the mission now desired Haven to attempt a settlement at Okkak. His anxiety on this occasion was great and well founded.

"Stephen Jensen accompanied me; and we purchased the land from the Esquimaux, placed stones to mark the boundaries, and made a plan for the building. In 1776, the timber was cut and per-

pared at Nain, and the ship, having arrived from England, it was put on board, and we sailed with it to the place of our destination. My wife had lain in but eight weeks; but she, and our little infant son, bore the voyage very well. We immediately went to work, and set up the house. I had the grace, in all trying circumstances, to cleave to my Saviour; of whose assistance I had manifold experience. He was with us, and gave us success in our present enterprise.

“Having finished the building of our house, we moved into it; and in our first conference were so united in mutual affection and harmony, that we made a covenant with each other to offer soul and body to the Lord, to serve him without fear, and bear each other’s burdens with a cheerful heart. Nor did we meet with the least interruption during this whole year; so that I justly count it the happiest of my whole life. I could preach to the Esquimaux with a glad heart; so that several of them became concerned to obtain deliverance from sin, and everlasting life, and most were sober and attentive hearers.”

In autumn, 1777, he was invited to visit Europe, “which proved to me and my wife a great refreshment.” Besides the latter, and two children, he took the orphan son of his perished friend, Brahsen; whom he had treated with the same tenderness as his own. They arrived at Nisky, in Upper Lusatia; and both there, and at Hernhuth, were received and treated with the most affectionate regard.

The visit of the Moravian is mostly like that of the stranger “that tarrieth but for a night:” although the change was exquisitely grateful, from the dreary homes of Okkak to the social and cheerful roofs of Hernhuth and the castle of Zinzendorf, (and the wife felt it yet stronger than the husband)—yet they soon departed, to return to Labrador. The

American war raged at that time, and the seas swarmed with privateers; but they sailed from England without convoy, and saw no enemy, and met with no kind of disaster. But when they drew near the iron coast of Labrador, they saw an ice mountain of prodigious extent and height close at hand, and had scarcely passed it in safety, when it fell to pieces with a tremendous crash, "putting the surrounding sea into the most dreadful agitation and foam. Had this happened but a few minutes before, we must have perished in the immense ruin."

From Nain they proceeded to Okkak. In the year 1779, twelve natives of this place were baptized. "I was much concerned, how to take proper care of these souls committed to our trust. During the following three years, which I spent at Okkak, our labour among the Esquimaux was attended with many vicissitudes, yet the preaching of the gospel proved its power in the hearts of many; and, in 1781, the number of Esquimaux Christians amounted to thirty-eight souls, which, with those who were considered as candidates for baptism, made a congregation of near fifty persons. In autumn I was called to Nain, to assist in the erection of the mission-house destined for Arvertok, (now Hopedale,) which was conveyed thither, and set up in the year following. My heart rejoiced at these events; and when we began to proclaim the truth in this part also, it produced excellent fruits in the hearts of several natives. Some, indeed; opposed it with violence, but others came to ask what they should do to be saved. During the winter, the awakening was still further diffused among the Esquimaux, which made all our trials and troubles appear easy to us."

An obstacle now arose, from a quarter utterly unexpected. A Frenchman from Canada came, and settled near: there have been instances of French-

men settling in the wilds and woods of America, among the Indians, whose dress, manners, and habits they adopted, and contrived to pass their lives without sadness or ennui. But the homes of Okkak, and the tastes of its people, were little more attractive or inspiring than those of the arctic bear: yet this man, who sustained the double character of trader and Roman Catholic priest, dwelt here, enticing the Esquimaux by the most tempting offers, which drew away their thoughts from religious inquiries. He spoke largely of the advantages of the trade farther south, and encouraged them to follow all the favourite sports and revels of their countrymen. In fact, the presence of this Gallic stranger was a blight and mildew in the path of the Moravians: they looked on his ensnaring example and love of gaiety with horror; yet boat followed boat, filled with the sanguine natives, all bent on this distant commerce. Incited probably by this Frenchman, who wished to give a taste for theatres and balls, the savages erected a pleasure-house on the shore, sixteen feet high, and seventy square. For greater solidity, the wall near the entrance was congealed into ice by water poured upon it; the lamp was supported by a pillar of ice; and additional light was let in through a transparent plate of ice in the side of the building. This edifice, devoted to pleasure, had little resemblance to the winter ice-palace of Catherine, built for the same object: instead of numerous frozen columns, a round porch in front admitted into a long avenue, terminated at the farther end by an aperture eighteen inches broad, and two feet high: so that the visitor must have wriggled and squeezed his body into a small compass in order to get in. Here they eagerly congregated, and charmed away the night with games, dances, and singing: and so eminently are these people endowed with comic powers, that, could the priest have translated one of

Moliere's pieces, there is little doubt it would have been creditably acted.

Among this people there is an unflinching cheerfulness and good humour, and a keen observation; they will dance and sing for hours, till they are ready to fall down exhausted: but their movements are like those of a short and unwieldy Dutchman. In their dealings, they display both probity and intelligence; their common stature is five feet five inches; their colour is a deep brunette, with black, glossy, and straight hair; and they are mostly armed with a spear and a scimitar-shaped knife, made of the walrus tusk. "In our dreary situation," says a voyager, "blocked up with ice, there was variety and interest in the establishment of five huts, with canoes, sledges, and above sixty men, women, and children. Some of the women having handsome clothes on, which attracted our attention, they began, to our utter astonishment, to strip, though the thermometer stood at 23 below zero: we soon found, however, there was nothing so dreadful in this, every individual having on a complete double suit. An invitation was given us to this extraordinary village, built solely of snow and ice: after creeping through two low passages, having each its arched door-way, we came to a small circular apartment, of which the roof was a perfect arched dome. From this, three door-ways led into as many inhabited apartments; the interior of which presented a novel scene: the women were seated on the beds at the sides of the wall, each having her little fire-place or lamp, with all her domestic utensils about her. The construction of this apartment was similar to that of the others, being a dome formed by separate blocks of snow, laid with great regularity, and no small art. Into these curious edifices a cheerful and sufficient light was admitted by a circular window of ice, neatly fitted into the

roof of each room. One of the women, named Igligliuk, had a remarkably soft voice, an excellent ear, and great fondness for singing: almost every day she displayed some symptoms of that superiority of understanding for which she was so distinguished.

“ One day we were visited by a musical party of females: Togolat, about six-and-twenty years of age, was the prettiest of the party, and perhaps of the whole village; with a face more oval than that of the Esquimaux in general, very pretty eyes and mouth, teeth remarkably white and regular, and possessing in her carriage and manners a degree of natural gracefulness.

The aspect of the land is like that of an eastern desert, on which the night has gathered, and the lurid glare of a passing storm is abroad. The eye wanders sadly over a vast white wilderness, often obscured by clouds of drift-snow; while the sun breaks forth at times, in mockery, with a pale and heartless gleam. It is like a shrouded world, on which the curse of lifelessness has fallen: the vessels of the voyager, fixed in the icy plain, are moorless: the sails taken down, the yards unmanned; even the few human abodes resemble mounds of snow, and cannot be distinguished from the rising drifts around: the howl of the wolf, as the dim light passes from the sky, breaks on the horrid stillness.

At this season, the scenery of the granite mountains, about a thousand feet high, and the many lakes in their bosom, is singularly striking: the snowy precipices and crags, cast a distinct, yet visionary light on the hushed sheets of water, of great depth, at their feet, which they enclose so entirely, that the waves are rarely stirred by the passing blast. On several of these mountain lakes are small cataracts, whose sounds, echoing among the adjacent cliffs, are borne loudly and far. In the bosom

of the waters are detached masses of ice, covered with drift-snow, and of various forms, and floating slowly by, like spectral tenants of the lonely region. The vegetation is withered and sapless : for no animals are here, nothing that has life ; the deer and the fox shun the spot.

The fair Esquimaux are not without vanity, and pride themselves greatly on the length and thickness of their hair : it is cut off, however, in sign of mourning, when a husband dies. The dresses of both sexes are composed chiefly of deer-skin ; and often their jackets and boots are of wolf-skin : some wear a ruff round the neck, of the longest white hair of the deer-skin outside, and hanging down over the bosom. When completely equipped, they can bid defiance to the most inclement weather, and exhibit a thoroughly comfortable appearance. When the huts are completely surrounded by the snow-ridges, and the single window, or plate of ice, in the roof, throws its soft light on the waste, the only sign that testifies of a human abode, the effect is singular in the extreme. The scattered and buried homes look like so many "will-o'-the-wisps," motionless on the surface.

Two of the Moravians, Liebisch and Turner, left Nain in the middle of March, on a visit to Okkak ; the most northern of the settlements. It was early in the morning, with very clear weather ; the stars shining with uncommon lustre. Their sledge, drawn by dogs, was driven by a native ; and another sledge, with some Esquimaux, followed. All were in high spirits, and they hoped to accomplish the hundred and fifty miles in two or three days.

They went with ease over the frozen sea, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. After passing the islands in the bay of Nain, they kept at a considerable distance from the coast, in order to weather the high rocky promontory of Kiglapait. After

a few hours, they met a sledge with some strange Esquimaux, turning in from the sea: the latter paused, and threw out some hints that it might be as well to return instantly.

The missionaries resolved to proceed; for the weather was fair, and the frozen ocean, far as the eye could reach, as moveless as if the treacherous waves beneath were chained for ever. After some time, their own Esquimaux hinted that there was a ground swell under the ice: it was then hardly perceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear close to the surface, when a hollow grating and roaring noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The weather remained clear, except towards the east, where a bank of light clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks. The sun had now reached its height, and there was as yet no change in the appearance of the sky. They quickened their pace: the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible; and alarm was now felt by every one. Closer to the shore the sledges were now driven. Large fissures and chasms, one or two feet wide, suddenly opened in the ice: these were crossed, and still they rashly urged on their way. But the warning signs increased: as the sun declined towards the west, the wind rose to a storm, the bank of clouds began to ascend rapidly, and the dark streaks put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven upwards, and from off the peaks of the high mountains, and filled the air. The ground-swell had increased so much, that the vast body of ice, supported by a troubled sea beneath, heaved fearfully in many places, and rose slowly like gathering waves: the sledges went on with an uncertain and perilous motion. Loud noises were now heard in many directions, like the report of cannon.

The Esquimaux now drove with all haste to the

shore ; but, as it soon plainly appeared that the ice would burst in mid-way, Mark, the charioteer of the Moravians, advised to push forward to the north of Uivak ; whence he hoped the track to Okkak might still remain entire. To this proposal, the company eagerly agreed ; but when the sledges approached the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice was now grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise ; which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow driving about in the air, deprived the travellers of the power of hearing or seeing any thing distinctly. To make the land at any risk, was now the only hope left ; but it was with the utmost difficulty that the frightened dogs could be forced onward, the icy sea sinking far below the surface of the rocks, then rising wildly above it. They paused for a few moments in mute despair : then the drivers, seizing the critical moment when the trembling mass gained the level of the coast, drove their sledges furiously towards it ; and the hazardous attempt succeeded. They had hardly time to look round them, when that part of the ice, from which they had just made good their landing, burst asunder, and the water forced itself from below. In an instant, as if by a signal given, the whole frozen mass, extending as far as the eye could reach, began to burst asunder, and be overwhelmed by the immense waves. The sight was tremendous : the large fields of ice raising themselves out of the water, striking against each other, and plunging into the deep, with a noise like the discharge of innumerable batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and sea, and the awful sounds that filled the air, struck the travellers with such horror, as almost to deprive them of utterance. The Esquimaux now began to build a snow-house, about thirty paces from the beach : about

nine o'clock they all crept into it, thanking God for this place of refuge; for the wind was piercingly cold, and so violent, that it required great strength to stand against it. Having sung an evening hymn in the native language, they lay down to rest. The Esquimaux were soon fast asleep; but the missionary Liebisch could not get any rest, from the dreadful roaring without. His wakefulness saved the whole party a second time from death. About two o'clock in the morning, he perceived saltwater drop fast from the roof: he was just about to give the alarm, when a tremendous surf broke close to the house, and carried away the slab of snow placed as a door before the entrance. He called aloud to the sleeping Esquimaux; they jumped up in an instant. One of them, with a large knife, cut a passage through the side of the house; each seized a part of the baggage, and rushed out. The women and child fled wildly to a neighbouring eminence. They all followed, and took shelter behind a rock; which they had scarcely done, when another wave swept away the snow hut. The wind, the snow, and sleet, beat fiercely on them. Cutting holes in the snow, they strove to gain a little shelter. The woman and her child were covered with skins. Thus wore away the miserable hours of the night, on the brink of the precipice; while, beneath, the surges howled awfully, and their pyramids of foam seemed to rise to the sky. The conflict with the floating isles and towers of ice was now over: by the dim light, not a vestige of the latter could be perceived; all was open sea. As soon as it was light, another snow house was built, eight feet square, and six feet high. Famine, a fiercer enemy than cold, now came on apace: the slender stock of provisions was divided into daily portions. Only two ways were left for escape; either to attempt the passage over the wild and unfrequented mountain, Kiglapeit, or wait

for the sea to freeze again : a biscuit and a half a day was the allowance for each.

Towards noon on the 13th, the wind subsided ; the atmosphere became clear : Mark and another Esquimaux climbed the lofty hills, to reconnoitre : no chance remained, but to pass the mountain Kigla-peit. The natives were now so sorely pinched with hunger, that they devoured an old sack, made of fish-skin : while they were at this strange meal, they kept singing, in a low tone, " You were a sack but a little while ago, and now you are food for us." Then they sought refuge from their miseries in sleep, both night and day : but the Moravians kept a sad and desolate watch ; looking forth from their home of snow over the waste of sea and land. The poor dogs had now fasted four days ; and the air became so mild that the roof began to thaw, by which their clothes were thoroughly soaked, and they had not a dry place to lie down in. On the 17th they resolved to attempt to return to Nain : the wind was high, with heavy showers of sleet and snow. The newly frozen sea offered a perilous track : they resolved to trust themselves on it, and quit their cabin of snow. They made a meal of the last of their provisions ; and, by dint of boldness and skill, arrived safe in Nain at midnight.

The unpromising appearance of the mission at Hopedale, was a cause of great uneasiness to the Moravians ; the stubborn resistance of the natives to Christianity was continued. More obtuse in intellect, and obstinate in disposition, than even the Greenlanders, they listened in sullen and stupid apathy to every entreaty and argument. Sudden fits of fierceness and cruelty would also come upon them : murders were frequent : in 1790, they fell upon each other in their tents by night, and numbers were barbarously massacred. Few and far between were the instances, even of the

fidelity and zeal of those who had embraced Christianity.

It is no wonder that the Moravians rejoiced greatly when these instances occurred; one was the husband of Mikak, the woman who had visited London, and been noticed by the Royal Family. This man, by his strength, courage, and penetration, had acquired an unbounded influence over his countrymen, and his word passed for law. He had committed many murders with his own hands, and was accessory to many more; for if any one incurred his resentment, he had only to declare, that Torngak, the spirit, had decreed his death, and a multitude of hands were instantly raised, to seal his doom. The missionaries would have fallen an easy prey to this man, if his anger had once been raised against them: but though an unsparing tyrant to his own nation, his respect for the strangers was such, that he would tamely submit to their reproofs. But when out of their sight, his threats, as well as example, drew away many of his countrymen. Haven mentions that on one occasion, Tuglavina, at the head of a party of Esquimaux, returned from Chateau Bay, where he had furnished himself with a sloop of two masts, European arms, and many other accoutrements. He stepped unexpectedly into the mission house, dressed in the uniform of a British officer, with a bob-wig, a huge laced coat, and a sword at his side, uttering several threats, and boasting of his valiant deeds in the south. Haven, looking sternly at him, exclaimed, "What, are you Tuglavina? depart this minute; I have nothing to say to you in this dress: put on your old Esquimaux furs, and then return, and I will converse with you." The savage, as if thunder-struck, made no reply, but left the room; and, notwithstanding the degradation to which the laying aside his splendid apparel would expose him, in the

minds of his countrymen, he resumed his native dress, and in that humble garb returned to the missionaries. They then upbraided him for inveigling many of the Christian natives to follow him to the south, and join in his loved abominations; also for imbruing his hands in the blood of so many of his countrymen. During this address, Tuglavina turned pale, and trembled exceedingly: but declared that he must sin, and could not help it.

In course of time, sickness crept on this remarkable savage; and as his bodily vigour began to decline, his extraordinary ascendancy, which rested only on his personal qualities, declined with it—the frequent fate of the wild chieftain. The friends of his career were dropping off, one after another; while those who inherited the wrongs done to their insulted kinsmen, were strong in youth and numbers. He was reduced to poverty; and felt the agony of being bearded by men who once trembled before him. Of his numerous wives, some deserted him in the wane of his fortunes; others were violently taken from him, without his daring to make resistance, and only one of them all remained—one faithful one still adhered to the fallen savage, whose lost power and influence, on the dreary shores of Labrador, was as bitter a doom to his own soul, as if he had sunk from a palace or a principedom. Deserted, forlorn, derided even by those he had oppressed, remorse came to terrify him with the remembrance of the murdered; its pangs were fierce and unsparing.

In this state of mind, he had recourse to the Moravians, making a free disclosure of all his crimes, and expressing, even with tears, the anguish of his guilt, and beseeching rest for his troubled spirit. Was this a true repentance? Scarcely at the eleventh hour it came: had his ancient strength of arm remained, and the fire of his eye, the dark

passions which now slept, but were not conquered, would have urged him to plunge his spear in the hearts of his insulters, and perhaps to laugh his remorse to scorn. He obtained permission to reside with his family at Nain: here, unconquerable pride led him at first into wide departures from the path of Christianity. Sullen, and as one that would not be comforted, he sat in his hut, with his one attached companion. By degrees, however—for such a conversion must have been slow and painful, the fruit of a crushed spirit, a destroyed power, and a neglected lot—the Divine mercy at last subdued this man to humility, and availing repentance. The oppressor and murderer exhibited the strange contrast, of a man anxious for the happiness of his fellow-men: the powers of the mind, which were before entirely given to crime and the ambition of ruling, were now consecrated to a higher purpose: he addressed his countrymen with wild earnestness; he told of his own fierce deeds, and bitter repentance. The Esquimaux were greatly struck, and gathered round the altered man with wonder and curiosity. He continued at Nain; and there died at last, at the age of sixty, leaving, in the midst of great agony of body, an impressive testimony behind him. One such instance was sufficient to animate the Brethren to the utmost exertions: yet it cannot be said, that there was much evidence of the progress of the natives in religion. At Okkak, the prospect was far less promising than at Nain: the sorcerers continued to exercise great power over the mind; and where the addresses of the missionaries were more faithful than the natives could bear, they would shun their society.

Haven had now laboured long and zealously: the desire of his youth, to “dwell in the dreary land of the heathen,” had been freely given to him. Dreariness was the portion of himself, and his at-

tached wife: no fair and comfortable settlement reared its head, as in Greenland; where store-houses, gardens, many a range of chambers, warm and convenient, met the eye, and an excellent arrangement was manifest in all. But at Nain and Okkak these things existed not: it was true, that a saw-mill, with great pains, was erected, a church was begun, and even a few gardens were attempted, at which the passing Esquimaux might make grimaces in derision. "Such was the sterility of the soil, and the sharpness of the climate, they could not expect to reap much." But these refinements all found their way even here, after Haven rested from his labours. Snow palaces, had they possessed a skill in architecture, they might certainly have reared: the cold would have bound pillar, roof, and wall in fetters of iron, and made them durable for years. Such an edifice would have served admirably for a chapel, and, as to the dimensions and position, it might have stood beneath the precipices, where the sun-beams never came, or on the beetling crag; and, when lighted up, at night, would have been a cheering, as well as a splendid, scene of worship.

The Havens and their companies seem to have made few additions to their in-door comforts, during many years. With respect to the enjoyments of travelling, the following sketch, at a later period, gives a good idea:—

"March 7. We set out from Nain in sledges, drawn by twenty-two dogs, driven by two Esquimaux. We found our first night's lodging in an old Esquimaux winter-house: it was full of dead seals; however, they were thrown together, to make room for my wife and me to lie down in our sleeping-bags. This consists of a large bag of reindeer-skin, with the hair turned inward: it is covered with seal-skin, the hair turned outwards. This bag comprehends

the whole apparatus and furniture of an Esquimaux bed-room. Having undressed, the traveller creeps into it, and a kind neighbour having shut him close, by fastening the strap, he leaves him to sleep on till morning, when he helps him out again. I ordered Simeon to be cook, and gave to every one his work; one was to feed the dogs, another to unpack the sledge. After our evening prayers, my wife, with difficulty, got into her bag; I then found a place next to the mountain of dead seals; the men lay any where upon them. On the 8th, in the morning early, putting my head out of the bag, I gave orders to our cook to boil coffee for us, and oatmeal porridge for our men. After morning prayers, we set out, on an excellent smooth track, till half-an-hour after eight o'clock, when we discovered, with great alarm, that over the mountains of Kiglapeit, the track was filled with irregular masses of ice, like towers, some higher and some lower. We almost despaired of getting through them. Under the mountain, the weather grew warm and still, and we sent the smaller sledge forward, to find a road through the masses of ice. But the dogs, from the difficulty of the way, got entangled in their traces, some of which are eight yards long. But, at three, we had passed the mountain, and took up our night's lodging in a cavern, dark and dismal in appearance, but to us a welcome retreat."

Haven would gladly have passed the remainder of his life here; but increasing years and infirmities forbade it. Unwillingly, he at last consented to return to Silesia, and allow comfort and indulgence to be his future lot. He thus writes:—"But now, both I and my wife begin to feel the effects of age and hardship, and our strength seemed exhausted. The year 1783 was, amidst our bodily weakness, a period of blessing to our souls: we were quite resigned to the Divine will, as to our future stay in the land;

yet we thought it incumbent to represent to our Brethren in Europe, that we were no longer able to do the work committed to us in the manner we wished."

He obtained his dismissal in the same year, and arrived safe at Hernhuth. Very dear to his memory, amidst the calm of this retirement, were his life and journeyings in Labrador. In the hours of inactivity, he would often recall them. He felt, also, the enjoyment of the society of enlightened and intellectual men; and frequently declared his gratitude, in the most lively terms, for their continued kindness and regard.

Thus passed the decline of his life: yet its monotony was broken; for, after a while, he accompanied some of the Moravian sisters in a journey to Sarepta, a few days' journey from Astrachan. Here there was an interesting colony, where they were welcomed with great kindness. Even after passing the weary steppes of Russia, so exact was the discipline, so simple and impressive the appearance of the institution of the Unity in Sarepta, that the wanderers could easily transport themselves in fancy to the retreat of Hernhuth. An account of it may be given in the words of a late traveller:—

"We had been four days and nights travelling through an almost barren waste: there had been no previous indication to point out the haunts of man, when the beautiful little town of Sarepta, in the bosom of a rich valley, suddenly burst on the view. Our carriage passed through small and regular streets, and stopped at the door of the inn, a neat house, in a pretty square, which, together with the church at the opposite end, brought the snug villages of England to my mind. Opposite the inn formerly stood a house containing eighty bachelors, and near it one containing eighty spinsters. The house of the former has been burnt down; that of the latter has escaped. When a bachelor is tired of a life of

celibacy, he goes next door, chooses one out of the eighty spinsters, and makes her his wife. The pair become members of the general community, and keep house for themselves. I was highly gratified by my visit to this human hive. Every thing was in the neatest order; the sisters, as they are called, with their little caps and uniform dress, reminded me of our fair Quakers. The female children were reading and writing; the young women were engaged in domestic employments. The old maids, for there were a few, were occupied in knitting and needlework. All were busy at the occupation best adapted to their peculiar habits and talents. Nor were the brothers idle: here were shoemakers, tailors, weavers, printers, and bookbinders. I was shewn a fine collection of the serpents, and other reptiles, of Southern Russia. I saw, also, a large collection of antiquities, found in the neighbourhood. Before we bade farewell to our Moravian friends, we visited their burying-ground. Even this partakes of republican simplicity: it is a square enclosure; the tombstones are exactly alike; on each is inscribed, without comment, the christian and surname of the deceased, and the day on which he died. These humble testimonials of the dead are singularly contrasted with the aristocratic marble tombstone of a Russian princess, who is buried here."

He returned once more in safety to Hernhuth. For the last six years of his life he was quite blind: painful as this situation was to a man of his vivacity of spirit, he never murmured, or ascribed it to the hardships he had suffered, but took it patiently as from the hand of Heaven, and his cheerfulness never forsook him. His conversation was profitable even to persons of rank, who never failed to call upon him when they visited Hernhuth; for they loved to converse with him. It

was evident, that what he said proceeded from the experience of a heart living in constant communion with God, and rejoicing in his salvation. His faithful and attached wife, who had weathered so many hardships by his side, was his great solace in all his affliction: she seldom quitted his side. Unlike Egede, who buried his companion beneath the Greenland snows, Mary Haven, though her husband saw her face no more, was with him to the last, and could tell of the triumphs of the cross, which they had seen and shared together—of how many a trial, and of how many a mercy! His only son was the continued object of his prayers; his name ever rose to heaven together with that of the loved mission on the coast of Labrador. He died at the age of seventy-two, and was buried in the place where he so desired to rest, in the burial-ground at Hernhuth; and the Brethren mourned not greatly for him, for they knew that he had entered into his reward.

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It will be necessary to follow the progress of the mission, for Haven left many labourers behind, equal to himself in zeal and piety. Several years passed, with a languid and uncertain success. From the letters of the missionaries in 1803 and 1804, it is evident the religion of the baptized Esquimaux was at that time very low. Even at Nain matters did not wear a more encouraging appearance. A few were dismissed, and others excluded from the communion. "As to our flock," they write, "we are sorry to say, that most of them seemed to fall very far short of what one might expect. The good seed sown in their hearts, is quickly plucked up and destroyed. We discovered grievous deviations,

into which some had fallen last summer, during their absence from us, and we perceived with pain that in difficult occurrences, or in sickness, they are too ready to listen to sorcerers."

The departure for Europe of one of the missionaries, and the death of another, left a void in the life of the two survivors. How sad was the feeling, when loneliness was their portion, and they saw no more the long-tried friend, by the pale gleam of the lamp, when even the "silence of his face was pleasant;" and when at last the lamp died, the very consciousness that the breathing form was still there, and heart beating warm with charity—was delightful! And his voice, even in the thick darkness, telling of hope;—or, when cheering to the chase over the death-like plains, it came distinct from afar, like the trump of an angel—that voice had passed away! This was the season, "when to be *still*, required far greater strength of mind than to act;" when patience and resignation put forth their fullest glory, and in the midst of all that was calculated to exasperate and harden, the spirit grew more mild and gentle every day. As they wrapped their furs closer to the frame, and felt the life-blood grow chill beneath, what had pride, ambition, pleasure, to do with the withering senses, with the sternly subdued heart? O, charity! "that suffereth long, that beareth all things, that seeketh not her own"—thy sublime lesson was as truly taught by these faithful and desolate men in Labrador, as by many who have died at the stake, or left a sainted memory behind them.

A rich reward was at last given for all their toils, in a general increase of religion among the native congregations: "When our Esquimaux returned from their summer places, and settle here again for the winter, we found that they had not only been preserved from sinful practices, but that the mercy

so lately manifest had made further progress, they had become better acquainted with the depravity of their own natures; all saw the necessity of true conversion of heart; many were filled with comfort and joy in believing; others longed to be partakers of the same grace. With what astonishment did we perceive how powerfully the Holy Spirit explained to this people the things of God!" At this time, two young natives arrived at Hopedale from Nain. The first came to return his wife to her mother, intending to go back and marry another. This man, on entering the dwelling with his bride whom he had lately married, found the inmates just engaged in prayer as usual, before they went to rest: he sat down, astonished at what he saw and heard. Then the whole company began to entreat him earnestly not to part with his wife: perceiving that he was immoveably fixed, they knelt around him, and prayed once more. The mother's words were affecting, "Oh, my Lord! behold, this is my child, I now give him up to thee. Accept of him, and suffer him not to be lost for ever." Such a scene, so unprecedented, had an immediate effect on the youth; he was filled with concern for his own salvation: he desisted from his purpose, and took his wife again, and treated her with tenderness. He spoke to his companion Kapik, and his word sank deep. Filled with ardour and hope, these two men set out on their return to Nain, and there testified what they had heard and seen at Hopedale, by which an enduring impression was made upon the minds of many of their friends.

Several families came even from Okkak to settle at Hopedale; "where," says the missionary, "our small congregation is blooming like a beautiful rose." The following is an extract from a letter received from Okkak, in August, 1808:—"Even in this cold and dreary region, the flame of religion

is beginning to burn bright in the hearts of our Esquimaux congregation, in a manner never before perceived. You know how peculiarly reserved and shy the character of the Esquimaux is by nature: how they can hide their evil propensities and deeds with consummate hypocrisy; and, if detected, to what fierce anger they give way! But these bars and fetters, by which they were led captive, are burst. They now come of their own accord, and confess their sins with true sorrow and contrition, insomuch, that whereas formerly we could not by any means discover their real state, we now have only to direct them, with all their sorrows, to our merciful Saviour for forgiveness."

"Some years afterwards," they again write, "The congregation at Okkak increases, from year to year, by the arrival of heathens from the coast. But this station may yet be called a mission. Nain and Hopedale are now regular Christian settlements, all the inhabitants being initiated into the church by holy baptism, and no heathen living in the neighbourhood. The increase in these places, therefore, depends upon the rising generation, and upon the accession of persons coming from a distance to reside." On this account, the endeavours of the teachers are particularly directed to instil into the minds of the youth, the principles and precepts of Christianity. This is done by faithful instruction, accompanied with watchfulness and prayer.

The most efficacious means of promoting the progress of religious knowledge, is the reading the New Testament, which they have now in their hands. They read therein daily, in their houses and tents, with the greatest earnestness, delight, and edification. "We have, indeed, since the arrival of this precious gift, observed a great change. Their understanding of its doctrines has rapidly increased, and the influence upon their moral con-

duct is manifest. The schools which are held, with both children and adults, also eminently forward their improvement, being attended with great diligence. The severest punishment that can be inflicted on a pupil, is to keep him for a time from this tuition.

The Moravians conferred an inexpressible benefit on this people, by teaching them to read and write. Often in the summer tents, and when at a distance at their hunting places, their favourite occupation is to read parts of the Scriptures together. As there are some who have not acquired this proficiency, having become converts at a more advanced period of life, the children or young people read aloud, while the rest are quietly mending their tackle, or sitting down doing other work. Many of them shew great capacity for learning to play on any musical instrument. Violins and French horns have been introduced; which a few of them accompany with their voices with great precision and effect. Some of the missionaries have even succeeded in teaching them to sing short and easy anthems, in three or four parts, by which, on particular occasions, the worship of the congregation is much enlivened. The acquisition of the art of writing, has afforded to many of them the means of intercourse with their friends in other settlements. One of the pastors observes, that he has sometimes had nearly fifty short letters committed to his care by the Esquimaux, when on his passage from one settlement to another. Their dismal superstitions and sorceries are utterly forsaken: the Angokoks have lost their power; no one now invokes a cast of their skill, or calls on Torngak, the terrible spirit, to appease his wrath. A new church, reared by the Moravians, was now solemnly consecrated at Okkak.

A specimen of their epistolary talents, is an

account, by one of the natives, of a remarkable escape. Three of them, being engaged in fishing, the ice on which they were standing, broke loose, and floated to sea; Conrad converted his sledge into a kind of raft, by tying skins and seal-bladders to it, and thus paddled to the firm ice, using a seal javelin as a rudder. The south-west wind bore the others far out into the open sea, so that they could hardly be seen in the horizon; and to follow them was impossible. They built a snow-house upon the floating field, about six feet in height, in which they took shelter during the night, and in rainy weather; but they could make no fire. In this dreadful uncertainty they spent nine days.

“On the 5th,” writes the Esquimax in his own language, “I hoped that Conrad, who had been with us, would come to help us. We repeatedly thought that we heard the report of fire-arms, but towards evening we perceived we had been mistaken. On the 5th, in the morning, finding ourselves carried far away from the land into the ocean, we entered our snow-house weeping, and both joined in calling upon God for help and comfort. On the 6th, I spent the whole day in prayer; and as I walked about alone, those words were impressed upon my mind, ‘I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.’ On the 8th, 9th, and 10th, the fog was so dense, that we could not see where we were driven. The thought of my poor bereaved family was very bitter. On the 11th, when we saw land through the fog, we wept for joy; and it was clearly manifest to us, that we were guided by the hand of Providence. We were still surrounded by broken pieces of floating ice. On the 12th, in the morning, we again saw the land before us; but as we did not trust the fragments of drift-ice, we remained upon our field; and returning into the snow-house, felt our thoughts

pleasant to us. It appeared, towards evening, as if we were approaching the firm ice, when suddenly our ice-field seemed struck with a terrible shock, and a large portion of it broke off. We instantly left it: in passing over the drifting fields, we were often in danger, but at last we got to land in safety."

An improved edition of the Esquimaux hymn-book was sent to Labrador by the Moravians in Europe; and its arrival caused the liveliest emotion among the people. The life of the Moravians was not an idle one. "The immense quantity of snow," writes one of them, "which falls annually at Okkak, generally employs two Brethren till mid-summer in clearing it away from the roofs. It lay this year twenty-four feet deep; and in some places still deeper. Most of our buildings were buried under it; and we were apprehensive of the roofs being broken down. Some of the Esquimaux houses were crushed by its weight, and the people had but just time to make their escape. The chimney of our bakehouse was filled, and we were obliged to clear it continually. The shovelling and cutting away the accumulated masses of snow was a laborious task, and caused us great fatigue from day to day."

At the close of the following year, the missionaries write, "We are bowed down with gratitude for the mercy shewn to us and our people, for the year past." It cannot be supposed that this advancement of religion among the Esquimaux was unsullied by events, which tried the faith and patience of the Moravians—the inconstancy of many, the coldness or departure of others: yet a great number remained faithful. By dint of continued labour, they had gathered some comforts around their abodes; even the gardens now produced an annual supply of lettuce, spinach, and a few early

turnips and cabbages. In the early part of this enterprise, a company of Moravians in London had undertaken to send a ship annually to Labrador, to supply such necessaries of life as could not be there procured. This vessel had hitherto arrived safely every season. One of the missionaries had perished in a shooting excursion, and was never heard of more: another, Burghard, had died at the age of sixty-nine years.

At the close of 1817, the following were the numbers of the Esquimaux, who, in the judgment of the missionaries, having been made partakers in the faith of Christianity, had fixed their abode at the different settlements:—at Hopedale, 167; Okkak, 237; Nain, 196. In their missions, the Moravians have ever sought that the instruction of the understanding, and the civilization of the manners, should go hand in hand with religion. Thus they observe:—“The schools have been regularly held; and are frequented not only by children, but by adults, who come to learn to read and write. At the examination, we were much gratified at the progress they had made. Some could read without hesitation, and were tolerably expert in the rudiments of arithmetic. In the year 1821, the Bible Society, who had previously presented the Esquimaux with printed portions of Scripture, translated by the missionaries into their language, now sent them the invaluable gift of the New Testament in the same tongue. The following year, being the fiftieth since the commencement of the mission, the day was appointed to be held as a jubilee. One of the Moravians, George Schmittman, was near death; but this festival so animated both spirit and frame, that he went to the church, borne on the arms of his associates, and once more addressed the native assembly. “I shall gladly,” he said, “lay down this mortal body to rest near the graves of my wife and children.

I have now served this people faithfully for thirty-eight years."

The following scene is curious:—"Early in the morning, the sloop of war, Captain Martin, who had just arrived at Nain, was decorated with fifty flags of different nations, in celebration of the jubilee. A feast was furnished to the natives on the land, who sat on pieces of timber placed in a square. Before they began their meal, they all rose and sang. Several guns were fired by the sloop, and their echo was multiplied wildly among the valleys and hills. Afterwards the music began to play a hymn, followed by a salute of the Esquimaux with their pieces. The sloop answered with great guns, but the natives went on firing after the cannon had ceased to roar. It was a calm night without moon, but the brilliancy of the stars and the glorious aurora borealis increased the enjoyment: sleep was not thought of."

The natives were rarely visited by famine, having in general plenty of food: the rein-deer, the bear, and the musk-ox, besides the seal and walrus, and the birds which they entrap: the two former are the most esteemed. In summer, they often pitch their tents by the side of the lakes, which abound in the country, and being surrounded by rocky hills, have a picturesque appearance, when, in the month of July, the sun rests on them with a dazzling radiance: the heat is then oppressive. Into these lakes the Esquimaux often drive the deer, and then, pursuing them in their canoes, spear them ere they reach the shore: the scene is highly animating, and would be relished even by sportsmen of more refined lands: the exulting cries of the women and children on the bank, or at the tent-doors; the rapid sweep of the canoes after the panting deer, whose noble antlers are seen towering above the surface, while he urges all his speed to escape; then the

blow of the spear and the death-struggle. The pastures around these lakes affords excellent feeding for the game, which is found here in herds. It is melancholy to see the snows fall in August, and cover the green pastures, and hang heavy on the scanty fir woods, and at last compel the hunters to leave their favourite grounds: then the fresh and sweet rivulets, pouring from the hills, are quickly converted into solid ice: the shrill and mournful cries of the birds, sweet sounds to the lonely, are gradually hushed: a dense fog covers mountain and plain; and when it breaks at times, what an awful vista is before the eye! indistinct, moving to and fro in menacing forms, as if the dim spirits of Torngak were there. The sea steams like a lime-kiln: the day perishes fast, and the moon rises with a sickly lustre,—the only watcher over the buried land! In this death of the senses, the fancy often wanders intensely to some long-lost scene, the bright and beautiful contrast of all that is around—to some forest of wanton verdure, of glades and wild-flower banks, and the melody of birds: often did the Moravians remember the loved retreats and walks around Hernhuth, or Marienborn; even the ancient oak, the waving corn-field, the rank vegetation glorying in the hot hour of noon. These ideal pictures, almost as vivid as if they actually passed before the eye, are an absolute relief and luxury: and the sad dull world, without and within, cannot quell their power.

The writer felt this power, when a captive in an Arab camp, in the bosom of a burning valley of sand, where there was no green thing, not even a shrub, or a withered tree, to give a mockery of life: close on every side rose dark and rugged precipices, which could not be passed; it was the hold of despair. The sun fell with a dreadful glare on the white sand; and seeking the poor shadow of

the rock, he sought to gather an ideal world around him; it came at his call—a world that no enemy could take away. Woods of eternal verdure and exquisite gloom: even Crusoe's lonely island, with its groves of orange, sweet fountains, and banks of perfume, became almost embodied in this scene of desolation. The cold and fearful homes of Labrador would in that hour have been grateful.

Tradition finely points to the mountain of Quarantina in Palestine, as the scene of our Lord's temptation: the summit is a wide and frightful desert, full of rocks, dry fissures, and ravines, with scarcely a cave to shelter the head "from the heat by day, or the blast by night." But this summit looks down on a scene of tantalizing loveliness and plenty: even the plain of Jericho, the deep and cool fountain of Elisha, wildly gushing away—the rich valley that stretches far to the lake of Tiberias—the groves of palm, the noble pastures, covered with flocks! What an aggravation to the anguish of hunger and thirst, was such a scene perpetually before the eye! did not the human nature feel that the contrast heightened the intensity of suffering. This mountain is to Jerusalem the nearest scene answering to the description given of a desolate wilderness.

It is evident, from the letters and expressions of many of the converts, that, during the long nights of winter, their new faith was to them a source of hourly and delightful meditation. Grateful and splendid was the transition, even to the most dull and insensible mind—from the dismal tyranny of Torngak's worship, the dread of his vengeance, the vague ideas of his icy kingdom, and the horror which all the Esquimaux feel of death—to the satisfying blessings of the religion of Christ. They no longer trembled and wept at the approach of the king of terrors; for a trust in a future glory was

peculiarly dear to their minds. The most striking conversions were of those natives, who, like the bandits of the Apennines, had led a life of blood and crime: many of these men, superior in strength of body as well as mind, had wantonly taken away life, for the mere gratification of caprice or cruelty, till at last their anger or menace was regarded as a sure presage of death. Surrounded by flatterers and dependents, from fear rather than attachment, they knew no law but their own will; and when their revenge could not be gratified on the spot, they waited some favourable opportunity, that was sure to occur, and slew their victim on the hunting or fishing grounds, or even in the bosom of his family. The love of blood, and its dread indulgence, are perhaps harder to be laid aside than any other guilty habit of our nature;—how can pity, or the soft visitings of compunction, enter into the seared heart, that has gloated on the agonies and desolation of others? The last act of the aged Uiverumna, whose nephew had become a Christian, was to murder two orphan children.

Few were the instances in which these fierce men yielded to repentance, till depressed circumstances, when external aids and diversions were taken away, urged them to seek rest from the pangs of remorse. Even then the struggle was desperate, and the convictions of guilt, and the dark memories of the murdered, rising like spectres to lash the troubled soul, were opposed by interminable pride, and a glorying in their lost might and mastery, which could ill brook humility or brokenness of spirit. By degrees the race of these assassins became extinct, and the weak and the timid were delivered from their thralldom: the miserable usage of infanticide, so common among the natives, and the more rare one of human sacrifices to their gods, were heard of no more.

The discipline observed in the settlements closely resembles that of other Moravian institutions: the teachers often visit the people in their homes, to examine more closely into their moral conduct, as well as religious improvement; and in the evening, after the public meeting, many gather to the home of their pastor, to converse with him. On the Sabbath the churches are diligently attended, the people are neatly dressed, and behave with propriety and seriousness: the class and the band meetings, in which the sexes are separated, are favourite occasions. No one has yet arisen, like Judith, of excellent memory, at Hernhuth, who persuaded the young women to live in a house by themselves, apart from the society of men: but the young men have built themselves choir-houses, where they dwell, have regular worship, and work for themselves, under the inspection of one or more of their own rank. Yet Judith found an imitator, of inferior influence and eloquence, at Okkak; this was Esther, a young widow, who, it is said, "often resorted to a little hill, near Killanek, her birth-place, to pour forth her prayers and sorrows alone: she kept her profession of faith unblemished unto the end. She constantly declined all offers of marriage, whether from believers or heathen. Her natural talents were considerable: she had been the wife of a murderer and sorcerer, on account of whose crimes her two children were put to death by the people: her ardent aspirations after the blessings of religion were unceasing. She quickly learned to read and write, and the Scripture soon became familiar to her memory.' Like the fair recluse of Hernhuth, she died in her youth.

The class and band meetings are favourite occasions among the Esquimaux. In these small companies, the business is not preaching or catechising, but, in a way of familiar conversation, each speaks openly and frankly

of the state of his heart in general, his increase in grace, or whatever has proved an impediment therein, and they are occasionally directed how to proceed, admonished, or encouraged. At times the missionaries have a conference with the helpers who preside in these bands, to learn the situation of their people, and to give them some needful instructions. In the summer, when the homes are pitched on the sea-shore, or in the plain beside the lakes, these social meetings are held at times in a tent, or beneath a rock in the open air: if held in the beautiful and lustrous night, when the sun goes not down on the silent scenes, it must be impressive to the feelings of the group of worshippers. In the winter, when the evenings are so inclement that they cannot go to the chapel, these bands assemble in each other's dwelling; and each individual creeps through the low arch-way into the well-lighted and comfortable interior, and takes his seat on the snow-bench, covered with furs: when the helper and the others also are come, the hymn is raised; then they pray together, heedless of the wintry horrors without. Some of the latter were at first startling to the nerves of the Europeans: the peculiar and solemn distinctness with which the human voice is heard from a great distance; the quick, melancholy howl of the dogs at evening; the fall of vast fragments from the cliffs, undermined beneath, and precipitated into the sea with a crash like that of an earthquake; and in the description in the Apocrypha, "the rushing by of fearful things, which as yet they saw not."

Some years since, the writer passed a week at one of the Moravian institutions—but in a far different scene. The village stood in the midst of a fruitful country, and was encompassed with a rich belt of trees, and pleasant walks on every side. The gardens were kept with almost religious care

and neatness: for a love, as well as a knowledge, of gardening, is early acquired by the Moravians. As at Sarepta, there was one good little inn, in the middle of the village: the chambers were exquisitely clean; pots of flowers in the windows, that were half shaded by the trees. There was a primitive simplicity and kindness in the manners of all the people; who resembled a little happy commonwealth, where comfort and peace, but not luxury or refinement, dwelt. The inn was the home of the traveller, whose evenings were cheered by the visits of the minister, a young and agreeable man, and perfectly communicative, who invited him to attend the different services of religion—in which there was no formality, but an earnestness, and, above all, a stillness. The bishop was an elderly man, of mild and unpretending manners; unconscious, in appearance, of any station or power above his fellows, or that any “of the mysteries of religion” rested on his head; conversing frankly and cheerfully on the institutions of the United Brethren. To his residence in this pleasant spot, he seemed to be greatly attached; for quiet and retirement are rarely obtained by the Moravian dignitaries, till after they have well borne the heat and toil of the day.

The most interesting service here was the love-feast. It was a beautiful evening in August; and the setting sun shone through the windows of the small, yet lofty chapel, on the silent and attentive assembly. The sexes sat apart; the men on the left, and on the right the women—all dressed with an excellent neatness and simplicity: the admirer of Moravian beauty might have envied the situation: the greater number of these ladies were young; each was habited in a dress of snowy whiteness with a white cap on the head, adorned with a pink ribbon: a fair complexion, a blue eye, a mild and

hushed expression of feature were prevalent ; many were decidedly handsome, and finely formed. The method of courtship among the men is primitive, but its delicacy cannot be applauded. These young Moravian women, who often make the best wives in the world, of undaunted courage, noble resignation, and cheerful suffering, deserve to be sincerely loved. The stillness of the assembly was remarkable ; they sat like so many marble statues, moulded with taste and skill, on whom life and spirit must yet be breathed. But when the hymn was given out, and all rose, and joined their voices, the singing was most impressive ; prayer followed ; then an address from the minister. Subsequently, tea and cakes were handed round to every one : another hymn followed, melodious as the former. It was evident, by their demeanour and conversation, that their religion was not a painful restriction, or formal profession only, to which they were trained. Some parts of the discipline were, perhaps, irksome to the more gay and lively of the community ; for even in this lone retreat, there were spirits who panted to see the world, to prove its fascinations, and even perils, of which they had heard, but never tasted.

The gradual, and at last effectual, change in the morals and minds of the Esquimaux, is alone attributable, under the Divine blessing, to the remarkable endurance and perseverance of the missionaries. Of these men, few ever returned to Europe : if they desired earnestly at times to visit a gentler land, a more attractive society, they suppressed the desire. Twenty, forty, and even fifty years have been passed by a few of these men in Labrador. What admirable patience and zeal, " which many floods could not drown," or the frozen earth, and sea, and sky, or the deadlier frost of the spirit, ever quench ! In the autumn of 1828, their faith was severely

tried, by the prevalence of a pestilence, which threatened to destroy their whole congregation: many perished; a hundred and fifty lay ill at one time: their own words afford the best description. "In many tents, all the families lay in a helpless state, nor could any one give the other even so much as a drop of water. Those who had recovered a little, walked about like shadows: we were employed early and late, in preparing medicine, visiting and nursing the sick: and all our spare time was occupied in making coffins, and burying the dead. Our stock of medicine was all expended: on some days we had many funerals, and you may conceive what we felt during such an accumulation of distress. Our only comfort was the state of mind of those who departed this life; they all declared that they rejoiced in the prospect of seeing Him face to face, who had redeemed them from the power of sin, and the fear of death. Parents were removed from the embraces of their children, and departed with joy—so did the children from the arms of those who had given them life. Here we reaped the fruits of the tears of our predecessors. Who would have expected this fifty years ago, when no European durst shew his face without the risk of being cruelly murdered, not to speak of the human sacrifices offered up to appease evil spirits?" This is a beautiful and convincing testimony, and tells more powerfully than many volumes, that Christianity has ennobled, as well as blest, the natives of Labrador.

Among the Moravians, Kholmeister seems the most eminent, having, by seventeen years of application and practice, acquired a perfect acquaintance with the native tongue, into which he has made various translations. Surely none but Germans would have given the Esquimaux a taste for music, and a facility in playing several instruments. The

cold in this country is far more intense than in Greenland; the reason assigned for this is, that the north-west wind, which is the severest, comes over an arm of the sea to the settlements in Greenland, by which means the cold is lessened: on the contrary, this severe wind, which prevails the greater part of winter in Labrador, comes to that coast over an immense frozen continent. Although the houses of the missionaries are heated by large cast-iron stoves, the windows and walls are all the winter covered with ice, and the bed-clothes freeze to the walls. Rum freezes in the air like water; and rectified spirits soon become thick like oil. Though wrapped in furs, yet in a journey at this season, their eyelids often freeze together in such a manner, that they were continually obliged to pull them asunder. By degrees, the natives have built winter houses near the mission house, which resemble European cottages, of stone, timber, and sods: in every apartment the fire-lamp is kept constantly burning; and the entrance is a long, low passage, through which you creep rather than walk.

The most animating scene in the Esquimaux life is the sledge driving, to which the dogs are carefully trained: unharnessed at night, they burrow in the snow wherever they please, and are sure to return to the call of the driver in the morning. Their strength and speed, even without food, are astonishing. This people are expert drivers, and the rapidity and excitement of thus dashing over the snows, are delightful to the European, who sees lakes, cliffs, and snow-drifts disappear from his eye with magical swiftness. There is here one convenience which is not possessed in Greenland; the country supplies not only wood for fuel, but also timber for most purposes of building. With a view to facilitate the necessary labours of this kind, they have

erected a saw-mill in each of the settlements. The country is not without game, such as hares, wild geese, partridges, &c., and the bays furnish plenty of fish. In some years they have even caught more than six hundred large salmon-trout at Nain, which, together with cod, are prepared for winter's use.

An expedition was undertaken by Kholmeister and one of his companions, with several natives, to explore the northern coast of Labrador. After several days' sail, in which they were often embayed in the ice, and struck on sunken rocks, they arrived in Nullatartok bay, in the 59th degree of north latitude: here they pitched their tents, and passed twelve days in exploring the country. The mountains were covered with moss, alder, birch, and various shrubs and plants; and the valleys with grass, and a great variety of flowers. On the 15th of July, they steered towards Nachvak bay; the magnificent mountains of which afforded them a most enchanting prospect, especially at sun-rise. Afterwards they passed the desert regions to the west of Cape Chudleigh, where, on a coast of a hundred miles in length, they did not meet a single inhabitant. They at last got sight of the Ungava country, the object of their hopes, where the people welcomed them with shouts of joy. August 7th. They arrived at the mouth of the George river: at a short distance from the landing-place was a spot well adapted for a missionary station. It was a green slope, or terrace, overgrown with shrubs; a woody valley extended on one side. On the summits of the hills they erected high marks of stones, and on a declivity on the right, they fixed a board, on which was carved an inscription. Their situation was now critical; the season was far advanced, and they were only eighty miles distant from the spot which they had fixed on as the final object of the voyage. Six days farther progress brought

them to the river Koksoak, seven hundred miles from Okkak : here there was a fine grassy slope, with several rivulets issuing from the wood ; in which they found various European plants, and flowers, and shrubs, such as junipers, currants, &c. After being absent fourteen weeks, they returned in safety.

Many years passed, and unsurmountable difficulties prevented the formation of the desired settlement in the Ungava land : but the chosen scenes were not forgotten by the discoverers or the natives, who often ascended the hills where the signal-boards had been fixed, and lingered long, looking anxiously to sea-ward for the expected return of the missionaries. The Esquimaux resolved in council, that they would cut no timber for the repair of their boats in the Koksoak, that the woods might not be injured when the Moravians should come and build a settlement. They, therefore, went for wood into the great river Assaviok ; where large timber trees are to be found.

In the year 1830, the long-desired object was accomplished. The society at home decided, that, in spite of every obstacle, a station should be formed at Kangertluksoak, where the northern Esquimaux might receive the gospel. A vessel was freighted with building materials and other stores, which arrived safe on the coast of Labrador. The intrepid missionaries at Okkak being, as they observed, "favoured during last winter with such an extraordinary sledge track, that the oldest inhabitants cannot remember one so good," actually resolved to transport all the frame-work, materials, &c., of the mission house and church, by land, to Kangertluksoak. Away they went in sledges, with extreme rapidity, over hill, and plain, and wastes of snow ; Esquimaux, pastors, &c. all full of the keen excitement of vanquishing nature, even in her strong holds, and planting

an enduring church in the long-loved spot. Since travelling was first invented, there never was so strange and romantic a journey: nor will there be a similar one, till the prevalence of steam-carriages and rail roads, shall transport us with breathless haste from land to land. Rafters, shingles, even the very rooms in frame, and the church bell, were seen flying along plains, and down mountains, and over frozen lakes, and even ocean, for it was the beginning of April. All arrived in safety; and the house was erected, and covered with boarding on three sides, before the arrival of the ships: so that the cargo of the *Oliver* could be immediately brought under cover. The house was forty-eight feet long, and twenty-eight broad, two stories high; and contained three dwelling rooms, and a kitchen on the ground-floor. The country around *Kangertluksoak* or *Hebron*, as it was called, looked green even at this time of the year. In the course of three days, forty-four thousand and nine hundred bricks were landed from the *Oliver*, and brought under cover. On the 29th, all the casks were emptied of their contents. Already the heathen natives gathered fast round the infant settlement: grossly ignorant they appeared, and inferior in manners and appearance to the congregations left behind, of *Nain* and *Hopedale*.

*Hebron* lies on the western shore of a large bay; on one hand is the great island *Serlee*, where the *Esquimaux* pitch their tents in the spring. The settlement stands forty paces from the water's-edge, on a gentle eminence, from whence the prospect is very extensive in fine weather. In the clear surface of the vast basin, are reflected the rugged forms of the opposite mountain range. As far as the eye can reach, is one vast collection of rocks. The country immediately around, is tolerably green, with a wooded vale on one side, and hills on the other.

The mountains that bound the prospect to the north-west present a forbidding aspect; not a blade of grass is seen on the dark and continued precipices of which they are composed. The mission-house is already complete, with a large oven, a boiler, and fire-places.

The last letter received says, "Every thing is still in rather a rude and unfinished state; chairs, tables, bedsteads, and the like, are to be made; Freytag has his bed at present on a heap of shavings. The reading-table in the temporary church is a box set on end, upon which a flat board has been nailed; and the whole is covered with a piece of coarse cloth: but, in due time, we hope all will be in order. I must not omit to mention, that the travelling-kitchen, with which each of our settlements is supplied, proves a most acceptable and useful gift. We have made more than one trial of ours, and found it to answer completely. In a quarter of an hour we were able, with the help of a handful of wood, to boil our coffee, and to drink it likewise. On the 10th of September, a storm from the north-west carried away the scaffolding, with the ladders, and every thing on that side of the building; and the next day, another gust served the remainder of the scaffolding in the same unceremonious manner, and scattered part of the materials on the roof. October the 7th, three of our young people offered to go overland to Okkāk, and carry letters for us. After waiting for near three weeks with great anxiety for their return, they came on the 27th instant, after suffering very much from hunger and fatigue."

The few and fearless Moravians are thus cheerfully exiled, even at a vast distance from the other settlements. Yet they have their reward: when the sabbath returns, in Hebron, and the bell peals its

solemn sounds over land and sea, and the boats rapidly come in sight from the villages, and the few families of converts, neatly attired, gather to the lonely church, and wait on the grassy slope, to hail the minister's approach—surely his feelings are to be envied!

The names of the missionaries at Nain, are, Kolmeister, Morhardt, and Lundberg; at Okkak, Mentzel, Knaus, and Glitsch; at Hebron, Christensen, Kreith, and others; at Hopedale, Meisner, Korner, and Kunath. Even a sister, Etzel, had found her way to the far Hebron, and ere long, as was to be expected, consented to cheer the loneliness of one of the Moravians; most of whom, in the other stations, are married.

The number of Esquimaux Christians in the different stations, at the close of 1831, were—at Okkak, 382; Nain, 246; Hopedale, 181.

In Hebron, the infant station in the Ungava country, the heathen natives are instructed with anxious care; but some considerable time must elapse ere a community of Christians can be gathered there.

The United Brethren adhere to the Augsburg confession of faith, "which they consider as an excellent and concise exposition of the essential doctrines of Christianity."—The University of Tuebingen returned the following answer to an inquiry submitted, in 1733, to its theological faculty: "That the Moravian Brethren may and ought to adhere to their known ecclesiastical discipline and regulations, which they have had for three hundred years; and, notwithstanding, may maintain their connexion with the Protestant church."

On the ordination of Count Zinzendorf, to be a bishop of the United Brethren, the primate of England wrote him the following letter:—

“ John, by Divine Providence, Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Right Reverend Count Nicholas Lewis, Bishop of the Moravian church, sendeth, greeting :

“ Most sincerely and cordially I congratulate you, upon your having been lately raised to the sacred and justly celebrated chair of the Moravian church, (by whatsoever clouds it may be now obscured,) by the grace of Divine Providence, and with the applause of the heavenly host ; for the opinion we have conceived of you does not suffer us to doubt it. It is the subject of my ardent prayer, that this honour, so conferred, and which your merit so justly entitles you to, may prove no less beneficial to the church, than at all times acceptable to you and yours. For, insufficient as I am, I should be entirely unworthy of that high station in which Divine Providence has placed me, were I not to shew myself ever ready to make every exertion in my power for the assistance of the universal church of God ; and especially to love and embrace *your* church, united with us by the closest bond of love, and which has hitherto, as we have been informed, invariably maintained both the pure and primitive faith, and the discipline of the primitive church : neither intimidated by dangers, nor seduced by the manifold temptations of Satan. I request, in return, the support of your prayers, and that you will salute in my name, your brother bishop, as well as the whole Christian flock, over which Christ has made you an overseer. Farewell.

“Given at Westminster, the 10th of July, 1737.”

## ANNE HASSELTINE JUDSON.

“THE Atlantic, like a river of Lethé,” observes Mather, “causes us to forget many things on the other side;” but we ought not to forget that America has been the birth-place, or the scene of action, of the most eminent missionaries—Eliot, Brainerd, Zeisberger, Kirkland; till the age of these strong and all-enduring men passed away—and woman came on the field, in all her weakness, and in all her heroism.

The subject of this memoir was born at Bradford, Massachusetts, where her venerable parents yet reside. In her early years she possessed an active and persevering mind, ardent feelings, and an extreme love of gaiety. That restless and enterprising spirit was also manifest, which afterwards led her, under a holier influence, to a distant and dangerous career in Burmah. The love of travelling seemed to grow with her years; so that her mother once said to her, “I hope, my daughter, you will one day be satisfied with rambling.” A book could allure her, at any time, from her favourite walks, and from the gayest social circle. She was educated at the academy in Bradford. It is said, that her preceptors and associates, even then, believed they saw in her the promise of no ordinary destiny.

Harriett Newell, the youthful missionary to India, was educated at the same academy.

At the age of fifteen, the spirit of Miss Hasseltine was led to discover the infinite value of religion. She immediately entered on its duties, and sought for its pleasures, with all the ardour of her character. An intimate friend at this time observed, "Redeeming love was now her favourite theme. One might spend days with her, without hearing any other subject reverted to. The throne of grace was her early and late resort. I have known her often to spend cold winter evenings in her chamber, without fire: yet her love of social pleasures was not diminished. Even now, I fancy I see her, with strong feeling depicted on her countenance, on which a heart-felt smile so often beamed."

When about twenty years of age, Miss Hasseltine first became acquainted with her future husband. Mr. Judson had graduated at Brown university, and was at this time on a tour through the United States. He afterwards attended the theological seminary at Andover, where the scepticism of his sentiments was entirely shaken, and he began to love that faith which he had hitherto despised. Soon after, he met with Dr. Buchanan's "Star in the East," which first led his thoughts to an Eastern mission. The subject harassed his mind from day to day; he spoke of it to various individuals, but they all discouraged the attempt. An American board, or association, being soon afterwards formed, it was resolved, notwithstanding the scantiness of the funds, to establish a mission in Burmah, to which Mr. Judson, with three companions were appointed. It is interesting to contrast the state of the American board at the period alluded to, when its members hesitated from a fear of adequate funds, with the present condition of that powerful body.

Previous to this period, he had become acquainted with Miss Hasseltine, and now made her an offer of marriage. She hesitated painfully: he possessed her affections—but she must leave home and parents, and go forth to Burmah. No female had ever yet left America as a missionary. The general opinion was decidedly opposed to the measure, which was deemed wild and romantic in the extreme, and wholly inconsistent with prudence and delicacy. Miss H. had no example to guide and allure her; her situation was like that of Egede and his wife, when about to leave home and friends for the wild Greenland mission: some said that they were mad; and others, that they were going in search of gold and dominion in the frozen zone. She met with no encouragement from the greater part of those persons to whom she applied for counsel: the more interested thought that she was casting away all chance of a good establishment in her own land; for her person was handsome, her intellect fine, and her conversation lively and agreeable. Her adventurous spirit, and decision of character, now came to her aid. Her journal, at this time of anxiety, shews the source to which she resorted for direction and support:—“I endeavoured to commit myself entirely to God, to be disposed of according to his pleasure. He is now trying my faith and confidence in him, by presenting dark and gloomy prospects. I feel that his service is, and will be, my delight. For several weeks past, my mind has been greatly agitated. In full view of dangers and hardships, I give myself up to this great work. This subject has occasioned much self-examination to know on what my hopes were founded; and whether my love to God was sufficiently strong to induce me to forsake much for his cause. I commit this case to Him who has a perfect understanding of the issue of all

events. I am fully satisfied that difficulties and trials are more conducive than ease and prosperity, to promote a growth in religion, and cherish an habitual sense of dependence on God. Oh! direct me, and I am safe; use me in thy service, and I ask no more! My feelings have been *exquisite* in regard to this subject."

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were married in February, 1812; and he was ordained, together with four companions, as missionaries, in the church in Salem. The same month they sailed for Calcutta. Thus affectingly the youthful and exiled wife expresses her feelings in her journal:—"Still my heart bleeds. O America! my native land, must I leave thee! Must I leave my parents, my sisters and brother, my friends beloved, and all the scenes of my early youth? Must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town—where I spent the pleasant years of childhood—where I learnt to lisp the name of my mother—where my infant mind first began to expand? There I entered the field of science—there I learnt the endearments of friendship, and tasted of all the happiness this world can afford. My tears flowed fast, and I could not be comforted." In June, the missionaries landed at Calcutta, where they were welcomed to India by the venerable Dr. Carey, who immediately invited them to Serampore. The next morning they took a boat, and went up the river fifteen miles to that place. Mrs. Judson speaks in high terms of the excellent order, industry, and economy, which distinguished the operations at that great missionary establishment.

"The house of Dr. Carey," she writes to her sister, "is curiously constructed, as are the other European houses here. There are no chimneys or fire-places in them; the roofs are flat; the rooms twenty feet in height, and proportionably large; large windows,

without glass, open from one room to another, that the air may freely circulate through the house. In the evening, we attended the English Episcopal church; it was very handsome; and a number of punkies, something like a fan, several yards in length, hung around, with ropes fastened to the outside, which were pulled by some of the natives, to keep the church cool. We saw a wedding procession pass; the bridegroom was carried in a palanquin, with flowers in his hand, and on his head; he appeared to be about ten years of age; the procession were dressed in uniform, with large branches of flowers, and instruments of music. These missionaries are eminently pious, as well as learned. Miss Marshman, only fourteen years of age, reads and writes Bengalee, and has made great progress in Greek and Hebrew. The garden is far superior to any in America: it consists of several acres, under the highest state of cultivation; fruits of various kinds, plants, flowers, and vegetables, grow here in great abundance. The pineapple grows on a low bush; the plantain, on a tall stalk."

After they had been here about ten days, they were summoned to Calcutta; and an order of the government, which at this time was resolutely opposed to missions, was read to them, requiring that they should immediately leave the country, and return to America. This order was disregarded: some months passed away, when the Bengal government, offended by the prolonged residence of the lonely couple, issued a peremptory order for their being sent immediately on board a vessel bound for England. Their names were inserted in the public papers, as passengers on board a certain ship; and now there appeared very little hope of their escape: they ascertained, however, that a ship would sail for the Isle of France in two days, in

which they applied for permission to embark, but were refused. They resolved to fly secretly, and, at twelve o'clock at night, the coolies conveying the baggage, they embarked, though the gates of the dock-yards were closed. The vessel proceeded down the river for two days, when a government despatch arrived, forbidding the pilot to go farther, as passengers were on board who had been ordered for England. They took refuge in a tavern on the shore, about a mile distant from the vessel: it was not safe to continue there, nor could they think of returning to Calcutta; and it was necessary to fetch the baggage from the ship. While her husband went down the river sixteen miles farther, Mrs. Judson set off alone, in a little boat, to reach the vessel, which had now gone a good way down the river. The river was very rough, in consequence of a high wind: there was no umbrella, or any thing, to screen her from the sun, which was intensely hot. With some difficulty she reached the ship, and put their effects in order, to be taken out in an hour or two: "Returning to land, I immediately procured a large boat, to send for our baggage. I entered a tavern, a stranger, and unprotected. I called for a room, and sat down, to reflect on my disconsolate situation. I had nothing with me but a few rupees. I did not know that the boat which I sent after the vessel would overtake it, nor where Mr. J. was, nor when he would come. I thought of home, and said to myself, These are some of the many trials attendant on a missionary life, and which I had anticipated." There they waited several days, when a vessel, bound to Madras, fortunately anchored opposite the tavern, and in this they at last obtained leave to embark.

In a letter to her sister, she observes, "I frequently join with Ossian in saying, 'There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the breast of the

mournful.' Can I forget thee, oh, my country? Can I forget the parental roof, and the loved associates of my life? Never, never, till the pulse ceases to beat, and the heart to feel. Oh! my heavenly Father, my early, my present, my everlasting Friend! when prospects are dark and gloomy, and distressing apprehensions weigh heavy on the soul, He leads me to feel my dependence on him, and lean on the bosom of infinite Love."

They arrived safely in the Isle of France, and found that the early companion of her enterprise, the amiable and attractive Harriett Newell, was no more. Thus she laments for her friend:—"My earliest associate is no more. Oh, death! thou destroyer of domestic felicity, could not this wide world afford victims, that thou hast entered the family of a solitary few, whose comfort and happiness depended on the society of each other? Could not this infant mission be shielded from thy shafts? Be still, my heart, and know that God has done it. Just and true are thy ways, O King of saints! who would not fear Thee? who would not love Thee? The body now lies solitary and alone in yonder heathy ground. No marble monument is erected, to speak her worth; no common grave-stone, to tell the passenger, 'Here lies one who, for the love of Christ, left the bosom of her friends, and found an early grave in a land of strangers.'"

But this lonely couple were no longer to wander from place to place, uncertain of their destiny: it appears, that about this time, a deep interest in missionary exertions was excited in the Baptist churches in America; so that, in April, 1814, the Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia. The executive business is performed by a board consisting of a president, four vice-presidents, a corresponding and a recording secretary, a treasurer, and thirty managers. One of the first acts

of the Convention was, to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Judson as their missionaries, leaving to their discretion to select a field of labour.

In May, 1813, they sailed for Madras, whence they departed for Rangoon, and arrived safely in July. Rangoon is the principal port of the Burman empire, and is situated thirty miles from the sea, on a river that is here about six hundred yards wide: the water is in general deep, and the current moderate; ships of very large burden can come up to the wharfs. The town stretches about a mile along the shore, and contains forty thousand inhabitants. The first Protestant missionary who visited Burmah, went from Serampore in 1807; and the eldest son of Dr. Carey followed. Soon after, two missionaries arrived from the London Missionary Society; one of whom died, and the other, after a year's residence, removed to Vizagapatam. One of the Serampore missionaries remained four years, and made a considerable progress in the language: he translated St. Matthew's Gospel, which was afterwards revised and printed at Serampore. At length, he also relinquished the mission: and Carey, when Mr. Judson arrived, had gone to Ava by order of the king. Mrs. Carey, who was a native of the country, still resided at Rangoon, in the mission house, which was erected in a pleasant and rural spot, half a mile from the walls of the town. The house was built of teak wood, and was large, and convenient for that climate, though the inside was unfinished, and the beams and joists were naked. Connected with it were gardens enclosed, containing about two acres of ground, and full of fruit-trees of various kinds. In this quiet spot they found a home, hired an able and intelligent teacher, and commenced the study of the language. As the native teacher did not understand English, their only method at first, of acquiring information con-

cerning the language, was to point to various objects; the names of which, the teacher pronounced in Burman. Thus they gradually obtained some knowledge of its vocabulary and structure: but, without a grammar or a dictionary, and so little aid from their teacher, the progress was slow and discouraging.

“December 11th: To-day, for the first time, I visited the wife of the viceroy. I was introduced to her by a French lady, who has frequently visited her. We had to wait some time: but the inferior wives of the viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity, by minutely examining every thing we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, &c. At last, her highness made her appearance, drest richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance; and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely; took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. One of the women brought her flowers, of which she took several, and ornamented my cap. When the viceroy came in, I really trembled; for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature: his long robe, and enormous spear, not a little increased my dread.”

In August, Mr. Carey, his wife, and children, embarked in a brig for Ava; it was a most disastrous and fatal voyage. In the mean time, Mr. and Mrs. Judson unremittingly pursued their studies, being now left without any companions.—“As it respects ourselves,” she writes, “we are busily employed all day long. Could you look into a large open room, you would see Mr. Judson bent over a table covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side; a venerable looking man, in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long, with hardly any sensation. My

mornings are busily employed in giving orders to the servants, providing food for the family, &c. At ten, my teacher comes: when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study table, and my teacher at the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, &c. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. I can talk and understand others better than he, though he knows more about the nature and the construction of the language. I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day."

In September, the birth of a son was another tax on her time and attention. Yet as soon as her strength allowed, she resolutely resumed her study of the language; in which she was now able to read and write. Her husband had also made considerable progress in the Pali tongue; which is the learned language of the Burmans

"We do hope," she writes, "to live to see the Scriptures translated, and a church formed from among these idolaters. My husband sits at close study twelve hours out of the twenty-four. It unavoidably takes several years to acquire such a language, in order to converse and write intelligibly on the great truths of the gospel. Dr. Carey once told me, that after he had been some years in Bengal, and thought he was doing very well in conversing and preaching with the natives, they (as he was afterwards convinced) knew not what he was about. A young missionary who expects to pick up the language in a year or two, will probably find that he has not counted the cost."

They appear to have felt an inexpressible resource in their little boy; as if society, and friends, and comforts, were centered in his fragile being. When he was taken from them, the blow fell heavily. "Death," writes the mother, "has entered our

dwelling, and made one of the happiest families wretched. That precious little gift had so completely entwined himself around his parents' hearts, that his existence seemed necessary to their own. But God has taught us by afflictions, what we would not learn by mercies. During his little existence, he never manifested the least anger or resentment at any thing. This was not owing to a want of intellect, for his feelings of sensibility were very conspicuous. Whenever I or his father passed his cradle without taking him, he would follow us with his eyes to the door, when they would fill with tears, and his countenance, so expressive of grief, though perfectly silent, that it would force us back to him ; which would cause his little heart to be as joyful as it had before been sorrowful. He would lie hours on a mat by his father's study table, or by the side of his chair, on the floor, if he could only see his face. Though we were alone, we felt not the solitude, when he was with us. I sat with him till two o'clock : we then laid him in his bed. He slept for half an hour ; when his breath stopped without a struggle, and he was gone ! We buried him in the afternoon of the same day, in a little enclosure the other side of the garden ; forty or fifty Burmans followed the last remains to the grave. Our hearts were bound up in this child : we felt that he was our earthly all, our only solace in this heathen land."

Tender softness ! infant mild !  
 Perfect, purest, brightest child ;  
 Transient lustre—beauteous clay,  
 Smiling wonder of a day !  
 Ere the last convulsive start  
 Rends thy unresisting heart ;  
 Ah, regard a mother's moan.  
 Anguish deeper than thy own.  
 Fairest eyes, whose dawning light  
 Late with rapture blest my sight,

Ere your orbs extinguished be  
 Bend their trembling beams on me !  
 Drooping sweetness ! verdant flower !  
 Blooming, withering, in an hour !  
 Ere thy gentle breast sustains  
 Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,  
 Hear a suppliant ! let me be  
 Partner in thy destiny !  
 That whene'er the fatal cloud  
 Must thy radiant temples shroud  
 When deadly damps, impending now,  
 Shall hover round thy destined brow,  
 Diffusive may their influence be,  
 And with the *blossom* blast the *tree*

There is a quiet, yet thrilling interest, an exquisite misery, in the scene here described. The lonely couple, in their distant home, where no friend or companion came, and Heaven as yet sent no success ; the cheerless hearth, the waste chambers, to whose solitude the first-born brought light and gladness ; then the sudden breaking that silver cord—that was beyond all price!—the little tomb in the garden, in the group of mango trees ; where he was laid at sun-set ! The intense love of the lost and only one, struggled for a while with her faith in God, and then sank before it : “ O may it not be in vain that he has done it ! ” was her fine expression : with all the energy of Rachel telling her tale of woe, yet not “ refusing to be comforted.”

She strove to animate her husband's mind ; and, after a fortnight, they resumed their study—sad and heartless study, of a rugged and cruel tongue, in a land of strangers, where the earth was scarcely cold above their only son. For three years had they laboured thus in silence. “ Alas ! ” were her words, “ we have no fire-side—no social circle. The anguish is a little abated ; but when for a moment we realize what we once possessed, and our now bereaved state, the wound bleeds afresh. Yet I will still say, ‘ Thy will be done. ’ God saw

it was necessary to strip us of our little all." Had her mind been less nerved or elevated, she might have brooded, as many others have done, despairingly on her many trials. There was much to bear and to overcome in her situation—an affectionate family, of parents, brothers, sisters, were for ever left behind, as well as the enjoyments of society, "the blessed intellectual world." Her husband, studying twelve hours a day, could spare to her but little of his time or conversation; and when the sun rose, it ever brought the same course of mental toil, and the evening often found her companionless, nursing "her own lone thoughts." Perhaps her mother's words sometimes recurred to her mind, "I hope, my daughter, you will one day be satisfied with rambling." Yet all who have wandered much, have felt that the exciting change of scene and clime is the surest earthly balm for sadness, the richest enhancement of happiness. The love of travel had been her earliest passion—and how poorly was it yet gratified!

But at Rangoon, she was chained to the oar, among a people, in common with whom there were no sympathies, no intercourse of mind: "believing, against hope," that one day a ray of success would dawn on their way. "But all is Egyptian darkness around us," she observes, "not a glimpse of light." How much more hard is it to practise the quiet and stern lessons of goodness, patience, and virtue, in a painful and dull scene, where no tidings come of our usefulness and success,—than to dare the burning deserts or the savage shore, while the deep interest of others is given to our every peril and conquest. To the spirit of a woman, young, gifted, and adventurous, the contrast might well seem peculiarly hard. She was now called to nurse her husband, and her own health began to fail: by incessant study, that had enabled him to

complete a tract in the Burman language (a Summary of the Christian Religion,) his eyes became so weak, and his head so much affected, that he could not even look into a book.

Her former estate was crushed; the glorious pride of the mother, the hope, the all! The loss of wealth, liberty, reputation;—even the dwelling with poverty, “as an armed man,” is perhaps casier to bear than the taking away those treasures of tenderness which have opened a new world on the heart. With what simple and beautiful force is described in Scripture, the desire of the Shunammite, who was “a great woman,” and lived delicately, and apart from the world, to possess a son; her unutterable sorrow when he was taken from her; and the energy of her resolve, to rescue him from the grasp of death. And when life came again, the mother dared not trust her feelings to words—“She fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out.”

It is said, that when natures, full of tenderness and sensibility, and crushed beneath a recent blow, are yet able to pursue unshrinkingly their arduous purpose—the conquest is a noble one. Such was that of Anne Judson, who never allowed the indulgence of her feelings, the dearest luxury of the mourner, to trench for a moment on the petty and arduous duties of every hour. In a letter, she thus writes, “Mr. Judson’s illness is gradually increasing: I read to him in Burman, and in this way he is enabled to continue his studies. But, at present, the state of his nerves is such, that he cannot even bear me to read. And now, my dear parents, I think I hear you say, Is it not best entirely to abandon your object, and come home to America, and settle down in peace and quiet? No! my heart is fixed: and I will relinquish this mission only with

my life. The sun of another holy Sabbath has arisen upon us, and, though no chiming of bells has called us to the house of God, yet we, two in number, have bowed the knee to our Father in heaven, and commemorated the dying love of our Saviour. Since worship, I have stolen away to a much-loved spot, where sleeps my lost, darling child. It is a little enclosure of mango trees, in the centre of which is erected a small bamboo house, on a rising spot of ground, which looks down on the new-made grave. Here I now sit; and, though all nature around wears a most romantic, delightful appearance, yet my heart is sad, and my tears frequently stop my pen. Those who have never lost a first-born, cannot know my pain. Do not think, though I write thus, that I repine at the dealings of Providence: though I may say, with the prophet, 'Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,' yet I will also add, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' "

Thus passed many months away, when they had the pleasure, in October, of seeing arrive two auxiliaries to the mission at Rangoon, Mr. and Mrs. Hough. The prospect now began to brighten a little: Mr. Judson, whose health was somewhat restored, having prepared several tracts in the Burman language, which he wished to be printed at Serampore, Dr. Carey and his associates, with their characteristic liberality, made a present to the mission of a printing press, types, and apparatus, which were set up at Rangoon, and several tracts were struck off. "The climate is good," they observe, "but it is a most wretched place: use has made our temporal privations familiar, and easy to be borne. The Burmans, when any thing is said to them on the subject of divine truth, inquire for our holy books; and it is a pleasing fact, that scarcely a Burman, with the exception of the

females, is incapable of reading the two little tracts which are finished; one a summary of Christian doctrine, the other a catechism—the first printing ever done in Burmah.” By this time, the language had been acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Judson: a grammar had been prepared, and an edition of eight hundred copies of St. Marthew’s Gospel, translated by the former, was now commenced.

The lady of the viceroy paid them a visit of condolence, and invited them to go into the country with her, for the benefit of their health, that their minds, as she expressed it, might become cool. “We consented,” she writes, “and she sent us an elephant, with a howdah upon it, for our conveyance. We went three or four miles through the woods: sometimes the small trees were so near together, that our way was impassable but by the elephant’s breaking them down, which he did with the greatest ease, at the word of the driver. The scene was truly interesting: picture to yourselves thirty men, with spears and guns, and red caps on their heads, which partly covered their shoulders, then the elephant, with its gilt howdah, in which was a tall and genteel female, richly dressed in red and white silk. Then followed her son, and some of the members of government; two or three hundred followers concluded the procession. Our ride terminated in the centre of a beautiful garden of the viceroy. I say beautiful, because it was entirely the work of nature: art had no hand in it. It was full of a variety of fruit-trees, growing wild and luxuriant. The noble banyan tree formed a delightful shade, under which our mats were spread, and we seated ourselves, to enjoy the scenery around us. Nothing could exceed the endeavours of the vice-reine to make our excursion agreeable. She gathered fruit, and pared it; culled flowers, and knotted them, and presented them with her own

hands. At dinner, she had her cloth spread by ours. We returned in the evening."

This excursion was a relief to the tedium and sameness of their life. An occasional visit to the interior of the country would have been delightful, but their daily studies and duties allowed not of such an indulgence. The neighbouring shores of the Irawaddy are flat and marshy; but beyond are hills, picturesque valleys, and majestic mountains: the plains are fruitful, and well stocked with cattle; and wild beasts abound in the ancient forests. In the bosom of a lofty mountain, at whose base flows the river Kenduem, are the mines of gold and silver, rubies and sapphires; precious stones are found in several parts of the empire; and gold is gathered in the sands of the mountain streams: one of these in the north, situated between the Irawaddy and the Kenduem, is poetically called "the stream of golden sand:" the gigantic teak-tree grows in all parts of the country. The ruins of a forsaken city give, in one place, a mournful interest to the land: they are those of Pah-gan, the ancient seat of government; where temple, monument, and palace cover the plain—with no tenant, save the beast of prey, or the benighted passenger. Many of the tombs, and other remains, offer a shelter from the heat by day, and the blast by night; like the graves of the ancient Jews, hewn out of the rock, from which the ashes have long ago been scattered, and whose gloomy interior is a welcome resting-place. More simple, and equally impressive, is the burial-place of the Santon, or holy man, on the confines of the sultry plain, the most useful canonization of departed sanctity ever practised—miracles, and masses of relics, are as dust in the balance, compared to the shadow of the sycamore or the palm-tree, and the clear lovely pool of water

beneath, inviting the wanderer to rest and be comforted, while he thinks, mean while, of the flitting dream of life.

One of the hardest lessons to the missionary, is, cheerfully to acquiesce in not being conspicuously useful. The enterprise of Mrs. Judson had excited much observation in her native land; many ladies had exclaimed against it, as bold and romantic in the extreme—a young woman, who previously had scarcely quitted her father's roof, to go to a mighty empire, to convert its fierce and heathen people! Even her own family did not partake in her enthusiasm. How grateful, as well as triumphant to her soul, could she but defeat these predictions, and stifle every murmur, by sending home the exciting detail of Burmese conversions? she felt poignantly that she had no glad tidings to communicate; like the heroic wife of Egede, in the wastes of Greenland, she heard the voice of derision and unbelief afar off, but refused to turn aside from her career. Even the rigours of a polar winter are, perhaps, as favourable to hard study as the enervating climate of the East, where the imagination is peculiarly vivid and active; and it is a luxury to pass hours, like the Oriental, in indolent musing: but the mind shrinks from long-sustained labour and energy. And the Burman language was the most baffling and sad that ever arose out of the confusion of Babel, being little more to the eye than an endless succession of oval forms, like bubbles on the stream. “We find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any other language; and the words not divided or distinguished, but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word; when, instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure

scratches on dried palm-leaves, strung together, and called a book."

The newly printed tracts were in the mean time read by numbers, and several began to call at the mission-house, to inquire more particularly into the new religion. Mrs. J. had gathered a little society of fifteen or twenty females, who met on the Sabbath, when the Scriptures were read, which she afterwards endeavoured to explain. One of her letters describes the celebrated pagoda at Rangoon: "Priest and people come in boats from a great distance; the viceroys go out in all the pomp and splendour possible. After kneeling and worshipping at the pagoda, they generally spend the day in amusements, such as boxing, dancing, singing, theatrical exhibitions, and fire-works: great and expensive offerings are made at this season. One, last season, presented by a member of government, cost twelve hundred dollars; it was a kind of portable pagoda, 100 feet in height, made of bamboo and paper, richly ornamented with gold leaf and paintings. There are various kinds of artificial trees, the branches of which are filled with cups, bowls, handkerchiefs, and articles of all descriptions.

"The pagoda, to which such multitudes resort, is one of the largest and most splendid in the empire. After having ascended a flight of steps, a large gate opens, when a wild fairy scene is abruptly presented to view. It resembles the descriptions we sometimes have in novels, of enchanted castles, or ancient abbeys in ruins, unlike any thing we ever met with in real life. The ground is completely covered with a variety of ludicrous objects, which meet the eye in every direction, interspersed with the banyan, cocoa-nut, and toddy trees. Here and there are large open

buildings, containing huge images of Gaudama, some in a sitting, some in a sleeping position, surrounded by images of priests and attendants, in the act of worship, or listening to his instructions. Before the image of Gaudama are erected small altars, on which offerings of fruit, flowers, &c. are laid. Large images of elephants, lions, angels, and demons, together with a number of indescribable objects,—all assist in filling the picturesque scene. The ground on which this pagoda is situated commands a view of the surrounding country, which presents one of the most beautiful landscapes in nature. The polished spires of the pagodas glistening among the trees at a distance, appear like the steeples of meeting-houses in our American seaports. The verdant appearance of the country, the hills and valleys, ponds and rivers, the banks of which are covered with cattle and fields of rice; each, in their turn, attract the eye, and cause the beholder to exclaim, ‘ Was this delightful country made to be the residence of idolaters? Are those glittering spires, which, in consequence of association of ideas, recall to mind so many animating sensations, but the monuments of idolatry? O my friend! scenes like these, productive of feelings so various and opposite, do, notwithstanding, fire the soul with an unconquerable desire to make an effort to rescue this people from destruction, and lead them to ‘ the Rock that is higher than they!’ ”

In December, 1817, Mr. Judson left Rangoon for Arracan, for the benefit of his health, and to procure one of the native Christians residing there, who spoke the Burman language, to assist him in his first public attempts to preach the gospel. He designed to be absent for three months; but the vessel met with tempestuous weather and contrary winds, so that he was carried to a place three hundred miles from Madras, to which he was obliged to

travel by land. There he endeavoured to obtain a passage for Rangoon, but was unsuccessful. Six months thus passed away.

Mr. Hough and his family also embarked for Bengal, leaving the solitary wife in the belief that her husband had perished. "Alone, in this great house," she writes, "without an individual except a little girl and some Burmans, I resolved on not proceeding with my friends to Bengal. I know I am surrounded by dangers on every hand, but at present I am tranquil, and shall pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the event with God."

A few weeks afterwards, this bitter suspense was terminated, and the husband returned. Mr. Judson was now sufficiently master of the language to preach publicly. By private conversation, and by means of the press, a slight progress had been made: and they believed the time had arrived for public and more enlarged efforts. It was resolved to erect a small building near a great road leading to one of the principal pagodas, and consequently much thronged. This was a hazardous attempt. The missionaries had hitherto been unmolested, because they lived retired, and had obtained the favour of the viceroy. But a public attempt to convert the natives to Christianity was likely to attract the attention and displeasure of the government. It was well known that a renunciation of the established religion would be punished with death.

In April, 1819, the zayat or chapel was opened, and a new era in the mission commenced. The congregation consisted of fifteen persons only. One evening they went to hear a popular Burman preacher. On their arrival, they found a zayat, in the precincts of one of the most celebrated pagodas, lighted up, and the floor spread with mats. In the centre was a frame, raised about eighteen inches from the ground, where the preacher, on his arrival,

seated himself. He appeared to be about forty-five years of age, of very pleasant countenance and harmonious speech. He was once a priest, but is now a layman. The people, as they came in, seated themselves on the mats, the men on one side of the house, and the women on the other. Each one then took the flowers and leaves, which had been previously distributed, and, placing them between his fingers, raised them to his head, and in that respectful posture remained motionless until the service was closed. When all things were properly adjusted, the preacher closed his eyes, and commenced the exercise, which consisted in repeating a portion from their sacred writings. His subject was, the conversion of the two prime disciples of Gaudama, and their subsequent promotion and glory. His oratory I found to be entirely different from all that we call oratory. He first seems dull and monotonous; but presently his soft mellifluous tones win their way into the heart, and lull the soul into that state of calmness and serenity, which, to a Burman mind, somewhat resembles the boasted perfection of their saints of old. His discourse continued about half-an-hour, and, at the close, the whole assembly burst out into a short prayer; after which, all rose and retired. This man exhibited twice every evening, in different places. Indeed, he is the only popular lay preacher in the place. As for the priests, they preach on special occasions only, when they are drawn from their seclusion and inactivity by the solicitations of their adherents.

“Our own zayat,” writes Mrs. Judson, “is raised four feet from the ground, and is divided into three parts. The first division is laid entirely open to the road; it is made of bamboo and thatch, and is the place where Mr. Judson sits all the day long, and says to the passers by, ‘Ho! every one that

thirsteth,' &c. The next and middle division is a large airy room, with four doors and four windows, opening in opposite directions, made entirely of boards, and is white-washed, to distinguish it from the other zayats around us. In this room we have public worship in Burman on the Sabbath; and in the middle of which, I am situated at my writing-table, while six of the male scholars are at one end, each with his torch and black board, over which he is industriously bending, and emitting the curious sounds of the language. The third and last division is only an entry way, which opens into the garden leading to the mission-house. In this apartment, all the women are seated with their lights and black boards, much in the same position and employment as the men. The black board, on which all the Burmans learn to read and write, answers the same purpose as our slates. They are about a yard in length, made black with charcoal and the juice of a leaf; and letters are clearly inprinted with a species of white stone, a little similar to our slate pencils. A lesson is written out on this board by an instructor; and when the scholar is perfect master of it, it is erased, and a new one written. The Burmans are truly systematic in their elementary instructions, and a scholar is not considered qualified to read without spelling, until he has a perfect knowledge of all the various combinations of letters.

“ I have been attending to the Siamese language for a year and a half, and have not found it so difficult as the Burman. There are several thousands of Siamese who live in Rangoon, and who speak and write the pure language of Siam. With the assistance of the teacher, I have made a translation of the Burman catechism, tracts, &c. I have also nearly completed a translation of one of their celebrated books into English. It is an account of the incar-

nation of one of their deities, when he existed in the form of a great elephant."

A memorable day at last dawned on this mission, when the first convert entered the zayat, and listened to the words, that sank into his heart: he afterwards visited, and conversed often with Mr. Judson. Two months afterwards, he was publicly baptized; a day, as it was expressed, of unutterable joy to the missionaries, who had so long laboured in vain. Another edition, of five thousand copies, of the tract on the Christian religion, was published and circulated. Several other converts followed, chiefly young men; their baptism in the river took place about sun-set. "We felt," it is expressed, "on the banks of the water, as a little, feeble, solitary band: no wondering crowd was on the adjacent hill; no hymn of praise expressed the feeling of joyous hearts; stillness and solemnity pervaded the scene."

A few weeks afterwards, it is written: "Ever since the affair of Moun-g-sha-gong, there has been an entire falling off at the zayat. We sometimes sit there a whole day without a single visitor, though it is the finest part of the year. This man's conversation was peculiarly agreeable, on account of his superior talents, and extensive acquaintance with Burman and Pali literature. He is the most powerful reasoner I have ever met with in this country. It was mentioned before the viceroy, that he had renounced the religion of his country; the viceroy gave no decisive answer, but merely said, Inquire further about him. This reached the ears of Moun-g-sha-gong, and he immediately went to the Mangan teacher; and I suppose apologized, and explained, and flattered. But he is evidently falling off from the investigation of the Christian religion. We and our object are now well known throughout Rangoon. None wish to call, as formerly, out of

curiosity; and none dare to call from a spirit of religious inquiry. And were not the leaders in ecclesiastical affairs confident that we shall never succeed in making converts, I have no doubt we should meet with persecution and banishment. Our business must be fairly laid before the emperor. If he frown on us, all missionary attempts within his dominions will be out of the question. If he favour us, none of our enemies, during the continuance of his favour, can touch a hair of our head."

Accordingly, Messrs. Judson and Colman set out on their journey to Ava. They embarked in a boat, six feet wide and forty feet long, and rowed by ten men; the faithful Moun-hou accompanied them. They took with them, as a present to his Burman majesty, the Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf in the Burman style, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper. Mr. Judson speaks of the ruins of Pah-gan, on the way to Ava:—"Took a survey of the splendid pagodas and extensive ruins, in the environs of this ancient city; ascended, as far as possible, some of the highest edifices; and, at the height of one hundred feet, beheld all the country round, covered with temples and monuments of every sort and size—some in utter ruin, some fast decaying. Here, about eight hundred years ago, the religion of Boohd was first publicly recognized, and established as the religion of the empire. There, Shen Ahraliban, the first Boodhist apostle of Burmah, under the patronage of the king, disseminated the doctrines of atheism, and taught his disciples that utter annihilation was the supreme good."

On the twenty-fifth of January, they arrived safely at the capital of the empire, where they found their old friend, the viceroy of Rangoon, and his lady, who received them very kindly. At length

they obtained admission to the imperial person. " We proceeded to the palace, and deposited a present for the private minister of state, Moungh-yah, and were ushered into his apartments. He received us very pleasantly. Just at this crisis, some one announced that the golden foot was about to advance; on which the minister hastily rose up, and put on his robes of state, saying, that he must seize the moment to present us to the emperor. He conducted us through various splendour and parade, until we ascended a flight of stairs, and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side; the present was placed on the other; and Moungh-yah, and another officer of Mya-day-mer sat a little behind. The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moungh-yah whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward, unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention.

He strided on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, and our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped partly, and turned towards us. "Who are these?" "The teachers, great king," I replied. "What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night? When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion? Are you like the Portuguese priests? Are you married? Why do you dress so?"

"These, and some other similar questions, we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intensely fixed on us. Moungh-yah now began to read the petition. The emperor heard, and stretched out his hand. Moungh-yah, the minister of state, crawled forward, and presented the petition. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through; he handed it back without saying a word, took the tract which I had prepared, and read the two first sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality; and that besides him there is no God. Then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moungh-yah stepped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moungh-yah made a slight attempt to save us, by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moungh-yah interpreted his royal master's will, in the following terms:—"In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them: take them away."

On their return to Rangoon, in the middle of

February, they immediately called the three disciples together, and disclosed to them their design of departing, to establish a mission in another tract of country. They expected, that the refusal of the emperor would discourage these men; but they vied with each other in zeal and energy, and strove to convince their teachers that the cause was not quite desperate. This firmness decided Mr. and Mrs. Judson to continue in Rangoon, while their companions embarked for Bengal. A partial success attended the efforts of the former; six more sincere converts to Christianity requested baptism: among them was Moug-sha-gong, the able teacher and casuist, whose doubts were at last succeeded by an earnest and settled faith. Another of these converts was a young woman, of the name of Mah Men-la, who, convinced by several conversations with Mrs. Judson, resolved to renounce the worship of Gaudama.

In the beginning of August, they sailed to Calcutta, for the restoration of the health of Mrs. Judson; and, after an absence of five months, returned to Rangoon. "As we drew near the town, we strained our eyes, to distinguish the countenances of our friends assembled on the wharf. The first that we recognized was the teacher, Moug-sha-gong, with his hands raised to his head, as he discerned us on the deck: landing, we met successively with all the other disciples and inquirers. It was delightful to find, that though they had, during our absence, been almost destitute of means of grace, and been exposed to severe extortion and oppression; yet not one of them had dishonoured his profession, but all remained firm in their faith and attachment to the cause."

The converted casuist was now employed in assisting his teacher in a thorough revision of those parts of the New Testament which had been trans

lated, but not yet printed, namely, the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the first part of the Acts. These were sent to Serampore, to be printed. The declining health of Mrs. Judson required a removal to a more propitious climate. She sailed to Calcutta, with the intention of visiting England. In sorrow she parted from "the flower of our little church," as she termed it. Those only who have endured greatly in order to obtain a darling object, can tell how entirely every fibre of the heart adheres to that object, when once secured. Rangoon, from having been the theatre in which so much of the faithfulness and mercy of God had been exhibited; from having been considered, for eight years past, her home for life; and from many an interesting association and remembrance—had become the dearest spot on earth.

On her arrival in England, she was introduced to Mr. Butterworth, M.P., who urged her to make his house her home. While in his family, she was introduced to many persons distinguished for literature and talent. The arrival of a young, attractive, and intellectual woman from Burmah, was a novelty even in the circles of London: she was invested also with all the interest which a daring courage, a calm endurance, and a lofty purpose, could shed around her character. It is beautiful to see a wife and a mother acting the part of a heroine, in the purest of causes; and wiping the tears from the eyes of others, and cheering their hearts—while her own bleeds in secret. She had not rashly chosen, or even coveted, this charge; yet she fulfilled it with a stern fidelity, alike free from error and fanaticism. How vigorously beats, once more, the pulse of life! how splendid is the expansion of the heart, when its hope, quenched on earth, is lifted from the silent hearth, from the little empty couch of the loved one; and it soars on angel-wings to the homes

of the guilty, saying, with its Redeemer, "These are my brother, my sister," my child!

The residence of Mrs. Judson in London had a favourable influence on the mission. The writer well remembers the interest created by her appearance and conversation, in the circles where she visited: the manners and scenery of Burmah, the troubles of the way, the hopes and fears, were described simply and vividly. From the capital, she visited Cheltenham, for the benefit of its mineral waters, where she passed some weeks, under the care of an eminent physician. While here, she received a pressing invitation to visit Scotland; and acceding to this, set out for the north, and spent some time in that land of hospitality. She was deeply sensible of this reception, and thus expresses herself, in a letter to an intimate friend in America:—

"Your kind hint, relative to my being injured by lavish attention shewn me in this country, has much endeared you to my heart. I am well aware that human applause has a tendency to elate the soul, and render it less anxious about spiritual enjoyments. I have often been affected even to tears, in hearing the praises of my friends; feeling that I was far, very far, from being what they imagined. If we would live near the threshold of Heaven, and daily take a glance of our promised inheritance, we must avoid, not only worldly, but religious dissipation."

From Liverpool she took passage to New York, and thence proceeded to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

"I had never," she writes, "fully counted the cost of a visit to my native country and beloved relatives. From the day of my arrival, all peace and quiet were banished from my mind; and for the first four days and nights, I never closed my eyes to sleep! The scene which ensued at my father's

brought my feelings to a crisis; nature was quite exhausted, and I began to fear would sink. The house was thronged with visitors from day to day; and I was kept in a state of constant excitement, by daily meeting with my old friends and acquaintances. Painful as it was to think of leaving my family, my health required retirement, and a milder climate; neither of which could be obtained in Bradford. Here, at Baltimore, the air is mild and delightful. I have the best medical attendance in the city, through the influence of my brother; and find myself so far restored, that I am able to study four or five hours every day. I have always found that full employment of time, and much retirement from company of every description, is the grand secret of living near to God. O my brother! my heart sickens at the apathy relative to the subject of missions. Where are our youth, who, fired with the love of Christ, can consent to leave their comforts and their homes for a few years, for a foreign land? Where are our fathers, who are willing to exert their dying energies, in building up the walls of 'the city of God' in the desert? I dare not trust my feelings on this subject. I am busily engaged in correcting the proof-sheets of my little history, now in the press."

As a literary effort, this work is creditable to her taste. The copyright she presented to the convention. She returned to Massachusetts early in the spring of 1823. Her health was much improved; and urgent solicitations were employed by her friends to induce her to prolong her stay.—Rarely do we find, after an exile of ten years in a foreign land, that the faces of friend and relative are turned on us as kindly as ever. The darkest hour of the wanderer's fate is not the change of circumstance—poverty, the prison, or the pestilence; but to return, and feel that his home is desolate

that "the love of many is waxed cold," and that the few who should weep for his woes, and shed light round his way, cause the iron to enter into his soul. She appears to have been surprised as well as elated by her welcome in many a town and province: but the desire to return to Burniah became so strong, that she resisted every persuasion, and prepared to take a final leave of all. It was strange, but she felt that the parting was to be a final one; there was an almost prophetic foreboding in her mind. The missionary, as well as the warrior or voyager, is not left at times without a faithful presentiment of the future. This feeling may by some be deemed superstitious, but the more devout will justly consider it as the kind intimation of Providence, to arm the spirit for coming sorrow, or to guide it onwards to success. Thus the Moravian elders in Hernhuth relate, with a simplicity which admits not of doubt, that it was clearly manifested to them from above, that an entire change in the addresses of their missionaries in Greenland must instantly be adopted. The happy results of this change were surely perceived in the mental vision, the joy, the repentance of the Greenlanders, the gathering of the eager groups from their frozen homes, the resistless power of the word and the Spirit. They wrote immediately to Greenland, and laid this intimation before the missionaries, who instantly embraced it; and the peculiar blessing that ensued is well known.

The writer was once assured by one, who was the sole relative of a minister, who had gone to the South Seas—that often, while seated beside the solitary fire at evening, the condition and prospects of the latter were clearly present to the fancy; that he saw him afar in the sultry isle, toiling in vain, and at other times success smiled on his way. And when in his letters he

gave him counsel, and dwelt on his hopes and disappointments, he found, by the replies of his only son, that the picture he had drawn, and the foresight, were faithful to the reality. This may sound like enthusiasm, or second-sight; the strong sympathy of one spirit with that of the absent and suffering: perhaps it is necessary to love greatly, as well as to brood intensely over the distant scene. The celebrated Xavier, when about to depart on his painful mission, said that he was favoured with a kind of trance, in which he beheld many of the sad scenes of his future labours, "a vast ocean full of tempests and of rocks, desert islands, barbarous countries, hunger and thirst raging every where, nakedness, pain, and imminent dangers of death and destruction. In the midst of this ghastly representation, he cried out, 'Yet more, O my God, yet more!'"

The parting scene between the fervent missionary and her friends, was deeply affecting: they stood, a numerous group, on the shore, and as the boat receded, they sang a hymn, descriptive of her lot; the sounds, as they were borne over the deep, were the last she ever heard from her native land. During her absence, Mr. Judson and his associates continued in Rangoon. In the beginning of 1822, Dr. Price arrived to give his invaluable aid to the mission. The prosecution of the most distinguished disciple, Moug Shaw-gong, the learned teacher, which terminated in his being obliged to fly for his life, put a stop for the time to all religious inquiry. Four other individuals, however, embraced Christianity, making a total of about twenty. Dr. Price was now ordered to visit the emperor in his capital, in his medical capacity; the two friends performed the journey together, and had an audience of the sovereign, who displayed an acute and intelligent mind, asking a great variety of ques-

tions in religion, geography, and astronomy. During their residence in Ava, they conversed freely and faithfully with the princes and great officers. Mr. J. at length procured a piece of ground, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, just without the walls of the city, and about a mile from the palace. Here he built a small house, and returned soon after to Rangoon; where, in the course of the few following months, the New Testament in Burmah was completed.

In December, 1823, the long-absent wife returned to Rangoon, whence they soon after prepared to depart for Ava, where the queen had expressed a strong desire to see her. "The season," she writes, "was cool and delightful: we were preserved from dangers by day, and robbers by night, and arrived in safety in six weeks. The Irrawaddy is a noble river: we often walked through the villages. A foreign female was a sight never before beheld; and all were anxious that their friends and relatives should have a view: crowds followed us; and many would run some way before us, in order to have a long look as we approached."

This prolonged voyage was full of interest. The devoted American might justly say that no Christian lady had as yet passed through their land. The stream was full of rapids, down which the velocity of the current one day carried the boat, and nearly upset her on the rocks, but the steersman instantly cut away the rudder, which made her right, with the loss of some of their effects. As they advanced, the impressive scenery repaid every peril and discomfort: the course of the magnificent river through valley and plain, its shores covered with the pine, the fir, the cocoa-nut, and the arca, with all the variety of tropical fruits; plantations of sugar-canes, cotton, and indigo. Neat villages stood among the groves, built partly of wood, or of brick,

and their little gardens and grounds filled with flowers and ornamental plants. The people, unused to war, or to see the face of an enemy, gazed curiously on the passing strangers, without an unfriendly word or look.

But this wantonness of vegetation began after awhile to pall on the sense and the fancy: the vast and silent river sweeping by, on which, at times, was scarcely a bark save their own: the stillness that pervaded the forest, through whose gloomy bosom the torrent sometimes passed: birds of beautiful plumage were there, but they gave no note of melody: life seemed to have departed from these recesses, save when the crash of falling branches denoted the quick advance of the elephant, as he came to drink of the waters. The thick woods, too, grew out of the wave, and even their fruits and foliage drooped into it, as if a lassitude had fallen on nature, as well as on man. When resting for the night in the midst of these hushed retreats, while the last beams of golden light rested on the tops of the tall trees, no cheerful and accustomed sounds told of the fading day: the sun seemed to sink at once on an immense solitude that pressed on the soul. Then the roar of the tiger, and the quick cries of the weaker animals, broke on the ear.

It was a relief, when the scene changed, after a few days, to the bold mountains and precipices, and the wild and boundless plain, covered with rank grass; amidst which, were one day beheld the ruins of an ancient city. After holding a long communion with inanimate nature, it is delightful to pause, even at the sad memorials of the hopes, the ambition, and despair, of our fellow-men: once more we seem to stand in the world of feeling, of intellect, of passion—shrouded, yet not extinct: undying, although, like the “golden vessel at the fountain,” it is shattered to pieces. How exquisitely mournful and impressive

are the lone and scattered columns in the wilderness, like watchers over the mass of ruins at their feet: the gateway standing afar off, and conducting only to solitude; the cemetery, and its rifled sepulchres, and gilded inscriptions defaced by the wind and rain.

Sometimes they moored their boat at evening beneath the bank, and rested at one of the hamlets, but found no caravanserai as in India and the East, where the fountain fell, and the sycamore and cypress gave their shade. Provisions were plentiful in all the inhabited places, and as they had their fire-place and many conveniences on board, they were almost independent of the hospitality of the people. During the moon-light nights, the slow passage was beautiful: as the boat passed onward, the splash of the oars, the mournful song of the native rowers, or the distant rush of the rapids, alone broke on the stillness. Never does a tropical country appear so grateful as at this hour, when the glare of the sky is veiled, and a balmy and delicious air is abroad; and the silver light falls on the forest, on the grey precipice, and mountain's brow, but cannot penetrate the gloom beneath: at times, the windings of the river present a long avenue of ancient trees, their branches interwoven, dark as the valley of shadows; while at the end of the funereal vista, the moon streams with a full and exulting glory.

As they drew near the capital, the villages and towns grew more numerous; the splendid boats rapidly passed, among which were many a gilded war-boat, filled with well-dressed people.

During this progress, the spirit of the fair missionary might justly look back with gratitude, and onward with an exulting hope. The golden city was at hand, whose queen was desirous to welcome her. The consuming delays, the baffled zeal, the patient toils of so many years at Rangoon, had been nobly

borne; and now the delicious fruit was to be gathered. She had lived down calumny also: even across the Atlantic, from her native land, censures and reproaches were wasted—on her secluded life, on her motives and purposes. But these were now hushed for ever. Conscious that in the old as well as the new world, many a fervent wish was breathed, many a prayer raised to heaven for her welfare, from the lips of the rich and high-born, as well as of the humble—with what ardour she gazed on the palaces and minarets of Ava, on which the sun fell gloriously! “Her wings were now wings of silver, her feathers were of gold.”

When the desires of the heart are thus beautifully given, when “joy cometh in the morning,” after many tears,—how hard it is to believe that the night is at hand; that dreadful voices are drawing near, and things of woe and trembling, even unutterable things!

“On our arrival at Ava,” she writes, “we had no home to shelter us from the burning sun by day, and the cold dews at night. Dr. Price had kindly met us on the way, and urged our taking up our residence with him; but his house was in such an unfinished state, and the walls were so damp, that the spending two or three hours there threw me into a fever. We had but one alternative—to remain in the boat till we could build a small house: and you could hardly believe it possible, for I almost doubt my senses, that in just a fortnight from our arrival we moved into a dwelling built in that time. It is in a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town, and by the side of the river. The spot of ground given by his majesty is small, being only one hundred and twenty feet long, and seventy-five wide; but it is raised four feet from the ground, and consists of three small rooms, and a veranda. I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing,

as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, where the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to 108 degrees."

Rumours of approaching war with the Bengal government had for some time disturbed the public mind. The Burman emperor, with the ambitious design of invading Bengal, had collected in Arracan, an army of thirty thousand men, under the command of his most successful general, Maha Bandoola.

In May, 1824, an army of six thousand English and native troops arrived at Rangoon, which was speedily captured. In the first emotions of terror and rage of the people, Messrs. Wade and Hough, the two missionaries, were nearly massacred: twice they were taken from prison to be beheaded; which fate was averted by the promise of the latter to induce the English to cease firing on the town. After a series of successful combats, the army penetrated to within forty miles of the capital, where it was believed the unfortunate missionaries had perished. The speedy capture of the city was at hand, when the monarch yielded to terms. Of the dreadful scenes at Ava during this time, the following account written to her brother-in-law, the Rev. A. Judson, gives a description. "The first certain intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival within a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops, under the command of the celebrated Bandoola, had encamped. As we proceeded, we met Bandoola himself, with the remainder of his troops, gaily equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of gold war-boats. In two or three weeks after our arrival, the king, queen, and all the members of the royal family, and most of the officers of government, returned to Amarapura, where

a new palace had been built. I dare not attempt a description of that splendid day, when their majesties entered the gates of the golden city, and amid the acclamations of millions, I may say, took possession of the palace. The saupwars of the provinces bordering on China, all the viceroys and high officers of the kingdom, were assembled on the occasion, dressed in their robes of state, and ornamented with the insignia of their office. The white elephant, richly adorned with gold and jewels, was one of the most beautiful objects in the procession. The king and queen alone were unadorned, dressed in the simple garb of the country; they, hand in hand, entered the garden in which we had taken our seats, and where a banquet was prepared for their refreshment. All the riches and glory of the empire were on this day exhibited to view. The number and immense size of the elephants, the numerous horses, the variety of vehicles of all descriptions, far surpassed any thing I have ever seen or imagined.—For several weeks nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school.”

At last, intelligence came that Rangoon was taken. Foreigners were now regarded as spies in the country, and their arrest was ordered. Several officers with the executioner, entered their dwelling; they were seized, cruelly bound with cords, and led away to prison. Mrs. Judson was left alone.

“It was now dark: I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard ordered me to unbar and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey. You may well imagine that sleep was a stranger to my eyes. The next morning I sent Mounng-Ing, to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence, that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the

death prison, with three pair of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving! I wrote a note to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the prisoners. The note was returned with a message—she 'did not understand it;' which was a polite refusal to interfere. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. On the third day I sent a message to the governor of the city, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect, and he immediately sent an order to the guards to permit my going into the town. He gave me an order for my admission into the prison; but the sensations produced by meeting my husband in that wretched situation, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison; for I was never allowed to enter, and those iron-hearted jailers quickly ordered me to depart. The following morning the royal treasurer, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. I treated them civilly, and gave them tea and sweatmeats for their refreshment. As soon as they had departed, I hastened to the queen's brother, to hear what had been the fate of my petition; when, alas! all my hopes were dashed. For two or three months following, I was subject to continual harassments. I presented the governor with a beautiful opera glass I had just received from England; and begged that his anger at me would not influence him to treat the prisoners with unkindness. About this period I was one day summoned to the Floutdan in an official way. When arrived, I was allowed to stand at the bottom of the stairs; hundreds were assembled. The officer who presided, in an authoritative tone, began,—'Speak the truth in answer to the questions I shall ask. If you speak true, no evil will follow; but if not, your life will

not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer, a string of pearls, a pair of diamond ear-rings, and a silver teapot. Is it true? 'It is not,' I replied; 'and if you or any other person can produce these articles, I refuse not to die.' I returned to my house with a heart much lighter than I went. During these seven months, the continued extortions and oppressions to which your brother and the other white prisoners were subject, are indescribable. Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark; when I had two miles to walk, in returning to the house. O! how many, many times, have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night; solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety. My prevailing opinion was, that my husband would suffer a violent death; and that I should of course become a slave, and languish out a miserable, though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. I was still obliged to visit constantly some of the members of government with little presents, particularly the governor of the city; for the purpose of making the situation of the prisoners tolerable. Some months after your brother's imprisonment, I was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened, that the two months he occupied this place was the coldest part of the year, when he would have suffered much in the open shed he had previously occupied. After the birth of your little niece, I was unable to visit the prison and the governor as before; and found I had thus lost considerable influence, previously gained. When Maria was nearly two months old, her father one morning sent me word, that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, with five pair of fet-

ters each; that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, &c. been taken by the jailers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only a prelude to greater evils. The English army was advancing fast; and I went to the prison gate, but was forbid to enter. All was still as death; not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. Judson's little room remaining. I went to the audience room of the governor: the old man's hard heart was melted at my appeal, for he wept like a child. 'I will now tell you,' continued he, 'what I have never told you before, that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother, to assassinate all the prisoners privately; but I would not do it. Though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband.' It was at this period that the death of Bandoola was announced in the palace. During his late visit to Ava, where he was received with every favour it was in the power of the king and queen to bestow, I resolved to entreat him for the release of the prisoners. Every one advised me not to do it, lest he should issue an *inmedia e* order for their execution: the governor expressed his amazement at my temerity. I approached the celebrated general, while surrounded by a crowd of flatterers. He spoke to me in an obliging manner; asked several questions; and said, that when he had expelled the English, he would return, and release all the prisoners.—And now the news of his death in battle came. The king heard it in silent amazement: and the queen, in Eastern style, smote upon her breast, and cried, 'Alas! alas! who could be found to fill his place? who would venture, since the invincible Bandoola had been cut off?'

“One morning, the servants came running in with a ghastly countenance, to inform me that the white prisoners were all carried away. I ran first into one street, then another: I then ran to the banks of the

little river, about half-a-mile, but saw them not. For several days previous, I had been actively engaged in building my own little room, and making our hovel comfortable. I looked towards the gate of the prison with a kind of melancholy feeling, but had no wish to enter. There was the stillness of death: all my occupations had ceased. I learned, at last, that they had been removed to a village at some distance in the interior, chained two and two, and driven by slaves, who held the rope by which each couple was attached. I instantly set out: the violent motion of the cart, with the dreadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted. I must go four miles farther with my little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. You may form some idea of the Burmese cart, when I tell you that their wheels are a simple round thick plank, with a hole in the middle, through which a pole which supports the body, is thrust. The prison was an old shattered building, without a roof. I begged the jailer to procure me a shelter for the night: he took me to his house, in which were only two small rooms—the one, in which he and his family lived; the other, which was half full of grain, he offered to me: and in that little filthy place, I spent the next six months of wretchedness. All the money I could command in the world, I had brought with me, secreted about my person. Here my bodily sufferings commenced: I was all day long going backwards and forwards to the prison with Maria in my arms: my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country: I could scarcely walk to see my husband. My strength seemed at last entirely exhausted; I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months. If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from

my mat, I could make no efforts to secure my husband."

"The hour of deliverance at last came. Sir Archibald Campbell insisted that all the English should be given up: their sufferings were at an end. "It was on a cool moonlight evening, in the month of March, that, with hearts filled with gratitude, we passed down the Irawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. We received the congratulations of the British officers, and the general provided us with a tent near his own: we were welcomed to his table, and one of the largest gun-boats ordered to convey us to Rangoon. We have a little daughter, born seven months after the imprisonment; she is a lovely child, and now more than a year old."

They returned to Rangoon, after an absence of two years and three months. The following tribute to the subject of this memoir, written by an English merchant, a fellow-prisoner with the husband, ought not to be omitted:—"Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any, who knew the hauteur and inflexible pride of the Burman court. Though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, she forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and alleviated our misery. While we were all left by the government destitute of food, she, by unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply. When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, till a respite was obtained from our galling oppressions."

Once more peace and security arose out of this sea of troubles—a fleeting and treacherous peace. At Rangoon they strove to revive the drooping mission, and rally the dispersed converts around them: some had fled during the war to places of refuge in the interior; several were dead; the little knot of female disciples, Mah Menla and her companions, were scattered, but faithful. “In Bengal and Hindostan,” observes Mrs. Judson, “the females in the higher classes are excluded from the society of men. Who ever heard that ignorance was favourable to the culture of amiable or noble feelings? Their minds are in such a state of imbecility, that we might hope to find at least an absence of vicious feelings. But facts prove the contrary. Wherever an opportunity for exhibiting the malignant passions of the soul occurs, human nature never made a more vigorous effort to discover her deformity, than has been observed in these secluded females. The women are not, in the Burman empire, secluded from all society: they are lively, inquisitive, and energetic, susceptible of the warmest attachment, and possess minds capable of rising to the highest state of cultivation and refinement. But, alas! they are taught nothing that has a tendency to cherish these best native feelings of the heart. A proof of mental energy was displayed in Menla, who spent ten years in the study of the sacred books, and earnest inquiries after a better faith; till her anxiety increased to such a degree, that her family feared she would become deranged.” The preceptress sought her trembling flock with all her wonted activity, as if the dark ordeal in Ava had only added fuel to her zeal. “We have formerly talked of trials and privations,” she observes, “but for the last two years we have *felt* the full import of these words.”

A similar situation to that of this unfortunate

pair, in Ava, fell under the writer's observation in Greece, during the atrocities of the war. In the storming of one of the towns, a Turkish aga had been desperately wounded, and afterwards closely imprisoned: his wife and daughter were forbidden all access to him. In what accents of despair and anguish did they implore to be admitted but for an hour to his presence; for they were told of his sufferings and loneliness, and fancy coloured the picture darkly. Each day, also, they dreaded to hear that he was put to death; for he was a man of rank and wealth, and had fought bravely against the Greeks. The traveller had free access to the captive, and each day that he visited the wife and child, his coming was to them like that of an angel, for he brought tidings of his safety, and imparted brighter hopes of the future. But their eager affection and solicitude, the look of despondency and then of rapture, the breathless attention with which they listened to the father's message—were inexpressibly moving. They also were captives, in the gloom of a dim and spacious chamber, where few friends or acquaintance cheered the weariness of the day: each prayer for liberty was offered to the oppressor in vain: and the prisoner was slain, even when he believed that "the bitterness of death was past."

It was now resolved to change the scene of action, and depart to Amherst, a new place on the other side the Salwen river, where the Burmese population was likely to be considerable. This place had been fixed on by Mr. Judson, in an exploring expedition with the commissioner of the governor-general of India, being in the territory ceded to the British. In the settlement subsequently formed here, and in Tavoy, adjacent, some interesting events occurred: in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Boardman, he writes, "I have lately been visited

by a company of Karens, in whose welfare I trust you will feel an interest. The Karens are a race of wild people in the interior, dwelling in mountains and valleys, at a distance from cities, and living in the most rural and simple style. They have no written language, no temples, no priests. As were the fathers, so are the children—on the same paternal estate, in the same style, with the same dress and manners. One of the visitors was a chief, and one a pretended sorcerer. The countenance and air of the former, a young man, bespoke something noble. The sorcerer was also a superior man. A stranger had visited his village, and given him a book, which he bade him worship. The thought that he had been so much distinguished, raised him in his own estimation to a superior order of beings. To know the contents of this book had been for twelve years the Karen's highest aim. He had persuaded several of his countrymen to join him in the new religion, and pay superior worship to the volume. It was placed in a basket of reeds, wrapped in several successive folds of muslin. 'A teacher will come, who will explain to us this book,' was their firm belief. I desired them to go, and bring me this precious deposit. After a journey of three days, the sorcerer, with his train, reached my house, bringing the basket of reeds, with its venerated contents. They all stood around me. I felt that it was a critical moment. Expectation was raised to the highest pitch: they had previously engaged that they should consider my decision as final. A most profound silence prevailed throughout the hall. The sorcerer uncovered the basket, unwrapped the adored contents, and, creeping forward, presented to me an old, tattered, worn-out volume. It was no other than the book of Common Prayer, with the Psalms, printed at Oxford. 'It is a good book,' said I, 'it teaches

that there is a God in heaven, whom alone you should worship. You have been ignorantly worshipping this book.' Every Karen countenance was lighted up with smiles of joy. I took the book of Psalms in Burman, and read some appropriate passages, gave a brief explanation of them, and then engaged in prayer.

"They remained many days, listened to our instructions, attended our worship, and, on departing, they said, 'We will no longer worship any but the true God, and his Son Jesus Christ.' During their stay, they expressed a strong desire to receive a written language and books; they said that all the Karens would then learn to read, and would come to the knowledge of God. There are more than two thousand of this people in this province, and Karen villages are dispersed all over the wildernesses of Burmah, Pegu, Arracan, and Siam."

All the necessary preparations being made, they departed to Amherst: a few of the disciples and inquirers accompanied their teachers. But the chief actress in these scenes was to know no future change of place. Mr. Judson went on a journey to Ava with the embassy, leaving his wife at Amherst. "We parted," he observes, "with cheerful hearts, confident of a speedy reunion, and indulging fond anticipations of future years of domestic happiness." But her excessive exertions in Ava had sapped the strength of her excellent constitution: during the short interval of calm that followed, she felt not that she was marked for the grave. One source of consolation was left—a rich and ineffable one! it was the little Maria, born during her father's captivity: she was a lovely child, and was taken in her mother's arms every day to the prison-door, and lay by her side for many months on the wretched mat in the jailor's chamber, the only witness of her tears. In the

midst of cruel men, with a cruel doom suspended every moment over the father's head, it is no wonder that the little one, who lay in her bosom, was, to the parent, even as an angel of comfort and tenderness; and now life was fleeting, and Maria must be left an orphan in a strange land. The sad forebodings that had haunted her mind in America, were not yet all accomplished: the cup of bitterness must be filled to the brim; the gloom of the dungeon, the menace of the oppressor, the bodily anguish, the dread anxieties of the soul—were succeeded by a more sudden and mysterious blow.

Early in the month of October, she was seized with a dangerous illness; from the first, she felt that she should not recover. During many days the struggle lasted, and, at its close, the reason wandered at times; yet the heart was still true. When unconscious of any other object, she would still call Maria to her; gaze on her intensely; charge the servants to be kind, and indulge her in every thing, till the father should return. Then, a gush of feeling and memory came again—"My husband is long in coming," she said, "the new missionaries are long in coming. I must die alone, and leave my little one; but, as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in his will. I am not afraid of death. Tell him the disease was most violent, and I could not write. Tell him how I suffered and died." In the evening, with one exclamation of distress in the Burman language—she ceased to breathe.

The mind and character of this most interesting woman, are faithfully evidenced in her life: any eulogy would here be vain. She is, perhaps, the first instance of an accomplished, well read, and highly intellectual female, devoting herself to so distant and painful a career. Many years will pass,

ere the field of missions will present a teacher such as Anne Hasseltine Judson. Her own impressive words over the resting-place of Harriet Newell, her early friend, was almost prophetic. "Here lies one, who for the love of Christ, left the bosom of her friends, and found an early grave in a land of strangers."

Her husband returned, and felt that all was changed: *she*, whom he loved, no longer met him at the gate: the beaming smile, the voice of welcome, were passed away for ever. "As I drew near the house, one and another of the native Christians came out; and when they saw me, they began to weep. I am sitting in the house she built, in the room where she breathed her last; at a window, from which I see the tree that stands at the head of the grave, and the top of 'the small rude fence,' which they have put up to protect it from incautious intrusion." The little survivor was now all to the solitary man: that precious golden link, the only one that fate had not shattered, was bound round every fibre of his heart. "Oh, with what meekness, patience, magnanimity, did the mother bear all her sufferings! And can I wish they had been less? Can I rob her crown of a single gem? She was singularly qualified, by her perfect acquaintance with the language, her attractive manners and disposition, her devoted zeal, to be extensively useful; but she has been torn from me." A few months only Maria was spared, and then she was borne to the little rude cemetery, and laid in the same grave. "All our efforts, prayers, and tears could not propitiate the cruel disease. The work of death went forward; she ceased to breathe—aged two years and three months. We then closed her faded eyes, and bound up her discoloured lips, where the dark touch of the grave first appeared, and folded her little hands—the

exact pattern of her mother's—on her cold breast. The next morning, we made her last bed. Together they rest, under the hope-tree (*hopia*,) which stands at the head of the tomb. Thus I am left alone in the wide world."

With regard to the progress of the mission after the death of Mrs. Judson, a large portion of the population of Rangoon removed to Amherst. The first disciples were gathered there, to whose number many new ones were joined: often did they take a mournful pleasure in visiting the grave of the departed. The whole assembly, on the Sabbath, amounted to about thirty. Mr. and Mrs. Wade and the Rev. Mr. Boardman arrived, to aid in the mission. Dr. Price continued at Ava in his medical capacity, in great esteem with the emperor and the nobility: he had under his tuition many sons of the highest officers of the government, whom he instructed in the truths of Christianity, as well as in the principles of science; but he was carried off by a consumption at Ava. Mr. Judson soon after completed two catechisms for the use of the Burman schools—the one astronomical, with questions and answers; the other geographical, accompanied by a map of the world, with Burman names. The settlement was at length removed to Tavoy, where Sir Archibald Campbell offered them as much land as they could wish: a mission house was erected, with out-houses, &c., and the natives gathered eagerly to the dwellings, to inquire and converse. Schools were established for both sexes: that of the girls prospered greatly. Zayats, little open kind of caravanserais, where the teacher sat in the open chamber all day long, were erected in the neighbourhood, by the road-side. At a place called Maulaming, the zayat was a source of great usefulness, and a flourishing school was established. Many of the natives were baptized; others inquired

anxiously concerning the new faith. Tavoy is an old walled Burman town, on the river of the same name, with straight streets, paved with bricks, and a population of about nine thousand. The latest accounts represent the mission as in a prosperous state: about thirty natives had embraced Christianity in the year 1828, among whom was a learned Burman, an eloquent man, of great influence among his countrymen. The Karens began to occupy much of the attention of the teachers; a wild and original people, who in their manners and habits resemble the native Indians of America; they had invited the former to visit them, with the assurance that their people would receive the Christian religion.

In person, Mrs. Judson was rather above the middle stature; of good figure, and agreeable features, on which the spirit shed the beauty of its own enthusiasm; her manners were genteel and polished. Surely, she deserves that a memorial be raised to her name. Let not men alone be canonized for their sufferings in various parts of the earth, and this bright episode of female heroism be without honour; such, at least, as marble or as brass can give. It is a tribute due to the sex, as well as to the individual. Within the last twenty years many women have stepped forth from the calm and indulgent paths of life, have gone to far and savage lands, and have endured even unto death! women of fine intellect, as well as exalted piety, in whose bosoms beat every strong and tender affection, who wept over the despairing husband and orphan, and then yielded their life willingly, for the love of Christ! Many of these are highly deserving some monument of Christian gratitude, but no one can present a fairer claim than Mrs. Judson.

## DAVID BRAINERD.

THE life of Brainerd has been written by his own hand, with an extreme and almost painful minuteness. In the ancient field of missions, there are a few men, concerning whom it may be said, that the greatest cause of sorrow is their leaving so few memorials behind. Of the subject of the present memoir, it were to be wished that somewhat less had survived. Yet his mournful details inspire a pity as well as sympathy, that often unites the reader in spirit with the sufferer. This feeling is perhaps a chief cause of the popularity of his life; his mental trials, like sands on the sea-shore, his doubts and fears, went with him to the Indian camp, and the wilderness; and placed him, as it were, on a level with the weakest and the lowliest Christian. The peasant, as well as the pastor, the afflicted, the friendless, and the forsaken, find in the career of his mind the living history of their own.

David was the son of Hezekiah Brainerd, Esq., one of his majesty's council for the colony of Connecticut, New England. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hobart, a clergyman at Hampstead, on Long Island. His father died when he was very young, and the widow followed her husband in a few years. The latter event fell heavily. "My distress for her loss," he says,

“was exceeding great. I was, from my youth, inclined rather to melancholy.” During the following six years, he was often troubled with terrific thoughts of death, and sought for relief in a strict performance of religious duties; but it appeared a mournful business. At one time there came a faint hope that he was in the way to happiness, and then a delight rose in his mind; but this withered quickly. When he retired from public worship, he taxed himself to repeat the discourses of the day to himself, and dwell upon the favourite passages. “I strove to recollect what I could, though often it was late in the night.” He had excellent natural abilities, and a fondness for reading; but its indulgence was indiscriminate. He seems long to have struggled with the dark visitor within, that grew in strength with his years. Too early the orphan lived in a world of his own, that had neither counsellor or friend. To his already delicate health and frame, a mother’s care and tenderness would have been welcome beyond expression; but to the bleeding spirit, ever disposed to write bitter things against itself, her counsel and prayers would have been like those of an angel.

Eight years thus passed away—that period of life which so indelibly stamps the after-career. Religion, in this spring-time of the heart, is so cherished by all the exquisite watchfulness of those who love us—the going by their side to the house of God—the entreaty, the warning, while a smile is on the lips that speak them—this daily and hourly example was to Brainerd lost for ever. He might have used the lines of a gifted and lovely being of his own land.

“And thou hast seen me in that hour  
When every nerve of life was new;  
When pleasures fanned youth’s infant flower,  
And Hope, her witcheries round it threw

That hour is fading ; it has fled,  
And I am left in darkness now ;  
A wanderer tow'rd's a lowly bed,  
The grave—that home of all below.

There is a something which I dread,  
It is a dark, a fearful thing,  
It steals along with withering tread,  
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing."

When nineteen, he made no choice of a profession ; but went into the country to reside for some time, and there conceived the idea of turning farmer and planter. The wolves would have wasted his flocks, and the floods swept away his plantations ; the labourers would have had to seek their master in the depth of the woods, gazing on the beauty of the trees and flowers, or fasting till sun-set. Brainerd never was fitted for the business of this world ; his thoughts were too abstracted. What had he to do with buying and selling, who had so few wants, who desired so little ?

At the age of twenty, he went to reside beneath the roof of Mr. Fiske, a man of some learning, and pastor of the church in Haddam ; having now, for the first time, resolved to devote himself to the ministry. " His life," he observes, " was now full of religion, such as it was : he sought to recommend himself to Heaven by the strict performance of duties, in which the gate of life appeared so very strait, that it seemed next to impossible to enter." The denials of the senses were not forgotten, even of the most innocent kind : but the love of austerity was almost natural to Brainerd ; even now his days of fasting were pitilessly observed. But these denials were as dust in the balance, compared to the distresses of the soul, which, each day, grew heavier to be borne. His expressions are strong : " My former good frames, that I pleased myself with, all vanished. There appeared mountains before me, to obstruct

my hopes of mercy ; and I begrudged, in my walks, the birds and beasts their happiness. I used to put off the discovery of my own heart, as what I could not bear. My sins were like swift witnesses against me. I strove to heal myself, but it could not be. Sometimes I imagined that God loved me : it was founded on mere presumption. The many disappointments, the distresses and perplexities I felt, threw me into a terrible frame of mind. Often I used to imagine my heart was not so bad ; but suddenly it would break over all bounds, and burst forth on all sides, like floods of water. I scarcely dared to sleep at all, lest I should awake in that fearful world." The conflict was long ; and more of his descriptions would paint only similar emotions.

The following passage is a proof how much more happily men can write as well as feel, when the fetters of the spirit are broken :—" I was walking again in the same solitary place, and, in a mournful state, was attempting to pray ; disconsolate, as if there was nothing in heaven or earth could make me happy. By this time the sun was about half an hour high, as I remember ; then, as I was walking in a dark thick grove, unspeakable glory seemed to open to the view of my soul. I do not mean any external brightness, or imagination of a body of light ; I saw no such thing ; but it was a new inward apprehension, or view, that I had of God, such as I never had before, nor any thing which had the least resemblance of it. I stood still, and wondered and admired ; there was an excellency and a beauty, widely different from all the conceptions that ever I had of things divine ; I continued in this state of joy and peace, yet astonishment, till near dark, without any sensible abatement. I felt myself in a new world, and every thing about me appeared with a different aspect from what it was

wont to do. The way of salvation opened to me with such infinite wisdom, suitableness, and excellency, that I wondered I had not dropped my own contrivances before. Oh lovely, blessed, and excellent way!"

This visitation came in mercy; its presence was glorious, its remembrance indelible, like that of the coming of an angel by the way. So swift a passage from misery to peace! from doubt to faith! Often it is the will of God to vouchsafe to the peculiarly tried and troubled mind, such sensible evidences of his acceptance, such a rich revelation of his love, as to banish suddenly all gloom and fear. Brainerd was the least enthusiastic of all men; one who loved the valley of humiliation and mistrust, and looked wistfully to brighter scenes. After a time, distress and darkness came again; only for a while—their empire was broken for ever.

In the beginning of September, he went to Yale College, in New Haven; where a too severe application to his studies brought on an illness, and his life was despaired of. This was an hour to prove if his trust and consolation were real. "God nerved his heart," he writes, "and took away every fear of death." After his recovery, a thirst of future distinction entered the mind. He now began to keep a diary. We often find him referring to this detail, as if it were some loved memorial, though, like the scroll of the prophet, it was full of mourning, lamentation, and woe. It is an unfair confessional, for it often conveys the idea of a spirit so locked up in itself, so hourly and endlessly alive to every passage of its thoughts, as to have little warm interest left for others. It should be observed, that he shrunk from the publication of any part of his diary, even when he should be no more. When he lay dying, at Boston, an untimely victim to his exceeding toils, at the age of thirty, he gave peremptory orders for the de-

struction of his papers. "They were only," he said, "for his private use, and not to get honour or applause in the world." It is difficult not to love the remains of so humble, so sincere a man; who spoke thus at the age when the thoughts of this world are strongest, and the heart shudders at being forgotten.

"In the following year there was a great religious commotion," says his biographer, "through the land, and the college at New Haven had no small share in it. Several religious students associated together, for mutual conversation and assistance in spiritual things, who were wont freely to open themselves one to another as special and intimate friends: Brainerd was one of this company." It appears that an intemperate zeal, with little tincture of charity in it, prevailed in many of their minds. It chanced, that an unwise observation of Brainerd, as to the piety of one of the tutors, was reported to the authorities, and gave great offence. The breach was aggravated by the suggestions of some false friends; and it was represented to the superior, that Brainerd was reckless of his authority; that he went to hear Mr. Tennant at Milford, and that he had said it was a tyranny to prevent the other scholars from going also. In his diary, about this time, he writes:—"I seem to be declining with respect to my life and warmth about divine things. Retired early this morning into the woods. Set apart this day for fasting, and prayer to God, to prepare me for the work of the ministry. I was enabled so to agonize in prayer, that I was quite wet; though in the shade, and the wind cool. I felt that disposition, heartily to forgive all injuries done me: to wish my greatest enemies every blessing, even as for my own soul. My faith lifted me above the world, and removed all those mountains that I could not look over of late."

A council of ministers, convened at Hertford, before whom he laid his case, interceded with the rector and trustees of Yale college for his restoration to his former privileges, but without success. At the age of twenty-four, the desire of his heart was at last gratified: he was examined by the association, as to his learning and piety, and received a license from them to preach; which he did, before a "considerable assembly of grave and learned ministers." To Scotland belongs the credit of engaging the services of Brainerd. The gentlemen who examined him, and who were now met at New York, belonged to the "honourable society in Scotland for propagating Christian knowledge." "Oh my heart!" writes the youthful minister, "how miserably would they be disappointed, if they knew thee."

It is interesting to observe how such a mind, at so early an age, bore the trials of the ministry, as well as its exquisite dangers and temptations. For the first time he went forth to the Indians, at a place near Kent; and not long afterwards, he was appointed to Kanaumuck, many miles in the interior. "I seemed to struggle hard for some pleasure here below, and seemed loth to give up all. I saw I was throwing myself into all hardships and distresses: I thought it would be less difficult to lie down in the grave."—The place of his residence was encompassed with mountains and woods, twenty miles distant from any English inhabitants. There was one family that had come from the Highlands of Scotland, and now lived two miles distant from Kanaumuck. People soon become intimate in the wilderness. This family, at such a moment, was a treasure to the missionary: he went to lodge with them. The Highlanders had dwelt two years in this place, where the face of neighbour or friend was unknown. They had built their log dwelling,

cut down the trees around, and cultivated the open land. It is probable the coming of the stranger was a welcome event: it was a break on the horrid monotony of the forest life.

The description of Brainerd, in a letter to his brother, is very graphic.—“ I live in the most lonely melancholy desert, about eighteen miles from Albany. I board with a Highlander: his wife can talk scarce any English. My diet consists mostly of hasty-pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes. My lodging is a little heap of straw, laid upon some boards, a little way from the ground: for it is a log-room, without any floor, that I lodge in. My work is exceeding hard; I live so far from my Indians. The master of the house is the only person with whom I can readily converse in these parts.”

After many months, he got into his own house: this was a little hut, that he built chiefly with his own hands, with long and hard labour.—“ Just at night, moved into my own house. I am now quite alone: no friend to communicate any of my sorrows to, or take sweet counsel together. In my weak state of health, I had no bread, nor could I get any. I am forced to go or send ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat; and sometimes it is mouldy and sour before I eat it, if I get any quantity. I had some Indian meal, of which I made little cakes, and fried them; and I felt contented with my circumstances, and sweetly resigned to God. I blessed him as much as if I had been a king: yet I find, though my inward trials are great, a life of solitude gives them greater advantages to penetrate the inmost recesses of the soul.”

The thoughts of his lost dignities at college came painfully over his mind, even in the wilderness. He made another and more deferential effort, to pacify the superiors; and drew up a full and hum-

ble apology, which he sent them. His friends used every effort also; but the men were inexorable.

“September 14th, This day I ought to have taken my degree. I thought whether I could be resigned, if the French Indians should come upon me, and, deprive me of my life, or carry me away captive.”

Even his remote abode, it seems, was not one of safety. The Indians to whom he was sent, were few in number. An inroad of their enemies, who were merciless and cruel, was a dreadful picture for the fancy: in the dead of night, their yell might come on the missionary's ear, who was as defenceless as a child.

“As I was teaching them to sing psalm-tunes that evening, I received a letter from Colonel Stoddard; warning me to secure myself the best way I could against a sudden invasion. It came in good season; and taught me that I must not please myself with any of the comforts of life, which I had been preparing. The world is a dark, cloudy mansion.”—And what were the comforts to which he alludes? Perhaps a little furniture for the dwelling, rudely made with his own hands—a few chairs, a table, or a bed; even of such things, he had, till lately, known nothing. He wrote a great deal in his poor hut, that consisted of two chambers: but it is easy to see where his richest pleasure lay—to bury himself, when the weather was fine, in the depths of the forests, from sunrise to set, without any sustenance, and surrender his heart eagerly to prayer and meditation. His diary bears witness that these were the happiest moments of his life, and also the most fatal. While the spirit gathered comfort, the body wasted fast: his constitution could not bear such intense denials and exercises; and, after a time, they were apt to affect the imagination also. Often, after a day of rigid fasting, he complains of

a mind disordered, the spirits clouded, and the body ready to faint by the way.

What a picture of singleness and simplicity of heart is in this passage! "I had to travel, day and night, in stormy and severe weather, though very ill, and full of pain; was almost outdone with the extreme fatigue and wet, and with falling into a river: yet few that I sought were disposed to converse of heavenly things. Surely, I thought there was more happiness to be derived from the world: my soul was for a while distracted after some objects, which I thought myself most dead to. But as soon as I looked to God, the allurements vanished. May He forgive my idolatry! I love to live alone in my own little cottage, where I can spend much time in prayer. During the fifteen months past, I have been enabled to bestow to charitable uses, a hundred and eighty pounds."

It would not be easy to find, even in the saints of the Romish calendar, more self-denial or seclusion: all this time his poor roof was one of poverty; a moiety of this sum would have given it luxury. He had been left some estate by his father; but, after the devotion of his life to the Indians, he thought he should have little occasion for it; and turning in his thoughts, how he might do most good with this property, he resolved to educate some youth of good abilities, for the ministry. This was a "dear friend, who was portionless," to whom he gave a liberal education.

Brainerd had begun to study the Indian language, with Mr. Sergeant, of Stockbridge, a distance of twenty miles, and he rode to and fro in all weathers. The commissioners had directed him to spend as much time as possible this winter, with the former gentleman: the way was partly through uninhabited woods. He speaks of the wretched roads of Albany: at the time alluded to, no regular road existed for

good part of the way; which was flat and barren, here and there covered with sand:—"Lost my way in a dreary country, and obliged to lie all night on the ground. Went to Kinderhook, on the Hudson, fifteen miles from my place." Time was stolen, at intervals, from Kanaumeeek, as well as from his Indian lessons, to traverse much of the country, in search, perhaps, of a more fruitful soil for his labours. Albany and Kinderhook, where he went several times, were ancient Dutch settlements; encompassed with sandy plains, and covered with yellow pine: the colonists had intermarried only among themselves, and had preserved all the primitiveness of their habits; dull, silent dwellings, with their gable ends to the street, with high-pointed roofs, and little windows. In the porch, by the street-door, were seats, where the families used to sit a good part of the day; and as their neighbours generally joined them, the domestic circles of the whole town were gathered in the open air; every passenger was expected to greet these parties. To Brainerd, riding slowly through the town, and looking anxiously, perhaps, for any faces or words that betokened encouragement, all this must have appeared vanity, and vexation of spirit. On one occasion, a Dutchman, moved by curiosity, came to his log house; and the recluse was greatly scandalized by his utter worldliness and insensibility. Such was the force of habit in these Dutch, and their passion for flowers, which they had brought over the Atlantic, that they had beautiful gardens; while in the whole neighbourhood there were no vegetables, these being procured from a village at some distance. Kinderhook was a silent and quiet town, built on a little creek of the Hudson, along whose banks were the storehouses of the thrifty Hollanders: here they had lived from father to son, without a wish to seek another land or home, or to go beyond the precincts of their town,

even for a wife. The cleanliness and peacefulness of the place were extreme. In the diary it is written: "I returned from Kinderhook; and had rather ride hard, and fatigue myself, to get home, than spend the evening and night among those that have no regard for God." It appears that he was not utterly unheeded: he speaks of a few who found out his retreat, to consult him on spiritual concerns: "Spent most of the day in labour, to procure something to keep my horse on during the winter." This animal deserved all his care; being his faithful companion in all his journeys and hardships, till at last, in a mountainous and desert region, he fell and broke his leg; and being utterly unable to move, his master was obliged, to his no small grief, to kill him, that he might not become a prey to the wolves; and afterwards went his way on foot. His errand led him occasionally through scenes of great grandeur, on the shores of the Hudson, and Hoestennuc rivers. Sheffield, where he sometimes went, stood on the sides of the latter river, between the Green mountains, and the Taghannac mountain, many thousand feet high; in a beautiful site, with a small and industrious population, of more promise to his hope than the phlegmatic dwellers of Kinderhook. Eight years only had passed since the town was begun, yet there was a chapel and congregation, to which he preached. To reach Stockbridge, the scene of his Indian lessons, it was necessary to pass the Monument mountain, a name derived from a pile of stones, raised over the grave of one of the early chieftains. Every Indian who passed by the place, threw a stone upon the tomb of his countrymen: this practice, through a series of years, raised a lofty pile or cromlech: the mountain itself fell into the valley of Hoestennuc, in one magnificent precipice: a few miles beneath was Stockbridge, in the very heart of this impressive scenery. But when winter

came, this was no safe or pleasant ramble, forty miles to and fro, to drudge a few hours or days at the Delaware tongue, and then return very little wiser than he went. He was not destitute of friends; here and there, by the way: yet, it was strange with what eagerness he turned his face homewards; one would have thought a beloved wife was there, looking anxiously for his well-known step. "Rode to my house: the air clear and calm, yet intensely cold: such was the extremity of the weather, that I had nearly perished." More than once he tarried for the night at Goshen, on the Green mountains, where the declivities are covered with pastures and flocks, and the farmers, enriched by the produce, live in a superior style. It was a tempting residence to a pastor: substantial dwellings, a sober, prosperous people; but on this elevation, the snows fell heavily: the flocks were carefully gathered at evening into the fold, and the wanderer found refuge beneath the hospitable roof of the farmer, and listened to the wild blast, and thought of his cheerless home. "Was glad to get alone in my little cottage. O what reason of thankfulness have I, on account of this retirement. When I return, and give myself to meditation, prayer, and fasting, a new scene opens to me; my soul is on the wing. In those weeks that I am obliged to be away, and often in company, there is much perplexity and barrenness; I find that I do not, and it seems, I cannot, lead the Christian life I wish, when I am abroad. But now, I remained till midnight; all was so still without, my mind so serene, that I grudged the few hours in sleep."

The severity of the season did not change this attachment to the log hut; or diminish the length of his rides, when necessary. He speaks of going to Kinderhook, the little secluded Dutch town, on business: if this was the case, or if he came to buy, or sell, he might be sure of a ready hearing, and

welcome from its people, who would open their single parlour, with its fine sanded floor, and furniture polished like mirrors: this was the guests' room; by themselves it was rarely used. So simple were their lives, that a day in youth and old age, passed just alike; rising at dawn, and going to bed at sunset: no vehicle, save a waggon, had ever passed their streets, and the tread of a horseman was rare: utter strangers to the dissipations of life, the whole family at eve gathered round the vast patriarchal chimney, with its stone seats: the men smoked and mused; the women knit stockings, and talked at intervals of the world of Kinderhook and Albany. But Brainerd's estimation of business was probably different from that of the trader: to him, a small measure of earthly concerns felt like the weight of a mountain. At a subsequent period, he complains that the whole secular concerns of the Indians was laid upon him: it must not be inferred from this, that he had to ratify treaties, to reconcile feuds, or attend the solemn assemblies where the wise and aged deliberated on peace or war; but simply to overlook the raising of fences, and laying out fields, and the support of the school and chapel.

The abode at Kanaumeck now drew to a close: he had dwelt there a year, but his efforts had been attended with little good. It was resolved by the commissioners that he should go to the Delaware river; and he received the announcement without regret, although he thereby lost his teacher in the Indian. The loss was not a serious one, for all the trouble and journeyings to learn the Delaware, were to very little purpose.

Brainerd complains of want of sufficient time for a language that required an entire devotion; he never was able to preach to the Indians in their own tongue. This was a fearful disadvantage, and in the

history of his difficulties ought surely to have a foremost place. No one can conceive, who has not been thus proved, the sorrow of yearning to express the thoughts of everlasting things movingly and passionately, and having to utter them through the lips of a savage; to stagger at some difficult expressions, and linger till others are understood—till at last the flame perishes at the altar.

It was at length resolved that he should depart. He gathered his Indians around him, and preached to them for the last time. He then disposed of his clothes, books, &c. : they would surely have been useful in his future residence, but how was he to carry them through rivers and swamps? This little sale in the woods must have been a curious scene: the few settlers gathered round the lonely man, who, with a heavy heart probably, held forth the loved books which had solaced many a dreary hour. The wardrobe could be neither a costly nor extensive one. The Highlander, no doubt, was there, for the books must have sold cheap, and the swarthy faces of some of the Indians, and the strong figures of the back-wood settlers, to whom the axe and the saw were of far more avail than classics or divines.

May 8th he rode forty-five miles: the ensuing days went forward; and, crossing Hudson's river, travelled a great distance through a desolate country. At last he came to a settlement of Irish. In his diary he writes,

“May 13—Rose early, in illness of body after my long journey, from the great fatigue and heavy rains; was very melancholy: scarcely ever saw such a gloomy morning in my life; there *appeared* to be no Sabbath; the children were all at play; the people careless;—I feel as if banished from all mankind.” This remote mission, to which he was now destined, was the greater sacrifice, as he had

lately received an earnest invitation to a settled charge at East Hampton, on Long Island, the wealthiest and pleasantest town in the whole isle. The people were unanimous in their desire to have him for their pastor, and for a long time did not abandon their purpose. But he declined all their entreaties. To the town of Millington he was also earnestly invited, by a vote of the congregation. Perhaps this refusal caused more regret than the former, for the place was not far from his native town of Haddam. But he had chosen his part.

In this state of uncertainty, he complains that his prospects of usefulness to the heathen were dark as midnight. He redoubled his ardour; and though the spirit was often, as he mentions, sunk in a dismal calm of languor and lifelessness, and again driven by the tempest and not comforted, yet his living hope in God, his ceaseless prayers, and quenchless desires, after a while prevailed: "After the season of weakness, temptation, and desertion I endured last week, I thought myself to be somewhat like Samson, when his locks began to grow again." There were at times seasons of such exquisite peace and enjoyment, that "one moment is as months and years." Yet he was unwise to give such inexorable heed to every state and colour of the mind. Dearly did he abide this habit, when his tenderness of conscience, and jealousy of self, in themselves excellent graces, became scourges in his hand. Utterly regardless of the welfare of the body, he renewed his austerities, even from one setting sun to the next, afraid of a shaking leaf, yet waiting, in breathless expectation, for his lost joy—till the pride and worldliness within yielded to the "temper and mind of Christ." Then, with a smile on his countenance, and a frame so exhausted that he could scarcely rise from the foot of the tree, he would give way to a burst of gratitude and praise: "I still continued to give up myself to

God, praying incessantly, with sweet fervency of spirit. My health being very weak of late, I was now considerably overcome, so that when I rose from my knees, I could scarcely stand, or walk straight: my joints were loosed, and nature seemed as if it would dissolve."

The next morning and evening, after such a season, might surely have passed calmly and brightly away; but this stern and sleepless sentinel of his own soul "mourned over the power of its corruption. Had a distressing sense of my past follies, and especially in the afternoon, was sunk down under a load of sin and guilt, in that I had lived so little to God, after his abundant goodness to me yesterday. In the evening, judged and condemned myself for the follies of the day."

There was also in the mind of Brainerd a tendency to mysticism: "Was deeply engaged in meditation upon the different whispers of the various powers and affections of a pious mind, exercised with a great variety of dispensations. I could not but write, as well as meditate, upon so entertaining a subject."

If it was a pleasant, it was also a perilous work, to such a mind, which it were wiser to have strengthened with healthful knowledge, or with the stores of observation, which the character and temper of the savage nations could not but present. Had he studied man as he actually was, instead of busying himself in this minute dissection of spiritual things, he would have been better qualified for his mission. But in this quality he was eminently defective. And was it laudable to detach so much valuable time from the acquirement of the Indian language? He was able to translate prayers; and possessing an admirable interpreter, it might be expected that continual converse would give some facility of expression. Again—"Wrote something in the native language, of spiritual sensation." His pen was a favourite

solace, and beguiled the lonely day. but the theme did not change; otherwise many a vivid and natural picture of nature, and her various tenants, might have come from Brainerd's hand.

After leaving the aforesaid Irish settlement, he went forward; "not knowing," as he observes, "whither he went." Like one of the Paladins of old, though with a holier purpose, he looked out keenly in the forest, to descry an enemy or a home, while perils and mischances came thickly. "It was enough to make one's heart sink, going alone in this howling wilderness." After riding a hundred and fifty miles, he came to a village of the Delaware Indians, and sought an interview with their king, and explained to him his message; "but he laughed at me, turned his back, and went his way." Two days more brought him to the river, and to another settlement, whose chief was more friendly, and, after consulting with some of his old men, consented to listen to his words: the audience was very small, but attentive. In this place, Brainerd spent the greater part of the summer, lodging in one of the wigwams, to which the log hut of Kenaumeck was a home of comfort: he "preached usually in the house of the king," who, being pleased with the first discourse, had consented to have his royal residence transformed into a chapel. Sweet odours and incense did not salute the senses: volumes of smoke often rose, and wrapped the preacher and the audience in such dense clouds, that it might be said, the words came forth, but they saw no form or feature. He complains of the sharp and sick head-aches, that were the consequence: and, when the wind was high, the ashes and dust from the fires were blown into the eyes and mouth, almost to choking. The summer, however, was now in its prime; the air at morn and evening was fresh and healthful, and

he sometimes drew the Indians to listen, beneath the canopy of the trees: his hearers, at last, amounted to forty persons. They were a sequestered colony, supported by hunting and fishing, too powerless to engage in war, and too poor and few to tempt the inroads of their enemies. Neither war, feast, bloodshed, nor ambition, here rose in arms against the gospel of peace: yet the missionary's words fell on thankless ground. Unshaken in his purpose, yet sick at heart, he lived here till the autumn: and his love of solitude grew more intense on him, fostered, perhaps, by the excessive beauty and stillness of the Indian forests. The shadow of the white pine, the cedar, the cypress, and oak, was a glorious resting-place, after "the unspeakable filth and smoke" of the wigwam. The noises of the children, "whom their pagan mothers would take no manner of care to quiet," no longer dinned in his ears; but were exchanged for the cry of the eagle, or of the mocking-bird, or the solemn sound of the wind in the forest, that resembled the distant roar of the sea. The white pine, the noblest tree in the world, was the monarch of these woods, in height two hundred and fifty feet, its stem straight and elegant, its leaves of a vivid green: the yellow pine was an exquisite contrast; as was the mournful cypress, with the white spruce, a tree of extreme beauty, and sixty feet high, with spotless leaves; and the tulip tree, which, in full flower, appears at a little distance as if its blossoms were of gold. Brainerd sometimes preferred a lodging in one of these trees, to the floor of the wigwam. One or two relics of his little library had been saved, and were now invaluable: Allein's Alarm, and Edwards on the Affections: from the former of which he took pleasure in selecting the cases of conscience, and applying them severally to himself. The heats during the summer were very oppressive, but he was

not in a land where "the shadow of the rock" was a cause of gratitude: the retreats in the woods, against which no feller had yet come up, were so thickly and almost imperviously shaded, that the rays of the sun, even at noon, could hardly pierce through. The passing away of day was only known by the gloom that came slowly, for the face of the skies could not be seen. These were apt scenes for meditation and prayer: it is no wonder the recluse loved them; and the savage was, perhaps, sometimes startled, when tracking some beast of chase, to hear the tones of fervent prayer and praise that came forth from the thicket. When the rains fell, not in showers, but a deluge, his situation was pitiable: unable, for days together, to stir out of the wigwam, before whose door, or open gap, a blanket was placed; but, if the wind chanced to be high, this frail gateway could not exclude the wet, and the smoke, unable to ascend, settled beneath like a fixed vapour; even the bedding, of a buffalo skin, was often saturated; and, as the whole family, and, in many cases, two or three families, huddled together on the confined floor to rest—sleep, according to his frequent complaints, was seldom "tired nature's sweet restorer."

He was called from his Indian assembly, to come to Newark, in New Jersey, in order to his ordination. It was a long journey, and a startling transition: many days were passed in severe preparatory study. June 11, the presbytery met together at Newark, before whom he delivered his probationary sermon, and afterwards passed an examination. Mr. Pemberton, in a letter to the honourable society in Scotland who employed the missionary, thus writes, "Mr. Brainerd passed through his ordination trials, to the universal approbation of the presbytery, and appeared uncommonly qualified for the work of the ministry. He seems to be armed with self-denial,

and animated with a noble zeal to propagate the gospel among those barbarous nations." Ere he departed, he had an interview with the youth to whom he was so strongly attached, in whose education for the ministry he spared no expense: he gave him kind and useful counsel. There was something more than generous in this action. Brainerd, at the age of five and-twenty, seeking joyfully every privation, while he secured a liberal allowance to one, not many years younger, "that he might do good in his ministry."

Even now, the seeds of decay were within: those who observed him carefully, might perceive that he was marked for an untimely grave. "I seem to myself," he writes, "like a man that has all his estate embarked in one small boat, unhappily going adrift down a swift torrent. The poor owner stands on the shore, and looks, and laments his loss."

He returned to the Delaware river, and resumed his labours. Impatient at their ill success, he looked abroad for a wider sphere of action, and took another journey to Philadelphia, to engage the governor to use his interest with the chief man of the Six Nations, that he might be allowed to live at Susquehannah, and instruct the Indians there. Leave was obtained: little time was lost in preparation; a Mr. Byram, his nearest Christian neighbour, who lived forty miles off, came to be his fellow-traveller: the interpreter went also. The first day they journeyed till night, and lodged "in the best house on the road; after which, we went on our way, scarcely any thing else to be seen but lefty mountains, deep valleys, and hideous rocks. Just at dark, we kindled a fire, cut up a few bushes, and made a shelter to screen us from the frost, which was very hard. At last we came to the Susquehannah river, to an Indian village. I told the chief my business: after some consultation, they

all assembled and I preached to them : in the evening I visited them from house to house. Next day rose at four in the morning, and travelled with great steadiness till six at night ; then made a fire and a shelter of barks : the wolves howled around us. The following night we lost our way : it was very dark, few stars to be seen. Formerly, when exposed to cold and rain, I was ready to please myself with the thoughts of enjoying a comfortable house, a warm fire, and other pleasures. Came to a lone dwelling, where was one dead and laid out : looked on the corpse ; it was the youthful owner of the house, and his widow lamented for him : death had found him out in his solitude. O death ! thou art no king of terrors ; thou art a kind guest : when shall I meet thee, as a man meets his friend !

So nervous and frail, the victim of ideal terrors—yet he could be calm and fearless in the presence of real evils, and smile at the fiercest things “ that flesh is heir to.”

After an absence of a few weeks, he retraced his steps, set out to New York to meet the Presbytery there, and then returned to the Delaware river. Wearied with the wigwam, he laboured hard during the following twelve days, to construct a little cabin, to live in by himself during the winter. His life was not here in frequent peril, as in the first settlement : yet the most tranquil home in these wilds, was exposed to sudden treachery, or to the inroad of some hostile tribe. The French had a settlement and fort, about eighty years ago, among the Natches, with whom they lived in great amity. But the latter at last sought their destruction ; and, during five or six days, the nobles and old men consulted together : one of the former at last rose, and said, “ We have passed for the most sensible among the red men ; why shall we wait longer ? Before the French came into these countries, we were men :

but now they seduce our wives, corrupt the manners of our nation, and make us proud and idle. We walked boldly on all the roads, but now we only go groping, for fear of finding thorns in our way. What shall we wait for?" An aged chief, of majestic deportment, rose, and would have dissuaded them from the cruel attempt. "The Great Spirit of life will be irritated against our nation: we have smoked the calumet of peace with the chief of the white men, and said, 'Thy words shall never be forgotten, and our descendants will remember them as long as the Ancient Word\* shall last.' We have had war enough: the sun was red before, the sky covered with blackness; the waters stained with our blood; our fields lay fallow; we had all of us empty stomachs, and our faces looked long and meagre."

The doom of the French was fixed: the common people, with whom they were popular, grew uneasy at the councils of the nobles; but the princess, who was the mother of the young king, a woman of talent and firmness, was deeply incensed at the plot. She prevailed upon him to go with her to see a relation who lived in the village of the Apple; and, finding herself in a solitary place with her son, she spoke to him as follows: "Let us sit down here, for I am tired. Open thy ears to hear me. I never taught thee to lie. I am in despair to see myself slighted by my brothers, and, above all, by thee. Have I not fed thee with my purest blood? Oh, I am tired of this contempt, and of walking with such ungrateful people. The Disposer of life has called my husband, and I shall soon go and join him. Must the pale spirits of the white men gather round my grave?" The prince, who had resolved on the slaughter of the French, was moved to tears, and told her, that in the great temple, a bundle of rods

\* The traditions.

was laid, and one drawn every day; the last rod only remained, the disappearance of which was to be the signal of the massacre. In vain the princess strove to dissuade him, for the youth had been the mover of the bloody deed, and was inexorable, though his counsellors and chiefs were afar; and in the loneliness of the place and hour, his mother appealed to his affection, his interest, and honour. A few days after, the last rod was taken from the temple; and the Indians rushed on the French, all unawares, and not one of the latter escaped. The youthful king sat beneath the walls of one of the European dwellings, and the heads of the officers were laid at his feet; the bodies were the prey of the vultures:—but the princess was inconsolable at the deed.

Brainerd's hut was in the mean time completed: one chamber served for kitchen and parlour, where he kept his store of wood, and ate, and slept. This was speedy architecture, of which there was great need; the severity of an American winter had set in: it was now December, and the next deep fall of snow might bury both the architect and his edifice, in case the roof was not up. His interpreter was absent for some time: he took possession of his lodge, and began to pursue his studies with ardour, save when in illness and pain, and this was not rarely the case. The dwellings of the Indians were widely scattered; his own stood apart from the rest—the miserable home of pine or cedar logs, rudely hewn, with a roof of bark; could any exile be more dreary? fastened carefully at the close of day, for the hungry wolf or bear might prowl around. Heavily the hours dragged on towards midnight, while, with his lighted torch beside him, he beguiled the time by writing or reading, often not seeking repose till very late. There were moments when the pen might have been sternly aided.

During the storms, so prevalent at this season, the peals of thunder breaking over the forest, were fearful as the trump of the last angel; and the crash of the falling trees was mingled with the other sounds; the largest oaks and cedars, that were in a state of decay, were borne to the earth with a noise like the roar of cannon: when morning came, hundreds of trees sometimes lay prostrate.

There was consolation, at last, from without. On the return of spring, the Indians began to pay greater attention to his discourses:—"The next day I preached to the people in the wilderness, upon the sunny-side of a hill; a considerable assembly, consisting of many that lived not less than thirty miles asunder."

One of the earliest fruits of his ministry was a man of a hundred years of age, an ancient savage, whose head was white as the snows: others listened with diligence, and ere long with eagerness. They began to come to his cottage at evening, when the chase was over, that they might talk of the tidings of Christianity. The language of his interpreter, whose heart was also touched, increased in facility and power, "and now he amazingly assisted me." The man became eloquent to the ears of his countrymen, in proportion to the fervour of his own feelings: he was soon after baptized by his master. This interpreter was a young Indian, of Stockbridge, where he had been instructed in the Christian religion by Mr. Sergeant: he understood both English and Indian very well, and wrote a good hand: his services were valuable to Brainerd, who had hitherto struggled with wretched assistants. "My rising hopes," he now writes, "respecting the conversion of the Indians, have been so often dashed, that my spirit is, as it were, broken, and courage wasted; and I hardly dare hope any more." Leaving the banks of the Delaware for a time, he

now directed his attention to a place called Cross-weeksung, in Jersey, not far from the sea. The first reception was not very encouraging: his audience consisted only of women; but their zeal was such, that after the discourse was concluded, they travelled fifteen miles by his horse's side, to give notice to some of their friends at that distance. He compares them to the woman of Samaria, "desirous that others might see the man that told them what they had done in their lives past, and the misery of their idolatrous ways."

During the ensuing weeks he went from place to place in this district, the number of his hearers gradually increasing; each discourse excited a deeper interest. More than two years had passed since he went to the house of the woods-man; that home, where he waited long, and hope never came.

"Sabbath, June 9. I discoursed to the multitude on that sacred passage, 'Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him:' the word was attended with a resistless power; many hundreds in that great assembly, consisting of three or four thousand, were much affected, 'so that there was a very great mourning, like to the mourning of Hadadrimmon.'" There is a sublimity in this picture, of which the writer was perhaps unconscious: few men were more guiltless of using the shafts of the fancy. The youthful and pallid missionary, with a frame wasted to extremity, and an aspect in which, while his look was lifted up with joy, the fatal flushes of consumption came and went—while four thousand of the warriors and hunters were bowed before him—then his likening it to "the great mourning of Hadadrimmon, where all Israel wept in the desert."

Poor Brainerd! the transition was glorious; his head was now lifted from the dust. New Jersey, the scene of this success, became his favourite ground: and he soon after came to dwell at Cross-

wecksung, not far from the sea. "It was late at night; all day I had laboured with this people: my soul—my soul that had longed for this hour, was transported with joy: how I grieved to leave the place: earth, cover not thou my head yet awhile; though the thoughts of death are sweet, I would fain stay while this great work advances." To his eye, the sun seemed to rise more bright, the desert rejoiced, and all nature put on a garb of more than usual loveliness. The chariot-wheels, (in his own words,) no longer drew heavily, but rushed forward rapidly.

"July 21. I preached to the Indians first; afterwards, to the white people; then to the former again: afterwards I baptized my interpreter and wife, who were the first-fruits among these Indians. He now addressed the Indians with admirable fervency and sometimes, when I had concluded my discourse, and was returning homewards, he would tarry behind, to inculcate what he had spoken. Now a change in the manners of the people began to appear; in the evenings, when they came to sup together, they would not taste a morsel till they had sent for me to ask a blessing on their food. Their idolatrous feasts diminished fast." Brainerd had long denounced these feasts in vain: he now saw, that the moment the feelings of the savage were engaged on his side, priests, enchantments, and every accursed thing perished. On one occasion, a band of sixty gathered round him: "the influence of the divine truths was great; they all, as one, were in an agony of soul, as I discoursed on the love and compassion of God; and the more I invited them to partake of that love, the more their distress was aggravated; yet it was solemn and affecting, being shewn by deep sighs and tears, and the softness of those hard and cruel natures. I could but perceive how their hearts

were pierced with the tender invitations of the gospel, when there was not a word of terror spoken to them." The toils of the missionary were greatly augmented; each day brought new hearers and new converts.

Very soon there was great need of private visits to families as well as individuals, who required a more full and familiar explanation of the truths of Christianity. He says, quaintly, "I was enabled to adapt my conversation to the capacities of my people (I know not how) in a plain and easy manner, beyond all that I could have done by the utmost study, and this with as much freedom as if I had been addressing those who had been instructed in Christianity all their days. If ever there was among my people an appearance of the New Jerusalem, 'as a bride adorned for her husband,' there was at this time; and so agreeable was the entertainment, that I could scarce tell how to leave the place." And now he thought of the distant shores of the Susquehannah: might not their darkness pass away also? Full of the hope, he instantly set forth, and, travelling nearly two hundred miles, came to a town which he had previously visited; and he was kindly received.

On the first night, a pagan dance was celebrated in the house where he lodged, the uproar and licentiousness of which gave him great distress: the town was built on a large island, named Juncauta, in the middle of the rapid stream: the people were of three different tribes, who each spake a language unintelligible to each other. He visited the Delaware king, who had been at the point of death; and spoke to him with great freedom and plainness; but the words were of little avail. Great part of the population going out to hunt, he left the town, and travelled down the river southwestward. One evening he came on a party, who were dancing

around an immense fire, having prepared ten fat deer for the sacrifice. The flames arose to a prodigious height, and were reflected on the hills and woods around, at the same time the yells might be heard two miles or more. The orgies were continued all night, during which, Brainerd, having walked to and fro till body and mind were much oppressed, at length crept into a little crib made for corn, and there slept on the poles. As soon as they were up in the morning he attempted to instruct them, but quickly found they had something else to do. The picture is perfectly graphic:—"Having gathered all their conjurors, they were all engaged for several hours making the most wild distracted motions imaginable: sometimes singing and howling, and extending their arms to the utmost stretch; sometimes stroking their faces with their hands, then spirting water as fine as mist; sometimes bowing down their faces to the ground, wringing their sides as if in pain and anguish, twisting their faces, turning up their eyes, grunting or puffing. These frantic actions seemed to have something in them peculiarly suited to raise the Devil, if he could be raised by any thing odd and frightful. Some of them were much more fervent in the business than others, and seemed to chant, peep, and mutter with a great degree of warmth and vigour. I sat about thirty feet from them, with my Bible in my hand, resolving, if possible, to spoil their sport, and prevent their receiving any answers from the infernal world. But of all the sights I ever saw among them, none appeared so near akin to what is usually imagined of the powers of darkness, as the appearance of one who was a zealous restorer of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians. He came in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bear-skins, dressed with the hair on, hanging down to his toes;

a pair of bear-skin stockings; and a great wooden face, painted one-half black and the other tawny, with an extravagant mouth cut very much awry. He advanced towards me, with the instrument in his hand which he used for music in his idol-worship, which was a dry tortoise shell with some corn in it. As he came forward, he beat his tune, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen; no man would have guessed by his appearance that he was a human creature. When he came near me, I could but shrink away from him, although it was then noon-day, his appearance and gestures were so frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut out on the several parts of it. He there treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. The Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate; that he wanted to find some who would join him heartily in his religion. Then his mind was so much distressed, that he got away into the woods, and lived for some months. His spirit of divination is gone from him. The manner in which he says he obtained the spirit of divination was this—he was admitted into the presence of a great man, who was clothed with the day of many years, yea, of everlasting continuance. This whole world, he says, was drawn upon him, so that in him the earth, and all things in it, rocks, mountains, and seas, might be seen. By the side of the great man stood a shadow or spirit. The shadow was lovely, and filled all places. After this, he saw that being no more; but the spirit, or shadow, often appeared to him in dreams and other ways."

Brainerd was aware that he had a set of cunning and depraved fellows to deal with, so that, after several ineffectual attempts, he willingly departed. The return to his own people was a delicious con-

trast. O! how different, he says, are those Indians from the idolaters by the river-side.

Returning to his land of promise, he now began to baptize those converts who were most advanced in knowledge; first requiring, however, an abandonment of their immoralities. As to the marriage bond, he obliged many, who had separated, to come together again; forbade inconstancy; and drunkenness, their darling vice, was no longer indulged. He expressively writes in his journal—"As their distresses under conviction have been great and pressing; so, many of them have since appeared to rejoice with joy unspeakable: and yet their consolations do not incline them to lightness, but are attended with a solemnity and brokenness of heart, even with a sweet sorrow." And in this respect some of them have been surprised with themselves, and have with concern observed to me, that "when their hearts have been glad, they could not help weeping for all." Upon the whole, this is a rational and just work, the fruits thereof being visible to all. As these poor pagans stood in need of having line upon line, and precept upon precept, in order to their being grounded in the principles of Christianity; so, I taught from house to house almost every day, for whole weeks together. And my public discourses did not then make up the one half of my work, while there were so many constantly coming to me with that important inquiry—"What must we do to be saved." I have now rode more than three thousand miles since the beginning of May last, and have taken pains to look out for a colleague or companion to travel with me, but have not yet found one. Yet is not my compensation unspeakable?"

A few of the Indians from the Delaware had come as far as Crossweeksung, to attend his ministry: these, being the best disposed among their countrymen, carried home the tidings of his influence and suc-

cess. His return to that territory was received with interest. The Indians would now forbear some of their hunting parties. On one occasion they went out and killed several deer, as a supply for some days, that they might enjoy his discourses with less interruption. Many embraced Christianity, and were baptized. He never raised a separate congregation in this place; but desired the people to follow him to New Jersey, to partake of the services and ordinances. The Delaware king, who first offered his dwelling for a chapel, and was now able, after his distemper was healed, to hunt and rule again, never was a convert; and this might have damped his attachment to the place. The cabin that he had built was yet entire, with a little store of necessaries for his occasional visits. None of the savages ever made use of these homes, or laid hand on any article within. It seemed as if they were kept sacred, to shelter the missionary's head. The pleasant tone in which he alludes to these places, is just such as a wealthy or luxurious man would use, in reference to his country seats and parks, and groves that he had planted.

As to his resting-place in New Jersey, it was dreary enough: of neighbours and friends, there were none within the distance of very many miles. He might have looked round, and said with truth, "I am monarch of all I survey;" an unclaimed and unpeopled waste. By ascending a hill, or climbing to the top of one of the highest trees, scattered abodes might be discovered at various distances: a wigwam, perhaps, perched on the brow of a precipice, or the smoke of others rising out of the woods beneath.

It is almost inconceivable how such great numbers could be collected together. It brings to mind the "fiery cross" of ancient use in the north. He speaks of a "vast multitude" on one Sabbath.

“ They gathered,” he writes, “ from all quarters, some from twenty, and even forty miles’ distance ; so that it seemed as if God had summoned them from all quarters, for nothing else but to deliver his message to them. I could not but think the coming of many of them to this place, was like Saul and his messengers coming among the prophets ; even the chiefs among them were seized with awe.” The eager advance of the various parties, issuing from the depths of the forest ; the old and young, the women and children, was a triumphant sight to the missionary : “ this is strength out of weakness,” he justly observes. A very few pages in his diary about this time, are full of power and beauty, so as to redeem much of the monotony and heaviness of the remainder. “ After discoursing publicly, I stood amazed at the influence that seemed to descend upon the assembly, and, with an astonishing energy, bore down all before it ; and could compare it to nothing more aptly than a mighty torrent. Almost all persons of all ages were bowed down together. The most fierce and stubborn hearts were now obliged to bow. Their concern was so great, each for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each prayed for themselves ; and were, to their own apprehensions, as much retired, as if every one had been by himself in a desert. *Each seemed to mourn apart.*”

Again his soul thirsts for the shores of the Susquehannah ; and his horse’s head is eagerly turned that way. He set forth with his interpreter ; and being compelled to lodge in the open woods, on the bare ground, was overtaken there with a north-easterly storm, in which he had nearly perished. Without any shelter, and unable to make a fire in such heavy rain, he rose from his hard couch, and went forward ; but their horses happening to have eaten a poisonous plant, they could not ride them, but

were obliged to drive them forward, and travel on foot. At last they came to a bark hut, and eagerly crept in, and waited till morn. As he was riding one day in the wilderness, he was seized with a burning fever, and had barely strength to reach the home of an Indian trader, where he languished some time. It was a wretched asylum, filled with the skins and furs of wild animals, with store of ardent spirits.

Misfortune always hung over the journeys to this beautiful river. The way, for there were no roads, was enough to ruffle the most exemplary patience: over rocks and steeps, through swamps and dreadful and dangerous places. On the mountains which he was obliged to cross, there were few abodes; the Indians preferring the flat country, and the woods. Height after height rose, where no white man's foot had trod before; and sudden precipices often barred the way, and then a long circuit was to be made: the deep glen and the defile, where the sun seldom fell, was perhaps a welcome place of rest, for it was sheltered from the winds. But the chief danger attendant on these passes, was from the melting of the snows, that suddenly swelled the mountain stream, and flooded the wanderer's way. Pouring down the precipices into the vales and ravines, the torrents bore all before them; the rocks and shrubs were soon covered, then the trees sank gradually. In these places the savage never reared their huts, which would have been swept away like bubbles on the stream; the safety of the sleeper was in the rushing sound with which this visitation came, that was wildly echoed among the solitudes around. A plentiful rain of a few days often caused this event. In other parts, where forest after forest rose in splendid succession up the mountain sides, the thick and tangled bushes, and close underwood, miserably impeded the way. A

friendly roof, in such a region, was as delightful as unexpected;—"Late at night we came suddenly to the house of a stranger, where we were kindly entertained: what a cause of thankfulness was this!" Their night's lodging was sometimes beneath the shelter of the rock; and the dead pine-tree was kindled, and threw its glare on the hoary cliffs, and kept the wild beasts at a distance; then they lay down to rest around the burning embers. On one of these journeys, he lay for three weeks on the bare ground.

In this visit to the Susquehannah, he spent the time to as little purpose as ever: the people were warlike and intractable, like those of the Six Nations, near to whom they were situated. They were civil and friendly, but were bad listeners, and worse believers. Although he did not join in the chase, he partook of the spoils, and made one of the circle who sat round the roasted deer, on mats on the floor; he could have been no costly guest, and the hungry savages must have regarded with astonishment such an appetite and consumption. An epicure would shudder at many parts of his diary: at times a total disinclination to food; a little boiled maize, decayed bread, perhaps a few dried apples or peaches, by way of luxury. The natives went forth early to the chase, the aged men and women only remained at home. What a home for a man of cultivated mind! When the old warrior or hunter had told his tale of past times, and this through an interpreter, the stores of conversation were exhausted: the Indian wives had little leisure to give heed to his words. As to the children, they were true natives of the wild: "some were laughing; some were whittling sticks; others playing with their dogs, and this for want of better manners.

So he went forth by the river-side, and had

recourse to his beloved meditation, which had grown into such a habit, that he scarcely ever rode on horseback, but he fell quickly to meditate, either in a profitable or painful way. The fiercer savages must have considered him a very useless being, and, probably, followed his movements with a smile of contempt or pity. His personal advantages were not sufficient to create respect or approval in these men: his hand could not wield the spear, the bow and arrow, or even the musket; his step was often weak and faltering, as he drew near their threshold; and his features clad in gloom, or bent to the earth. But there is a something, in that restless enthusiasm, in that insatiable thirst and longing (to use his own words) for the salvation of others, that is irresistible. It was evident that when Brainerd spoke of the things of God, the soul went forth with every word; and the more that men listened to the low but clear tones of his voice, and looked on his impassioned aspect, the more they desired to see and to hear him. He never seems, by his mental and personal qualities, to have bound the chieftains to him in friendship or in reverence, like Eliot and Zeisberger: but the number of his female converts was great; over their minds, his soft and gentle bearing had no small influence, even on young and old. "In the evening I spoke to some of them, who wept much; and in the conference explained the story of the rich man and Lazarus. The word made powerful impressions, especially while I discoursed of the blessedness of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. This, I could perceive, affected them much more than the rich man's misery and torments." Evening, when the men came home from hunting, and when joy, if they had been successful, was diffused through the household, was Brainerd's favourable hour; the toils of the day were past, the neighbours and friends

dropped in, and all were disposed to converse. But if the chase had been unsuccessful, the baffled savages sat or lay on the ground sullen and discontented, their feelings soured by hunger and weariness. Hence he returned to New Jersey, where he arrived in safety, and found that his people were like a flock without pasture.

A year had now passed since the commencement of his great success; the number of the baptized was seventy persons. Surely, rest is grateful after ceaseless toil; and the contemplation of the heart, thirsting for light and hope, every hour; was it not enough to chain the teacher to his post?

“ May 22. In the evening, was in a frame somewhat remarkable. I had apprehended, for some time, that it was the design of Providence I should *settle* among my people here; and had begun to make provision for it, and to contrive means to hasten it. I also found my heart engaged in it, hoping I might then enjoy more agreeable circumstances of life, in several respects; and yet I never was fully determined, never quite pleased with the thoughts of being settled and confined to one place. Yet it seemed to be my lot, at last, to have a quiet settlement, and a stated home of my own. In the foregoing part of this week, this prospect was particularly pleasant. But now these thoughts seem to be wholly dashed to pieces; not by necessity, but of choice. I still wanted to go about far and wide, in order to spread the gospel. It appeared also that I had nothing to lose, nothing to do with earth; and I shall rejoice to be made a pilgrim or a hermit, if I may thereby promote the knowledge of the true God.”

There is a passage, soon after the above, that comes direct from the heart, and proves how sincere were its stern denials; an expression of unusual *tenderness* is also evident. “ I will then say, ‘ Fare-

well, earthly comforts and friends, the dearest of them all, the very dearest, if the Lord calls for it: adieu, adieu; I'll spend my life, to my latest moments, in caves and dens of the earth, if the kingdom of Christ may be advanced.' ”

Brainerd was not gifted, like his predecessor Eliot, with the qualities of a legislator and ruler: his habits of mind were too restless and desultory; he came and went, made a deep and fervid impression on the people, and then quickly began to sigh for some other scene, where his message had not been received. Perhaps this was almost natural to one of such changing moods, of such uncertain health. He could have perished at the stake, even the stake of an Indian captive, and done no discredit to his faith; but the unyielding patience, the calm yet firm endurance, pressing on slowly yet surely to its object, were foreign to his nature.

Ever since his efforts were so blessed, first in New Jersey, and then on the Delaware, the frame of his mind had been more animated and cheerful: fits of gloom and dejection did not fail to come; but the whole tenor of the thoughts and feelings was happier; the dear excitement of usefulness was awake, to sleep no more. Men of his temper and make are peculiarly dependent on external aids, and feed intensely on the imaginings of the future; keenly alive to neglect or desertion, yet disposed to make a friend of solitude rather than of society; and when success and triumph come at last, they come like angels of light. It may be said, that this devoted youth yielded his soul to but one passion, one burning desire: “his one little bark,” he calls it, “if that is dashed to pieces, I perish.” All was embarked, health, fortune, every pleasure, every comfort, life itself. Can man give more? The Pilgrim, as he terms himself, now went on his way; and if, like Christian in the Valley of Shadows, he

was often dismayed by dim spectres, and the rushing terrors; yet, ever and anon, there were such flashes of light and glory, such voices of hope and assurance, that he strode on his way in victory.

Among the settlements of white people, at this early period thinly scattered on the interior, was one of High Dutch, which he occasionally visited. These colonists were rather a peculiar people: they had slowly wrested their homes and lands from the desert; the greater part of the former were rudely built of logs, with all the rooms on the ground-floor; without, were fields of grain and maize, vines and peach-trees in abundance; in another part, fields half cleared, and inroads on the forest, where the ancient oaks and cedars lay prostrate on every side: wood was an incumbrance rather than a blessing; and often did the farmer wish that his eye could rove over a vast plain, bare as an Eastern desert. Between the missionary and the settlers there could be no sympathy in a single taste or habit. It has been observed, that an agricultural life, more than any other, indisposes men's hearts to the easy reception of the gospel. The hourly and systematic drudgery; the long waiting for small gains; and the baffled hopes, from the skies and storms—tend to close the hand, and to encrust the heart. But the hardships and toils encountered by these early planters can scarcely be conceived: it is no wonder that they listened coolly to Brainerd's appeals, about the folly of fixing the heart on earthly possessions: and as to his excessive zeal for the conversion of the Indians, it must have seemed to them little better than madness. They had won their conquests from the soil by dint of amazing patience and perseverance, being compelled, on their first arrival, to encamp in huts; the cattle they had brought were turned to graze on the wild pastures.

Often were their crops wasted by the tempest or the flood, or long and heavy rains. And as to the savages, they hated their very name, having lived, during many years, in constant dread of ravage and massacre at their hands. These men might justly look around in pride, on their flocks and herds, and well-stocked orchards; and they loved these things the more, for having earned them so painfully. A very few, who were better disposed, listened attentively, and requested Brainerd to come again; for they had neither pastor, place of worship, or burial-ground, or a single religious ceremony, being several hundred miles from town or city.

And now a third home was to be reared, with surer prospect of settlement than either of the former: the time chosen was very unseasonable.

“December 9. I spent most of the day in procuring provisions, in order to my setting up housekeeping among the Indians; the next day I was also engaged in this business.” It is doubtful if any of the savages could surpass Brainerd in the art of building; no Dutchman could be more cool and dogged in the business. The scene, to the painter’s eye, would have been richly characteristic: the master and the interpreter rearing their lonely home! the feeble and eager man bearing the logs to the spot he had cleared, raising the roof, laying the floor, dividing the little chambers—then resting in weakness on some fallen trunk, while the axe of his companion felled some of the noblest trees, and the blows rung through the forest. The housekeeping here spoken of was somewhat apocryphal: if the stranger, hungry and weary, had sought shelter within, it is doubtful if he would have found a meal; the host could, perhaps, produce a little dried deer’s flesh, or dried fruit, or bread as mouldy as that of the Gibeonites: as a last resource, he might have trimmed the fire, and fried cakes of Indian corn.

He never kept a domestic, and, as the interpreter had a wife and home of his own, Brainerd performed all the culinary duties with his own hands, and swept his floor and cleaned his scanty furniture; though it is doubtful whether, like that of his Dutch acquaintance, it was polished like a mirror. He had not long dwelt here, ere the people became desirous of living near him: "the Indians are now gathered from many parts to this place, and have built themselves little cottages, so that more than twenty families live within a quarter of a mile of me." By degrees these dwellings approached nearer to his own door, though the lands of some of the owners were fifteen miles distant. He now procured a schoolmaster for the children and younger people, who were taught during the day; in the evening, the older and the married people. He also began to catechise them regularly, and propose questions on religious subjects.

Hitherto he had preached in the open wilderness for want of a roof to shelter; a chapel was now raised, plain and unadorned, as may be supposed, being of wood, roughly put together, but strong enough to resist the winds and rains: pews there were none; the Delawares would have looked and felt awkwardly within them. No bell sent its tones over the waste, to summon the scattered people: "they are quickly called together by the sound of a conch-shell." Here, after a strict examination, he administered the sacrament to the converts. "It was received with great solemnity and seriousness, and seemed to diffuse through their hearts great union and love towards each other."

Attached as he was to fasting, it was but natural he should inculcate it on his people, who probably had not the same high opinion of its virtue.-- "I endeavoured to open to them the nature of a fast, and to instruct them in the duties of such

a solemnity. I insisted upon the special reasons there were for our now engaging in this exercise." Another of his favourite observances was imitated, and with perhaps greater zest: a company of natives would not unfrequently retire into the heart of the woods, and spend hours there in earnest devotion, the voice of their singing rising far on the stillness of those scenes, never before so disturbed. "Sometimes, when the service was over, and my people were dismissed, though it was dark, they appeared loth to leave the place that had been rendered so dear to them by the benefits enjoyed. I also felt loth to go to bed, and grieved that sleep was necessary. On one occasion, soon after I left them, (the sun being then about an hour and a half high at night,) they began, and continued praying all night till nearly break of day, not suspecting, till they went out and viewed the stars, and saw the morning-star a considerable height, that time had fled so fast." The number of converts now amounted to a hundred and fifty persons; very many Indians came often from his second station, the Forks of the Delaware, to attend his ministry, of whom the greater part were Christians. At the close of this year, he takes an impartial review of the influence of Christianity on the lives and hearts of the Indians. He remarks, that by its sublime truths their lives were quickly reformed, without his spending time in repeated harangues on external duties. "There was indeed little room for any discourses but those that respected the essentials of religion, while there were so many inquiring daily how they should escape the wrath to come, and arrive at the enjoyment of eternal blessedness. And after I had led them into a view of their total depravity, and opened to them the glorious remedy provided in Christ for perishing sinners, there was then no vice unreformed, no external duty neglected. The re-

formation was general, and all springing from the eternal influence of divine truths upon their hearts; not because they had heard these vices particularly exposed, and repeatedly spoken against. I do not mean to deny the admirableness of moral duties, which were strictly enforced and obeyed, but only that their eager obedience was not from any rational view of the beauty of morality, but of the internal influence of mercy on the soul." At intervals, he kept up an intercourse with the nearest ministers; and would ride the distance of thirty or fifty miles to spend a night, or even to officiate in their churches. Rarely did any of them come to his roof or chapel; their zeal for the wilderness was not so strong. The Rev. Mr. Tennant, the attachment to whose ministry was once the cause of Brainerd's expulsion from the college, was still his firm friend; and his chief intellectual luxury was to go forth and enjoy an evening's conversation with this very remarkable person. The relative for whom his affection was the strongest, was a sister, married at Haddam, to whom some of his letters were addressed.

As he belonged to the Presbyterian church of Scotland, he adhered strictly to its discipline, and was present at many of the meetings of the synod for regulating their affairs. As his name began to rise from obscurity, it is probable that the superiors of Yale College felt some regret at their harsh and arbitrary conduct, for which little excuse can be pleaded.

In the career of Brainerd, there are discoverable no traces of the wise system of his predecessor, who, selecting the most clever as well as distinguished men among the tribes, made them the teachers of their brethren. Among the converts of the former, there is a dearth of talent, as well as rank: by none of the kings of the Delawares was

his mission warmly patronized or loved. His ignorance of the language was a cardinal deficiency; the fierce and restless men, who loved "to look into the eyes, while they drank the words into their soul," listened to an unknown tongue, and then turned to the interpreter for the meaning; while the missionary, in his turn, hearkened, but understood not. "The great reason," he writes, "why the Delaware language is not familiar to me before this time, is, that I am obliged to ride four thousand miles a year, and have little time left for any necessary studies. Then I have to preach and catechise frequently; to converse privately with persons who need so much instruction as these Indians do; to take care of their secular affairs; to ride abroad to procure collections for their help and benefit; to hear and decide all their petty differences: the time also that is necessarily consumed upon my journals and other writings. Oftentimes, I have not been able to gain more than two hours a week for reading."

The method he adopted for their instruction was judicious; namely, to give historical relations from Scripture of the most remarkable occurrences; thereby to captivate their attention, and impress their memory; to expound chapters of the New Testament, and then propose questions as to the chief parts of his discourse or reading, and upon the principles of Christianity—till, by their repeated answers and efforts, they appeared to have a thorough understanding of them. A few usages were inveterate: on one isle in the river, where he resided some time, was a colony of Indians, who did not inter their dead, but placed them in close cribs above the ground; whence, after a year, they took the bones, and cleansed them with great ceremony. In his colony in New Jersey, a little burial-ground was made near the chapel; and those who died in

the wilderness, as it might still be called, were interred there. Curious visitors were now attracted by the accounts of the conversion of the Indians, which were spread through town and village: some stayed a few hours to attend the worship, and gaze on the Delawares, devouring the words, with their wild eyes fixed on the pastor—then they mounted their horses, and rode hastily away. A few passed a day or two in the vicinity.

It could no longer be said, that the hermit was unknown to fame; its voice came to the log-hut; not a passing breath, soon raised, and soon to die, but that hard-earned applause that was now allowed, by all thinking men, to the person who had so truly denied himself, and “wrestled through the painful night, till he prevailed,” for the good of others. It is almost touching to read, how he came sometimes at night to the roofs of other pastors, where many comforts and many attractions invited him to stay awhile, and not yet go home to the forest. The kind words and pitying looks of the women, far different from those of the Indian wives; their minute attentions to his failing health; and the sympathy of his brother ministers, to whom his coming was so welcome; the soft couch and the prepared chamber; and the circle gathered round the fire. It was hard to break from all these, and go forth again to the long and shelterless ride. And those only who have dwelt long among a people whose words are sealed, save through other lips, can tell the exquisite enjoyment of converse with a countryman, whose thoughts, hopes, and spirit are like their own.

There was compensation, however, at home; and it is doubtful if the lord of a palace ever hailed its towers from afar with livelier emotion than Brainerd, when the lowly roof of his lodge greeted his eyes, as he came slowly through the wild:

*there* was the village of converts, the little chapel, the school-house, the cemetery, and, behind, the fields of wheat, and the fences. His Indian companions, six in number, now often went with him, as his strength decayed, and walked rapidly by his horse's side. This was necessary; for in the midst of the way, he sometimes fainted in their arms, and they laid him insensible on the ground, and watched over him. It must have been an affecting sight, of the Delawares guarding their helpless charge, in whose pulses the tide of life beat faintly, and came, and ebb'd again; while the lips, that had called *them* to life and immortality, seemed closed for ever; and the wasted hand returned no pressure to their own. Melancholy, like a murderer, staunch to its purpose, had fiercely dwelt with him beneath the roof, and gone forth into the way, even from the beginning of his mission—but could not separate the heart from God. Truth towards himself, fidelity to heaven, are stamped as deeply on every page of his journal, as if they were graven on a rock for ever.

It would be easy to multiply passages: his tenderness of conscience was so extreme, that the ambition that once animated him to make some figure in learning, seems on a few occasions to have risen like an accuser. "The sins I most lamented, were pride, and wandering thoughts; the former excited me to think of writing, or preaching, that, by converting the heathen, or some other great work, my name might live when I should be dead. My soul was in anguish; near noon I went to the Indians, but knew not what to say to them, and was ashamed to look them in the face: I had no power to address their consciences, no boldness to say any thing."

In the midst of his success, he takes this retrospect—"Oh that I had no reason to complain of so

much barrenness of mind! such deadness of the heart! would that there were no evil affections lodging within me! God knows how I long for that world, where they rest not day or night praising and serving Him."

Like a garment of many colours, the diary changes often: sometimes radiant in brightness; and, again, witten in colours of blood. "I went forth to the Indians, disheartened; for I remembered the worm-wood and the gall of Friday last: how inconceivably bitter was the cup of trembling, given me then! more bitter than death." On another occasion, "This evening, what peace! I could not leave off prayer, being all unwilling to lose so delightful a guest. I could not taste my necessary food, though wearied with the services; the living waters were richly given me. O that I could for ever bless God for the mercy of this day, who answered me in the joy of my heart. O pardon me, if I have not been faithful."

There were words, at a later period, spoken to his youngest relative, at a time when the mind is often clearest, and the lips dare not speak falsely. "I am very near the unseen world, and wait earnestly to depart, and be with Him whom I have loved. For some years, it has been my abiding conviction, that it is impossible to enjoy true happiness, without being entirely devoted to God. Under the influence of this conviction, I have in some measure acted. Would that I had done so yet more! I saw the excellency of holiness of life, but never in such a manner as now, when the last enemy waits for me. Oh, my brother, pursue after holiness: press towards this noble mark, and let your thirsty soul continually say, 'I shall never be satisfied till I awake in thy likeness. Although there has been a great deal of selfishness in my views, of which I am ashamed, and for which my

soul is humbled; yet I find I have really had, for the most part, such a concern for his glory, and the advancement of his kingdom in the world, that it is a satisfaction to me to reflect upon in this hour. I shall die here, and here I shall be buried; and, when you look on my grave, remember what I have said to you; think with yourself how that man, who lies there, counselled and warned me. I go to that world, whose endlessness makes it so inexpressibly sweet!"

The progress of religion was now, in his own words, "rapid and fervent" among his people; as if, the time being short, and his departure not far distant, it was vouchsafed that he should see the full accomplishment of his desires. "It is impossible," he writes, "to give a just description of things at this season, so as to convey an adequate idea of the effects of this gracious influence. A number might be seen rejoicing, that the prospects of that world without sin were open to them; others, with a heavy solicitude in their faces, like those who advanced slowly to the place of execution: on the features of many was anguish of spirit. The deep moan, and the shuddering of the frames of men, some of whom were murderers—the mercy they had denied to others, was not denied to their prayers. I thought it was a lively emblem of the great day of account." A few months afterwards, he describes their state in glowing terms; the spirit of the pastor seemed to pervade that of the people. His unwearied efforts and entreaties, by day and night, from house to house, as well as with each individual, were made the source of much happiness and piety to the lonely flock. One of his most earnest cares was to guard their minds from a wild enthusiasm, of which there was the more danger, as they were greatly given to faith in dreams, and visionary scenes, and

mental delusions. On this point, he observes, "Yet I must say, I have looked upon it as one of the glories of this work of grace among the Indians, and a special evidence of its being from a Divine influence, that there has till now been no appearance of such things, no visionary notions, trances, and imaginations, intermixed with those rational convictions of sin, and solid consolations, which numbers have experienced. And, might I have had my desire, there had been no appearance of any thing of this nature at all."

So much alone, so often the prey of "thickcoming fancies," one might expect to meet, in the religion of Brainerd, as in that of many other devout recluses, a large share of enthusiasm. The vigils, the fastings, the very awfulness of nature on every side, were almost enough to awake that mood, which he so dreaded in his people. Nowhere is Defoe's knowledge of the mind more visible, than when he makes his recluse, in the isle of Fernandez, write down, in his loved diary, all his dreams and presentiments, and brood over them in alternate terror and luxury: the voices, also, that came to his ear by night, as if, in the loss of the living world, the doors of the invisible one were opened. And it is almost an anomaly in the journal of the missionary, that there are no reveries, or visionary things, therein: he says, that "his soul abhorred such delusions:" he need not have so condemned those who are visited by them, among whom are men of more vigorous intellect than his own.

As it is quaintly and more fully expressed, "There was no sight of heaven in his imagination, with gates of pearl and golden streets, and a vast multitude with shining garments; no vision of the book of life opened, with his name written in it; no hearing of the sweet music made by the songs of the heavenly

hosts; nor any sudden suggestion of words or promises, either of scripture or any other, as then immediately spoken or sent to him; no new revelations, or strong suggestions of secret facts. But the way he was satisfied of his own good estate, was by feeling within himself the lively actings of a holy temper and heavenly disposition, the vigorous exercise of that divine love which casts out fear."

Yet it is to be wished that he had sometimes forgotten himself for a while, and vouchsafed a farther description of the people and things of this world. What excuse can be pleaded for his total silence as to his visit to Bethlehem, the settlement of the Brethren, where he saw Zeisberger? That noble Moravian surely deserved a passage in his diary: and how interesting had it been to read his estimate of his rival! A wider contrast can scarcely be conceived than that of the two missionaries; the hardy frame and fearless demeanour of the Moravian, who at fifteen pursued the panther and the wolf, and was found wounded and senseless in the forest; around whom the Iroquois and Delaware chiefs gathered as brethren, to each of whom he spoke in his own tongue. The lonely dweller of Kanauneck was the reverse of all this: he had heard of the proceedings and plans of the Brethren, and came, with a few of his people, and beheld a town slowly rising in the waste, and gardens laid out, and a scene of patient industry on every side. The very elements of success were in these men: they endured, and murmured not, and seldom wept, preserving to the last a serene and cheerful spirit. Not so their visiter, whose hour of darkness came even at Crosweeksung, in the very bosom of success.

"The sun is declining, and the shadows of evening coming on apace. I have longed for the remotest region, for a retreat from all my friends, for one of

the thickest brakes, to drop into everlasting oblivion. Ten thousand former sins and follies are presented to my view in all their blackness and aggravations. O how dark it looked, to think of being unholy for ever! I am in a kind of stifled horror, so that I cannot rest. Is it possible for such a one as me to be in a state of grace?—the deep waters, the torrents of corruption that bear me down. I got into a kind of hovel in the wild, and there gave vent to the depth of my distress; neither eating nor drinking from evening to evening—beseeching God to have mercy on me.”

This is a harrowing picture. Was there no one among the ministers he knew, to suggest that this was a self-infliction? that neither his own heart, or “the tempter,” had much share in such agonics? There were times when he seemed to be aware of this himself; but he felt also that he could not vanquish his enemy: it was the evil spirit “that refuses to be cast out.” The being who might have calmed the fierceness of these visitations, never gladdened his roof: if ever man had need of a wife, it was Brainerd. When the iron entered into his soul, and every struggle to get free only drove it yet deeper, what a treasure would have been the sympathy of an affectionate woman! He had no one to whom to tell his painful tale; flying from the face of his friends, he told it only to the woods and wastes. But for this companionship, Cowper would have sunk ere half his course was run. There was a resemblance between the spirits of the two men; their lot, however, was strangely different. The one was a loved and flattered man, with every softness of life around him, and public fame borne to his retirement on every wind. The other was a tenant of the wild, with all the privations of the savage, and utterly deprived of what alone makes savage life desirable—the active hardy frame, the vigorous health. The invalid sat for days

beside his silent hearth, and when evening fell, there was no voice to cheer, no eye to pity :—" My spirits are so wasted with my labours, and solitary manner of living, there being no human creature in the house with me ! The billows break over me. Oh, if He would punish me for my sins, it would not wound my heart so deep. Ye angels ! might I but bear a part with you hereafter, I could bear any suffering. Let the body be consumed. How heavy the gloom hangs upon my mind, that is so overwhelmed with dejection that I longed for death exceedingly ? Why is this discouragement and despair come upon me ?"

During his journeyings in all seasons, his foot was familiar with almost every scene peculiar to America. Benighted in the forest, he would climb into the thickest tree, and lodge in the branches. On one occasion, when hard pressed with hunger, and he had just finished a fervent address to a little group in the heart of the wood, three fine deer came in sight, and were instantly slain.

Each day brought a different home ; the remote white settler, or back-woodsman, who seldom saw a guest, gave a willing shelter to the houseless man. By these exiled men, his message was often eagerly received : they, perhaps, remembered hallowed hours and privileges in the land which they had left for ever ; all the solemn and indelible images of a sabbath in their native scenes—the church on the hillside, the lifted psalm, the word of God in its purity, the wild burial-ground, with its trees, where their fathers were laid. And when the guest called the family together, and discoursed of the " promises of life," the long-lost sounds came back sweetly on the ear, and the long-lost emotions of piety burst afresh from the heart. If any neighbours chanced to live within eight or ten miles, they came also, and on several occasions he saw a little assembly of white people gathered beneath the roof.

But no Iroquois or Delaware could exceed the wanderer in the first of Indian accomplishments—to sustain the extremity of hunger without a murmur, or a change of feature.

“ I was overdone this day with heat and showers, and then a heavy thunder-storm; and was filled with concern for my companions in travel, whom I had left with much regret—some lame, and some sick: brought up much blood from the breaking of a vessel; and this I had done during the whole of the journey.”

Alas! he had deeper cause of concern for himself than for others; the breaking of these ‘ vessels of life ’ was the fatal symptom that had long followed him; he alludes to it at times, without a regret, or even an anxious thought. It is a noble feature in the character of his mind, that though so literally a ‘ man of prayer,’ who loved it intensely, and with a high faith in its power,—he never besought God to spare his health or life: the diary, in which all his feelings and hopes, during these seasons, are minutely recorded, proves that he never remembered self, save as to his holiness and usefulness. For his decaying body, his great sufferings, his blasted youth—he entreated no mitigation, no ease, no blessedness of health again!

In the mean while, affairs went on prosperously at Crosweeksung: it cannot be said that nations or tribes were enlightened: the number of the Indian Christians did not amount to two hundred, though the assemblies were often numerous. As soon as the Sabbath morning broke, and at intervals during the week, the conch-shell sent its sounds, both far and near; and the families earnestly prepared themselves for the devotions of the day, which, public and private, had little intermission: the pastor ever seemed to remember, that, in his own words, “ time was short, and the fashion of this world passeth away.” About this time he resolved to

lay out a town, in order to gather the people into a more compact and numerous body, as well as to train them to regular and industrious habits: "Numbers, both men and women, seemed to offer themselves willingly to this service; desirous that the town might be comfortable for them and theirs." The idea was earnestly embraced: already the walls, streets, and gardens began to rise in imagination; but no Pakeunit or Nonanetum could be expected at Brainerd's hand. Of this phantom city in the waste, the foundation was never laid. The Forks of the Delaware, eighty miles distant, were still visited, at long intervals; but his stay there was short, and he soon hurried back to New Jersey, where the Christians of the former place did not fail to come, to attend the ordinances in the chapel. This edifice was in character with the village and the scene: windowless, in the present acceptation of the term, for glass was a luxury unknown in the settlement, as were locks also; but there was little within any of the walls, to tempt the thief.

The Indians owed much to his care; through improvidence, and a desire for articles of clothing and arms, as well as ardent spirits, a debt had been incurred to the Europeans, of above eighty pounds, previous to his visits. In case of non-payment, their lands were forfeited to the lenders, who were eager to avail themselves of the bargain: Brainerd, however, caused the debt to be discharged, and saved the lands.

Yet once more he must go to the fruitless shore of the Susquehannah; his people would have dissuaded him from the attempt, but in vain. "I rode to my house, where I spent the last winter, in order to bring some things I needed for this journey; was refreshed to see my home again."

These words are a proof how the rudest hearth will creep into the affections; let no child of luxury

deride the feeling: "it is my own," was the conviction that bound the Delaware cabin to Brainerd's heart; "here I have heard the tempest beat, and the rains descend; here, in my desolation, I have prayed and sorrowed, and been blest." These isolated abodes, of which he was soon to have a fourth, appear to have been kept, when not inhabited, as little store-places, to which he could turn aside from the way, and find refreshment. None of the Indians ever dwelt there; they were kept sacred for his use.

"Rode forward, but no faster than my people went on foot: we had now no axe with us, and at night I had no way left but to climb into a young pine-tree, and with my knife to lop the branches, and so make a shelter from the dew: but my clothes were wringing wet all night. On the second evening after this, my people being belated, did not come to me till past ten at night; so that I had no fire to dress any victuals, to keep me warm, or to keep off the wild beasts. However, I lay down and slept, before they came up."

It was his last journey: he lingered by the river-side more wistfully and eagerly than ever, well aware that he should never behold it again: with what rapture would he have gazed on the roof of a little chapel, and a school-house, and the cluster of cottages of converts, on the shore! It could not be. The Oneidas and Iroquois saw the dying man—they saw his fervent struggles, and heard his faint and appealing accents, like those of a parting spirit—without emotion. He turned from the scene, and sought his home once more: his people received him with joy.

The love of building is said to be one of the last feelings that dies within us: and Brainerd took a fancy to have a fourth house reared—not with his own hands; this was never more to be. "I was

so weak, I could not preach ; in the afternoon sat in my chair, and discoursed to the people. The next day had no appetite to any kind of food : I was able, however, to ride over every day, and take some care of those who were then at work upon a small house for me to reside in amongst the Indians. Tuesday, and the following days, not able to sit up : spent some time discoursing with my people about divine things, as I lay upon my bed ; but, on the Sunday, administered the Lord's Supper to forty communicants ; and when I took the linen that covered the table, and shewed them the symbols of Christ's broken body, they wept. I was led home by my friends, and laid on my bed. I lay in pain ; but, Oh ! how was this day spent in prayers and praises among my people ! One might hear them all the morning before public worship, and in the evening till near midnight, engaged in devotion."

They bore him to his last dwelling, which he entered with as much pleasure as if his hopes were at last realized, and his Indian town was sprung up from the dust. The Delawares had made the interior as comfortable as possible : there was neither carpet, or glass windows, or soft couch, but the choicest skins were laid, with the fur uppermost, and they were luxurious as down. Since the first disposing of his books at Kanaumeeek, he had not formed another collection ; but he was never without a few volumes. The mournful struggle, in the breast of the failing man, was not for life, but for his usefulness ! the thought of leaving his people "as sheep having no shepherd," wrung his heart to the very core. On the days when he was unable to leave the house, he would look forth upon them, engaged in the fields, or gathering round the rude chapel, in hope of their pastor. "O ! hard thought of living useless !" he exclaims, "the hours slide away." Was it not the treasure to which he had

bound his soul? Every other scene of his toils had deceived him: among the tribes in the interior, and on the two great rivers, his hopes had been utterly crushed, or only partially successful; but at Crossweeksung the attachment and fidelity of the people were great; their progress in holiness admirable. "My all is lost," he said, "I am undone for this world, if they are not saved." In this picture of early martyrdom, and silent yet tearless heroism, of a heart broken by its love for others—there is something inexpressibly affecting. Men, even the most devoted, whose lot in this world has been dark and troubled, often long for their change, and are impatient to enter into their reward: but Brainerd lingered intensely on the borders of the grave, as if he could not resolve to leave his people—desiring their glory rather than his own.

A few of his tried friends, hearing of his state, hastened to the desert, to see him; but they departed the following day: and he was left to the awkward hands of his poor Indians, who watched round his bed, with wistful looks, and whispered accents to the interpreter. It was true, that the victory was on his side; the great object of his fleeting career was gained; and few men draw near the final goal, less burdened with regrets and anxieties: yet few desire to be left, in this hour, to that loneliness of the heart! In anguish, helpless, companionless, without any medical aid, unable to read or write, or often to think—his mortal enemy came to vex and trouble him, and a deep gloom fell even on the things that were dearest: the winter was drawing on, the snow already fell on the mountains, the woods were stripped of their leaves, and the piercing easterly winds, the most hurtful to "decline," were wild without. At last he resolved to depart: though utterly incapable of performing any of his duties, he took leave of his con-

gregation, and was able to visit them all in their respective houses. "They were not only affected with my being about to leave them, but with the solemn addresses I made them upon divine things. I scarcely left one house, but some were in tears." He then departed, and rode a few miles to the house where he lived in the summer past, and lodged there; yet one parting moment, to linger round the well-known hearth! He came to Elizabeth town, where he was confined for a week to his chamber; but was cheered by an Indian, who brought him news of the welfare and good conduct of his congregation. "This refreshed my soul. I longed to spend some time in fasting and prayer, that I might be delivered from indolence and coldness; but, alas! I had not bodily strength for these exercises."

Soon after, he had the inexpressible comfort of sending his youngest brother, who had just been ordained, to his Indian congregation, as their pastor. He now came to Northampton, and consulted Dr. Mather, who pronounced his case to be a confirmed and rapid consumption. He was here lodged at the house of his friend and biographer, the President Edwards; a man of talent, whose home was one of comfort and affluence. "I had heard much of him before this," writes the latter, "from many who were well acquainted with him. I found him remarkably sociable, pleasant, and entertaining in his conversation, far from any stiffness or demureness in speech or behaviour, but seeming to nauseate all such things. He made it one petition in all his prayers, 'that we might not outlive our usefulness.'"

The physicians advised that he should go to Boston; and one of the daughters of his host went with him, that he might not be alone on the way; she was his companion to the last hour. At Boston he was visited by many eminent characters, and by "some of the first rank," who shewed him

uncommon respect, and appeared highly pleased with his conversation. If pride had ever been a besetting sin, now was the hour of trial : the interest of all classes was greatly excited. He was anxiously visited by the Ministers of the town, as well as of various parts of the country. It was an eminent mercy, that in this closing scene the clouds and sadness were taken away, and he knew them no more. The strength of the mind also was spared. Every day, fainting-fits came, so that he lay for hours speechless. "Serenity of heart, and clearness of thought, were given me ; and while they gathered round my bed, to see me breathe my last, I never in my life penetrated with so much ease and joy into divine things." Earth had yet some stores of comfort. Many gentlemen of Boston gave large benefactions to the support of his Indian cause ; books and money were immediately sent to Crossweeksung, whence every week brought fresh details of prosperity. His kind attendant, Miss Edwards, was an invaluable companion : another would have been at his bed-side, even his only sister ; but just at this time, he received the tidings of her death at Haddam. Unexpectedly to all, he was raised up once more—a short and treacherous interval—and having bid farewell to his friends, set out, in the cool of the afternoon, to return to Northampton. It was the desire of a number of the chief gentlemen to accompany him some miles on the way, as a testimony of their esteem and regard ; but this he expressly declined. One reason of his leaving Boston, was the intention of the people that a pompous funeral should be given to his remains. A few weeks after his return, he was confined entirely to his room, and his dissolution rapidly drew nigh. A trust was reposed in him by the honourable commissioners in Boston, to select two missionaries to be sent to the Six Nations ; his recommendation was

instantly accepted, and the persons chosen were ordained at Boston, and sent to the nation of the Oneidas, a hundred and seventy miles beyond Albany. It was just, as well as felicitous, that this action was the last of his life.

“Near night my thoughts turned thus: It is an ignoble mean kind of willingness to die, to leave the body, only to get rid of pain; or to go to heaven, to get honour and advancement there. But how infinitely sweet is it to love God, and be all for him! this my soul panted after, and even now pants for while I write.”

As the pulse of life beat fainter—the more confident grew the deeply chastened man: his fierce temptations were past, and his long-tried fidelity was now a blessed memorial before God. All the mercies of his chequered career, the days and nights of agonized prayer—the presence and love of the Comforter—the dread struggle, and then the triumph—all gathered round the parting soul like swift and glorious witnesses. “My delight is to please God, and be wholly devoted to his glory: that is the heaven I long for, that is my religion and my happiness; and always was, ever since, I suppose, I had any true religion. The watcher is with me. Why is the chariot so long in coming? look forth: why tarry the wheels of his chariot?”

In the morning, the excellent girl who watched over him came into the room; he looked earnestly on her, and said (it seemed prophetic) that he could not bear to part with her, but for the prospect of seeing and being happy with her in another world. He lay in extreme agony, saying, it was not possible to conceive the suffering of rending the spirit and body asunder: but as the following day was breaking, his eyes fixed, and he died; having scarcely numbered more than twenty-nine years.

So large a share of celebrity has rarely been won

in so short a life. Small was the foundation laid for the regard or applause of this world, by means either of education, study, or society: from the latter he fled; the two former were cultivated in a desultory and superficial manner. Genius, even in the most moderate acceptation of the word, he did not possess; his imagination was cold, and defective: it is singular how few ideas his diary presents. As to observations on the character and mind of the Indian tribes, or even on the strange aspects or products of nature, in whose bosom he dwelt, the reader must not seek for or expect them. But wherever a man chooses a solitary home in this world, and casts into it every desire, hope, and passion; and wakes and sleeps but for one intense, undying object—the interest of others will surely follow him there; and this interest will be increased in proportion to the sacrifice. One who, satiated with the world, lays the cup of pleasure aside, when the freshness of life is on the wing, in order to fly to solitude and piety—raises but a languid sympathy. How often, in a gallery of paintings, the youthful St. Sebastian, in his desert, pierced with arrows, and bleeding at every pore, first rivets the attention, ere the St. Jerome or Antony, or Augustine, are examined. The image is not an unapt one, of this sad and lone dweller of the wilderness, whose life was but a lingering death; to whom every morn and eve brought fresh mental or bodily anguish: yet he woke every nerve and fibre to the struggle, rushing with joy to the grave. Such was Brainerd! than whom there never was a more striking instance of the magical influence of the spirit over the frame, urging it to incredible exertions and hardships, and still warding off the dissolution that tracked it at every step. The motive of the man was so single and disinterested, the heart and the life were so purely offered to God, that, in spite of the absence of every commanding quality, there is

something sublime in the life, and heroic in the early doom. The corrupt affections of our nature, over which he mourns, were scourged with a rod of iron, or quenched in his tears. But this sorrow, as well as austerity, would have been all unavailing, but for the divine strength that was "made perfect in his weakness:" the desolate was greatly comforted, and greatly aided, or his sun would have "gone down at noon-day:" his helplessness was his safety; the foot of the cross was his only refuge, when "the blast of the terrible ones was upon him;" he shrunk and cowered at their coming, for it was dreadful; it was the horror of thick darkness. But again his head was lifted, and he looked to heaven with gratitude and love.

The youthful being, who was with him in his last hours, did not remain long behind. Miss Edwards was a girl of a fine mind; in spirit and temper very like the man, whose passage to the grave she had cheered. There was admiration of the sufferer, as well as delight in his conversation; but with these there mingled no softer or warmer feeling. To read to him, to sit by his bedside and listen to his details, to be his companion by the way—she gave up all her time and attention during five months. Such a friendship, resembling that of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, save that the latter was of mature age, and wedded to her home and fireside. The zeal of Miss Edwards would have borne her to the wilderness with joy, to become a dweller of the woods, or a restless wanderer of the plains: in the very morning of her life and strength also, only eighteen years of age, she was perhaps the most captivating woman he had ever known, and the only one fitted to be his wife. It must be confessed, that to be the mate of Brainerd, required some peculiar qualifications: to ford rivers, to thread impassable brakes and swamps, to lie down on a buffalo skin at night, or

climb up into a tree, and nestle among the branches: such were his habits during half the year. Three months only passed, and she followed her friend to his quiet resting-place: he dearly loved her conversation, and expressed the highest opinion of her piety, "One whose soul," as he said, "was uncommonly fed with the most deep and distinguishing parts of religion; and one who, by the temper of her mind, was fitted to deny herself for God, and to do good, beyond any young woman that he ever knew." They were interred, near to each other, in the burial-ground of Northampton.

As to the mind of Brainerd, "he was possessed," as his biographer, who was a competent judge, observes, "of distinguished natural abilities." It also appears, that, with regard to the manners and customs, &c. of the nations he visited, he was more communicative in society than in his published diary: secluded, dreamy, a ceaseless watcher of his own thoughts,—yet, in the intercourse of the world, a cheerful, entertaining companion, who could tell his tale, and be the life of the party—a strange contrariety of mind, that is found, not rarely, in men of his peculiar temperament. His warmth of temper was the cause of many painful moments to himself and to others; it was a failing, of which his youth may be some palliation. An occasional want of charity also is visible, towards other religious bodies; in his gentle nature, such a feeling is doubly unamiable: the Quakers were harshly censured; even the Moravians were not regarded with much kindness or affection; and his strictures on the religious assumptions of others, have too little forbearance and mercy. His forgiveness of his enemies (and they had deeply injured him) was an eager feeling; so enduring, that he loved to the last to implore every blessing on their head. Fortunately for his memory, a biographer, of literary

as well as religious celebrity, quickly appeared : but it was neither just or generous to the departed, to throw his voluminous papers into a volume, without relief or arrangement. The President Edwards, the most useful theological writer of his country, conscious of his imperfect duty to his friend, pleads his many occupations, and want of time—a vain and common excuse, but a very insufficient one, for so heavy and monotonous a book. It was a rich consolation to David Brainerd, that his youngest brother John became his zealous successor. As pastor to the Indian congregation, he continued long at Crossweeksung, where his ministry was greatly blessed : thus did the former seem to live still, yielding his charge to one so loved and so faithful.

## WILLIAM MILNE,

A NATIVE of Aberdeenshire, received from his widowed mother the best education it was in her power to bestow: she did not train him in the admonition of the Lord, yet his spirit was early and graciously visited. "Sometimes," he observes, "I used to walk home from the school, alone, over the brow of a hill, praying all the way. I was led to search the Scriptures: at this time I began the worship of God in my mother's family." At sixteen years of age he removed to a place where he had the society of some persons of eminent piety: to the lonely home of one of them, he used to go, at the hour of evening prayer, so faithfully observed by the peasantry of Scotland. In this blessed and beautiful observance, she may be said to excel all lands: her family altars, on the moor, the mountains, or the lake-side, are like so many little temples, where God is humbly and sincerely worshipped, and a vain or false sacrifice is rarely offered up. "The father was accustomed to make some remarks on the chapter read for the instruction of his children, and to prepare them for the solemn exercise of prayer: these interested me much, and shewed me a beauty in the word of God, which I never saw before. From this time my enjoyments of pleasure in the world were marred, and an excellence was discovered in religion, which led me to

choose it as the only object. As the family in which I lived were strangers to, and derided its power, I was very disagreeably situated. The only place I found for retirement was a sheep-cote. Here, surrounded with my fleecy companions, I often bowed the knee, on a piece of turf which I carried in with me for the purpose. Many hours have I spent there, in the winter evenings, with a pleasure to which before I was a stranger." His employments being at this time chiefly of a rural nature, afforded much opportunity through the day for spiritual improvement: books were his constant companions, and one in particular made a powerful impression; it was entitled, "The Cloud of Witnesses," containing an account of the persecution in Scotland, in the reign of Charles II. How many a gifted, as well as devoted spirit, has been nursed to excellence amidst the wilds and glens of this land—where Cameron and Cargill fled for refuge from the sword, and were faithful unto death. "Often have I sat," continues Milne, "on the brow of a hill, reading the lives of these martyrs, admiring their patience and fortitude in suffering, till I longed that God would, some time or other, honour me thus to confess his name. Having an earnest desire to devote myself to him, I was encouraged to do so in the way of a personal covenant, judging this plan agreeable to the language of the prophet, that 'One shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob.' I determined to adopt it, and, having retired to a place surrounded by hills on every side, I offered up myself to be ruled, sanctified, and saved by him. This was followed by much peace and happiness of mind." About three years after this, he was admitted as a member of the church at Huntley.

At the age of twenty he resolved to become a missionary, even to the most distant scenes: his

mind was naturally ardent and impetuous: he used to say, "When I am convinced a thing is right, I could go through the fire to accomplish it." He consulted with his friends, who advised an application to the London Missionary Society, which was done by the two ministers of Huntley and Aberdeen: and the result was, that a committee of ministers at the latter town, was appointed to examine into his talents and qualifications for the work. On approval, he went to England, and passed through the regular course of studies at Gosport, where he was subsequently ordained, in the manner usual among dissenters. Mr. Morrison having long solicited a colleague in China, the directors proposed that station to Mr. Milne. In the mean time, he married Miss Cowie, daughter of Charles Cowie, Esq. of Aberdeen, and they sailed in September, 1812, and arrived safely in Macao in July. A few days afterwards, he received an order from the Portuguese governor, to leave the island. Remonstrances were in vain; and he went with some friends in a small boat to Canton, where he was soon after followed by Morrison, under whose instructions he made a rapid progress in the Chinese language. At the expiration of a year, it was judged advisable for him to make a tour through the principal settlements of the Malay archipelago, and circulate the Scriptures and tracts. Morrison, by his individual labours, having finished the Chinese translation of the New Testament, it was resolved to print 2000 copies, 10,000 tracts, and 5000 catechisms, of which the greater part was placed in Mr. Milne's charge, for distribution on his journey. He sailed in a vessel bound to Java by way of Banca; on board were 450 Chinese emigrants, who hoped to mend their fortunes at the latter place, where numbers of people are employed in the tin mines: among these he distributed a selection of his works, and left many copies in care

of the British resident. On his departure on this adventurous voyage, he left behind the following memoranda for his loved wife :—

“ She is requested to keep a journal of such things as may strike her mind ; what her own views and exercises may be as to God, the mission, &c. ; what books she reads. To continue to write out her own history, as it will preserve many past events, and may, at a future day, be profitably read by our daughter.

“ 2. To learn some of the dialogues by heart, in order to make the colloquial language of the Chinese familiar.

“ 3. To look after my books. To prepare herself as fully as she can for future usefulness.

“ 4. To endeavour to keep her mind easy, by trusting all to the care of God—by faith in Christ—by the hope of eternal rest.

“ These are the injunctions of her own,

“ WILLIAM MILNE.”

This pair were formed for each other. Surely no man has more urgent cause to pray to be directed to a suitable wife, than a missionary in a foreign land. Amidst the comforts and refinements of civilized life, the triumph of feminine weakness over difficulties and trials which make man's sterner nature shrink, is rarely evinced. A judgment to counsel, even when all is dark around—a cheerfulness to sweeten the burdens of the church, as well as the troubles of the soul—with such a companion, a man may welcome the cross, and rejoice in its fiercest dispensation.

In March, 1814, Mr. Milne arrived at Batavia, and procured a lodging at a little distance from the town. Having letters of introduction to Governor Raffles, the latter furnished him with the means of travelling through the island at the expense of Government, and gave him letters to the British

officers, and native princes. He sent round by sea several boxes of books to the chief eastern ports, and took some large packages with him in the carriage in which he travelled. He was, as yet, but twenty-eight years of age: and the scene had changed rapidly and strangely, from the wild hills of Scotland, on whose brow he used to sit and read the "Cloud of Witnesses," and long to be like them, and the sheep-cote, where he prayed alone, to the sultry shores of Malacca and Java; where he wandered, often to the homes of princes, and distributed the "book of life." The enjoyments of learning were now his own; and he was, ere long, to found a college, whose duration and usefulness should be very great. The life of Brainerd had been his delight in his native and pastoral scenes.

At the close of the year, Milne left Java, and in the following month again returned to China, to his family and friends. The extreme jealousy of the Chinese government rendering it imprudent for him to remain with Mr. Morrison throughout the year, Malacca, after much consideration, appeared to be the preferable centre of the mission, and preparations were made for his removal thither with his family. They arrived safely after a passage of a month, and were kindly received by the resident, Major Farquhar.

It would be unjust not to dwell for a while on the admirable labours of Morrison. The acquirement of the Chinese language, and then the painful translation of the Scriptures, had entirely occupied him during many years: his toils were the fountain of all the after success of the mission in China and Malacca. He went on gradually through the New Testament, printing small editions of its several portions, as they were revised and corrected. In March, 1813, having finished the epistles, a few copies were sent home to England, where they ex-

cited no small surprise, as well as pleasure. Several grants of money were sent to the aid of this mission, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the expenses of the London Missionary Society had been very great. Thus animated, the translator persevered, in the midst of many bodily infirmities; he, for some time, felt at a loss what kind of style was most proper to be adopted. In the Chinese books there are three kinds of style: that which prevails in the Woo-king and Szes-koo, is remarkably concise, and considered highly classical. Most of the works of fiction, of the lighter sort, are written in a style perfectly colloquial. The Sau-kwo, a work much admired in China, holds, in point of style, a middle place between these two. He at first inclined to this style, but afterwards, on seeing an imperial work, called Shingyee, designed to be read twice a month in the public halls of the different provinces, for the instruction of the people in relative and political duties, he resolved to imitate this work. Of the style of the San-kwo, the Chinese speak in raptures; it may be considered as the "Spectator" of China; and the student of Chinese, who would express himself with ease and acceptance, ought carefully to read and imitate this work. China, it is true, has scarcely any modern writers of note: but Choo-tsze, and his contemporaries, who wrote in the 12th century, were eminent authors. Choo-tsze paraphrased most of the Kiny, or classical books, and confesses himself often at a loss for the genuine sense of the text, from its extreme age and brevity. Education is far more widely diffused in China than in any other pagan country: and there is no objection to foreigners using the religions of their respective nations, whatever these may be. Those of the natives who regard no God, and treat with contempt every kind of religion, sink greatly in the estimation of their countrymen.

A tract in Chinese, published by Morrison, on "the redemption of the world," had a favourable influence on the minds of some of the people. He also published a collection of hymns, which were translations from the Psalms, as well as from the hymns of Cowper and Watts. He had long been preparing materials for a Chinese dictionary; the question now was, how it could be printed. The Dictionary of 8000 characters, composed by the Romish missionaries, cost about two hundred Spanish dollars to transcribe, and it does not contain more than one-sixth of what Morrison's plan embraced. He had gone to great expense for books necessary in the compilation, and few societies for religious purposes were adequate to the cost of the printing. The work was undertaken by the Honourable East India Company, on that scale of liberality which has often characterized the operations of that powerful body. In conformity with a resolution of a Court of Directors, Mr. P. P. Thoms was sent out with a press, types, and other requisites for printing. He arrived at Macao, and applied himself earnestly to the fabrication of moveable metal types, in which he was finally successful. The printing proceeded slowly the first year, owing to the many obstacles which attended the casting and cutting of the characters; but the successive numbers of the dictionary at last appeared, and were followed by a volume of decalogues. In herculean toil, patient and minute research, this achievement of Morrison may compare with that of Johnson; its future usefulness to the cause of Christianity in China will be incalculable. The unwearied translator pressed onward to new triumphs, and successively produced the book of Genesis, and the "Life of Christ;" the latter was generally understood by the lower classes of Chinese, and read with some degree of interest.

The establishment of a central mission in Malacca, under the care of Mr. Milne, now occupied all the attention of the two friends; the situation was more favourable than that of Canton. The first effort of the latter in Malacca, was the formation of a school: a place that had been occupied as a stable was fitted up at a small expense; and papers, posted in different parts of the town, gave notice of it to the people. Such a thing had never been heard of in the place before; a people, in whose breast scarcely any motives but those of interest bear sway, could not believe, even for twelve months, that the children were to be taught, and furnished with books, gratuitously. At last, some were gathered together; but the Chinese master could only begin on a lucky day, and each of the children must have what they called "a heart-opening cake," to prepare him for instruction. But this was not all; it is customary also for the Chinese, in all their schools, to set up the images of Confucius and of Wanchang, (the god of letters,) to which the children used to bow, and burn incense-matches every morning. The fourteen scholars were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, the whole in their native tongue. They were next taught Morrison's catechism, from which they learned from six to ten questions in a week; Milne afterwards expounded this. The native masters were also gradually induced to attend the public worship, with the children.

Towards the close of this year was commenced the library of the Ultra-Ganges mission, as it was called, with a small number of books, European and Chinese. On a memorial to the Governor in Council at Penang, a grant was made of ground for the erection of missionary buildings. In 1816, the Chinese scholars had increased to nearly sixty; and Mr. Milne, who had made rapid advances in the language, under

the tuition of his friend, composed several tracts for their use, and translated the book of Deuteronomy. In 1817, a new range of warehouses and printing-offices were erected; and the next step, as had been previously agreed with Dr. Morrison, was to publish a magazine, called the "Chinese Gleaner." It was published quarterly, and contained extracts of the correspondence of the Eastern missionaries, and miscellaneous notices relative to the philosophy and mythology of the Indo-Chinese nations. The circulation of this work commenced at 500, and increased to 1000 or more, monthly.

Mr. Milne had now many engagements on his hands; regular services were begun on the weekdays and the sabbaths, which have ever since been continued: every morning the Chinese domestics, workmen, and scholars, met for Christian worship. He had then a portion of the Old Testament in hand to translate, the school to superintend, and his own studies in the language to pursue. In the evening, he often spent an hour in distributing tracts through the town, and conversing with the natives; afterwards the Scriptures were read, and remarks made on them, and prayer concluded the service. The number of hearers was always small; sometimes two or three from the neighbouring streets joined the regular attendants. Some came occasionally, from curiosity, or a wish to be employed; when their curiosity was satisfied, or they perceived that there was no worldly gain or pleasure to be had, they came but seldom. In dispensing instruction to the few who attended, Milne found the catechism and tracts, composed by his colleague, of great assistance. Written in a plain style, and free from the stiffness which generally adheres to translations, these tracts were easily understood, and a page or two often furnished the ground of the exhortations. Milne

anxiously placed a copy before each individual, and went over the portion selected for the occasion. The same method was observed in reading the New Testament. He had seen in Scotland, his native country, the beneficial effects of this practice on the people, who keep their bibles open in church, and follow the minister in the chapter he is explaining.

The interest and attention of the Chinese towards this service, were just as intense as those of the French audience, who gathered to listen to a friend of the writer; a man of great enthusiasm of character, formerly a captain of dragoons in the Peninsular war, and now a clergyman. His zeal led him to the neighbouring capital; to convert the gay and volatile Parisians; an enterprise more daring and hopeless than that of christianizing the Malays or Esquimaux. He procured a large and waste room in one of the most favourite and frequented streets, fitted it up as a chapel, and began to preach. A few gentlemen, whose acquaintance he had cultivated, (and whose minds he had believed open to conversion, since they not only acquiesced in his sentiments, but even shewed signs of emotion,) at first formed his whole congregation. By degrees, others dropped in, attracted by curiosity, and the novelty of the thing. The contrast between minister and people was startling and perplexing: he was a tall, fine, military-looking man, and addressed them with as much fire and enthusiasm as if leading on his brigade to the charge; they listened in the most calm, gentlemanly manner possible, without the slightest derangement of look or attitude. In the midst of the discourse, a well-dressed Frenchman often entered, looked curiously round for a moment, sat down on one of the forms, and fixed his eyes earnestly on the preacher, who, full of hope and fervour, proceeded till he was persuaded he had touched their hearts, and struck the very chord of repentance and awakening; at

that very moment a few of the audience gracefully took a pinch of snuff, then rose, bowed politely to the preacher, and walked out: ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, was the term to which the patience of most of them extended; and the more self-denying ones, who sat to the end, found the tax on their politeness and piety so great, that they soon ceased to attend. A whole year he thus laboured, with somewhat of the patience and baffled hope of Egede amidst the snows of Greenland.

Even when the Chinese came to hear, it was no easy matter to fix their attention. Some would be talking, others laughing at the newness of the things spoken; some smoking their pipes; others, on coming in and going out, would pass through the usual routine of their ceremony, as if in the temple of their own gods, before which nothing like reverence is ever seen; so that the whole scene was somewhat of a ludicrous and confused nature. One native only had as yet been baptized in Canton, and another in Malacca: there were several candidates for admission to Christianity; but it is evident that the more efficient way of doing good to this subtle and wary people, is to convince by degrees the understanding—to enlighten the mind; and the circulation of the scriptures, &c. are more instrumental to this end than preaching. A manuscript, containing the Acts and some of Paul's epistles, translated at a former period by some Catholic missionary, had been useful to Morrison in his translations. The toils and endurance of the Catholics in China cannot be recalled without admiration. The Nestorians, according to Dr. Mosheim and other historians, must have been in China for a period of more than eight hundred years. In the thirteenth century, the Roman Catholic church first extended its efforts to China. An embassy, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics, was sent from Pope Nicholas IV. to the

Tartars, and they are said to have erected churches in China. Francis Xavier had long and ardently contemplated the conversion of this country to the Christian faith; but he died in the midst of his hopes. Matthew Ricci, an Italian of the same order, penetrated China, preached the Catholic faith, and laid the foundation of the Romish church there. Much stress cannot be laid on any thing done for Christianity in this kingdom, since the days of Ricci. In the commencement of the seventeenth century, numbers of Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans, arrived, and mingled with the gospel a great deal of the superstitions of their church, and the peculiarities of their respective orders. Several hundreds of Catholic missionaries have at different times laboured here; and it is but justice to say, that many of them appear to have been sincere and single-hearted in their work. Several were distinguished for their knowledge of Chinese literature. With respect to the doctrines and ceremonies which they taught, they were mostly such as were taught in Europe in what have been termed the darkest periods of the church—full of traditional absurdities, trifling rituals, and wild legends. The virtues attributed to the sign of the cross, to the burning of wax candles, incense, &c. and the powerful aids afforded by the Virgin to the poor, the aged, and distressed, tended to make the system acceptable to the lower classes. The talents and address of some of the missionaries, and their influence at court, gained over not a few in the higher walks of life to the profession of the gospel. But these corruptions of doctrine, &c., are to be attributed to the system, and not to the men themselves: the learning, personal virtues, and ardent zeal of many of them, deserve to be imitated by all future missionaries. Their stedfastness and triumph in the midst of persecutions, even to death, in all imaginable forms of terror, in China, Japan, &c.,

afford good reason to believe that they have long since joined the noble army of martyrs, who spared not their lives, for the word of their testimony. It is not to be doubted, that many, through their labours, were turned from sin unto God.

Of late years, they have been greatly persecuted. The disputes which took place among the missionaries themselves, and the spirit of bitterness and envy generated thereby, did their cause great injury. The arrival from Rome of ecclesiastical messengers, clothed with secular glory, and invested with spiritual powers to settle all controversies, did not greatly facilitate peace or concord. The legate assumed a high tone, and his imperiousness was equalled by that of some of the missionaries in high ecclesiastical stations, who were neither softened by the entreaties of their friends, nor moved from their purpose by the counsels even of the wiser pagans. These things tended to lower the religion and its ministers in the estimation of the Chinese. The two greatest evils followed, that can ever befall any body of men—external disrespect, and internal division.

In July, 1816, Dr. Morrison left Macao for Peking, in the suite of Lord Amherst; after nine years' incessant study, his health was greatly improved by this journey, which afforded facilities of acquiring much historical information, as well as an acquaintance with the various dialects of the country. While absent, his volume of Dialogues, Chinese and English, was printed. In June, 1817, Mr. and Mrs. Milne, their health declining, sailed for China, where he occupied himself in translating the book of Judges, having previously finished that of Joshua. The two friends, being once more brought together, jointly drew up some regulations for the future conduct of the Ultra-Ganges mission. The most important and interesting of these resolutions, was that of founding an Anglo-Chinese College. A friend having given four thousand Spanish dollars.

a spot upon the missionary premises at Malacca was devoted to the erection. The foundation stone of this institution was laid in November, 1818, by Major Farquhar, late English resident and commandant of Malacca, in the presence of the Dutch governor of the colony, the Hon. I. Erskine, and others. The college stands in an open and airy situation, close to the western gate of the town, and commands a fine view of the roads, and of the sea. Besides a large library and hall, it contains accommodations for a number of students. The chief objects of this institution are, the cultivation of Chinese and English literature, and the diffusion of Christianity in the countries and islands which lie to the eastward of Pulo-Penang. It owes its origin to the indefatigable and generous Morrison, who has devoted the sum of one thousand pounds to the erection of the house, and has further promised one hundred pounds annually, during the first five years. The college is placed under the care of a president, a board of trustees, and a committee, who, with the concurrence of the founder, have the entire management of its affairs. The treasurer and secretary of the London Missionary Society for the time being, are to be perpetual members of the board of trustees. The first topic of disputation given in the college of Fort William, was the following:—It is easier to diffuse the literature and science of the western nations among the natives of India, by translating European books into their own tongue, than by instructing them in the European languages." The rising college was greatly indebted to the personal cares of Milne, who about this time received the gratuitous diploma of D.D. from the university of Glasgow. At the laying of the foundation stone he delivered an admirable speech.

In the year 1819, he had to mourn the loss of his wife: left alone with several children, he ap-

plied with increased ardour to his studies, as the best relief to sorrow. In this year he finished the translation of the historical books of the Old Testament. His health now began to decline : the Directors were desirous that he should seek a more propitious climate ; he took a voyage to the Prince of Wales' Island, where, finding the heat too oppressive, the governor of Malacca sent the *Nautilus*, to convey him home. He suffered extreme pain ; but death came rapidly to his release, and, with great composure of mind, he yielded his life at the age of thirty-seven.

After the decease of his friend, Dr. Morrison paid a visit to England, where he earnestly sought to promote the cultivation of the Chinese language and literature, and gave instruction to several students. The prosperity of the Anglo-Chinese college was the fervent desire of this learned and eminent man, who is considered to be the first Chinese scholar of his day. "The gospel," he observes in his address to the British public, "can be preached to this people, where tens and hundreds of thousands of them dwell under Christian Protestant governments, and under Malayan governments, which do not interfere to prevent instruction being given to the Chinese. In Java, there is a large population of the latter ; as well as in the British settlements, and at Rhuio, Borneo, and other places in the archipelago. It is not a field of labour that is wanting, but reapers to enter into, and labour in, that field. The late Dr. Milne proved at Malacca, what has been proved every where else, that prejudices will give way to sincere benevolence, persevered in. The Chinese in Malacca now allow their sons to be taught the principles of the Christian religion ; and were proper teachers to make the experiment, they would allow their daughters also to receive instruction from Christian females. Reading, to a certain extent,

may be considered as a common attainment throughout the whole of China, in the colonies; also in Corea, Japan, Loochoo, and Cochin-China: this fact makes the press an important instrument."

On his return to China, this most valuable man resumed his various labours: he composed and printed three volumes, viz. an Introduction to the Reading of the Scriptures; an Epitome of Church-history and Prophecy; and Aids to Devotion, taken from the English Liturgy. He has also undertaken a dictionary of the provincial dialect of Canton, which is now printing at the Honourable Company's press. Leang-a-fa, the native convert and preacher, has removed to a village 100 miles from Canton, where he seeks every opportunity to be useful to his countrymen.

The Anglo-Chinese college at Malacca has now twenty-six Chinese students; the senior students apply to Christian theology, mathematics, geography, and the English language: there are eight candidates for admission: the usual literary exercises and religious instruction are continued daily. Several works have issued from the college press, and others are in progress. Government allows 100 dollars a month in aid of this useful and interesting institution. Sir George Staunton, in addition to his former munificent donation, has placed another sum at the disposal of Dr. Morrison. Some of the students have executed translations of Chinese books into English, and of English works into their own language, which do them much credit.

"The students, in general," observes Morrison, "cheerfully read and commit to memory our books; and when we go out to speak to the people, they beg to be permitted to accompany and assist us: also, on the Thursday evenings, when we go to meet the people in the temple. Most of their leisure hours are spent with us. Should it please our gra-

cious God to bring them to the knowledge of himself, what happy results might be expected from their labours!" In behalf of this institution, its learned and disinterested founder appeals not only to the public, but to men of science and literature: he justly considers it, not only as the chief agent to promote the diffusion of Christianity in China, but also to lay open the mine of the history, philosophy, and literature, of that country. "While the propagation of the principles of Divine revelation is its final object, it is hoped that, by promoting the intellectual intercourse of Europe and eastern Asia, the temporal happiness of man will be advanced." The amount of subscriptions received in England for its support, in 1828, was £1202.

There are also two schools at Malacca, one Malay and one Tamul, under the care of the missionaries: both are supported by government. In the native female school, opened by Miss Newell, there are twenty pupils: under her excellent care, there is also a free-school, which is patronized by Lady Garling, and contains seventy girls. This young lady, a relative probably of Harriet Newell, has published "An Abstract of Geography" for the use of her schools: she has also prepared twelve discourses, adapted to the circumstances and feelings of Indian children.

Singapore is a station, where there is a chapel, and regular preaching to the Malays and Chinese: the teachers enter the houses, temples, &c. and a spirit of inquiry is excited among the people; one of them, Mr. Tomlin, lately made a journey to Bangkok, the capital of Siam, where he was well received: crowds of people thronged his apartments, to procure copies of the Chinese Scriptures and tracts, in his possession.

At Penang and Java, two promising stations, there is a general demand for the Scriptures in

various languages—Arabic, Persian, &c. A fresh supply of Malay Bibles and Testaments was sent out. The Malay services on the Sabbath, and the schools, were well attended. The lithographic press, to which Mr. Medhurst has paid much attention, as being in every respect preferable to any other for works in the Eastern language, is now at work. At this press, some thousands of books have already been printed. A fount of Javanese types has also been executed, the expense of which was defrayed by Mr. Bruckner, formerly a missionary of the Society. The Ultra-Ganges mission, as it is called, has thus a very wide and arduous field of exertion, hitherto untried by any labourer, save by the devoted Jesuits in China, whose toils and sufferings in that country, as well as in India and South America, deserve to be more justly detailed and appreciated. While the life of Morrison is spared to this mission, a high and increasing interest will attend its progress: the zeal of his companions in the cause, is great—the success is slow, and painfully won: a few have followed Milne to an early grave.

END OF VOL. II.