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Missionary Worthies.



The burning of the Missionaries' House.

ANECDOTES
OF
MISSIONARY WORTHIES,
IN THE
MORAVIAN CHURCH.

RELATED BY A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN S. UNION. AND REVISED
BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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ANECDOTES, &c.

CONVERSATION I.

MR. Fox's two children, Emma and Edwin, having lately read the "Sketches of Moravian Missions," published by the American Sunday school Union, presented to them by a worthy clergyman, came one fine summer's evening to their father to inquire whether *he* could not give them some information concerning the flourishing settlements of the Moravians in the West India Islands, which Mr. Barlow in that volume had promised to furnish his children with occasionally.

Emma. Come, father, let us take our seat under the shade of our big peartree, and do you tell us some stories about the Moravian Missions.

Edwin. O do, Father! I know you have ead and heard a great deal about them.

Emma. Please to continue the narrative which Mr. Barlow breaks off abruptly you

know, in those sketches which Mr. S. gave me.

Mr. Fox. You know, my dear children, that I am at all times willing to oblige you in any reasonable request ; but as I have no doubt Mr. Barlow will shortly fulfil his promise to his children, you will then have an opportunity to read his narrative yourselves.

Edwin. But Father, can't you tell us some other stories ?

Mr. Fox. If you promise to listen attentively, I will tell you some anecdotes concerning Missionary Worthies in the United Brethren's church, which may prepare your minds for a more detailed account of their missionary establishments in the West-Indies.

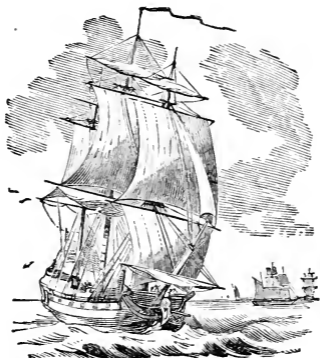
Edwin. Indeed father, we will listen with much attention.

Mr. Fox. I will begin by introducing you to one of whom the world was not worthy, and who, perhaps, was one of the worthiest missionaries in the world.

The name of this devoted servant of God was *Christian Gottlieb Israel*. He was born about the year 1713, in the village of Eubau, near Herrnhut, in Saxony, and received his

education in the orphan house of the last mentioned town. He was humpbacked and lame, one of his legs being stiff and shorter than the other ; in consequence of which, as you may well conceive, his constitution was feeble and infirm. But in this unseemly body dwelt a noble soul, fired with an ardent desire to serve the cause of the Redeemer among the heathen. His sentiments on this head he expressed somewhat to the following purport, in a letter addressed to the congregation at Herrnhut : “ I know in whom my soul believes !—He has given me a mind not to pursue those objects that are perishable.—I desire nothing beyond carrying on this work, and to recommend that grace to others which has been vouchsafed to me.—I find in myself no sufficiency for these things ; but I beseech the Saviour to give me those things he has designed that I should have. I believe that I shall go among the heathen when the Lord’s set time is come. I will be a pi’grim, possessing nothing and desiring nothing, save that I may be favoured to preach Christ crucified, &c.”—Soon after he was called to go as a missionary among the blacks, on the

coast of Guinea, and accordingly set out for Amsterdam. Here Count Zinzendorf gave his destination another turn, by ordering him to the West India Islands with Albinus Theodore Feder, formerly a student at the Universities of Jena, Leipsic, and Halle, and latterly approved by Christian VI. king of Denmark, to be the minister in ordinary of the Moravian Brethren's colonies, in the Danish West India Islands.



Having set sail from the Texel, Nov. 17th 1739, during the first week of their voyage

Feder was constantly seasick; and Israel, who had thus far enjoyed health, on the 26th of November met with an unfortunate accident. While in the act of ascending on deck, to procure some water for his companion, he fell backwards down the staircase, and bruised his lame leg to that degree, that for several weeks he could not bear his own weight on it, and suffered violent pains in it by day and by night. Being thus both confined to their births, it was a great mercy that the captain's cook, a free baptized negro, kindly of his own accord undertook to nurse them, the captain furnishing them with provisions from his own table.

Emma. Well, I trust these kind hearted people will in no wise lose their reward, for having ministered to the wants of these disciples of Jesus!

Mr. Fox. Most assuredly not; else how would the promise of Christ be fulfilled: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But to proceed. By the 12th of December they had both regained their usual share of health.

Feder afterwards, at the negro's request, taught him arithmetic, and Israel worked at his trade, making linen suits not only for himself and colleague, such as they intended to wear in the West Indies, but also for the hands on board that desired it, without accepting the least compensation for his labour; and in so doing, you may easily suppose, he won the good will of the whole crew. Jan. 7th, 1740 they entered the harbour of St. Eustatia, which was their destined port. On the 13th they once more set sail in an English vessel bound for Jamaica, via St. Thomas. Towards evening, the next day, they got among many islands and keys, and the passage being a dangerous one at night, the captain brought the vessel to, in a bay near Spanishtown. The 16th they sailed out with a high wind, but before they had quite cleared Spanishtown and Tortola, the wind abated. The captain being an entire stranger in these parts, determined to proceed during the night; but the mate insisted on the necessity of their running into a harbour. The captain in so far yielded to these suggestions, that he came to an anchor near Scrop, a small but high rocky

island in the vicinity of Tortola, to save the expense of running into a regular harbour. Towards daybreak of the 17th a great thunderstorm arose, attended with heavy squalls and rain. For the greater security of the vessel, the captain ordered another anchor to be cast. At daylight they weighed the anchors ; but before the second was brought up, the storm drove the vessel towards a steep cliff, projecting somewhat above the water, a few paces from Scrop, whereupon it was forcibly dashed against the rock. In an instant the sailors endeavoured to save themselves by jumping into the boat and rowing off. The two brethren begged to be taken in likewise, but the boat cleared off in great haste, either because it had already its full complement of men, or because the fury of the waves called for such expedition.

The situation of the wrecked vessel was such, that its bowsprit projected beyond the cliff on which it split. The two brethren, together with three negroes, succeeded in climbing over the bowsprit to the rock, where, not finding room sufficient to stand, they were compelled to lay themselves one upon

another. Here indeed they were tolerably well secured against the encroachment of the waves ; still their lives were in constant danger, as the sails and ropes overhead, suspended from the bowsprit, whenever the waves tossed the vessel to and fro, threatened to drag them from the rock into the sea. The only way for them to prevent this accident, was by each time hastily laying hold of the sail and pushing it away overhead. At the foot of the cliff lay a great number of stones, scattered about three feet asunder, and reaching to the rocky shore of the Island of Scrop. Feder made the first attempt to save himself by means of them, and to effect his purpose, let down a rope from the rock. On Israel's turning himself with difficulty and danger, to see what was become of him, he was just on the point of placing his foot on one of the aforesaid stones ; a moment after, he beheld him swimming in the water, trying to lay hold of the stones. But the raging billows washed him off, and dashed him to pieces between the stones and the cliff.

Emma. Oh, what a hard death that was, for such a good and learned man.—I wonder

the Lord did not save him, and rather let the crippled missionary perish—or did he also perish?

Mr. Fox. He was preserved in a most miraculous manner, as you shall presently hear. Yet you must ever remember that “God’s thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are his ways as our ways, and that he hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised—to bring to nought things that are—that no flesh should glory in his presence.”—Taking a last glance at the motionless body of Feder, whose clothes by this time were torn into rags, Israel thus blessing his departing companion, exclaimed: “Go in peace, my dear Brother!” on which the waves carried the corpse out of sight, so that Israel saw him no more.

Emma. Brother, do you recollect those beautiful lines by the poet Montgomery, which may be applied to the tragical yet happy departure of this soldier of Jesus Christ?

Edwin I suppose you refer to the ode on

the Christian soldier's death, which concludes with the following lines :

“The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done!
Begin thy *new* employ ;
Sing while eternal ages run,
Thy Master and his joy !”

Mr. Fox. Under these trying and mournful circumstances, the survivor's heart was filled with an extraordinary degree of divine consolation. He perfectly resigned himself into the will of God, if He should see proper to let him find a watery grave with his just departed brother, feeling assured that the Saviour would never leave nor forsake him, let what would occur. Every moment in danger of death, he had the presence of mind to sing the following verse, expressive of the hardships attending the life of a missionary :

With fire and with spirit endow'd ev'ry moment,
Ye ministers of Christ confest,
Go forth, and proclaim ye the word of atonement
Both far and near; and when opprest
By hardships and trials, be bold in God,
And gladly for him spend your life and blood.

'Midst tempests and billows, and through deserts go,
The seeds of the gospel 'mongst heathen to sow?

In the mean time the stern of the vessel had been driven closer to the heap of stones on which Feder had hoped to save himself. One of the men who had remained on board, quickly threw a plank across, and in this manner reached the shore of the island in safety. Israel and some of the rest were anxious to follow his example; but he found much difficulty in getting over the bowsprit. Presently after, the stern of the vessel went to the bottom, and with it perished the five or six persons on board. Israel put forth all his strength to save a boy who was clinging to the forepart of the vessel, which by this time was hove still nearer to the cliff. He threw him the rope by means of which Feder had let himself down; but although he exerted himself to the utmost, yet he was too weak to draw up the boy, and so, to his unutterable grief, had to let him perish.

Some prospect appearing that he might save himself by the help of some parts of the wreck, he prayed to the Lord, who impressed his mind with the assurance, that if he would

not make the attempt, but remain some time longer on the cliff, he would be saved. The vessel, which had hitherto broke the force of the waves, being now sunk, these rushed without opposition over the rock, so as to endanger his life, either by washing him into the sea, or killing him by means of the broken pieces of the wreck, which they drove over the rock. He prayed to the Lord, that since he had preserved him alive, while so many of his companions had been drowned, he would be pleased to render his deliverance complete. He discovered three boats at a distance, but none of them could venture to approach the rock, without encountering a similar fate to that of the wrecked vessel. Finally, in the afternoon some of the islanders threw out ropes to him and the negro, who still remained with him, by means of which, first the black man, and then Israel, were drawn through the water and up the steep rocks of the Island and saved.

Edwin. Oh ! how rejoiced I feel to hear that the poor cripple was saved at last !

Mr. Fox. Here you have another instance of a striking nature, in modern times, that the

declaration of the Bible yet holds good: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Israel was kindly entertained and provided with a dry suit of clothes on the estate of Mr. Vander Pol, who had made the arrangements for his deliverance. Here he met with the captain and those of his crew, that had saved themselves by means of the boat. Israel had saved nothing but his life, all his and Feder's goods, all the letters, medicines, and other articles they had brought out for their brethren in St. Thomas, were lost. From Scrop he first passed over to Tortola, where the English governor treated him with great kindness, and then to St. John's, where he staid three weeks, before he found an opportunity to get to St. Thomas. The commandant of St. Johns, being favourably inclined towards the brethren for the sake of their missionary labours, provided for all his wants, and entertained him in a very hospitable manner. Although he lived here upon the bounty of others, yet, as a state of inactivity was intolerable to him, he contrived to render himself useful to others, by mending gratuitously the clothes of the military. On the

18th of February he arrived at St. Thomas in a boat that the brethren had sent over for him. He happened to come to Tappus, the name of the missionary station, just when the missionaries and their people were met for divine service. After the first salutations and expressions of love and joy had passed, he went down upon his knees with the congregation, and returned heartfelt thanks to Almighty God for the wonderful grace, help, and deliverance he had experienced. In so doing his conduct sweetly coincided with that exhortation in the 107th Ps. ver. 31 and 32, where the Psalmist, having described the miraculous deliverance of shipwrecked mariners, adds these emphatic words: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders!"

Emma. How many years did this excellent man labour among the negroes?

Mr. Fox. Somewhat better than three years and a half. He immediately entered with great spirit upon the discharge of his im-

portant functions, having been ordained for the ministry some time before he left Holland and being of one mind with his fellow labourers, to know nothing save Christ and him crucified, he had the great satisfaction to see the preaching of the cross attended with abundant success that same year, so that in writing to Count Zinzendorf on the subject in September following, he could furnish the following description of what he witnessed :—

“ The grace manifesting itself among these poor people, beggars all description ; souls are melting like wax. As soon as they feel the plague of their hearts, they draw near to the Lamb of God. Daily souls find grace, and their number is constantly increased by a great many strangers.” These souls, burning with the fire of their first love, would joyfully testify to others what great things the Lord had done for them. The negroes flocked in crowds to the meetings, and the missionaries were often engaged till midnight in conversing with individuals on the important concerns of their souls. White people were astonished at the change wrought among so many negroes, and several slave-drivers were

curious to hear the Brethren's doctrine, which had so renovating an effect upon the blacks who formerly led such an abandoned and profligate life. Among the negro children too, there was a great desire manifested to know the Lord, and to experience the power of divine grace.

At the close of the year, Israel thus expressed his sentiments concerning the prosperous state of the mission at that period:—
“Oh what ecstatic happiness to witness the transforming power of divine grace in the hearts of these black people! First they are awakened and learn to know the wickedness of their hearts; then they weep, and cry for mercy until they obtain faith in Jesus' merits. And when they have this, their joy knows no bounds; they even come at night and increase our joy, by relating what great things the Lord has done for their souls.”

Soon after he went with the missionaries Frederick Martin and George Weber, two other well-tried servants of Christ, to St. Croix, in order to re-commence the mission there, which had for some time been relinquished. Here they had to encounter a host of difficulties,

owing to the climate and to the soil, which, though very rich, yet was overrun with thick woods and prickly plants of different kinds, which rendered the clearing of the land excessively laborious. Serpents, rats, and vermin of every kind, also contributed to augment the difficulties which they had to contend with. For a time they subsisted according to the mode generally resorted to by the negroes; bread, meat, and butter being altogether out of the question, they boiled a *calelu*, or greens composed of the leaves of trees, and ate land-crabs with it, which fortunately were then found in abundance. The missionaries were all taken ill, and a famine raged among the blacks, which even carried off some of them, so that the labours of the brethren did not meet with that success they desired; still their courage did not fail them. Israel's letters, which he sent home, invariably breathed a spirit of confidential hope, that the Lord would bless their labours bestowed upon the negroes, and open their eyes to behold a Saviour's grace. In one of these letters he says:—"We are quietly waiting for the Saviour to bring to life the dead souls of the negroes and in the

mean time we testify unto them, that He died for them, and that they will obtain eternal life if they will turn unto him."

December 21, 1741, he returned to St. Thomas, being called to superintend that mission during Martin's absence. But in March of the ensuing year, he and George Weber were requested by Count Zinzendorf to come to Pennsylvania, in order to confer with them at Bethlehem, on the then state of the mission, and to grant them a season of rest and refreshment after the severe service they had seen. After a voyage of less than three weeks they arrived at Philadelphia, and were received with every mark of respect and affection due to them as servants of the Lord Jesus, who bore visible marks of the sufferings they had endured for the sake of the gospel.

Edwin. Indeed, father, I think, if I had been at Philadelphia when these dear ministers arrived, I would have tried all in my power to render them comfortable.

Mr. Fox. Carefully cherish this disposition, my son ! The day may come when you may be enabled to reduce it to practice. But I have not yet done with this modern Paul. In

September Israel returned to St. Thomas in company with John Böhmer. They were seven weeks on the way, and had to encounter much distress. The mast of their vessel, being half rotten, was broker. down in a moderate gale; and as the hands were so few on board, they had an immense deal of labour before they could raise it again. They had hardly erected it, before it fell a second time, and almost broke the crazy bark to shivers. After once more righting the mast as well as they could, the sails would not fit, because they had been compelled to shorten it. After having rectified the sails with much ado, they had to wait until August 21st before the wind shifted in their favour. September 24th they arrived at Spanishtown; the next day they sailed in a fishing boat to St. Thomas, and going around St. Johns, they found on their arrival at St. Thomas, that they had not only escaped the Spanish privateers cruising in those seas, but also the dreadful hurricane of August 9th, which they would unquestionably have had to encounter, if they had not been so long detained on their voyage.

Edwin How kind our Saviour was to

these brethren and their fellow-passengers, although at first he seemed to cross all their designs !

Mr. Fox. Hence you may learn to understand how “ *all* things work together for good unto them that love God ;” or, in the language of the poet :

“ Storms of trouble may assail us,
Yea, life’s vessel overwhelm ;
Yet no danger need appal us,
If our Saviour guide the helm.”

The whole burden of the missionary labour at St. Thomas now rested on the brethren Israel and Böhmer. The latter was still unacquainted with the Creole dialect, and the former was constantly ailing since his return from America. His decaying tabernacle often cracked dreadfully, as he was wont to express himself, and yet, for the sake of the blacks, he longed for strength to bear up under the hardships of this life a little longer. “ Pray to God,” he once said, addressing the believing negroes in a prayer meeting, “ that he would give me strength ; for if I should go to sleep now, there would no brother be left here, who could tell you a word about our Saviour.”

The Lord granted this request in so far, that although he had been very ill all day, yet when the evening came and the negroes met for divine worship, he was enabled to arise out of his bed and deliver a testimony concerning the grace of God in Christ Jesus, with power and unction of the Spirit. Böhmer, who had very soon acquired a knowledge of the Dutch language, usually gave out the lines of a Dutch hymn, and while the last verse was being sung, the sexton would go and call Israel, who had just so much strength given him as he required for a short address to the meeting. Here too was that scriptural promise fulfilled: "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Towards the close of the year his health was somewhat better; but at the opening of the year 1743 he had such a heavy relapse, that an occasional meeting was all he could attend to.

June 11th he and Böhmer, together with Gutweiler, who had come in May from Pennsylvania to their assistance, moved, for greater convenience, into a small new house which Böhmer had built. At that time Israel seemed somewhat better. That he was fully resigned

to the will of God for life or death, appears from the following expressions in one of his letters: "Let the Saviour do with me as seemeth good in his sight. If my time be up, may he take me to himself as a sinner trusting in his merits. If He designs to make further use of me, let him restore my tabernacle. My brethren are still loath to believe that I am shortly to fall asleep. His will be done! That settles all." He took a solemn leave of the communicant members and nearly all the negroes that were present on the prayer day of July 21. Having gathered all around his dying-bed, he gave them the following valedictory charge: "I would fain address a few words more to you, but I am very weak. I have become so much reduced by my illness and the pains that I endured, that I indulge the hope of soon going home to our Saviour. I have not come here to consult my ease and comfort; you know that. I have cheerfully sacrificed my life for our Saviour's and your souls' sake. I have preached nothing to you but Christ and him crucified. Never forget the Saviour and his bitter agony. Be obedient in all things to my

brethren and sisters. I have stood before the Lord for you with many tears and sighs. Now, as you see, I shall soon go to him. I am content that he should call me this very hour. Therefore I beseech you, do not forget him; do not forget his blood and his death. Be faithful to him, that I may rejoice when you also shall be admitted into his presence. Be faithful to him and set a good example to other blacks, and endeavour to win them likewise to the Saviour. He might, I know, if he pleased, restore me again; but now I see before me nothing but my speedy departure. Remember me in your prayers, and may the Saviour ever have you in his holy keeping!"

Having next sung a few verses for him, every negro stepped to his bed-side, shook hands with him, kissed him, and thus under a shower of tears, took leave of his beloved teacher. He gently fell asleep, on the 2d of August, while the brethren and sisters, then present, were singing a hymn.

This faithful servant of Jesus, at the time of his departure, was not quite 30 years of age. His burning love to the Saviour, his thirst for the salvation of the negroes, his

firmness and invincible courage under all difficulties, his trust in God, his resignation to the divine will, and the patience he manifested during his lingering and highly painful illness, fitted him for an example worthy of the imitation of his brethren. His mortal remains were interred on the following day in the white people's graveyard near the village, amid a vast concourse of spectators, when the missionary Brucker addressed the meeting in a short, but appropriate discourse.

Emma. Oh! Father! what a touching, heart-affecting story you have told us! I could not help thinking, when you came to the closing scene of this Christian soldier's life, of the words of Scripture; "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

Mr. Fox. And to me the following impressive lines of the poet occurred—

"To me to live, is Christ,
 To me to die, is gain,
 For I have fought the fight of faith,
 And all my foes are slain.
 My course I've finish'd now,
 And kept the Christian's faith,
 A crown of righteousness the LORD
 Will give me after death."

Thus shouted holy Paul,
Assur'd of faith's blest end ;
Thy language was the same the day
That Christ call'd home his friend.

Go, vet'ran of the cross,
Mark'd with thy Saviour's scars,
And take thy seat in realms above,
Far, far beyond the stars.

Thou, too, full well didst know
That suff'rings felt in time,
Were nevermore to be compar'd
With glory's matchless clime.

The Lord of All is thine,
With all his glorious state !
May we who still in bodies groan
Thy pattern emulate !”

CONVERSATION II.

Edwin. Father, won't you tell us some more entertaining stories about the missionaries ?

Emma. Yes, I wish you could give us some particulars about their labours among the black children I remember hearing you

say the last time we met, that among them, too, a great desire was manifested to know and serve the Lord.

Mr. Fox. I am very happy to have it in my power, in some measure at least, to gratify your commendable request. And I do it the more readily, as I hope and pray that the account I am about to give to you concerning the eagerness of these negro children to know and to love the Lord our Saviour, will tend to excite you to a holy emulation in religion and to that important self-inquiry, whether you have made such advances in the divine life, as these children had, according to those authentic documents from which my information is drawn. The principal instrument which the Lord employed to feed his lambs in the Island of St. Thomas, was the missionary Reinhard Ronner, who was sent out by the conference at Bethlehem. He landed on that island Aug. 29th, 1750, and soon approved himself every way qualified for the office to which he was appointed. His mode of proceeding was this; he either instructed them at the mission-house in the principles of the Christian religion, or els

went abroad with his wife, to visit them on the different plantations. He remarks in his journal, that the number of children that frequented their meetings, including those he occasionally visited, amounted to more than five hundred. On his visits, his chief aim was to acquaint them with the history of the life, sufferings and death of Jesus Christ. He described to them the great love of Christ which induced him to die for the sins of mankind, and in pursuance of which, he is now ready to wash all those from their sins in his blood, and to transform them into cheerful, happy creatures, that come to Him with all their guilt and misery, and gladly receive him into their hearts. He enlarged more particularly on the great love the Saviour bore towards children, and thereby excited them to a reciprocal affection and to a confidential trust in Him. These delightful and consolatory truths found admittance into many a youthful heart, and the number of those that tenderly loved the Lord Jesus, and hated whatever was displeasing to him, was very considerable. Their desire to hear the Saviour's words was very great. Whenever Ronner and his part-

ner would enter the premises of an estate, the children would be sure to run with joyful haste to meet and welcome them ; because they had been anxiously expecting the day when Baas, i. e. their master or spiritual guide, would come and hold a meeting with them. During the service they were unremitting in their attention to what was said, and seemed fairly to take every word out of his mouth. If the bad state of the weather, or any other cause, prevented the meeting from being kept, the parents had much ado to comfort them.

Edwin. Indeed, Father, I think our neighbour's boy, John, ought to learn a lesson from these pious negro children, for he does hate to go to a place of worship, and if he does go at last, after his father has threatened to punish him if he don't, he is all the time playing, laughing, or talking, without attending in the least to what the minister says.

Mr. Fox. That is very likely, my dear ; yet I fear you are a little self-righteous sinner, who, seeing the mote or splinter in his brother's eye, cannot discover the large beam in his own eye. While you cannot say with truth, that you love the Lord Jesus as tenderly

as these coloured children are said to have done, you must own that you fall short of what you ought to do and to be, and that it therefore ill becomes you, an imperfect creature, to pass such a heavy censure on poor John, who by the by does not enjoy near so many privileges and advantages for becoming a pious Christian as you do.

Emma. Please to go on, Father, with your narrative; I am anxious to hear more of this good missionary and his lambs.

Mr. Fox. Ronner's first question to the children on his arrival among them, generally was this: did they love the Saviour? and in most cases he received a cheerful answer in the affirmative. Such as could not in conscience say yes, held their peace. On further inquiring *why* they loved the Saviour, he often received very animating replies, "We therefore love him, they would say, because he died for our sins, and because he redeemed and saved us by his blood." From such, and similar answers, he would then proceed to show more at length, what grateful and affectionate returns they, and all mankind, ought to render to the Redeemer for his un

speaakable love. On such occasions too, Ronner never failed to give suitable instructions to the parents of these black children, how to educate them in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

The question being one day put to the children as usual in their meeting, whether they loved our Saviour, one girl only, of about fourteen, kept silence. Mrs. Ronner afterwards took her privately aside, and asked her whether she did not indeed love the Saviour; on which the girl, bursting into tears, replied: "No! for I have such a wicked and obstinate heart that often grieves the Saviour, and when I make this discovery, it grieves *me* again in turn."

Such and similar complaints often dropped from the lips of the children of both sexes, and afforded a clear evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit on their hearts, while they likewise elicited all the skill and fidelity of their instructors to keep alive the sacred flame of childlike confidence and trust in the infallible support of their Saviour.

One day the daughter of one of the national assistants confessed to Mrs. Ronner that she

had so far felt no desire to be converted, and had therefore purposely avoided going to church ; and that whenever her mother had admonished her to go, or had reproved her on any other account, she had always got dreadful angry at her. Now, however, she was very willing to be converted, if only her self-willed and obstinate heart would not constantly resist every admonition given her. She seemed to be in great bitterness of spirit on account of her indwelling corruptions. Mrs. Ronner, discovering that a work of grace had commenced in the heart of this child, advised her to turn to the only physician of souls, anxious to be relieved from the load of sin and guilt.

And now let me put the question to you, do you believe that you need conversion ?

Emma. If, for the reasons just stated by you, the little black girl did, I feel and find I also need a change of heart ; for I am often naughty, and not a little self-willed, and though I love to learn and repeat those lines of the poet—

“ Self-will, that cruel enemy,
No more I would obey :
Thy Spirit shall my teacher be,
And guide me in thy way,”

I find it much more difficult to practise this lesson than to commit it to memory. Oh I grieve and mourn that the Holy Spirit and my dear parents and many other people are grieved by my conduct, and I resolve and try to do better, and yet—

Mr. Fox. And yet you will never fully accomplish your design, until you go to that same physician for health to whom the black child was directed to apply. One day when the missionary inquired of a boy, whether he knew that he had a Saviour, who loved him and had died for his sins, the little fellow candidly replied: “No Baas—I don’t know that. I am bad enough, and have a wicked heart, and much need a Saviour to help me; but my master wont let me go to school, how then can I know any thing about the Saviour?”—Such prohibitions were particularly and painfully oppressive to those children, in whose hearts the love of Christ had already been kindled by pious instruction in their meetings. If such now and then chanced to meet a children’s Baas, (the name they gave to those that laboured for their spiritual welfare,) they would rejoice exceedingly, unbosom their distresses

to him and beg him for a few "Saviour's words" as they called the Holy Scriptures. On the whole, a most tender affection subsisted between the children and their teacher, so that at first sight of him, they would either run to meet him, or else hastily run back to carry the joyful tidings of his approach to the rest of their companions on the estate. Passing by a plantation one day, a dozen of children ran after him, begging him not to omit his visit to them. They would not be pacified until he had given them some account of the Saviour and his love. In this way he very often had his little meetings with them in the street, or in the open field.

On another occasion, a baptized youth entreated him to enter a house, and on inquiring what he should do there, the other replied: "Will you refuse to tell us some words about the Saviour?" Of course the missionary conformed to the boy's request, and was agreeably surprised, to find a large circle of children collected together by the endeavours of this youth.

A girl, whose name was Christina, appeared very serene and cheerful during her illness

Her grandmother, of whom at the commencement of her illness she begged a favour which she hoped would mitigate her pains, said to her ; “ I will cheerfully do it for you ; but it grieves me, that I never see you pray to our Saviour, who is the only one that can help you.” The child replied : “ It is true, you do not see me pray, but in my heart I often pray to him ; there I feel him and know assuredly that I am His, and that I am going to Him.” Her friends and relations that went to see her during her illness, could not refrain from expressing their surprise and admiration at the many tender expressions of her love to the Saviour which escaped her lips. When her uncle Cornelius, a native teacher, a few hours before her departure sang these lines—

“The Saviour’s blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress ;
Thus well array’d I need not fear
When in His presence I appear,”

she acknowledged it to be very sweet and comforting to her. After calling for a drink of water, and talking of the water of life which the Saviour would give her, she just

added: " Now I will joyfully depart to Him " and immediately fell asleep.

Edwin. O, what a lovely child that was ! don't you think, father, she died happy ?

Emma. Why brother, would you doubt it for a moment while she was such a good praying soul ?

Mr. Fox. I have no doubt that she went to heaven, yet, if so, it was not owing to her exemplary conduct, nor to the virtue of her prayers, but only to the all-sufficient merits of that Saviour, in whom she put her whole and only trust, and confidence. Let me relate some more striking instances of the power of Divine grace on the hearts of these lambs.

Another girl of 12 years, during her sickness sent for the native assistant Benigna, and told her that the Saviour had called her, and was about taking her to himself; that she was very willing indeed to go to him, because she loved Him from her whole heart, and that there was nothing in this world that delighted her any more. Reinhard Ronner, the indefatigable missionary went to see her, and asking her whether she believed that she had an in-

terest in the sufferings of the Lord Jesus, she most cheerfully replied in the affirmative, and went on to say, that she was not only fully assured of the forgiveness of her sins, but likewise that she would soon go home to the Lord. A few hours after she gently fell asleep.

The missionary, meeting a boy in the field, and asking him how he did, received this encouraging answer that he felt in his heart, that the Saviour's love to him must be great, because he felt so inexpressibly happy whenever he thought of him.

Owing to the peculiar state of servitude in which a certain girl was placed, she could seldom go to meeting. When therefore she one day received permission to go there with her mother, her joy scarce knew any bounds. "To day, she exclaimed, my desire is gratified, because I can go to hear the Saviour's words, that are so very sweet to me; oh what a long time have I hungered for them!" When Mrs. Ronner went to see her, the girl declared that she loved the Saviour with her whole heart, that she often conversed with him at home, and remembered the words she had heard concerning him in the meeting.—

This child, as well as others that could seldom come to meeting, contrived to keep up their acquaintance with the missionaries through the agency of their parents or other confidential friends, through whom they requested a place in their affections, and sent word how they fared.

The missionary one day opened the children's meeting on a certain plantation, by singing the verse, "O world, see thy Creator," &c., when a boy wept all the time, and on being asked the reason, he replied, that the Saviour had shown such great love to him, and still his love to Jesus was so cold; that he had a wicked heart, and oftentimes grieved him.—A boy on being met by Ronner in the street and asked whether he loved our Saviour, said with a very sorrowful look; "No, I do not love him; for I so often get angry at my father and my mother, and quarrel with my brothers and sisters. Yet all the while I feel so wretched, that I know not which way to turn." Ronner was delighted with his sincerity, and affectionately advised him to turn to the Saviour, with whom he would assuredly find comfort and rest.—Another boy declared to

the missionary not only that he loved the Saviour, but that he also felt his heart to be corrupt, and that he was still often led astray. At such times he would have a heavy heart, but then he would so long beg the Saviour for grace and pardon, till his heart would grow light again. This poor youth had to suffer many stripes from his ungodly parents for the sake of his love to Christ.

Edwin. Indeed I am thankful that *I* have not such wicked parents as to whip me for going to church.

Emma. And yet, is it not very strange, that we notwithstanding neither love our Saviour nor our parents as we ought, or even as we might!

Mr. Fox. Never forget to be thankful for the privileges and blessings you enjoy, and ask yourselves frequently: What maketh me to differ? To what is it owing that I am not a slave or a heathen—or that I have Christians and not savages for my parents, but to the grace of God. Thus you will learn “to walk humbly with your God and to love mercy” in pitying and praying for those of your brethren in the world, whether black or white,

that are placed in a less fortunate situation in life than what you enjoy. Still, whether a man be a bond-slave or a freeman, it is gospel salvation only when truly enjoyed, that renders man, woman, or child, contented and happy, whatever be the advantages or disadvantages in life, as the following anecdote will prove. Two boys living on the same plantation always appeared cheerful, very industrious and expert at their work. One of them espying Mr. Ronner afar off, ran towards him with great joy, and on being asked whether he often called to mind what the Saviour had done and suffered for him, whether he loved him, and would give him his whole heart, replied with a remarkably cheerful countenance: "O yes! I always think of our Saviour, and love him very much, else I could not be so cheerful, and because he loves me so, I will also give him my whole heart."

A girl of 13, related to Mrs. Ronner, that her wicked heart had latterly been a great plague to her, and had urged her to steal her father's dinner; but that her good heart had on the contrary told her to let it alone, because she would thereby grieve the Saviour; that

finally she gave way to the suggestions of her good heart, in order not to offend that Saviour who had loved her so much. The wickedness of her heart was often so great, that she could not get the better of it. In this distress she would cry to the Lord, and find rest, and the wicked thoughts would leave her again. But whenever she would be disobedient or obstinate, her heart would get very restless.— She lamented withal, that she seldom found an opportunity to go to church. Mrs. Ronner laboured to impress her mind with a correct idea of the corruption of the human heart, and the effects produced on it by Divine grace. She exhorted her to give her whole heart to the Saviour, that he might wash it from sins in his blood, and set it at liberty so as no more to be under the power of the lusts of the flesh.

Emma. Such advice, father, you have often given to us, and I own, that if I always acted up to it, I would be a much better and happier child than I now am.

Mr. Fox. The candid confessions of this negro girl will show you, how, when the voice of conscience is heard, the thoughts accuse

or else excuse one another, and how the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, as St. Paul describes the conflict between sin and holiness in the human heart. The safest way for you to obtain the victory over the corruptions of your heart, is to have recourse to prayer, and then Christ's strength will be made perfect in your weakness. Mr. Ronner relates in his journal, that a certain negro child never rose in the morning, nor went to bed in the evening, without praying to the Saviour that he would protect her little soul against all danger, and save her from levity and indifference. And for her parents too she would pray, if they had been unjustly severe to her. Let me entreat you, my dear children, to go and do likewise—so that while you pray for yourselves, you always pray for those that are near and dear to you, yea for all your fellow sinners, as members of the same family with yourselves; for “God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the earth,” and “he is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.”

CONVERSATION III.

Edwin. COME, father, and please tell us some further particulars about that dear servant of Christ, who was such a friend to the coloured children.

Mr. Fox. I am sorry that my author gives us no farther information concerning Mr. Ronner, than what I related in substance at our last interview. Yet if you are not tired of hearing, I will give you some interesting anecdotes about *Lewis Christopher Dehne*, a Moravian missionary, who laboured about 30 years among the natives in the provinces of Surinam and Berbice in South America.

Emma. Indeed it will be gratifying and, I hope, profitable to us, to listen to any account that you may think proper to give us of any missionary worthies.

Mr. Fox. September 12th, 1738, Lewis Christopher Dehne entered the missionary field, when he landed on that day in the province of Rio de Berbice. He laboured with various success and different assistants, until the year 1755, paying several visits to his native country during this time, when we find him, according to his own account, engaged in the commencement of Ephrem, a new missionary station on the river Corentyn in Surinam. Happening to have a manuscript translation of the most interesting events of his life, as recorded by himself, in my possession, I will read it to you in his own unvarnished style.

Edwin. Do, father! I shall pay particular attention.

Mr. Fox. [reads.] “A number of Indians had come from Berbice to settle themselves in Surinam, several of them moved with me to Ephrem, and assisted me in clearing the

spot and building a hut ; yet in a short time they all left me but one, whose name was Christopher. He was soon after taken ill, when the Indians, and their sorcerers in particular, passing by our place, said to him : ' You will never recover while you stay with this white man, for the devil has too much power over him, and you will see that the white man himself will get sick at last.' On his partial restoration Christopher also left me. Yet our Saviour comforted me so effectually in this wilderness by his presence, that I was very happy notwithstanding my solitary situation. Indians, coming to see me, would often inquire the reason of my building a house here ; they thought that I must surely have done it by order from the governor. I repeatedly informed them of the true object of my mission ; but they told me the Indians were going to murder me. Even the soldiers at the nearest military post invited me to come over to them for security. I prayed to the Lord to direct me what I should do, and he gave me faith and perseverance, to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus, by remaining at my

post, relying on his gracious assistance. One evening, as I was about to retire to rest, a serpent, of considerable length, dropped down upon me from the rafters of the roof, coiled itself two or three times around my neck and head, and threatened to suffocate me. Expecting nothing else but death, I wrote the occasion of it with chalk upon my table, for the information of my brethren, that no suspicion might rest on the Indians as having perpetrated the deed. At that instant it occurred to me, to make an attempt, in firm reliance on the word of the Lord, to dislodge the serpent, which I did with such rapidity, that a portion of the skin of my face came along with it. It being dark, I could not see what became of the serpent; still I retired to rest in my hammock."

Edwin. O how I trembled for the fate of the good man! I surely thought he would have been strangled by the reptile.

Emma. I wonder what promise of Scripture was impressed on his memory, that gave him such presence of mind and heroic courage; don't you think, father, it was

that declaration our Lord made, just before his ascension into heaven : (Mark xvi. 17, 18.) “ These signs shall follow them that believe—they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them ; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.”

Mr. Fox. It is as likely as not ; or perhaps it was that encouraging promise, which Edwin lately recited : (Ps. l. 15.) “ Call upon me in the day of trouble ; *I* will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me !” Whichever text it was, it was neither a knowledge of *every* promise of the scriptures, if even his mind could have grasped the whole of them, nor a fortunate coincidence of circumstances as some might suppose, nor the good man’s presence of mind, but his simple yet strong reliance on the stronger, yea the almighty saving power of the Saviour, who had sent him to this post to do his will, that in this instance effected his almost miraculous deliverance from the merciless folds and fangs of the reptile. Yet while he trusted in the name of the Lord, and prayed for deliverance, he never forgot

to use such means of precaution and defence as happened to be within his reach, or his reason suggested to him as being the most proper. This evidently appears in what follows in his interesting narrative. “A tiger also prowled around my hut for some time whose cry I heard every evening. Knowing that such animals dread the sight of fire, I lighted up one in my hut; during the night however it would frequently go out; still I was not afraid of this ferocious beast, and it never molested me.”

Edwin. Oh what a trial it must be to live alone in a dreary wilderness, and to have none but savages and wild beasts for one's neighbours.

Mr. Fox. Such men truly bear the cross of Christ; yet they bear it not alone—Jesus bears it with them. -for “in all their afflictions he is afflicted;” he sweetens their bitterest cup by the comforts of his divine presence—and the best consolation comes last, when “heaven shall make amends for all” and “they shall see him as he is.”—Tigers are beasts which few men like to encounter,—out human tigers, savages, thirsting for the

blood of their fellow-men, are truly dreadful, and such as an unsuspecting, solitary individual, without weapons of self-defence, is hardly able to cope with. Yet He that stopped the mouths of lions and of tigers, is also able to arrest the hand of the savage murderer, and to change the rage of the human lion into the gentleness of the harmless lamb. Let us go on with Mr. Dehne's memoirs, and we shall find the truth of these remarks shown by the following facts which he relates.

“ In Nov. 1757, the Carribbee Indians set out with the intention of executing their resolution, long since determined upon, of murdering me. One day, while I sat at my dinner table, I saw fifty men approaching in their canoes, who presently after surrounded my cabin. Oh what a dreadful sight presented itself to my view. Some were armed with iron hoes and mattocks; others carried swords, and such like instruments. Going out to them, I spoke to them in the Arawak language, and bid them welcome in a friendly manner. They answered roughly that I should speak the Carribbee tongue. In the mean time I took care to observe which of

them was their commander. Perceiving that I did not understand the Carribbee, after some consultation in this language, they ordered their interpreter to step forth and ask me in Arawak: "Who gave you permission to build and to live here?" Ans. "The governor." "Why have you come upon our land?" I now stepped up to the chief, and thus frankly addressed him: "I have brethren living on the other side of the ocean, who, when they heard that Indians lived here, who were ignorant of their Creator, have sent me to you in love, that I should first learn your language, and then tell you about the true God. At some future time, you may expect to see more of my brethren come hither on the same errand." "I suppose you are a Spaniard?" "No!" "Or a Frenchman?" "No!" "Are you a Dutchman, then?" "Yes, I come from Holland, and a good way further off. In short, I am one of the Brethren that love you and live on the other side of the ocean."—"Well, didn't you hear that the Indians were going to kill you?" "Yes, but I did not believe it, and you have those among you, who have been to see me, and know

that I love them.”—“That is true; and they have also told me that you were a Christian very different from other white people.” “Well, if you knew that I loved you, how could you think of killing me?”—He replied laughing: “Well, indeed, I never thought of that!” Upon this, all changed their savage features and walked off. The chief only staid with me, and put a number of questions to which I gave suitable replies; and when I told him that no other white people but Brethren would move hither, he became quite sociable. On leaving me, he gave me some of his provision at my request, promising to repeat his visits. In this manner, the Saviour helped me on from day to day, insomuch, that at the close of the year, I found much cause for praise and thankfulness to the giver of every good and perfect gift. In the strength of my confidence in Him I entered upon the year 1758. I was busily employed in cutting down trees, and if I found the labour too severe, I applied to Indians passing by for assistance, which was rarely refused. One day, while collecting wood for fuel, I was stung in the left hand by an ant, which

occasioned such violent pain, that I nearly lost all power of recollection. This ant was one of the large black kind, one inch in length, the bite of which the Indians dread as much as they do that of serpents.

During this period I suffered much outward distress, and often I rose in the morning without knowing what I should eat, or where I should procure food. Yet, whenever I was perfectly destitute, undoubtedly according to the direction of Him who fed Elijah at the brook Cherith, Waraus, or other Indians, came and shared their *cassavi* with me.

Edwin. What is meant by cassavi, father?

Mr. Fox. The daily bread of the natives and negroes. The cassavi plant (*Jatropha Manihot*) is wholly indispensable in those provinces, as well as throughout the West India Islands. The straight stem of this plant is above six feet high, and of a whitish colour. Around the stalk the whole length of the plant, there are single leaves attached to long stems, which fall off by degrees, and only the uppermost around the top remain. They leave knots in those places around the stem to which they were affixed, which gives

the whole plant a very ornamental appearance. It is from the bulbed or knotty root, that the natives bake their cassavi or West India bread. The colour thereof is brown, and the shape something like a radish or parsnip. Some plants are furnished with from six to ten roots, the longest being one foot in length and thick in proportion. Under the bark they are quite white, containing a white milky juice. After the outer brown bark has been scraped off from the roots, they are grated, and then the whole mass is pressed in a bag until all the juice is extracted. After being dried and sifted, it has the appearance of fine white flour, of which large flat cakes are baked on a heated iron. While fresh, their flavour is excellent, particularly with the addition of butter; but when in time they grow hard, they are easily softened by sprinkling water or wine upon them. The fresh, milky juice of these roots is a sweet poison, that occasions swellings and death to man and beast. The root itself is as poisonous as the juice; yet both are perfectly divested of this quality by fire; the former in baking, and the latter in boiling

t several hours and diligently skimming it. By this process the root is converted into nourishing bread, and the juice into a savoury, wholesome sauce, to be eaten with fish or other meat. The natives feed upon domestic animals that have died in consequence of eating the raw cassavi root, without suffering any harm. In a time of famine, the leaves of this plant are even converted into nutritious food by the negroes and others, by bruising and then boiling them. Let us now resume the narrative.

“ One day a Warau visited me with his whole family, to whom I preached Jesus. Before he went away, I requested him to hew some trees for me, and by way of reward, I promised him a part of the fruit of these trees. He immediately set about the work; but in the act of felling the second tree, he was bit so severely by the great ants, that he dropped down like a dead man. In this perplexity, I cried to the Lord to restore him; for if the man had died, it would have greatly prejudiced the Indians against me. I then laid some of the fruit of the tree on the wounded part, and behold! in a short time

he was restored. Soon after this event, several baptized Indians visited me, who resided on the river Mepenna. I represented to them their duty, to lend me a helping hand, since I had established myself in this place on their account, and now stood in need of their assistance. Hosea, their leader, replied: "Brother! you are right; we will atone for our fault; in a few days I will come with several others to your assistance. I will also lay out a banana garden behind your premises, that when the fruit is ripe, I may be able to stay longer." I was much gratified subsequently on finding that they were as good as their word. Even unbaptized Indians commenced cutting wood and planting vegetables here.

"So far I had enjoyed excellent health; but at length I sunk under the burden of excessive labour, and was taken ill. I wrote to the Brethren in Berbice, requesting them to send Brother Bambey hither on a visit. He immediately on the receipt of the letter, started for the Mepenna, intending to travel from thence by water, yet he found great difficulty in procuring an Indian guide, because the natives

dreaded going to a sick man and more especially to me, believing the devil dwelt with me. Brother Bambey, however, at length prevailed on them to assist him, and on his arrival staid with me one week. In all my trouble and bodily weakness, my dear Saviour graciously supported me and sweetened for me every affliction. After having been two years alone on this station, four Brethren unexpectedly arrived here, in the year 1759; two of them came to take charge of the station, and with the other two I moved to Sharon.

One Sunday, being January 25th, 1764, while walking abroad some distance from our dwelling with one of the brethren, we heard the report of a number of firearms, which we could not account for. We therefore hastened back to the house to see what was the matter. But before we reached it, Brother Daniel Kamm came running up to us without hat or shoes, and pale as death, stating that the maroons or runaway slaves had surprised the place, wounded Brother Zander and set fire to our house. Soon after the Indians met us, one of them with an arrow sticking in his

back, and the wound bleeding profusely. They entreated us not to repair to the spot as all resistance had become vain. Brother Strueby and myself concluded to follow them into the woods, and to stay with them. But soon losing the right course, we wandered about the whole day, while the rain poured down in torrents, so that, when night came on, we found ourselves on the same spot from which we had set out. The enemy having left our premises, we went in search of our Indians, whom we found. They then took us to the spot where our wounded Brother Odenwald was lying, whose wounds still remained undressed. I immediately dressed them as well as I could. It was a fortunate circumstance that we were furnished with a hammock to lay him in; the rest of us however lay all night on the wet ground, and were afraid to make up a fire, for fear of being discovered by the enemy. Next day Brother Strueby repaired to our establishment, and found every thing laid waste and consumed, and the dead bodies of several Indians lying scattered on the ground. We had intended to stay with our Indian flock; but Brother Strueby, who

was to accompany Brother Odenwald back to Paramaribo, being but a poor surgeon; we all three finally concluded to go to that place, and comforted our Indians with the hope of the speedy return of one of our number. January 28th we arrived in safety at Paramaribo, when the governor immediately sent for us, to obtain a true report of the whole transaction, and manifested the liveliest sympathy with our fate.

But as it is growing late, I think it quite time to conclude our conversation.

Emma. One question more, father. Do you know what became of good Mr. Dehne at last, whose narrative has so deeply interested us for his welfare?

Mr. Fox. He departed this life at Zeyst in Holland, aged fifty-five years and two months, of a quinsy in the throat, and the suppuration of an ulcer in the lungs, in the full possession of his mental faculties, and longing to go home and to be for ever with the Lord. The active life and peaceful death of this devoted servant of Christ, bring to my mind the following sweet lines of the poet:

Gracious Lord! Thy name we bless,
 That with hope and thankfulness
 We may to the grave consign
 Dust of friends, who were, Lord! **Thine**

 ost Thou beckon those away,
 Whom we'd fain have longer stay?
 Dost Thou summon servants home,
 Dost Thou bid thy handmaids come?

May we meekly bow to Thee
 Under each adversity—
 Cease from sorrow—let them **rest**—
 Say, the will of God is best.

Make us active, pious, true,
 Full of faith and patience too,
 Willing, Lord! below to **stay**,
 Willingly to haste away.

Haste the glorious ransom day,
 When to ev'ry saint Thou'lt say,
 "Well done, faithful servant; **come**,
 Enter now thy lasting home!"

CONVERSATION IV.

Mr. Fox. I am going to give you an account, this evening, of a venerable man; who, though following in his younger days the business of a coach-driver and menial servant, was called

out from the world to become, in after life, an eminent instrument in the hands of the Lord, for the conversion of some of the most stupid and degraded members of the great human family. In his case you will have occasion to observe, that the promise of Scripture, Isaiah xlii. 16. if never before, was in this instance literally fulfilled: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. 'These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.'"

Emma. What was the name of this good and worthy man?

Mr. Fox. His name is John Beck; he served the Lord with persevering fidelity forty-three years in the mission among the Greenlanders.

Edwin. I think I have heard or read an account of this missionary before.

Mr. Fox. His name is mentioned in the "Sketches of Moravian Missions," where the interesting account is given of the conversion of the first Greenlander, on which occasion our Saviour employed Beck as the ho

noured instrument to effect the purposes of his grace. As you have read those sketches with pleasure, and I think with profit, I justly presume that you will feel interested in hearing some further particulars about this servant of Christ, whose early call into the way of salvation, and subsequently into the ministry, is connected with truly wonderful events. He was born June 7th, 1706, at Kreuzendorf, a village in Upper Silesia, in Germany. His grandfather, Jacob Beck, a man holding the doctrines of the reformation, had on that account to suffer persecution from his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens to that degree, that they laid him in irons and cast him into prison, where they beat, tortured, and detained him so long, till they made him a perfect cripple, and he finally departed this life. The missionary's father, Caspar Beck, having early imbibed the principles of evangelical religion, no sooner came to years of discretion, than he sought and cultivated the society of such as retained a spark of the Redeemer's love in their hearts, and frequently read the Bible and other religious books with them. He himself instructed his children, to the best of his

knowledge, in reading, and in the truths of the sacred Scriptures, that they might be kept out of evil company and not imbibe false principles. He placed his son John as a servant among strangers, and whenever the boy would come home on a visit, his father would give him this solemn charge, "My son! always set God before your eyes, and it will be well with you here and hereafter!" These words left a lasting impression on his mind, and often, as he states in his biography, written by himself, recurred to his memory in his lonely hours. He further states there, that in 1726 he was under serious convictions, but soon after relapsed into his former unconcern respecting his soul's salvation, till in May, 1731, when he entered the service of Michael Dammel, a Roman Catholic priest, in the capacity of a coachman.

Being prohibited the reading of Lutheran publications, on pain of a severe penalty, he bought a Catholic New Testament and diligently perused it. Happening to be alone one day, he felt a secret impulse in his heart to take up that book and read in it. He opened it at that passage Rev. iii. 15—18:

“ I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot ; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth : because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked : I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich ; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear ; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see.” He tells us in his narrative, that as soon as he commenced reading, he felt as though a fire burned in his bones, his eyes began to weep, his heart melted like wax before the fire, and he fell to the ground as one dead. Feeling himself to be a slave to sin, he thought he must perish for ever in this miserable condition. Having lain on the floor about an hour, writhing like a worm in agony, and being just ready to despair, he had an unexpected visit from his heavenly friend Jesus, who came and smiled upon him. That he was not dreaming, nor deceived by his own fancy, is

evident from his succeeding trials. It seemed to him, as he relates, as though he saw his suffering God and Saviour, covered with blood and wounds, extended on the cross, as a sacrifice for his sins. With the smile of a friend and brother, he seemed to incline towards him ; he comforted him, and assured him of the forgiveness of his sins, and bid him rise and live. Beck now felt as though he had been relieved from a very heavy burden. He arose with a light and cheerful heart, and weeping eyes, and from that hour became a witness of the grace he had experienced. Accordingly he could not hold his peace, when his acquaintances, observing an alteration in his usual deportment, asked him what had happened to him, to produce such a change. His fellow-servant, John Hadwig, returning home from the field that same evening, he related to him what had happened during the day, which so powerfully affected him that he burst into tears. Shortly after similar effects were the result of the same cause in an interview he had with his own youngest brother, with Hadwig's brother Martin, and others. This little company of awakened

souls, having no knowledge of the existence of true children of God on earth, much less of the existence of the Moravian church. (of which some of them subsequently became members) instituted meetings for social worship among themselves, while they had the promise of the Lord Jesus in their favour: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." At these meetings they would pray, relate their experience, and love one another. They soon became as a little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. People flocked to them, and testified their desire to be informed concerning the way of salvation. The affair soon came to the knowledge of the priest, who did not long remain an idle spectator; he closely examined Beck, why he did not as heretofore frequent taverns and fashionable amusements of the world, and commanded him not to read any kind of books, nor take a Lutheran prayerbook into church. He promised the priest to comply with the latter injunction, because he knew he could pray in his heart to the Lord, which it was out of the power of the other to prevent; but as for the

first, said he, addressing himself to the clergyman, to frequent taverns, and riot in the manner I formerly did, is not only in opposition to the command of God, but even to your own doctrine from the pulpit. You well know my former scandalous life and wicked conversation, but you never once reprov'd me for its impropriety; whence comes it that now, since I endeavour to obey the truth, you are dissatisfied with me? He replied: "I see you are in the right way; but people give me so much trouble on your account, that I am quite tired of it. Indeed, if I should live up to the requisitions of the Bible, I should most assuredly be put out of office," &c. After a long conversation they parted, apparently in mutual good understanding and friendship. The work of God continuing to spread, until almost two entire villages were stirred up by the faithful testimony of these young converts, the enemy became enraged thereby, and by craft as well as force sought to quench the spark of love which had been kindled in their hearts. In April 1732 one hundred or more of these people were summoned to appear before a court of inquiry, in the

castle of Suppau, consisting of bishops, priests, magistrates, and lawyers. Beck being of course, included in the summons, first took an affectionate and final leave of his friends, although none of them could believe him, when he asserted that they would see his face no more; and then took his priest, who was considered an indispensable witness at the castle, to that place in his carriage. The above named converts had their trial first; when, by promises and threats, they were all, through the fear of man, persuaded to recant. In the evening Martin Hadwig, who had been a close prisoner for several days, was called to the bar; but he remained firm, and made a bold confession of the truth. About 10 o'clock Beck was finally summoned before the commissioners, when for three hours together he was questioned by them concerning the transactions of the past year, and the whole of this time felt so much cheered by the presence of his Master, and his heart and lips so uncommonly ready for utterance, as to convince him most sensibly of the truth of our Lord's saying, Matt. x. 19. "When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak

for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." About one o'clock at night, when they had filled three sheets of paper with his depositions, on witnessing his cheerfulness they ordered the constables to chain him, to throw him into a dungeon and not to take him out from thence till he had fallen a prey to worms. His priest then rose up, took him aside, spoke very kindly to him, and begged him to promise, that he would live as he had formerly done; telling him, that he was still at liberty to entertain his private opinion, and that he would never throw any obstacles in his way. "Pray, take care, added he, that I and you may not both be utterly ruined." Beck replied in presence of the whole assembly: "I cannot, neither will I suffer myself to be diverted from my opinions just given you." The constables then brought in the irons, and with great trembling, chained him hand and foot; some of them even bewailed his fate with tears, because they knew that he was cast into prison without a just cause. His sentence being pronounced, that he should be cast into a dark hole under the walls of the castle, some of his fellow-coachmen ran on

before, and threw some straw and hay into the dungeon, that he might not be chilled by the cold and damp ground. He accordingly entered with a cheerful and courageous heart, and enjoying the Saviour's presence in the most powerful manner during the night, he felt as happy there as though he had entered the courts of heaven itself.

Emma. I can no longer contain my surprise and indignation at the unjust and cruel treatment which this man met with. And after all, to be as happy in a dungeon, as though he had been in paradise itself, is what I cannot account for.

Edwin. I think, father, I should have wept my eyes almost out, if they had put me into such a place, without the least shadow of justice.

Mr. Fox. The principles upon which Beck, and a host of similar worthy confessors acted, you see, were of the purely evangelical and self-denying kind; they would sooner part with an eye or limb, or, if required, with life, for the sake of the gospel, than, by denying their Master and his cause, purchase exemption from a threatened penalty, and finally be

cast soul and body into hell. And as Jesus, while suffering for sinners, was not left alone, but the Father was with him to uphold and comfort him, so sinners, saved by grace, while suffering for their Redeemer and his cause, enjoy his presence and support, in a manner similar to what this worthy confessor did. He and his fellow-prisoner, Martin Hadwig, were daily compelled to shift their quarters, whilst the former invariably received the worst treatment. Whenever he was permitted to be in the room to which all his adversaries had free access, he was sure to be laid in the stocks at night. He was often beaten with a stick, stabbed with a sword, and treated in the most barbarous manner, particularly when, in reply to their reproachful inquiries, he either gave them a pointed answer, or held his peace. Receiving but a few morsels of bread and a little water daily, he began to feel very hungry. Being again put into the dungeon, into which a person could scarcely creep, through a little door, which had a small hole in it, just large enough to admit a hand, he met with the following incident. The dungeon being close to the street, one who was a perfect stranger

to him, addressed a long speech to him, the meaning of which, however, Beck could not comprehend, not understanding the language spoken by the stranger. Finding that the prisoner was incapable of answering his questions, he thrust a long slice of bread through the opening in the door, and then left him, and went his way. Thus, through the wonderful goodness of God, were his faithful servant's most pressing wants relieved, his faith and dependance upon the providential care of his Saviour strengthened, and a prelude given to that yet more remarkable deliverance from the hands of his enemies, which he some time after experienced.

Emma. Truly, I see that nothing is impossible with God, and that he keeps his saints as the apple of his eye.

Edwin. How did the good man at last escape ?

Mr. Fox. At one time, in the act of being let out of his dungeon, on looking at his feet, he perceived to his great surprise, that the padlock attached to his right leg had opened of itself. Fearing, however, that the jailer might charge him with having burst it open, and

would for that reason order him to be beaten, he stooped down, unnoticed by the other, and closed it again. Yet he immediately considered this circumstance as a token of his speedy deliverance.

Some days after, on the 1st of May, 1732, the lords commissioners once more assembled for the examination of their prisoners. It being St. Philip and St. James' day, they all went to church to hear mass and a sermon. During their absence, Martin Hadwig, being at that time in the room, attended by a guard, requested permission of him to go down stairs. The guard, knowing him to be closely fettered, suffered him to go, while he staid in the room smoking his pipe. By the by, it must be remembered, that both prisoners, just about that time, had been relieved from the irons fastened to their hands. Hadwig, passing by Beck's dungeon, stopped and inquired through the small opening in the door, how he did? He replied; "I think we are this day to leave the prison!" "What!" exclaimed Hadwig, "we are both chained at our feet—the doors are all bolted—my guard is sitting up stairs; and besides all this, here is a large padlock,

of the size of a man's fist." Beck replied "No matter for that; I had an impression last night, that we should this day escape out of prison; and I am still of the same opinion. Do you just try whether you can't force open the padlock with your hands; for then the work will soon be accomplished." He did so, and happily succeeded in opening it. Beck then said: "Well brother, now come down to me, take your seat, and let me try whether I can't draw your boots, chains and all, from your feet. He made the attempt, and after much ado, succeeded in it. Hadwig next did the same to his friend, and although the skin came off with the boots, still they were rid of their irons. They threw the fetters into the dungeon, took the boots into their hands, and crept out of the hole. Now they were indeed delivered from their fetters and close confinement; but the gates were locked, and both yard and castle were surrounded by a wall several cubits in height, so that a further escape from these dismal premises seemed wholly impossible. At this moment they discovered that some carpenters who had been at work at one place, had there piled up the chips

against the wall. They mounted this pile, and with much exertion got to the top of the wall from which they leaped down into the miry ditch. During all this time, a little girl had been watching their motions. As they passed her, Beck said to her : “ if you will hold your tongue, I will give you a piece of gingerbread on our return.” No sooner, however, did she see them leaping from the wall, than she ran and told the guard of their elopement. He immediately hurried to the church to give the alarm, when instantly, on receiving the news, the congregation broke up. A number of their enemies mounted their horses, and taking their greyhounds with them, went at full speed, in pursuit of the poor prisoners.

Edwin. Oh, how I feel for these innocent sufferers ! After their hair-breadth escape from the walls of their horrid dungeon, I can't see how they could a second time escape their mortal enemies, who were pursuing them with the swiftness of an eagle.

Mr. Fox. What David said concerning his own experience, when the Lord delivered him from the hand of all his enemies, and from the hand of the implacable Saul, these men of God

could apply to their case, when they finally came to a place of safety. (Ps. xviii. 16—19.) “*He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters ; He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me ; for they were too strong for me. They prevented me in the day of my calamity ; but the Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also into a large place ; he delivered me, because he delighted in me.*” Those hounds, which the enemy calculated should seal their destruction, eventually were made instrumental in facilitating and completing their escape. After they had left the prison, and had run about two miles, they entered a forest ; when, looking back, they beheld their pursuers almost at their heels. Fortunately for them, however, a man was travelling along the road from Jagerndorf, and having passed him, they altered their course, and struck into the woods on their left. This man was presently attacked by the hounds, by which means they gained upon their enemies in the new course they had entered upon. The hounds then quitting the man, followed his track in the road, the horsemen galloping after them.

Emma. Well, this was, indeed, a wonderful escape. I think if I had been in a case like this, I would never have forgotten such signal deliverance.

Mr. Fox. Nor did Beck and his companion. He remarks in his narrative: "with what praise and gratitude we spent the day, and how happy we felt in our minds, I shall never forget all the days of my life." And ever after, to the last year of his life, it was his regular custom to celebrate the anniversary of his miraculous escape and delivery, as a day of public, as well as private thanksgiving to the Lord among his brethren.

Crantz, in his history of the Greenland mission of the United Brethren, makes mention of the celebration of one of these anniversaries, in the following words:

"When the missionary Beck, on his memorial day, (May 1, 1762,) called to mind (in the presence of the Greenland congregation,) how thirty years ago the angel of the Lord had delivered him in a miraculous manner out of prison, where he had suffered bonds for the sake of the gospel—how he had safely conducted him to the church at Herrnhut (the

very name of which he had never heard till then,)—and how he was subsequently sent by this church to Greenland, where he had now the pleasure to see two congregations of heathen converts established, he fell on his knees with his hearers, and returned thanks unto the Lord for all the mercy vouchsafed unto him and his Greenland brethren during the past thirty years. Many burst into tears, and after service came to him, exclaiming: “What shall we render unto the Lord for his great love manifested unto us, and for his goodness in sending his messengers to call us unto himself?” The only, and indeed the best reply he could make, was, “O let Christ’s passion ever, till soul and body sever, deep in your hearts engraved remain! Ye are commanded to show forth the Lord’s death till he come!”

Edwin. I am anxious to hear how our worthies got to Herrnhut.

Mr. Fox. As it is said of Abraham, (Heb xi. 8.) “that he went out, not knowing whither he went,” so they likewise journeyed they knew not whither. Ignorant of any place where God’s true children dwelt,—igno-

rant of the very existence of a Moravian church, clad in mean clothes, without a penny in their possession, they were of course obliged to hide themselves in the woods. Having spent several days without food, and feeling the cravings of extreme hunger, Beck ventured to go into a mill, and to beg a woman for a bit of bread, who, to his joy and surprise, gave him half a loaf and some butter in addition. Returning with this gift to his hungry companion, with tears of joy they gave thanks unto the Lord, and shared the blessing together.

Emma. 'This affecting account makes me think of the passage in Psalm cvii., which so beautifully describes the case of our travellers. "They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses. And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation."

Mr. Fox. Having been to Breslau on se

veral occasions, and knowing that Christians of the Lutheran persuasion lived there, they now shaped their course in that direction. Having again travelled several days without food, hunger at last compelled them to ask a piece of bread from some charitable people. It so happened that they entered a Prussian village near the city of Strehlen, where a farmer, whose wife was a native of Rosnitz, received them in a very humane manner. After staying there several days, they were told, that people of religious sentiments such as they held, lived at a place called Herrnhut, in Upper Lusatia. From that moment they had no rest in their minds, but longed to see Herrnhut, because they found nothing but moral desolation every where, and hoped there to meet with a body of people who loved the Saviour supremely, and each other cordially, the very thing they were in quest of.

But as Beck had been instrumental in converting his youngest sister Elizabeth, and she, before his imprisonment, had entreated him not to be unmindful of her, if ever the Lord

should bring him to any of his faithful followers, he now resolved to fulfil his engagement to her; and accordingly, a fortnight after his escape from his prison, he retraced his steps to lead her also out of the country.

At the village of Pummerswiz he learned, that after he had left the prison, his father had been put in confinement for several days, but that he had since been set at liberty. From this place he departed at night, and brought out his sister without the knowledge of his parents, although the whole family slept in the same apartment. Calling her softly by name through an open window, she instantly answered: "Don't you see any of the watch about the house? Go into the garden and I shall be there immediately." Having left the bedroom in her undress, she joined him in the garden, exclaiming: "This is a miracle wrought by God! He has sent his angel before you to protect you; for ever since your elopement, government have every night placed sentinels about our house, charging them to deliver you up, dead or alive, in case you should make your appearance!"

They journeyed under the gracious protection of a Saviour's providence, without pass or money, barefooted and meanly clothed, and although necessity compelled them almost every night to sleep in the open air, and they often lost their course in the woods during dark and rainy nights, yet they safely arrived at Herrnhut, May 31, 1732, one day before Whitsuntide. Here they were received with great cordiality and affection by Count Zinzendorf and his Brethren.

In the fall of the year 1733, Beck once more travelled into his native country, and brought out from thence John Hadwig, and his own eldest sister Aune, who had both expressed a great desire to emigrate. After taking an affectionate leave of his parents, he returned once more to Herrnhut, with these friends, under the safeguard of his Almighty Protector.

Towards the close of this year, Count Zinzendorf said to him in a meeting of the Brethren: "So, you are resolved to go to Greenland? Indeed you look much like a

Greenlander!" He replied: "I am the Lord's, let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight." And indeed that Lord, who had now thoroughly furnished his chosen instrument unto all good works, speedily cleared the way for him, so that on the 10th of March, 1734, he left Herrnhut for Greenland, in company with Frederic Bøhnish, another devoted missionary; they arrived there on the 19th of August.

On the 2nd of June, 1738, Beck was favoured to be instrumental in the conversion of the first Greenland convert to Christianity who, in holy baptism, received the name of Samuel.

Edwin. O yes, I remember reading the interesting account of Samuel Kajarnak's conversion in the "Sketches of Moravian missions."

Mr. Fox. I must refer you to that little book, as well as to Cranz's History of the Greenland mission, for further particulars of the wonderful success that attended the labours of Beck, Bøhnish, Stach, &c., in this mission. I shall content myself with giving you an account of the peaceful and triumphant departure

of Brother Beck out of this vale of tears. March 10th, 1777, he once more remembered with gratitude the great things the Lord had done for him during the period of forty-three years, that had elapsed since his departure from Herrnhut. The colic, which had often attacked him during the last eighteen years of his life, seized him violently on the 11th. On the 16th he was somewhat better, but on the 17th the pain returned with so much severity, that both himself and his family saw that his hour was almost come. He then took an affectionate leave of his wife, (the sister of the missionary Stach, whom he had married in 1736,) commended her in prayer to the Lord and laying his hand upon her head, he gave her his parting blessing. He then sent for Brother Meyer, his fellow labourer, who was just on the point of meeting the communicant members of Lichtenfels. This meeting was accordingly postponed, which made the Greenland brethren and sisters suspect that their dear teacher must be very low.

Brother Meyer having entered the room, the dying man of God thus addressed him: "I am very weak, and shall probably go to

my Saviour. All my concerns with Him are settled. He sought me and drew me to Himself out of mere love and mercy. I have been exceedingly favoured to serve him in my small degree in the Greenland mission; and all I could do, I did with cheerfulness and alacrity. Still I know that I have been a great debtor and have often been to blame. But my dear Saviour has pardoned all my sins, and now I hope he will, according to his good pleasure, take me to himself." Having taken a heart-affecting leave of all the missionaries present, he laid himself quietly down and prayed: "O, dear Saviour! uphold my weak frame and ease my pains! But ah! what are my sufferings when compared to thine! O, the anguish, the agony of death which thou hast endured." His sufferings in the night succeeding the 17th, were so excruciating, that he confessed he had never before spent so painful a night. No medicine taking any effect, his only and last solace was prayer to, and communion with the Saviour. On the 19th, at two o'clock in the morning, he desired Brother Meyer to give him the last benediction. Having himself uncovered

his venerable head, the blessing of the Lord was bestowed upon him, under a powerful sensation of the divine presence, and the tears of the bystanders manifested, how deeply they deplored the loss of so worthy a man. According to his wish, repeatedly expressed, he was permitted to retain the full possession of his mental faculties to the last moment of his life. At four o'clock at length arrived the moment, when his beloved Friend beckoned his faithful servant away into the mansions of rest, in the 71st year of his life. During the forty-three years of his ministry in Greenland, he baptized 450 persons of that nation, which affords one proof among many others, that he was not slothful, but always abounding in the work of the Lord, and that his labours were not vain in the Lord.

Emma. Indeed, father, the account of his last moments is so affecting, I can hardly refrain from shedding tears.

Mr. Fox. I have myself been much edified while reflecting on the exemplary piety, devotedness, humility and resignation of this worthy missionary.

CONVERSATION V.

Edwin. SISTER, what is the name of that Moravian Brother, whose portrait we saw some time last year, in Heckewelder's narrative ?

Emma. I think it was the Rev. David Zeisberger.

Edwin. Yes, that's the name. Oh do, father, tell us something about this good man. I know nothing more about him, than that he was a missionary of the Moravian Brethren, among the North American Indians, many years.

Mr. Fox. I most cheerfully will do so ; but as you know our conversation hour is necessarily short to-day, you must be content with merely some of the most striking incidents in his long, laborious, useful and eventful life.

David Zeisberger was born April 11th, 1721, at Zauchtenthal in Moravia ; he was consequently, in the strictest sense of the word, a Moravian, and in after life proved himself to be one of the genuine stamp, by his humility

and perfect devotedness to the cause of the Redeemer. To escape from persecution, his family, consisting of his parents, a brother and a sister, and himself, emigrated by night from their native village, leaving all their property behind. Young Zeisberger was but five years old when he arrived with his father's family at Herrnhut, where he distinguished himself by his diligence at school. In 1736, Count Zinzendorf took him to Holland, where, the Brethren treating him, according to the mode of education then current among them, as he thought, with too great severity, if not with injustice, he secretly left the place of his abode, in company with another youth from Moravia, whose name was Shober. They went on board a vessel bound for Georgia, where they knew the Brethren had commenced a settlement. The members of the colony, and in particular the parents of Zeisberger, who had arrived there before with the other colonists, were greatly surprised at the unexpected appearance of these youths. But with all their joy at seeing him again, his parents and the company were much concerned about him, as they were poor, and had but little for their own subsistence.

Yet He, under whose protection he had safely crossed the ocean, knew how to provide for his daily subsistence, as well as for that of the whole colony.

He had been but a few weeks in Georgia, when he experienced a remarkable preservation of his life. Having heard the Brethren complain of the great damage done to their rice fields, in the night by the deer, he secretly took a loaded gun and repaired to the spot where the deer used to enter the field. Their entrance was under a fallen tree, which rested upon another one. He climbed up the former about fifteen feet high, and had not kept his seat a great while, before two deer approached the spot. As they were in the act of passing under the tree, he fired; but the gun, which had been heavily charged, gave him such a shock that he fell backwards to the ground. How long he lay there in a swoon he could not himself tell. On recovering his senses, his head having been severely hurt by the fall, he wiped the blood from his face, and discovered the dead deer lying near him; but the fowling piece he could not find. When he made his appearance at home, the

Brethren were shocked at the sight, kindly dressed his wounds and went out and brought home both the deer and the gun.

In 1740 he moved with the colony to Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, where a variety of incidents contributed to induce him, to devote himself, out of gratitude to the Saviour, to the missionary cause. Diligently improving his talent for acquiring foreign languages, he soon made himself master of several Indian dialects. In 1745 he travelled with bishop Spangenberg, for the first time, to Onondago, the seat of the great council of the Iroquois Indians. On their return from that place their stock of provisions was at one time exhausted. A green lawn afforded them a comfortable resting place, but nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Having cast many a wishful glance at each other, bishop Spangenberg arose, and in friendly mood thus addressed Zeisberger: "Come, David, make haste and get your fishing tackle ready to catch a mess of fish for us." He replied; I would readily make the attempt, if there were the least prospect of catching any fish; the fish do not stay in such clear shallow water, particularly

at this season of the year, for at present they are all in deep water. Shebosh, their companion, confirmed this assertion. Spangenberg, however, continued: "But if I, notwithstanding, say: 'David, go and fish!' you will do so this time from mere obedience." David having consented to go, the bishop then said: "Go a little farther out into the water, that from my greensward I may have the pleasure of witnessing your skill in fishing." While Zeisberger and Shebosh were stepping into the water, they said to each other: Our dear brother Spangenberg knows very little about fishing; no wonder, however—it is something out of his line. Filled with surprise, they were soon ready to take back their declaration, for Shebosh had enough to do merely to watch the large fish that Zeisberger caught. On returning to their resting place, Spangenberg smiling, observed, "Ah! my brethren! have we not a kind heavenly Father?" Not only were they enabled for the present to satisfy the cravings of hunger, but they also had a supply left, which, according to the Indian fashion, they dried at a fire and then took with them to serve them on their further

journey. Or this occasion Zeisberger's faith in the gracious providence of God was so firmly established, that ever afterwards, during the whole of his ministry, he ventured every thing upon the help and support of the Lord, and never suffered himself to be dissuaded from his purpose, whenever he had the good of perishing souls in view.—On another occasion, when they were much distressed for want of provisions for several days, they found a quarter of a bear, which an Indian, not being able to carry it with him, had hung up at the side of the road, for the benefit of those that might happen to come that way.

Edwin. While you were relating, father, how these pious men were supplied with fish in so seasonable a manner, I thought of the miraculous draught of fishes with which our Saviour favoured his disciples, when they had toiled all night and caught nothing.

Emma. I suppose the same power that furnished the one draught, bestowed the other also.

Mr. Fox. Unquestionably; for it is said, “the Lord giveth to all their meat in due season; he openeth his hand and satisfieth the de-

sire of every living thing." But we will now resume Zeisberger's history. From 1745 till 1750, he was almost constantly travelling and preaching among different Indian nations; having either the bishops Cammerhof and Spangenberg, or else the Brethren Post and Mack with him, as his fellow-travellers. Towards the close of 1750 he went on a visit to Europe, where count Zinzendorf, at Herrnhut, had a long conversation with him concerning his labours among the Indians, and acknowledged him to be a chosen vessel of God for the good of these people. He confirmed his call to this mission, and with this view recommended him in an especial manner to the Divine blessing. Thus having his province distinctly marked out to him, Zeisberger, on his return to America, was enabled to resume his favourite pursuits with so much the greater confidence and activity. During the following ten or twelve years, he and other missionaries that accompanied him, had to suffer incredible hardships; so that the Indians were often greatly surprised to see the Brethren, who might have lived so comfortably at home, out of mere love to them, take up with coarse fare,

oreven suffer hunger. November 24th, 1755 being the day on which the house of the missionary Brethren, on Mahony creek, was attacked and burnt, and eleven persons were murdered by hostile Indians, Zeisberger was sent as a messenger, carrying letters which he was to deliver that same evening at both places, Gnadenhutten on the Lehigh, and the establishment on the Mahony, about half a mile from the former. Having arrived at Gnadenhutten, at the house of the missionaries Mack and Grube, they did not think it safe for him to cross the Mahony the same evening, particularly as hostile Indians were known to be lurking in the neighbourhood. But he would by no means be dissuaded from executing the commission he had received; bidding the missionaries good night, he mounted his horse and rode off. Mack being seized with anxious forebodings concerning his fate, ran after him and earnestly begged him to return but he would not yield to any solicitations, but rode on. He had hardly got into the middle of the Lehigh, when Mack distinctly heard the firing on the Mahony, and called out to him

to return. Zeisberger, not hearing the report of the firearms, on account of the rushing of the water, rode quite across the Lehigh; but at last he was prevailed upon to retrace his steps. As soon as he came up to Mack, who stood waiting for him on the bank of the river, they saw the country in the direction of the Mahony illuminated by fire; from whence they concluded that the buildings belonging to the Brethren on that creek were in flames. Shortly after, this supposition was confirmed by the arrival of Joseph Sturgis, a youth who had escaped the murderous hands of the incendiaries. Zeisberger, immediately after the receipt of the tragical news, hastened back to Bethlehem, where he arrived in the morning at 3 o'clock. In regard to this gracious preservation of his life, he often expressed himself to this effect: "Had I come sooner, or a little later to the missionaries on the Mahony, I should have run right into the hands of the enemy; but such was not the Saviour's will; I was destined to serve him longer in his vineyard."

Emma. How plainly was the Scripture

declaration verified in this case : ‘All things work together for good unto them that love God !’

Mr. Fox. Yes, and not only in reference to Zeisberger’s narrow escape, but also in regard to the poor sufferers in that tragical scene. Men of the world, indeed, consider it very distressing case to die under such circumstances ; but pious people know and believe that such a death to them is for their good because it terminates not only all their sorrows and sufferings here, but at once brings them to the full possession of an eternal weight of glory

To give you some idea of the sufferings of the missionaries in those days, while traveling in the Indian country, and of the hardships some of the devoted heralds of the cross have to undergo to this day, I will give you a short account of Zeisberger’s journey, which, in 1767, he undertook to the Ohio, along the banks of which Indians were reported to be living, that were anxious to hear the gospel. This was enough for his ardent spirit. Without regarding the obstacles, hardships and trials he

might meet with on the way, he set out in company with Anthony and John Papunhank, two pious Indian assistants; the whole Indian congregation at Friedenshuetten (Peace-cabins) uniting in prayer for their preservation on this dangerous journey. Frequently they had to travel over plains many miles in length, called prairies, overgrown with such high grass, that a man on horseback was entirely concealed in it; and when either dew or rain had fallen, our travellers were completely drenched by it. The farther they penetrated, the more frightful the wilderness appeared, and it cost them immense labour to work their way through the thickets. After a march of four days through such a country they found the first hut in the woods, in which they took their lodging for the night; for so far they had always slept in the open air, wrapping themselves up in their blankets and suffering great inconvenience from the continual rains.—The result of this visit to the heathen Indians was such, that through the bold, spirited and affectionate addresses

of Zeisberger and his assistants, and the evident blessing of God resting on their labours, a desirable door was opened for the preaching of the gospel among them. Accordingly, in April of the following year, Zeisberger, attended by bishop Ettwein, and the Brethren Heckewelder and Angerman,* set out on a journey to the Ohio, which lasted five weeks, in hopes of forming a missionary establishment there. This company were in great danger of losing their lives in a shocking manner, the first night of their stay at Wajomick. Ogden, a trader, the only white man at the place, entertained them very hospitably. The dwelling of this man consisted of two small buildings adjoining each other; in one were stored his goods which he kept for sale, and in the other several kegs of powder were deposited. He slept in the store-room, from which a door opened into the powder magazine; another opened into it from the outside. A change of weather threatening to come on, he prepared a couch of straw for his guests in the powder magazine

* Consult Heckewelder's History

requesting them, in the most friendly terms, on no account to smoke tobacco in the apartment, not only because some grains of powder might lie scattered upon the floor, but chiefly because several kegs had been opened. At bed time Mr. Ogden placed a lighted candle in his store, in such a situation that it could throw sufficient light through the middle door, until the whole company had retired to rest. Angerman, however, in order to examine and bind up his wounded feet, wished to have the candle placed nearer to himself. The landlord, and the rest of the company, represented to him the danger to which he would expose himself and them; but he ceased not to plead for it, promising neither to bring the candle in contact with the straw, nor to blow it out, but to leave it standing on the sill of the door, and then to extinguish it on the outside of the house. Mr. Ogden finally gave way to his request, and then shut the middle door. They now laid down, after once more charging Angerman to be careful with the light. They soon fell asleep, and he too was overpowered by sleep, before he had extinguished the

light.—Next morning Zeisberger took Heckewelder aside into the woods, there drew the candle out of his pocket, and, in confidence, said to him : “ If during the preceding night we had not had an invisible guard placed over us, we should all have been blown to atoms, and no soul could have known how it happened. I was fast asleep after the great fatigue I had undergone, when suddenly I felt a shock, as though some one were rousing me by force. I jumped up, and behold ! the candle was burnt down on one side, and just on the point of dropping in a blaze on the straw. To prevent this accident, there was but one moment left. From that instant all sleep was banished from my eyelids—one chill after another thrilled through my veins ! Thanks be to our Lord for this extraordinary preservation of our lives ! ”

Emma. This wonderful preservation of these servants of God, brings to my remembrance the saying of David, (Ps. xxxiv. 7.) “ The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.”

Eduia. And I have to think of the text I

committed to memory for our last Sunday-school "All his saints are in Thy hand!"

Mr. Fox. Yes, it is still true in our days, as it was in the time of Moses and David, that the Lord preserveth the souls and bodies of his saints. But I have an engagement, that demands my immediate attention; we shall therefore conclude our conversation this evening.

CONVERSATION VI.

Edwin. WELL, I am happy we are again met under the shade of our noble pear-tree ; I hope we shall hear something further about Zeisberger.

Emma. Will you please, father, to continue the interesting narrative concerning him ?

Mr. Fox. You will remember, it is my design to confine myself principally to interesting anecdotes from his valuable life, rather than to give you a regular narrative, because that would lead us too far. I may on the whole, remark, that the labours of this untiring apostle of the Indians were most singularly blest by the great Head of the church ; and the collecting and establishing a number of flourishing Christian Indian congregations, in different parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio, was, under God, chiefly owing to his great and persevering exertions in the good cause. During the great revival, for instance, which took place at Schoenbrunn,* one of these Indian congre-

* Schoenbrunn, (beautiful spring,) a name given by Zeisberger.—See Moravian Mis. p. 105.

gations in Ohio, his biographer tells us, that Zeisberger had his full share of the work. His heart leaped for joy, when he was favoured to be an eye-witness to the powerful effects, which the word, preached by him and his fellow-labourers, had upon the hearts of the hearers. No strange Indian came into the village but heard the gospel, and daily there were some of them on a visit to the place; numbers did not leave it again, but immediately asked for permission to stay; a spark of grace had fallen into the hearts of others, which afterwards induced them to call again, and to remain. These happy days the missionary ever after held in grateful remembrance.

In 1779, Zeisberger, being once on the point of returning from Lichtenau, another missionary station, whither he had gone on a visit, to Schoenbrunn, a faithful friend from Sandusky brought him the news, that a party of murderers had been deputed by the governor of Detroit, and were already in the neighbourhood, being charged to take the missionary alive, or bring away his scalp. His friends therefore tried all in their power to prevail on him to stay at Lichtenau—the more so, as he

had but *one* Indian to accompany him. But he replied with great calmness and composure ; “ My destiny is in the hands of God ; how often has Satan attempted to cast me down ; but he is not permitted to effect his purpose. I go ! ” Seeing him so resolute, they determined that, at least, a safeguard of valiant Indians should accompany him ; but as these could not get themselves in readiness so soon, he took leave of the Brethren, and rode off. God however permitted him to strike into a wrong path, without his being aware of it. The four Brethren, having started an hour later than he, on coming to the spot where the road forked, saw Zeisberger, who in the mean time had discovered his mistake, riding back, and thus they providentially met together. Had he taken the right road, it would have been impossible for these Brethren to have overtaken him before he met the hostile party ; the latter meeting them when they were only about ten miles from Lichtenau. Just at this juncture, some friendly Delawares, brave men, being out upon the chase, joined Zeisberger’s company, and immediately had recourse to their arms, in order to act upon the defensive, pro-

vided they were attacked. This however was unnecessary, as the enemy, on finding them upon their guard, presently departed.

Edwin. Oh, I was afraid the dear servant of God would certainly fall into their hands; I feel so happy that the angel of the Lord once more delivered him out of the snare that was laid for him!

Mr. Fox. He was not always so fortunate, for two years after, on his return from Bethlehem and Litiz, at which latter place he had married Susan Lekron, he and all his fellow-labourers were carried away captives to the river Sandusky, about 125 miles from the missionary stations. Heckewelder gives the following account of this tragical event. On the morning of the 3rd of September, a native assistant entered the mission-house at Gnadenhutten on the Muskingum, where the Brethren Zeisberger, Edwards, Senseman, and Heckewelder were assembled, and with tears in his eyes brought the news, that the savages would attack them that very day; but that the latter were not agreed among themselves, whether they would lead them away prisoners, or murder and scalp them. This intelligence had

been given to the native assistant by one of his relations, who had sat in their council, and was a friend to the Brethren. The missionaries, notwithstanding, rang the bell at the usual hour in the morning, to assemble the Indians for divine service; and as a great number of warriors came along with the Christian Indians, the spacious hall was not only crowded with people, but many stood on the outside of the doors.

After singing a hymn, brother Zeisberger read the text appointed for the day—"In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness I will have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." Isa. liv. 8. From these words he discoursed with such power and undaunted boldness, that the great part of his hearers, and among them many of the warriors were melted into tears. All the truly faithful members of the church, were, on this occasion, united together in one spirit, and formed the resolution, willingly and patiently to submit to every thing that God should suffer to befall them; others however, whose conversion was not sincere, were brought to consider their state, and at least

to be ashamed of their double-mindedness. But another blessed consequence of this memorable meeting was, by the mercy of God, the prevention of a terrible slaughter. The missionaries knew, that many of their Indian brethren would not remain indifferent spectators, in case their teachers should be assaulted and abused; and it was likewise known that many of the warriors loved the missionaries, and would, in connexion with their relations among the believing Indians, fight for them. The war council of the Hurons having been apprized of this, had therefore devised ways and means to assassinate them. Now brother Zeisberger had declared publicly, and in the name of all the missionaries, that they would willingly and without murmuring submit to every dispensation of Divine Providence; yea, that they would, as was the duty of every believer, pray for their enemies, and for all the warriors that had encamped around them. Doing so himself, at the conclusion of his discourse, the minds of the believing Indians were put at rest concerning their teachers; and the warriors who had been present at the meeting, could now announce to the council, that they

should meet with no resistance here. For this reason also, but three or four Indians laid hands on the missionaries, and, contrary to their custom on such occasions, treated them with comparative lenity, notwithstanding above 300 warriors were on the spot. At noon of said day, the Brethren Zeisberger, Senseman, and Heckewelder, standing together, a Monsey captain came running up to them, and asked the former, whether he alone would acknowledge himself as belonging to the nation of the Monseys, (a Delaware tribe,) and as their only teacher? Scarcely had they returned for answer: "Where *one* stays, there we *all* stay," when all three were seized and led into the camp of the Hurons. While they were being dragged along, a Huron galloped up to them with great impetuosity, and aimed his javelin at Senseman, but fortunately missed him. A wicked Monsey took them one after the other by the hair, and shaking their heads soundly, every time repeated these words, "Guaman gomel nimat!" i. e. "I salute thee, Brother!" This their arch enemy, who was a great reviler of the gospel, very well knew the mode of salutation current among the Bre-

thren, and having the teachers now in his power, he vented his indignation against them in this manner.

Emma. How much the conduct of these missionaries resembles that of our Saviour, of whom it is said, that “when he was reviled, he reviled not again, when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously.”

Mr. Fox. It was, you see, the grace of Christ which enabled them patiently to submit to these indignities; for if the spirit of Christ had not animated them, they would, like men of valour, probably have taken up arms in their own defence, or at least have instigated their people to do so; whereas the truth is this, they not only put down every attempt made by their people for this purpose, but at the demand of the savages even prevailed upon the believing Indians, in a body, to remove, and retire with them into the Sandusky wilderness, where, after having sustained at the three missionary stations a loss, amounting in value to more than \$12,000 they spent a most wretched winter, being almost perished with cold and famine. In March the missionaries

were informed, that they were to be brought as prisoners of war to Detroit. The separation from his dear flock grieved Brother Zeisberger beyond expression.

At parting he exhorted them with paternal tenderness, now their teachers were taken from them, to cleave the more firmly to their Saviour. On their way to Detroit, the missionaries received the heart-rending news of the tragical occurrence on the Muskingum, when 94 Christian Indians were cruelly murdered by a band of American assassins.

Edwin. Did the missionaries never return to those of their flock, who escaped this massacre ?

Mr. Fox. Yes, they afterwards commenced three or four new missionary establishments in succession, where they collected their scattered Indian flock ; but they were constantly compelled to change their places of abode by the machinations of their enemies and various other untoward circumstances, till in the fall of 1798, when we find Zeisberger returning with his assistant and their congregation to the Muskingum, where he commenced the missionary station at Goshen. This was the thirteenth

Christain Indian town that he laid out, and here he spent the last ten years of his life without any molestation from without, and in a constant state of activity.

It now remains for me to give you some account of the happy death of this champion of the cross. On the 5th of November, 1808, seeing his end approaching, he addressed himself to his fellow-labourer, Brother Mortimer, in the following terms : “ My strength is daily decreasing ; I believe that our Saviour intends to make this sickness the occasion of my dissolution. I have reviewed the whole of my past life before Him, and found abundant reason to crave his forgiveness. I rely upon his blood to cleanse me from all sin ; I know that I am *His*, and that he, with all his merits, is *mine*. Some of God’s children leave this world in triumph, but that is not my case. I go home *with the feelings of a poor sinner*. My soul the Saviour will take to heaven ; my sinful body I leave behind.” On the 12th he was entirely confined to his bed by a violent attack of the colic, which weakened him to such a degree, that it became evident this would hasten his dissolution. On the follow-

ing day he took an affectionate leave of his wife, thanking her most cordially for all the kindness she had ever shown him. Towards midnight the last blessing was pronounced over him by Brother Mortimer, at his own request. He was often found engaged in secret prayer, and sometimes broke out into this audible ejaculation ; “ Lord Jesus ! I pray thee, come and receive my spirit ! ” At one time, being in great pain, he prayed very fervently thus : “ Thou never yet didst forsake me in any distress whatsoever, neither wilt Thou forsake me *now* ! ” and soon after he exclaimed, as though he were sure that his prayer were heard : “ The Saviour is near, perhaps he will soon come and take me home ! ” Although he so ardently longed to be divested of this earthly tabernacle, yet he manifested not the least sign of impatience, but remained wholly resigned to the will of the Lord. That childlike faith, and that firm reliance upon the Saviour, whereby his life was so eminently distinguished, and which carried him through every trial and difficulty, even now, when death approached, bore away the palm of victory ; and the enjoyment of the

peace of God, which passes all understanding, kept his heart and mind in Christ Jesus.

On the 17th at noon, brother Heckewelder and some other Brethren from the neighbourhood, once more visited him. Being no longer able to express his thoughts in words, he expressed his inward joy by his smiles. Soon after the departure of those Brethren, a change being observed to take place in him, all the Indian brethren and sisters collected around the dying bed of their beloved teacher. Every now and then they cheered his passage to the tomb, by singing suitable hymns for him, which almost to the last moment of his life, he testified by signs was very agreeable to him. About half past 12 o'clock he breathed his last very quietly and without a groan. and entered the mansions of eternal rest, aged eighty-seven years, seven months, and six days.

Edwin. Oh what a happy death was his !

Emma. Well may every one who is desirous to emulate the faith and patience of this saint of God, pray with the poet :

1 Thus, O my Saviour, let me die
The righteous Christian's death ;

And let my last end be like his,
When I resign my breath.

2 Were *mine* such *faith*, such *hope*, such *love*
Such heaven-born *peace* serene—
Then might I call for instant death,
Swift to remove the screen.

3 Then too, my body might return
Unto its parent dust ;
My spirit wing its flight to God,
To whom return it must.

4 But ah ! while I myself confess,
Thy servant, Lord ! to be,
In truth I am compelled to say—
“ *Such zeal dwells not in me !*”

5 If *such* a deathbed be the test,
That mine 's the bliss of heav'n—
Then, dearest Lord ! let such great *grace*
To me at last be given !

THE END.

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