

You will ask, where were the means to come from for all this? Let Pastor Harms give us the answer.

"Then I knocked diligently on God's door in prayer, and since he who prays must not sit idle, I searched among the ships, but in vain. I wrote to missionaries, but my letters miscarried. Then one said to me, 'Why not build a ship, and so send as often as you will?' But how could I build without money? Everybody discouraged me, and some even hinted that I was not in my right mind; but I wrestled with God, and then I remembered that in the days of Luther, when Duke George was debating whether to intrust his soul to Christ or the Pope, a friend told him, 'Straightforward and direct fares the best.' So I thought, I have knocked long enough at men's doors. Now I will turn to God, for the work is for Him. So I laid the whole thing in His hands, and as I rose from my knees at midnight I startled myself crying, 'Forward now in the name of God,' and suspense was ended."

This now became his life work, and it seems as though God meant to show in him how much an obscure man, in the most unfavorable circumstances, can do for God when he sets himself to the work with his whole heart. We cannot recount all his buffetings, but the result was that the brig *Candace* was built at Harburg on the opposite shore of the Elbe from Hamburg. We may note here that even then his troubles were not over, for he was sorely tried by some of his captains, who had no sympathy with the work, and after some voyages the brig had to be sent to England and twenty feet added to her length: but we anticipate. Hermannsburg was now like a hive of bees. Everybody was at work for "*our* ship." The farmers brought in loads of produce, and the women and children were never idle; as fast as they finished one piece of work they commenced another, and soon all things were ready. Such a joint stock company this world has seldom seen, though the sight will not be so rare in the future as it has been in the past. Of the twelve missionaries, two had died and two more had proved unworthy, but eight were ordained after thorough examination. The colonists were ready, and the crew with the cargo all on board, and after a farewell sermon in the church the sixteen men stood up together (there was not a woman among them) and sang Luther's grand old hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*", to Luther's no less grand tune, written expressly for it. Next day they went to Hamburg, a long train of wagons bearing through the streets at early dawn the stores provided by the villagers. Even the whole population accompanied them for some distance, singing their favorite hymns. A few, with Pastor Harms at their head, marched through the streets of Harburg, and had a service on deck before the vessel sailed.

Oct. 28, 1853, the anchor was hoisted and the good ship sailed down the Elbe and out into the sea at Caxhaven. I said there were no women on board. Three years later there was a great marriage feast in South Africa, when the same vessel brought out the betrothed of the missionaries.