

ness and enthusiasm and ambition as though he were ministering to a highly cultured people in some conspicuous and wealthy parish.

So real and great was his humility that he often expressed his surprise that he was called to such a noble service ; that the Indians should have any respect for him, or show him any attention, or that any good should come from his labors. His *privations and hardships* likewise were such a few missionaries have ever experienced. An extract or two will serve to introduce the reader to his mode of life :

" My diet consists mostly of hasty-pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes, and sometimes a little meat and butter. My lodging is a little heap of straw, laid upon some boards a little way from the ground, for it is a log room without any floor, that I lodge in. . . . I have now rode more than 3,000 miles [on horseback] since the beginning of March [8 months]. . . . Frequently got lost in the woods. . . . At night lodged in the open woods. . . . Crept into a little crib made for corn and slept there on the poles."

And yet not one word of complaint do we hear from him. Even in his times of extreme melancholy and dejection, and they were frequent ; when sick and racked with pain ; when lonely and disconsolate, not one breath of murmur rises to heaven. His forest home was often a "Bochim," or as the "valley of Baca," as it respected the outward man and his surroundings. And yet, even then and there, like Jesus after the temptation of the wilderness, angels comforted him and his soul often exulted while he magnified the God of his salvation, "who giveth songs in the night."

5. *He exemplified the law of Christian meekness and forgiveness in a pre-eminent degree.* The unusual attention which his extraordinary career and saintly character attracted, at home and abroad ; the sympathy and interest manifested in him by many of the most eminent ministers of his day, among whom were Jonathan Edwards, Bellamy, the Tennants, Pemberton, Aaron Burr, and Jonathan Dickinson, and the high esteem in which he was held by the Christian world, especially toward the close of his life, did not tend in the least to elate him. On the contrary—as in all cases of real and eminent worth and superiority—it only tended to make him more humble ; it induced Christian meekness, and filled him with a profound sense of his unworthiness. The expressions of this feeling in his journal are frequent, emphatic, and evidently sincere.

In all the annals of human life and experience, excepting those of the God-Man, we have no more striking example of *Christian forgiveness than the life of BRAINERD furnishes.* Take a single particular.

He was *wronged*—wronged as few men in similar circumstances ever were wronged. He was wronged by a public institution ; wronged before the world ; nay, it is not uncharitable to say that he was persecuted, insulted, outraged, and all redress refused, and that against the united, solemn, and earnest protest of such men as President Ed-