

cially, as the natives themselves would enter into no conversation with them; and as if inspired by the Wicked One himself, even stole away the manuscripts which had cost so much trouble. But the invincible love of the Missionaries for these poor savages, cheered them in their tedious task, and fortified their minds against desponding reflections.

Two hundred families, amounting to perhaps 2,000 souls, were at that time resident in Ball's River, but they were scattered among the islands and bays, to fish, catch seals, and hunt deer; and, towards winter, they made voyages to their acquaintance, upwards of a hundred leagues, north or south. A life so wandering left the Brethren but little hopes of gaining access to them, still less of making any permanent impression on their minds. No proffered advantages could tempt them to remain for any length of time at the Colony. Some, indeed, paid a passing visit to the Brethren, but it was only from curiosity to see their buildings, or to beg needles, fish-hooks, knives, and other such articles, if not to steal. If the Brethren sought them out in the islands, they seldom found any one who would give them a lodging even for pay; and, instead of entering into discourse with them, they were continually asking whether they did not intend to be gone.

Temper and Spirit of the Brethren in Extremities.

In a letter written to his brother in Hernehut, about this time, Matthew Stach says:—

Though far distant from you in body, I feel myself joined to you in spirit; forasmuch as we both have enlisted under the same banner, and are become soldiers of Christ, though serving in different companies. I am here upon a recruiting party, to bring souls to Him and his salvation. We have named our settlement New Hernehut,

to show that we are under the guidance of the same spirit which rules in your place.

The dreadful ravages of the small pox which took place at this period, are thus spoken of by Crantz:—

As the nation now seemed to be almost extirpated, and the country round New Hernehut was shunned as the nest of the plague, the Brethren had enough to damp their ardor. But repeated strokes of adversity had taught them firmness; they had often before beheld and adored the wonderful ways of God; and they came from a place where they had seen the words of the Apostle realized—*He calleth the things which are not as, though they were.* Their desire to spend their lives in the service of the heathen, had not been a hasty impulse; and they were steadily resolved to wait for years, before they would relinquish their aim. When, therefore, they were advised to return, as the land was depopulated, they cheerfully replied—“God's ways are not as man's ways. He who called us hither, can still keep us to fulfill His purpose.”

Temper of the Natives.

The second year of the Mission, 1784, was entered on under the same discouraging circumstances as had marked the progress of the first. But the Brethren dilligently occupied themselves in searching out the resorts of the natives, and in labouring to do them good. It will appear from the following extract, that the temper of the people was sufficiently trying.

Toward the end of the year the Brethren were rejoiced by the re-appearance of some of the Natives. They assumed a very friendly deportment, and were very fluent in flattering expressions, by which they endeavour to soothe the Europeans into liberality. As long as the conversation turned on seal catching or the state of other countries, they listened with pleasure; but as soon as religious to-