

ing to my father's being counted a heretic, and the young men of the village shunning his connexions. Whenever I visited him, his words penetrated into my heart, and brought back my former reflections.

When I was sixteen, I moved to Zauchenthal, a place noted for licentiousness; and, alas! soon began to relish it myself. However, God was pleased to bless the frequent admonitions of a friend of my father's, called Melchior Conrad; who, by representing the dangers which I was exposed to, prevailed on me to resolve, that as soon as I could save a little money, I would leave the country, and join the emigrants who then had settled at Hernnhut, in Upper Lusatia; but, being at my father's house on Palm Sunday, it happened that a cousin of mine, Martin Franke, was there, from Hernnhut; and I felt a great desire to accompany him on his return. He endeavored, by every argument, to dissuade me from taking this step; painting in lively colors, the poverty, hardships, and distress, which the emigrants had to struggle with, and how much worse my outward condition would be: all this, joined to the pain that my father felt at the thought of parting with me, had nearly over-set my resolution: but it soon returned with redoubted force, till at last I packed up my linen in a bundle, and went to take a final leave of my father. On seeing me firmly determined to go, he began to describe the difficulties which he had labored under to provide something for me; "and now," said he, "you are going to

leave me, just when, according to the course of nature, you would have soon stepped into your inheritance; but," added he, "if your wish to emigrate originates from a pure desire to save your soul, and to enjoy liberty of conscience, I would not on any consideration in the world detain you." It is impossible for me to tell what comfort I felt at this last speech of my father's. I remained concealed in his house that night; and the next morning, before day-break, my cousin, two other brethren, and I, set out on our journey. In the forest of Troppau we rested a little, and I prayed earnestly to the Lord to grant me strength to proceed; for the want of sleep, for two nights had almost broken me down. At night, we arrived in Rosniz, where we celebrated the Easter holidays, and then soon reached Hernnhut safe.

Here I first lodged with my cousin, whose conversation and connexions proved a blessing to me. I soon found great difficulty in earning my bread. I served in the Orphan House for some time; then took to spinning wool. Many a day I subsisted on nothing but a bit of dry bread; and, in short, met with so many trials of this kind, that the brethren thought I should soon quit Hernnhut. But I never forgot my resolution, made before the lord, when I left my father's house, to persevere, should I ever suffer hunger, sickness, and death itself. Thus I looked up in faith to my heavenly Father, and trusted to his kind providence from day to day; nor did I lack any thing needful for the support of life.