

society to employ "two missionaries," the Commission which acted for it could find but *one*—so little interest was then felt in such a work. *One young man, solitary and unsupported, went forth into the wilderness*, in obedience to the Saviour's last command; and there with his single hands laid the foundations of Christ's kingdom in that field! It was an act of sublime heroism. He touchingly alludes, at times, to his "loneliness"—only Indians to associate with—no one to speak to in English, or commune with—wholly destitute of the comforts of civilized life—the only white man in a community of savage Indians, and many days' journey remote from a white settlement. His only mode of travel was on horseback, through dense and trackless forests; often obliged to "sleep out in the woods," exposed to dangers and hardships of every kind, often weary and sick, dejected and cast down, but never wavering in his purpose, never regretting his choice: incessantly at work, preaching, catechizing the Indians, moving among them like an angel of light, pleading with them in the name of Christ, and pleading their cause against greedy and unprincipled whites, who sought to corrupt and rob them (as is so often done in our time) as he had opportunity, and ceasing not his arduous and self-sacrificing labors for their temporal and spiritual welfare until his strength was finally exhausted and his life worn out. Then, by slow and painful journeys, he made his way back to his native New England to die!

Surely, whatever may be the case at present, there was no "romance" in missionary life in such an age, among such a people, in such surroundings, amid such repulsive scenes and conditions of physical and social life!

His, then, was not the dream of a visionary enthusiast. Had it been, his zeal would quickly have abated, and the enterprise been abandoned. But instead of being disgusted or disheartened by the terrible experiences which he encountered, he rose superior to them all, and prosecuted his mission with the zeal of a Paul, and made his life a "living oblation." His work grew in interest and love and dignity to the last. And when, finally, health and strength utterly failed him, under a constant strain upon his physical and mental energies, amidst severe privations and hardships, it cost him the bitterest pangs to cease his work and turn his back upon his "dear Indians" and abandon the field. And he ceased not his prayers and efforts in their behalf so long as life remained to him. Through the subsequent months of severe sickness, and while lying on his death-bed, his Indian mission was continually on his mind. Again and again was he heard to plead with God for its continued prosperity. His efforts also to interest his friends in it were unceasing; and he would not rest until he had induced his brother John, whom he "loved the best of any being on earth," to take his place and prosecute the great work which he had been compelled in the providence of God to relinquish.