

THE
CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

" ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN."

VOL. I.] MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1823. [No 21.

BYOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF MATTHEW STACH.

It has pleased the Lord of Missions greatly to distinguish with his blessing the missionaries sent out, during the last ninety years, by the small community of the Moravians. We think it of use to Christians generally to become acquainted with the characters of those eminent servants of God, who, with small means, but with almost incredible labor and patience, traversed oceans, settled in the most inhospitable climates, and carried the light of salvation into the darkest regions of the globe.

We copy the following article from the London Missionary Register for May last. It was compiled from the Moravian Periodical Accounts and from Crantz's History of Greenland.

Narrative of his Earlier Years.

This narrative is given in Mr. Stach's own words.

I was born at Mankendorf in Moravia, March 4th, 1711. My father, Christian Stach, was a pious man; and labored diligently, though under great oppression, in the Gospel, among the few remaining in Moravia,

The first occasion of my having serious impressions upon my mind was a circumstance apparently insignificant. I was sitting and crying, that, in a distribution of cake among my companions, I had been neglected. My father reprov'd me for it, and said, "Ah, my son, could I but once see thee weep as earnestly on account of thy sins!" These words pierced me to the heart, and I retained a lasting impression of them.

In the summer season, I was chiefly employed in tending cattle in the fields; and, in winter, my father taught me, at home, to read and write, fearing lest, if I went to school, I might be hurt by bad examples. He did not agree with the Roman Catholic custom of administering the sacrament to children of seven or eight years old, and therefore kept me from it. I remember about that age, to have been in great distress of mind about my soul's salvation, so that I often wished to have been any creature rather than a man.

In my twelfth year, I entered into service; and, being no more under my father's immediate inspection, soon got a hankering after the vanities and pleasures of the world; though I was not able to launch out as others did, ow-