AMONG THE RED INDIANS

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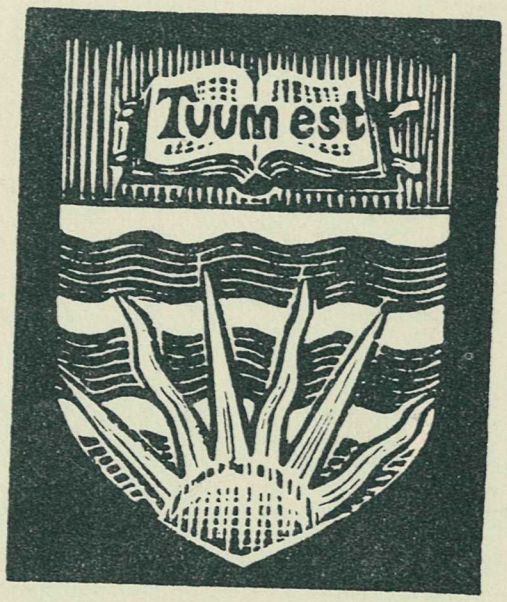

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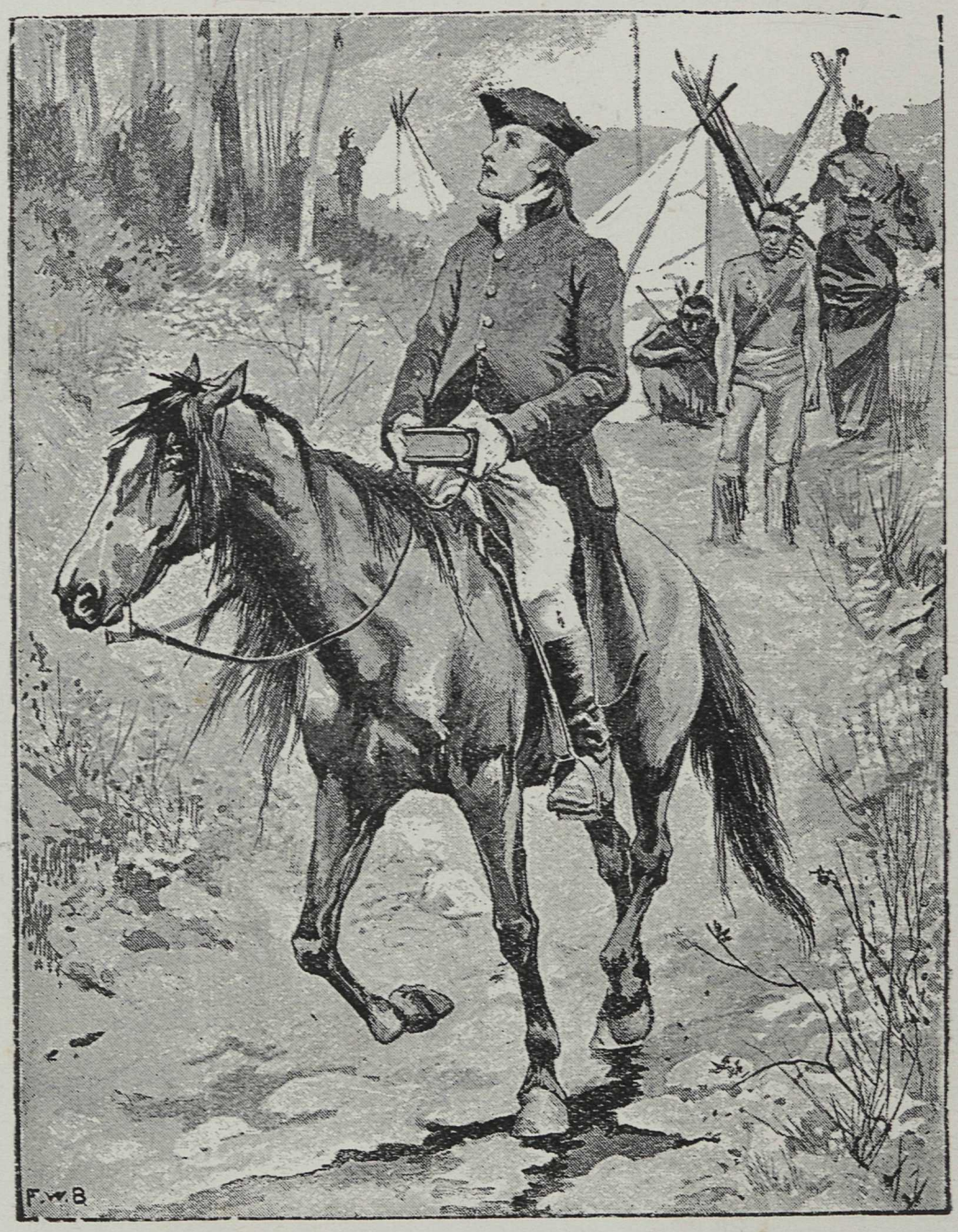
AMONG THE

RED INDIANS.

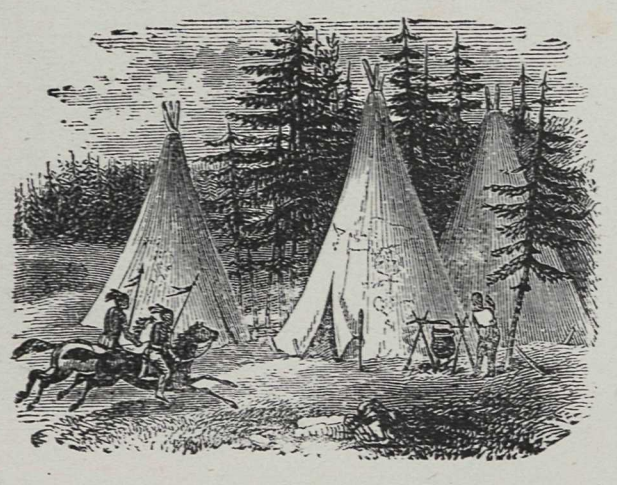


DAVID BRAINERD VISITING AN INDIAN CAMP.

AMONG
THE RED INDIANS;

OR,

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL IN THE LAND OF
THE WIGWAM AND THE TOMAHAWK.



Kilmarnock:
JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER,
AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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AMONG THE RED INDIANS.

The Circus Procession.

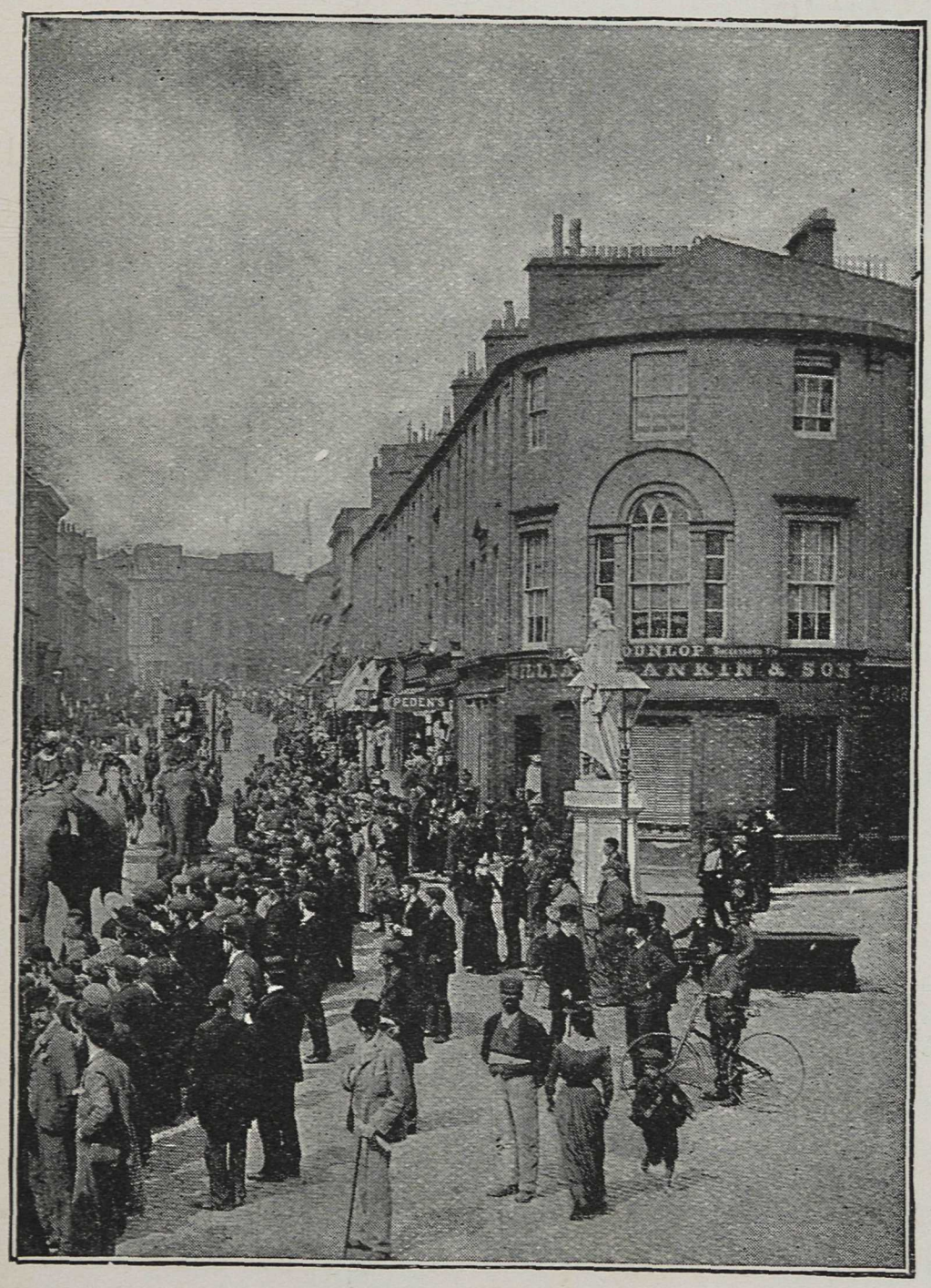
IT was the dinner hour. Groups of merry children trouped along the streets, on their way to school. As I passed a trio of ruddy lads I heard one say, "The circus procession is coming at half-past one, let us wait and see it. We won't be much late." "Oh," said the youngest boy, "we are to get till two to-day, so that we may see it. There is to be a real Red Indian chief, named *Buffalo Bill*, and a lot of Indian warriors and prairie hunters, all dressed in native fashion, and the teacher said it would never do to miss seeing them, so he gave us an extra

half-hour to see the procession." There was a general chuckle of pleasure all round among the lads at this information, but before they had time to say more about it, the sound of music fell upon my ears, and the three lads took to their heels and ran as fast as ever they could in the direction from whence it came. A few minutes later the procession, headed by a large golden car, drawn by twelve grey horses, appeared, followed by huge elephants, camels, and spotted ponies. But the chief attraction seemed to be a group of red-skinned warriors, mounted on horses, clad in robes and moccasins of skin, decked with furs and feathers, each carrying a bow, with a quiver full of arrows slung across his shoulder. These prairie warriors were a great attraction to the youngsters, and caused some of them to ask strange questions respecting them.

"Where do they live, and what do they work at?" said one little fellow, eager to get all the information that he could about the red-skinned braves.

"Their home is on the prairies of the North-West of America, where they have been driven by the white man; but once they held the whole of the country where now great cities, such as New York and Boston, stand, and instead of great buildings and broad streets, there stood rows of wigwams surrounded by wild prairies, where

buffalos and other wild animals were hunted in the chase. There are many tales and fictitious stories



THE CIRCUS PROCESSION.

found in books about these Indians and their

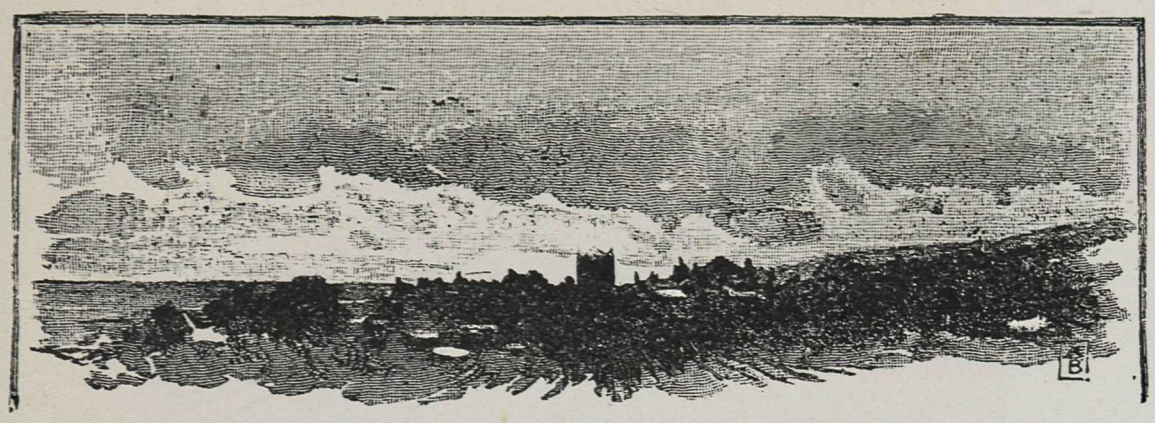
battles, but they are mostly full of horror and bloodshed, and not healthy reading for young folk."

"Is there no true story about them?" said one of the lads.

"If you will have your lessons early learned to-night, and all come up together, I will tell you something about those sons of the prairie, or rather of their forefathers, and I may be able to shew you some interesting pictures of the various tribes, the lives they lived, the wigwams in which they dwelt, and the dresses they wore, when, in days of old, they roamed and reigned as lords of the vast prairies. I read a very interesting story some time ago, of how the glad tidings of God's free salvation first reached the Red Indians of North America, and what trial and triumphs of faith were known by the Lord's servants who went into these wild regions to tell the story of redeeming love. This I will try and tell you also."

The boys were delighted, and scampered off to their lessons.

At eight o'clock, I found a goodly number of them had come to see my pictures, and hear my story of the Gospel's triumphs in the land of the tomahawk. The story which I told them that night, and to which the little group listened with evident interest, was briefly as follows.



Peeps at the Red Indians.

THE Red Indian, riding on his swift war-horse, over the wild prairies, dressed in his buffalo skins and plumes of gaudy feathers, his tomahawk and clasp-knife in his belt, his bow and poisoned arrows in his hand, is a figure familiar to most of us since our earliest days. It may be a question in how far the red-skinned warrior of thrilling tale and romance represents the real Indian of to-day, who in most cases lives quietly in his wigwam, with his squaw and little children, of whom he is very fond. The progress of civilization from without, drink, debauchery, and indolence from within, have reduced this once powerful race to a mere handful of wilderness rangers, fast dying out, or being driven as exiles

from their country, to be scattered among the nations of the earth.

And from this we may learn the solemn fact that sin indulged and persisted in, whether by a nation, a tribe, or an individual, sooner or later brings God's righteous judgment down from heaven. And so it has been with the North American Indians. But the sorrowful and shameful part of the story is that it was through contact with the white man, and what has been proudly called "civilization," that they learned the evil habits through which their ruin has been wrought, and it was from the greedy trader, eager to barter and make base gain, that they acquired the taste for strong drink, or, as they call it, "fire water," which has decreased them wholesale. And what the white man's drink began, his bullets are fast completing, so that in a very short time the red-skinned tribes of the far North-West will be no more.

In order to get a proper view of the Red Indians at home we must go back a long number of years, to the time when they were lords of the forests and prairies, with no white men to dispute their possession.

When Columbus set foot on the American Continent, in the 15th century, he found it peopled with Indians, and when two centuries later, the Pilgrim Fathers from England landed on its shores,

the copper-coloured natives bade them welcome. In these early days the country was one vast land of forests, plains, and prairies, and where the great cities with their majestic buildings and busy streets now stand, there was nothing save an Indian encampment here and there, with its tribe of warriors dressed in furs. From whom they were descended, or from whence they came, is beyond the reach of human investigation. Many guesses have been made, and men of science have traced their descent from European and other nations; but we need not linger over that, further than to say, that like the rest of us, they are part of a fallen race, ruined by sin, away from God, and in need of a Saviour. And when we remember that it is written in God's Word that He "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth" (Acts xvii. 26), we see that there is not so much difference between the skin-clad Indian in his wigwam, and the silk-clad and refined nobleman in his castle, as we might have supposed; for in God's sight all are alike, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 21).

The North American Indians of those early times were a great and powerful people, not so much given to plunder as in later years, although constantly at war amongst themselves. They were divided into a great many tribes, speaking

different languages, and in minor matters differing from each other. The remnants of some of these tribes exist still. The most numerous and warlike were the *Blackfeet*. They occupied the whole country from the source of the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and were "mighty hunters" of the prairie. The *Crows* were not so numerous, but were very skilled in war, and noble in appearance. They were of a very civil and friendly disposition, exceedingly tall in stature, and always dressed in white. The *Crees*, the *Cherokees*, the *Choctaws*, and the *Sioux*, all names that will be familiar to many as representing tribes of Indian warriors of whose daring deeds much has been written. And these do not by any means represent the whole of the tribes, for a traveller tells us that in the early part of the nineteenth century, he "visited forty-eight tribes, with a population of not less than four hundred thousand souls." With the exception of slight differences in stature and in dress, the North American Indians are very much alike, so that one general description of their appearance, their homes, and habits will suffice.

Their skin is of deep copper colour, their eyes and hair jet black, the latter being generally very long and straight. Tall, of slender build, and very agile, the Indian warrior bounds over the plain with great rapidity. His clothing consists of a

tunic of deerskin with moccasins of the same. If a warrior, he wears a broad band of embroidered

CHIEFS OF VARIOUS TRIBES.

work decked with porcupine quills, and fringed with locks of hair. These are procured from the

scalps of victims slain by him in battle, and are worn as trophies. A loose robe of buffalo bull hide is worn around the body, with the hairy side outward, and on the inner smooth skin, the chief battles he has fought are pourtrayed in rough drawings. Mounted on his swift horse, armed with lance and shield, the Indian brave presents a very striking figure, and when his anger is aroused, as unfortunately it has often been, he can inflict great damage to his foes. The women, or "squaws," are virtually slaves, and have to perform all the drudgery. The chiefs' wives dress in long robes of goats' skin, ornamented with beads, often lined with ermine. Their hair is divided above the forehead, and coloured at the parting with vermillion.

The ordinary dwelling is a lodge or wigwam. These consist of buffalo skins sewed together, after being dressed, supported on twenty to thirty pine poles, with an aperture at the top to allow the smoke to escape. These wigwams are quite waterproof and fairly comfortable. They are put up and taken down by the squaws, and it is perfectly marvellous how quickly they accomplish it. A camp of several hundreds of wigwams, at the signal of the chief, can be levelled in a very few minutes, and all packed for the march in an hour. They are usually very migratory, owing to wars, and also as a matter of necessity, for they must follow the

herds of buffalo wherever they roam, as they are chiefly dependent on their flesh for food, and their skins for clothing.

The religion of the Red Indians—if such it may be called—is a strange mixture of paganism and tradition. They believe in a kind of Deity they call the Great Spirit, whom they believe to have created all things. They hold the tradition of a deluge, through which eight persons were preserved alive to people the new world, which is just what God tells us did take place (Gen. viii. 16 with 1. Peter iii. 20). They believe in a good and bad Spirit, to which they attribute all that happens, and in common with all who are thus in continual connection with a supposed spirit-world, they have their priests, or "medicine men," as they are called by the Indians.

These "medicine, or mystery men," are really sorcerers, and are held in great reverence by the tribe to which they belong. In cases of sickness the "medicine man" is called in, not so much to prescribe, as to use incantations to the spirits for his recovery.

They present a hideous spectacle alike in their dress and their movements. When the "medicine man" is called, he approaches the camp where the sick person lies, in full dress, clad in all his robes of office. These consist of a long cloak,

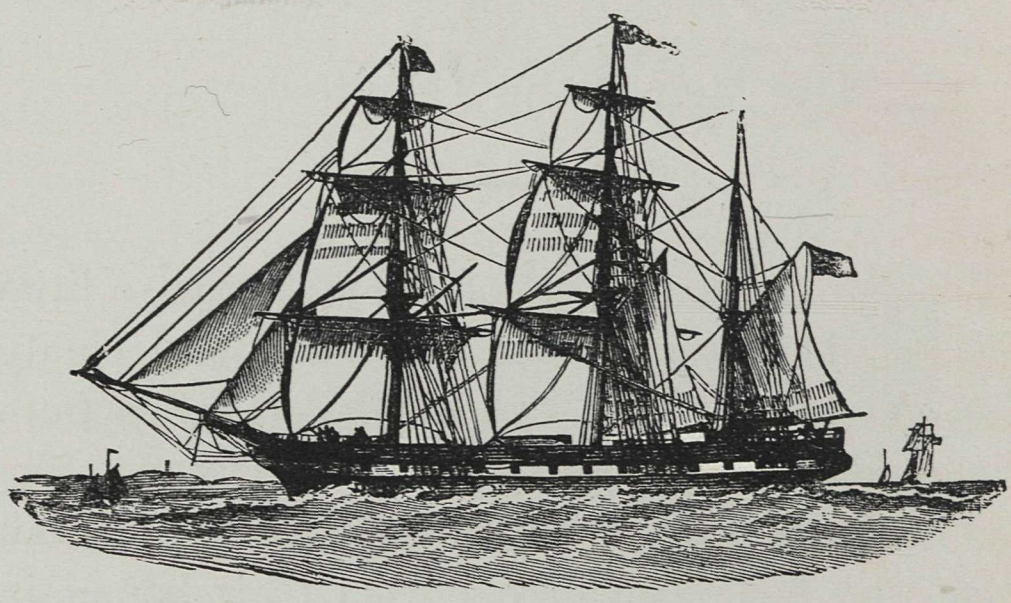
made of the skin of a yellow bear, his head inside the skin which had covered the head of the bear, the claws dangling loosely from his wrists. He carries in one hand a large rattle, which he sounds as he approaches, and yells in the most weird tones his incantation to the spirits on behalf of his patient. As is always the case with such beings, he enriches himself with the fleece of those on whose behalf he acts. The "medicine man" is considered a dignitary of his tribe, and sits by the side of the chief in councils of war, as his adviser. In days long gone by, before they came in contact with the white man and learned his vices, some of these tribes of the far North lived quiet and peaceful lives. And when the messengers of the Gospel found their way amongst them, they were received with open arms, and many from among them listened to their message.

The story of how the first heralds of the Cross reached them, and of their heroic efforts to plant the standard of the Cross among these sons of the prairie, I must now briefly tell you.

The Men of the "Mayflower."

IN the early part of the year 1620, a little barque of about a hundred and eighty tons, named *The Mayflower*, sailed from Plymouth Hoe, across the Atlantic Ocean. She had on board a little company of earnest Christian men, who had been driven from their homes in England, because they would not give up the Word of God as their guide, and their privileges as believers, to become obedient to the dictates of bishops and priests. They had been exiled to Holland for their faith, and while there, were seized with the desire to cross the seas to the great continent of the West, of which some of them had heard, where they would be free to worship and serve the Lord according to His Word, and bring

up their families in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," as He had commanded. Leaving Leyden, they came to England once more, and sailed from Plymouth on September 6th, and after a rough voyage of nine weeks, they sighted land on the coast of New England, and shortly after they stepped on shore, there to seek for themselves a resting-place in the wilderness, where they might



THE "MAYFLOWER."

live together and worship God, as He had commanded in His Word, and be free from the intolerance of priests and prelates, who were causing the fires of persecution to burn against them, because they refused to conform to their traditions and unscriptural practices. "The Pilgrim Fathers," as they have been called, stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock, one hundred and one souls, and

knelt together to give thanks to God, for His goodness in bringing them to their desired haven. They found the country covered with forest, and inhabited with fierce Red Indians, whose bodies were daubed with ghastly colours, and whose hands were filled with uncouth instruments of war.

Wolves were heard howling in the woods at night, but wolves were not so much to be feared as their Indian neighbours, twelve of which were seen one day eagerly scanning the little settlement. To their astonishment, one morning in the early Spring, a solitary Indian, wearing no clothes, save a fringed leather girdle, and carrying a bow and arrows, walked boldly into the little village, and addressing them in broken English, bade them welcome to his country. He told them his name was Samoset, and said he was the chief of a tribe living on the island of Monhegan. He stayed with them all that day, and on leaving said he would come again, bringing them some beaver skins. Samoset kept his promise, for the following day he returned bringing with him five tall Indians with painted faces, who, as a sign of peace, left their bows and arrows in the woods before entering the village. The Pilgrims entertained them hospitably, after which the Indians offered to treat their hosts with a war song and dance, which the Pilgrims declined. They then offered some skins for sale, but were

told that no business or pleasure was engaged in that day, being the Lord's day. Thus they were

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

enabled to shew to their heathen guests in practice that they were followers of Christ.

Trials by sickness, famine, and death followed, but the faith of the pilgrims wavered not. On one occasion when there had been great drought, they gathered together for united prayer, and although the heavens were as brass in the morning, when they went up to the hill-top to pray, before night the clouds had emptied themselves in copious showers upon the earth. But notwithstanding many mercies, and peace with the natives, there had been little progress made in spreading the Gospel among the Indians. For this important work a specially fitted workman was required, and unknown to the Pilgrims on the Rock, God was preparing His chosen instrument in a quiet village in England, from whence he was to come in the fulness of the Gospel of Christ.

The Essex Schoolmaster.

IN the quiet village of Little Baddow, in Essex, there was a godly man who kept a school, named Thomas Hooker. He had formerly been a clergyman, but owing to his faithful preaching, and his determination not to conform to Ritualistic and Popish ceremonies, as commanded by the bishop, he was obliged to give up his charge, and betake himself to teaching. He seems to have been very popular as a schoolmaster, and made it his special aim to instruct his pupils in the truths of the Gospel. He had a young man as his assistant, named John Elliot, who was converted while living in the house of the godly Hooker. In telling the story of his conver-

sion, Elliot mentions how the vital godliness of Hooker's house was made the means of drawing him to the Saviour. "Here," he says, "the Lord said to my dead soul, 'Live,' and through the grace of Christ I *do* live, and I shall live for ever. When I came to this blessed family, I then saw as never before the power of godliness in its lively vigour and efficacy." Thus by the beauty of true godliness, lives made bright by the love of Christ dwelling in the heart, was this young man converted.

After a short and happy sojourn in this green spot, in the midst of true followers of the Lord, he began to learn, as all true Christians must, the roughness of the right road that leads to glory and to God. The godly Hooker was persecuted by the bishop, and deprived of his school, and this necessitated Elliot's departure from Little Baddow.

He longed to preach Christ to sinners, but such were the laws at that time, that an "unordained" person was prohibited from doing so. This led him to think of the regions beyond, where no such hindrances would fetter him; so at the age of twenty-seven, he decided to go forth to the New World with the Gospel's message to the North American Indians. He sailed in November, 1631, and immediately on his arrival in New England, he began to preach the Gospel among the Iroquois

Indians, whose wigwams lay around Roxbury, where for the time being Elliot settled.

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

While others were busily engaged forming a commonwealth and raising towns, Elliot gave

himself to the spread of God's Gospel among the Indians. Their religion was a kind of polytheism; that is, they believed in the existence of a number of gods, and these were supposed to have divided the earth amongst them, each ruling over a portion of it. They lived in tents or wigwams, covered with the skins of beasts, whose flesh supplied them with food. In canoes made of bark, or hollowed from the trunks of tall forest trees, they navigated the rivers, which abounded with fish of various kinds. It was among these savage people, in their wild surroundings, that John Elliot began his life-work of preaching Christ and Him crucified.

He first set himself to learn the language, which was by no means an easy task; next to compile a grammar; and after that, to translate the New Testament into the Indian language, and as soon as he was able to speak in their native tongue, he began to preach the Gospel. His first attempt was at a place called Newton, in the autumn of 1646. He spoke there, with a large circle of red-skinned Indians seated around him, for three hours, on the suffering Saviour on the cross, and the coming day of judgment, when God would call them to account. At the close they asked him earnestly to come and speak to them again, and one aged Indian, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, asked if it was too late for him to find

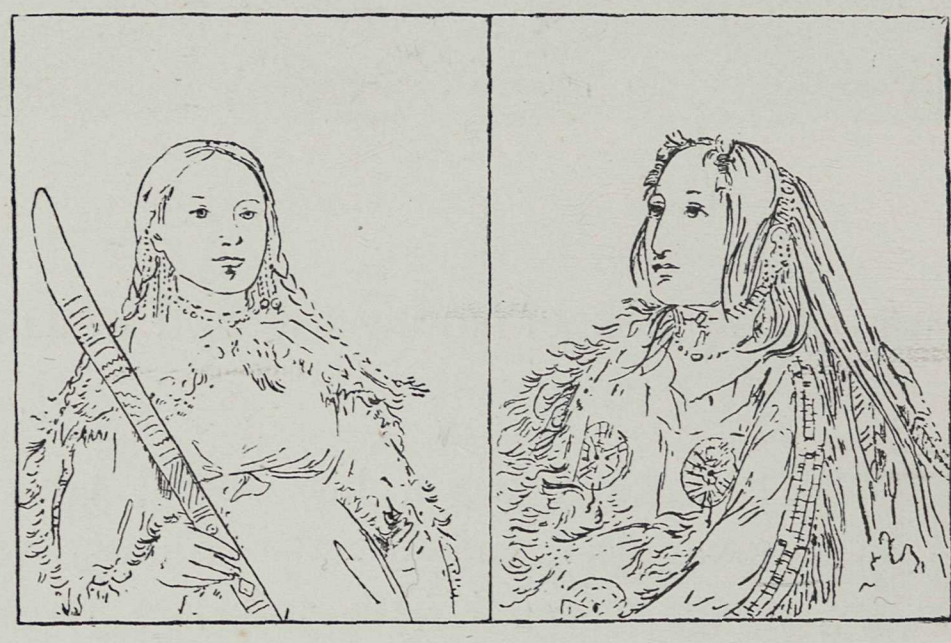
salvation through Jesus Christ. Blessed be God, the story of the cross is the power of God unto salvation, alike to the Red Indian in his savage state, and the civilized and refined dweller of Christian lands. See to it, above and beyond all else, that you can call it yours.

Fruits of the Gospel among the Red Indians.

WHEN Elliot began his Gospel labours among the Indians, the country was almost covered with trackless forests, infested by tribes of bloodthirsty braves, who had no love for the white man.

Through these trackless wilds, the faithful missionary had many a weary ride, ofttimes enduring great privation. In one of his diaries he says:—"I have not been dry for three days. At night I pull off my boots, and wring my stockings, and put them on again." In addition to these hardships, he had to meet with much opposition from the "medicine men," or magicians, who looked upon the missionary and his message as undermining their influence. They would often dance in great rage, inciting the Indians to violence against him. And the greatest hindrance of all was the

evil example of the white man, whose unscrupulous greed had in many cases deprived the Indians of their land, stirring up their savage nature to acts



WIVES OF CHIEFS OF VARIOUS TRIBES.

of revenge and bloodshed. This and the introduction of drink amongst them wrought much evil.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the Gospel triumphed. Elliot walked from wigwam to wigwam, Bible in hand, and told the story of redeeming love. Little brown children followed him in groups, on whose heads his hands were tenderly laid, while words of kindness and blessing flowed from his lips. Even among them the Lord wrought wonderfully. Two little daughters of one of his "Praying Indians," as he called them, were taken ill of a very painful disease, and gave a bright testimony to the Gospel in their last illness. One of the little girls, whose mother had made for her a little basket, a spoon, and a tray, to amuse her, took the simple playthings, and putting them aside, said, "I will leave my basket, my spoon, and my tray, for *I am going to God.*" The same night the dear child died, and the father told Mr. Elliot that he did not know whether his sorrow at the death of the child, or his joy at her beautiful testimony and bright faith was the greater.

Where the great cities of New England now stand, with their teeming thousands, where the voice of the Gospel preacher is now heard by crowds who give it but little attention, Elliot stood two centuries ago, in the centre of a few rudely formed tents, with a circle of stalwart braves around him, eagerly listening to the glad tidings of salvation. He was a man of great courage and

devotion, and God owned his ministry to the conversion of many. The work of translating the New Testament into the language of the Indians, was completed by Elliot, and issued from the Cambridge Press, in New England, in 1661. A copy of this noble work is still preserved in Yale College, but I fear there are few, if any, who can read it, as the tribes for which it was prepared are no longer in existence, their country is occupied by the whites, and their language, like themselves, dead and buried. When Elliot looked on "THE BOOK," as it lay before him, with the Gospel of the blessed God so plain and clear in the tongue of the Indians, together with an Indian grammar which he had prepared, he exclaimed, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything," which is as true to-day in all the varied scenes of human life, as it was in the preparation of that translation of the Sacred Word on the prairies of the far West, more than two centuries ago.

A remarkable work of grace among the Indians took place on an island, which bore the name of "Martha's Vineyard."

This island, and another named Nantucket, was obtained by a Mr. Thomas Mayhew, whose son settled at "Martha's Vineyard," to labour as an evangelist among the Indians. He found them in a very dark and destitute condition, entirely under

the power of the Powaws, or "medicine-men." But by continuous and diligent preaching of the Gospel of Christ, which is the divinely-appointed instrument for the deliverance of sinners in every condition from the captivity of sin and Satan, a few of the Indians at "Martha's Vineyard" were converted, and of these several were instructed in the truth by Elliot, with a view of sending them to evangelize their kinsmen. This was a matter on which Elliot believed he had the mind of God, and certainly it met with remarkable success. One of the first Indian converts was a young brave named Johen Hiacoomes, who, from the time of his conversion, made great progress in the Divine life, and shewed much interest in the Word of God, with a fervent desire to make it known to others.

At a great gathering of Indians, held at "Martha's Vineyard," in the year 1649, at which both Christians and heathen were present, a debate began as to the powers of the "medicine-men," the Christians denying, and the heathen affirming, that they had power over the lives of the tribesmen, and ability to decide the fortunes of war. A chieftain who had given an oration in favour of the "medicine-men," finished by throwing down the challenge, "Who is there that does not fear the Powaws, let him come forth." It reminds us of the vaunting words of Goliath of Gath, in the

valley of Elah, when, as Philistia's champion, he demanded one from Israel's host to meet him in

A MOUNTED WARRIOR.

hand to hand fight. In answer to that proud challenge, David, the shepherd lad, went out in the

Name of Jehovah, to meet him, with a sling and a stone, by which he brought the Philistine to the dust of death. When the Indian chieftain's challenge was given, Hiacoomes rose from his seat, and stepped forward into the midst of the assembly. All eyes were fixed upon him. Looking the chieftain full in the face, the Indian convert boldly said, "The Powaws may hurt those who fear them, and those who put their trust in them may dread their anger, but as for me I put my trust in the great God, the only true God, the possessor of heaven and earth, who alone has the power of life and of death in His hand, and I do not, therefore, fear the Powaws. Not all of them in the world can do me harm, while I have the protection and salvation of the eternal God on my side." The circle of Indians were astonished at these bold words, and expected that an immediate judgment would fall on the defiant youth who had dared to question the powers of their priests, whom they regarded as veritable gods. But Hiacoomes remained standing in the midst of the assembly unhurt, proving to all who heard him, that the men whom he had defied were unable to harm him. At the close of the meeting, many of the young Indians came and desired to hear from him of the true God, and of His Son who came to earth to seek and to save the lost.

In 1675 war broke out between the English and a hostile chieftain named Sachem, who had succeeded to the headship of the Wampanongs, a tribe whose wigwams were in the vicinity of Elliot's mission field. In the dead of night raids were made on farms and defenceless villages, and many were made prisoners. In a solitary farmhouse, where a number were hiding for refuge, a body of wild Indians made an attack by night. A noble girl of eighteen who saw them approaching, shut the door, and putting her back against it, called upon those in the house to escape by another door. The infuriated Indians battered at the door with their clubs, and then commenced to break it with their hatchets. The brave girl was knocked down, and so severely bruised that the Indians supposed her to be dead, and pursued those who had escaped, whereupon their noble defender arose and sought a place of safety.

Elliot laboured on, amid many discouragements and persecutions from the white men, and God gave him fruit from his labour. One young Indian, named Caleb, who was a great joy to Elliot, and of whom he had many hopes, was sent to school at Havard, and succeeded in taking his degree. But the sudden transition from wild life on the prairie, to the hard discipline and close studies of school and college, began to tell on the young

Indian student's constitution, and after a few months he passed away, giving a bright testimony to the saving power of Jesus' Name. And thus Elliot found, what others have found since then, and in different circumstances, that God alone can call and equip those whom He will send forth on His service, and that He must be counted upon and trusted to supply and to sustain those whom He wants to preach His Gospel to sinners, and that man, whenever he puts his hand to what is God's prerogative, must always fail. Elliot was now an old man, and his day of service was nearing its close.

He wrote a strange book, in which are recorded the "Confessions" of a number of the Indian converts, which shew remarkable experiences in these warriors of the wilderness, so lately before roaming wild, and ignorant of God and His love. But all this was not allowed to pass unchallenged by the great Adversary. He stirred up strife, and the white men came and waged war with the redskins. It was a great grief to the aged worker to see several of the Christians' towns broken up by the whites, whose jealousy of the redskins had caused them to begin a relentless war. The Christian natives kept as far as possible apart from the conflict, but many of them were driven into exile along with others. But the noble pioneer's work was ended, and the

Lord was about to call His servant home. His last prayer, as he lay dying, was, "Lord, revive and prosper Thy work among the Indians. Grant that it may live when I am dead." Then like one whose work was done, he fell back and died. But the work he began was to be carried on by another, a young man whom the Lord had converted, and was preparing in one of the cities of New England to tell the story of Jesus and His love among the Red Indians. This was David Brainerd, who has been called "the Apostle of the Red Indians."

The Story of David Brainerd,

Missionary to the Red Indians.

THE best of all stories are those that are true. Many of the wonderful tales of warriors and heroes are only fictitious tales of men who never lived save in the imagination of the writers, but the story I am about to tell you is the true life-story of a man who went forth constrained by love, to brave the dangers and bear the trials of a true soldier of the cross. It is not a highly-coloured tale of fiction, but a story of fact, which shows what God can do for and by a true servant of His, far away from home and friends, in a land of war and blood. It shows how one constrained by the love of Christ left home,

kindred, and all that earth holds dear; and how, amid tribes of Indian braves, he told the story of Jesus and His love, which wins the heart and changes the lives of all who by faith receive it. I hope you will listen to me with patience while I try to tell it to you.

The hero of my story lived at a time when there were no railways, with their fast trains rushing through continents, or fast steamers ploughing the seas. Those who travelled had to do so on horseback or on foot, and those who went out to distant lands had to cross the stormy seas in small, uncomfortable vessels, such as are only used for coasting coal ships now. And there were no large cities, with their broad streets, majestic buildings and electric lights, in those days. Where the great commercial cities of America, with their thousands of inhabitants, now stand, there was nothing but the wild prairie, with its long waving grass, through which herds of buffalos and other wild animals ranged, chased by the Indian on his swift war-horse. Here and there a tribe of feather-plumed warriors had their camp, and sat around their wigwams smoking the pipe of peace, when not at deadly war with their fellows. I hope you will try to remember this while I tell my story.

The Orphan Boy of Hartford.

AMONG the persecuted Puritans—as those who clung to the Word of God, and who proclaimed the Gospel of Christ in its simplicity, were in those days called—was a good and earnest preacher of the name of Peter Hobart. He was obliged to flee from the little village of Hingham, in the county of Norfolk, where for many years he had served the Lord, and cross the seas to New England, where the men of the *Mayflower* had preceded him. There he gathered a number of people around him, and formed a village, to which he gave the name of his former home in Norfolk. For two generations we lose sight of this little colony, but in the third, we find the grandchildren following in the footsteps of their God-fearing parents.

In the town of Hartford, in Connecticut, a family of the name of Brainerd lived in the beginning of the 18th century, who, on the mother's side, were the great-grandchildren of the good man Hobart.

In this family was a weak and sickly boy named David, who, before he was twelve years old, was an orphan, his father having died when he was nine years old, and his mother some time after. So little David Brainerd was left in the care of strangers. At the time of his mother's death, the weakly boy was very anxious about his salvation, and so lonely was he, with no one to comfort him or point him to the Saviour, that he often wished himself dead and with his mother in heaven. But then the thought would cross his mind that he was not ready, for he had not been converted to God, and he knew that apart from this, he could not enter that holy, happy place. Then the dear lad, having no one to tell his trouble to, or to ask counsel from, set himself to earn salvation by his own works. He was working at this time as a farm labourer, and after his hard day's work was over, he gave his evenings to study, being anxious to improve the scant education he had got. For a year or more, David continued to work on the farm, and during that time he had made considerable progress in educating himself—so much so, that he was advised by his grandfather's successor

at Hartford to "study for the ministry," and to withdraw from the company of other young men, so that he might give himself fully to the study of holy things. Whatever may be thought of such advice, given to a yet unconverted young man, it was over-ruled, in the providence of God, to bring

YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS.

him out from the company of many frivolous youths with whom he had been in the habit of spending some of his time, and of giving him new companions of a better kind. A few of these young men met every Sunday evening in a private room to read the Bible, and to help each other to a knowledge of

its teaching; and, in the mercy of God, young Brainerd was led into this little circle just at the time when his mind was deeply exercised as to the matter of his personal salvation. One of the exercises of this Bible Students' Class—as we may justly name it—was to commit large portions of the Word of God to memory, and to repeat them aloud at their gatherings; and in order to be able to do his part in this healthy exercise, Brainerd was frequently heard repeating his "portion" aloud when alone in his little room at the midnight hour. But you must not think that this, important as it is, brought salvation to David Brainerd's soul. It cannot be earned or purchased by any sort of religious exercises. It must be received as the free gift of God's sovereign grace, through Jesus Christ alone, and the only qualification necessary to the possession of it is, to own one's self a sinner, and to trust in the Lord Jesus as the only Saviour. But this David Brainerd did not know; so he struggled on, trying to make himself a Christian by works of his own. For weeks and months, he was in great distress, for the harder he struggled the further off did his salvation seem, until, on a Sunday evening, when he was walking alone in a wood surrounded by high trees, suddenly a bright light shone into his mind such as he had never experienced before, and the character of God, as a God of love, was so

revealed to him, that he stood still in wonder and amazement. It was no vision or dream, nor was there any external light or brightness, such as shone from heaven around Saul of Tarsus on the Damascus road. Conversions that are effected by means of visions and dreams are not to be relied on, as most frequently they are the fruit of a disordered brain, or the work of Satan to dupe and deceive the soul. When one's personal and eternal salvation is at stake, something more substantial than a dream is required to give the assurance of it, and that something is the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. When the sinner rests on Christ's finished work, and believes God's immutable Word, he has a foundation and an anchor which cannot be moved.

This was just what brought salvation and the assurance of it to David Brainerd's soul that midsummer Sunday evening, July 12th, 1739, as he walked amid the woods. The Spirit of God, who had been convicting him of sin, had now shown him the beauty of Christ, and he, like the bitten Israelite in the desert, looked and lived. His joy was now full, and everything around seemed to be full of brightness. The old world was just the same, but a new life had been begun in Brainerd's soul. He had been born again, and become a new creature in Christ, and so he felt much as one of

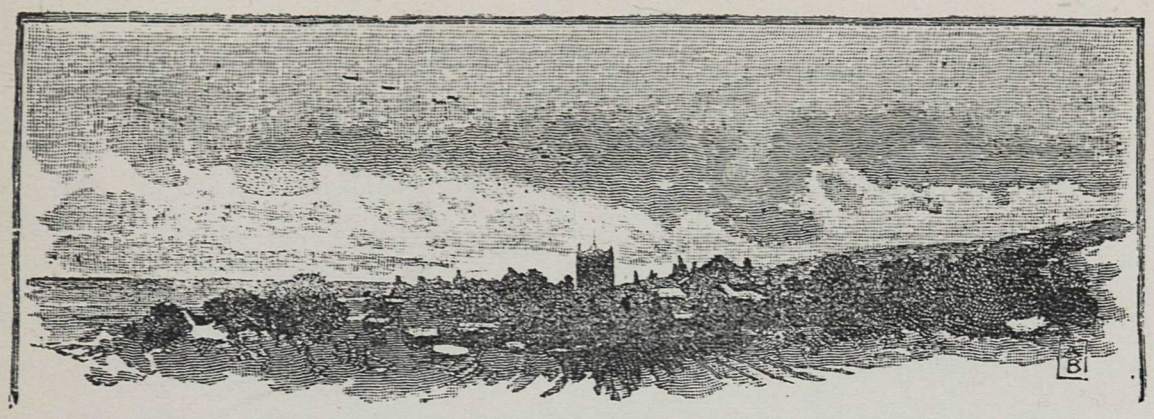
our poets has written of the newly-converted soul—

"Heaven wears a brighter blue,
Earth a robe of sweeter green,
All around a lovelier hue,
By my former eyes unseen.

"Brighter suns around me wheel,
Brighter stars above me shine,
Everywhere I only feel
I am Christ's and He is mine.

"Sin or death, or hell's alarms
Cannot shake my hallowed rest,
I am on my Saviour's arms,
I am on my Saviour's breast.

"Oh, to be ever there,
Every doubt and fear resign,
While He whispers in my ear,
I am His and He is mine."



The Young Student.

YALE COLLEGE, in New Haven, has for long been famous as a seat of learning. It was there that David Brainerd went in 1739, a few months after his conversion, with many misgivings, for there was little to help a young believer toward spiritual growth in such a place. This proved to be so at Yale, for in so far as the "heads" of the College were able, they sought to hinder real spiritual work from being done. But God is a Sovereign, and in spite of men's opposition and wrath, He works.

A great revival began among the students at Yale, into which Brainerd threw himself with all his heart. His burning zeal for souls led him, perhaps, beyond the bounds of prudence at times; but so

deeply in earnest was he in seeking the salvation of his fellows, that he deemed no sacrifice too great in order to reach them with the Gospel. His efforts aroused the jealousy and indignation of his superiors, and they watched their opportunity to vent their anger on the young freshman. At the close of one of their meetings, a young man asked Brainerd's opinion of one of his tutors, a Mr. Whittesley, who had no favour for the converted students or their meetings. "He has no more grace than the chair I am leaning on," was Brainerd's unwise reply, which someone overheard and carried to the rector of the College. This supplied them with the opportunity they sought for, to put an end to the students' meetings, and to get rid of Brainerd, who was looked upon as the moving spirit of them. A council was held, and some who overheard the remark of Brainerd were called upon to give evidence against him. Trivial as the offence was, compared with many others which were daily allowed to pass unpunished, the judges brought in a verdict of "guilty" against Brainerd, and demanded that he should make a public confession of his guilt and humble himself before the College. This was doubtless intended to degrade the Christian student in the eyes of his fellows, that his influence over them might cease, and that he would be deprived of the honours which he was

justly entitled as the first prize-man in his class. This David politely, but firmly, refused to do, maintaining that however unwisely the words had been spoken, they were true, as had been too clearly shown by the life and conduct of the individual referred to; for it ought to be remembered that a place of distinction in a college or a church does not always imply a special endowment of God's grace, or in fact that the person thus honoured has been converted at all. This brought matters to an issue, and David Brainerd was expelled from Yale. It would be wrong to say he did not feel this humiliation, for though bold and fearless in his denunciation of sin, and in his adherence to what he believed to be of God, and according to truth, he was possessed of a very sensitive nature, which winced most keenly under the harsh and altogether unjust sentence pronounced against him. But there was no appeal, and so with feelings which any who have suffered for righteousness' sake, and because of speaking out what others may have whispered, will readily understand and sympathise with, Brainerd turned his back upon Yale once for all, and went forth as a stranger in the world. The next time we hear of him is in a very different sphere, but one spiritually more healthy. Far from the contests and scorn of college life, the young believer pursues his studies in the quiet

village of Ripton under the roof of a Christian minister. There he had many hallowed seasons of communion with God, and it was no doubt there, in the "backside of the desert," alone with God, that he was "qualified" for that life of hardness and endurance, to which God, unknown to him, was then leading His young servant. It has been God's way with all His servants to have them alone with Himself in His own school before sending them forth on their life-work. Moses was forty years in Horeb being educated by God in the backside of the desert for the great work of leading out from Egypt and leading on to Canaan His people Israel. David on the plains of Bethlehem, keeping his father's flock and preparing to rule the kingdom, John the Baptist in the wilderness, Paul in Arabia, and, greater than all, Jesus at Nazareth for thirty years, before being sent forth to public service, show the Lord's way is the same with all His chosen servants. It was thus with David Brainerd, and in looking back on these quiet and holy hours spent alone with God and His Word, he thanked God for them. It was during these waiting hours that he became exercised about the condition of the heathen, and yielded himself to God, willing to go or to stay as He might direct. This is the true spirit and the right place for the Lord's servant.

Among the Indian Wigwams.

BRAINERD began to preach the Gospel to the Indians in a place called Kent. He had little acquaintance with their language, yet the people came in crowds to hear him, and many were impressed, and awakened to the reality of eternal things under his preaching. He did not keep back the truth, but spoke out plainly about sin and its punishment, as well as of a full and free salvation, and this is the sort of preaching which the Spirit of God always uses to arouse and convert sinners. While thus engaged making known the Gospel to the little colony of Indians there, his heart was much drawn out for the tribes in the north and west, who had not even heard the Saviour's Name, and he often prayed that

God would open a door and send His messengers among them. These prayers were answered in a way he little expected. A number of earnest Christian men in New York had heard of the godly young missionary, labouring among the Indians in that quiet corner, and they sent him a message asking him to meet with them on a given day in New York, when they told him of their desire that the Gospel should be carried to those tribes of Indians living in heathen darkness, and laying before him the mission, as one to which in the providence of God he might be called. Brainerd was not the man to shrink from such an undertaking, however unworthy and unfit he might feel himself to be for it. At this crisis the young missionary had much private prayer and close dealing with God. The hour had come when the great choice of his life had to be made, either to go forth into the midst of these blood-thirsty savages—as many of them were—with the Gospel, taking his life in his hand, or to turn from it to a sphere of fewer hardships and privations. As the call of God came with more and more clearness to his soul, he was enabled to count the cost, and to yield himself to God, for the work and the warfare to which he had been called, assured that he would not be sent on a warfare at his own charges, but upheld by the mighty hand which was beckoning

him thither. In the beginning of the year 1743, at the age of twenty-five, and about four years after his conversion, David Brainerd bade farewell

BRAINERD ON HORSEBACK.

to the few friends he had upon earth, scarcely hoping ever to see their faces again; and disposing

of his little property and effects, he rode away on his horse alone, without an attendant, into the wild wastes where the face of the white man had never been seen. After riding for many weary miles, he came upon an Indian settlement. The young missionary, weak, emaciated, and suffering from disease contracted through riding through swamps and forests, looked upon the wigwams, with their strange and weird-looking dwellers for whose salvation he had left all that earth could give. The first effect of being consciously alone in the midst of the heathen was anything but pleasant, and Brainerd, while at certain times very happy and full of faith and fearless devotion, was at other times the victim of great darkness and depression. Riding along toward the Indian encampment he was very happy, but immediately on coming up to it, he was seized with a sense of deadness and darkness which caused him to turn aside and cry to God for support. The place that Brainerd had reached was named Kanaumeck, a densely wooded settlement mostly inhabited by Indians, near to Albany in New York. The only place of abode he could find was in a hut, with a heap of straw for his bed, belonging to a man who had lately come from the Highlands of Scotland to settle there, and who spoke Gaelic, of which Brainerd did not understand a word. Without a

friend to converse with, or one to do him a kind act, his body worn out with long journeyings, his only food a little boiled corn, with heathen darkness everywhere around, need we wonder that the dear man wrote in his diary the following words, which he never thought would go forth to the world a century after, to encourage and to cheer saints and servants of God passing through trials and difficulties: "I have no comfort of any kind, but

INDIANS AND WIGWAMS.

what I have in God. I live in a most lonesome wilderness. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I might unbosom myself, or lay open my spiritual sorrows, with whom I might take sweet counsel and join in social prayer." Yet, in the midst of all this, Brainerd clung to the living God, and often in his strange surroundings, had happy seasons. His greatest trial was the occasional visits of white

men, who taught the Indians many vices, and brought strong drink among them, which greatly hindered the spread of the Gospel. One aged chief said to Brainerd one day, "You white men bring us firewater which degrades our young braves, and diseases which kill our people; how can you expect us to believe in your religion."

In order to free himself from all connection with such conduct on the part of the whites, he resolved to go and live wholly among the Indians, and make himself as one of them, but he would not allow himself to be chargeable to them. He provided for his own wants, often having to go long distances for bread, and frequently living days without it, at other times baking cakes of the coarse Indian meal, and thanking God for them as if he had been "in the circumstances of a king." He read and spoke to the Indians seated by the doors of their wigwams, and was cheered by hearing several of them confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus, while their changed lives showed they were truly converted. But it was not to fall to the lot of Brainerd to reap; his work was that of a pioneer, and a breaker-up of the fallow ground. Others were to follow. After seeing those who had been brought under the power of the Gospel handed over to the godly care of another, who had come to work amongst the Indians at the

neighbouring town of Stockbridge, Brainerd again sallied forth with a hope of reaching the Indians on the forks of the Delaware, which he reached worn and wet, to begin afresh among a people to whom he was an entire stranger. He found the Indians of the Delaware very far sunk in every vice. They had idolatrous feasts and dances, with all their accompanying immoralities. This greatly distressed him, and he felt that he ought to testify against those scenes of revelry. But then, how could he? There he stood, a weak and solitary man in the midst of a warlike and uncivilized people. If he cried out against their sin they would doubtless turn upon him, and it might be kill him. What was he to do? The whole night was spent with God in prayer, and when he went out from the secret tryst with the Most High the following morning, it was with a new energy filling his soul, so that he was able fearlessly to cry aloud and spare not. The result was that the dance ceased, the Indians quieted down, and in spite of the repeated attempts of their "medicine men" to get them away from Brainerd, they gathered around him, and listened with rapt attention to the Word of God. The religion of the Delaware Indians was a strange and crude idolatry. They reverenced and worshipped birds, beasts and reptiles, believing that they had power

to do good to, or bring evil upon them, and in order to propitiate them and gain their favour they burned tobacco as incense to them. They had a kind of belief in a future state, but it was not gained from the Word of God, but by the divination and dreams of the *Pow-waws* or magicians, who had an immense power over them, and were the most bitter opponents of the Gospel. But the lone labourer, who had sown in tears, was about to reap with joy some of the fruit of his sowing; for the light of the Gospel was breaking in upon the darkness, and the power of the Spirit of God—a Spirit altogether different from "the Great Spirit" whom they acknowledged and worshipped after their heathen devices—was to put forth His gracious power and bring from among these red-skinned warriors of the wilderness a people to grace the Kingdom of the Son of God here upon earth, and by-and-bye to join in the song of the redeemed in glory, around the throne.

"From every kingdom of earth they come,
To raise the triumphal cry
Of 'Worthy the Lamb who once was slain?'
Will you be there, and I?"

Remarkable Conversions.

DURING one of his journeys, Brainerd heard of a small tribe of Indians living in a camp near Crossweeksung, in New Jersey. It was nearly a hundred miles from where he was, among the Delaware Indians; but this long distance through vast prairies, over rugged mountains, and through trackless forests, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, did not hinder the herald of the cross from reaching them. When he got to the place, exhausted after the long journey, he found they had nearly all left the place, only some three or four families being left.

This was by no means an unusual thing, for the Indians are a wandering race. Following the game across the prairie, or placing his wigwam in his

frail bark canoe, he sails away with his entire family, it may be hundreds of miles, along the course of some mighty river, with its foaming rapids, or across some tranquil lake, to a new abode. No wonder, therefore, that Brainerd found it difficult to follow up impressions made among these children of the wilderness.

The first congregation of Crossweeksung consisted of four women and a few little children—a small beginning, sure enough. But it is a remarkable fact that God's work always begins in a small and unpretentious way, whereas man makes a great flourish of trumpets with his. These four women told to their next neighbours, some miles away, what Brainerd had told them about a God of love, and so deeply interested were they to hear the story for themselves, that when he next preached there were forty to fifty present, some of them from a distance of fifteen miles.

Among his congregation, he was glad to notice two or three who had heard him preach at the Forks of Delaware, then with no apparent interest; now they listened most eagerly to the Word of God. And while the Word was spoken to that eager circle of listeners seated around their wigwams in Crossweeksung, the Spirit of God came in great power with the truth, and many were deeply convicted of sin. It was a remarkable sight

to see those ignorant men and women lamenting their sins, and crying for mercy, with tears gushing down their cheeks in floods. Then there was the

MEDICINE MAN ABUSING A CONVERT.

joy of pointing them to the Lamb of God, and hearing from their lips the joyful confession that His precious blood had cleansed their sins away.

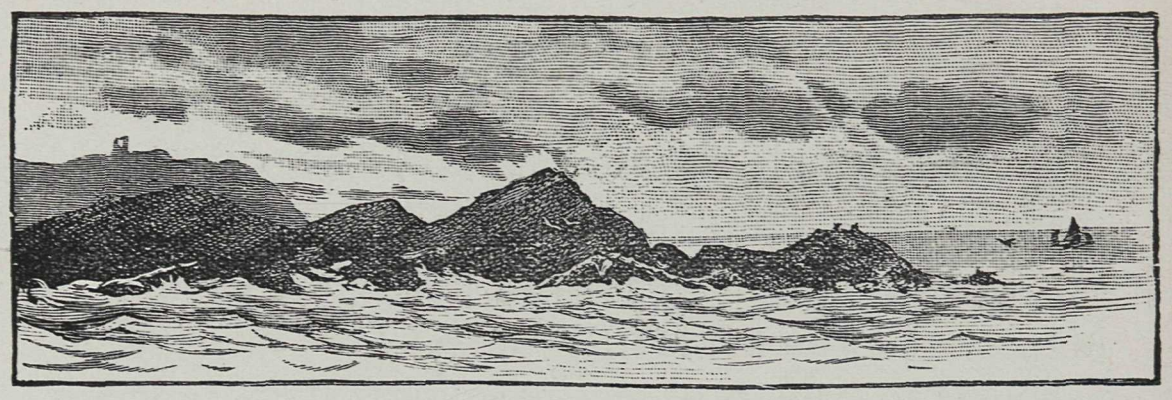
He spent a joyful fortnight in that little settlement, the happiest and best he had known since he came to that waste wilderness with the tidings of a Saviour's love.

The most remarkable case of conversion in this little revival was that of his interpreter, a man of about fifty years of age. This man was an Indian. He had been an habitual drunkard for many years, but upon entering Brainerd's service he became reformed, and prided himself on his "changed life." While Brainerd was preaching to a group of Indians one day, and this man interpreting his words, the interpreter became deeply awakened about the state of his soul, and cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" His reformation suddenly appeared as a garb of self-righteousness, and, as he afterwards said, he "saw that he had never done one good thing all his life." This was a grand discovery, one which every sinner must make before he will in conscious need cast himself on Jesus, the sinner's Saviour. This man was truly converted to God, and was the first to be baptized by Brainerd "as a new creature in Christ Jesus." Others soon followed, and so wonderfully did the Gospel triumph among those copper-coloured sons and daughters of the wilderness, that Brainerd was unable to leave them for long. He opened a school, which was attended by over thirty, and so diligent

were they at their lessons, that in five months most of them were able to read the New Testament, and there find strength and guidance as the children of God. To keep his "praying Indians" from the influence of the white men, where temptation and evil example did much to stumble these new-born souls, Brainerd removed them to Cranberry, some fifteen miles distant, and there in the seclusion of the wilderness, alone with God, he taught them His way more perfectly. It was a delightful sight as the setting sun threw his last beams across the prairie, to hear the voice of praise and prayer ascending from these assembled warriors of the wilderness, gathered with their wives and little children in peace around the man of God, who sat with the open Bible on his knee in their midst.

"There every heart and voice is singing
Its praises to the Lord on high;
Far distant o'er the plains are ringing
The echoes of their heartfelt joy.

"Praise we the Lord, for He has given
To us who sat in darkness, light
As yon bright sun lights up the heavens;
His Word has cleared away our night."



An Abundant Harvest.

ENCOURAGED by the work of grace in Crossweeksung, Brainerd once again set forth along the banks of the Susquehannah, where he had sown so much of the precious seed, but which hitherto had borne no visible fruit in conversions. Ardently praying that God would begin to work among the Indians there, he rode into one of their camps, and before he could dismount from his horse a crowd of people gathered round, desiring him to preach to them. They were in great distress of soul, many weeping because of their sins. Brainerd's heart leaped with joy at the sight, and he immediately began to preach to them of the love of God. Later on the same day he preached again to them

from the parable of "The Great Supper" (in Luke xiv. 16-23), setting forth the freeness and *completeness* of God's salvation to sinners, even the outcasts of the highways and hedges, such as they were. The effect of this preaching of God's free and boundless grace was very remarkable. Old men, little children, and even "medicine men," were melted into tears, and some of the "whites," who, hearing of the remarkable work of grace, came in a spirit of curiosity to see what was going on, were arrested; and others "who came to scoff, remained to pray." Such was the transformation wrought on these heathen men, who only a few weeks before had been idolaters, engaged in every form of folly and vice, that the sound thereof spread far and wide. One aged chief gave up his instruments of death, others brought their rattles and instruments used at the carousals and dances, where, in their unconverted days, they danced around an altar upon which the fat of deer had been offered in sacrifice, for hours yelling and swinging their bodies in all sorts of strange postures. But all this was not allowed to remain unchallenged by the enemy. He incited the *Powwaws*, or magicians, to oppose the work of God. They would come to Brainerd preaching, and utter their doleful sounds, chanting, muttering incantations, and using their charms for hours

to prevent the people from hearing the Gospel. Such is the devil's hatred to the glorious message. He dreads its power, for well he knows that if heard and believed either by the idolatrous Indians on the prairie, or by the refined and educated dweller in the city, it will set them free at once and for ever from his chain, and translate them into the kingdom of the Son of God. And that remarkable work of grace spread from tribe to tribe. Wherever the story of redeeming love was told, sinners were converted. The Christian Indians came together at certain hours every day for prayer and the reading of God's Word, for they needed to be taught on everything. And Brainerd not only taught them publicly, but according to the apostolic pattern, "from house to house," or from wigwam to wigwam, until worn out with the long day's labour, he would lie down in his hut unable to do anything—tired in the work, but not tired of it; for the sweetest work on earth is to lead weary sinners to the Saviour, and to guide the steps of new-born souls along the early stages of the heavenly road.

"'Tis sweet to work for Jesus
In this life's little day,
To spread around 'the joyful sound,'
As those forgiven may;
To take His loving kindness,
His promises so true,
And urge each strange one now to come
And trust this Saviour, too."

Going Home in Triumph.

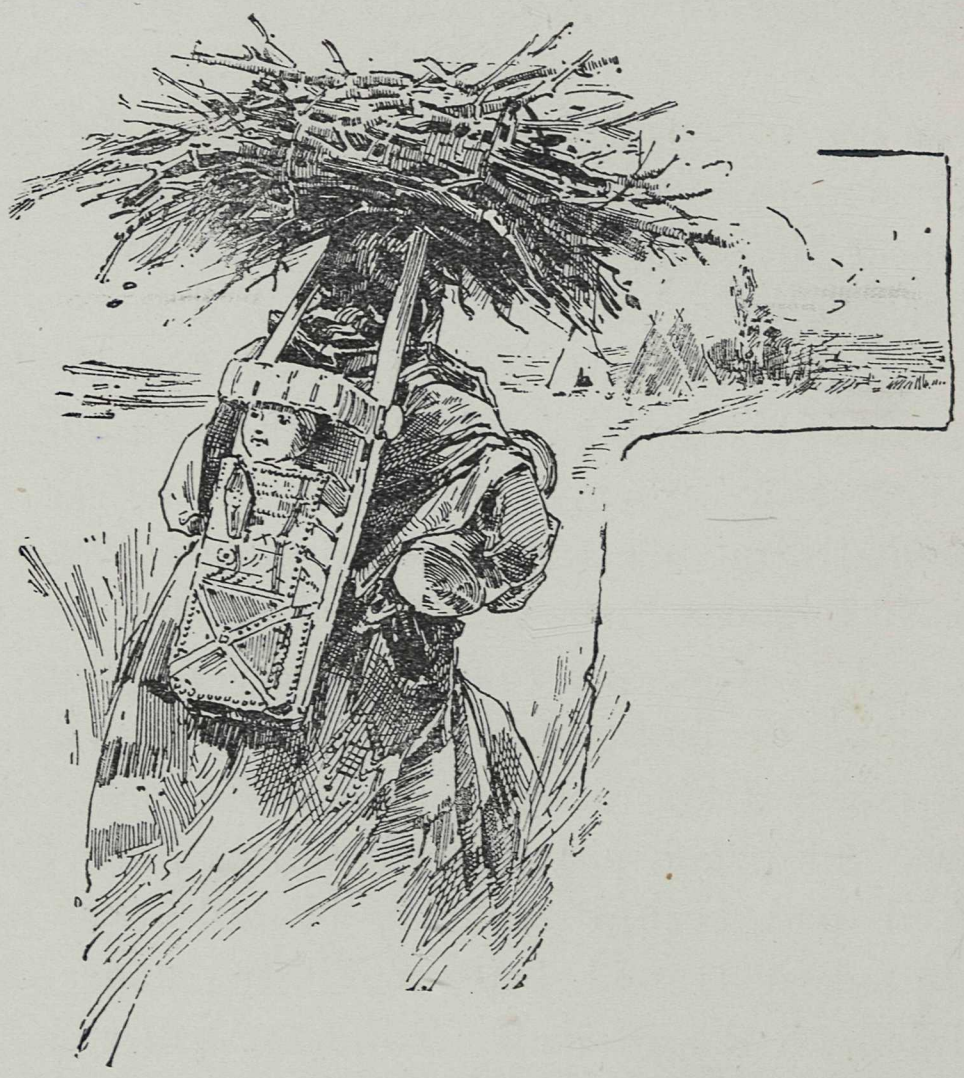
WHILE the work of grace was thus going on among the Indians, the worker was wasting away. The privations he had endured, and the continual strain from years of hard work, had broken down his constitution, and brought upon him an incurable disease, which he knew must soon end his days of labour, and carry him to the grave. Yet Brainerd, with unflagging zeal, laboured on. Often after a long day's work in preaching and visiting from wigwam to wigwam, with the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, he would lie down in the woods and sleep there all night, awaking in a cold sweat. Then off again to another camp to preach the whole day. Many remarkable cases of conversion occurred during these busy days.

When the Spirit of God used the word spoken to the awakening of the Indians to concern about their spiritual condition, some extraordinary scenes were witnessed. Crying out in agony of soul, powerful men lay on the ground, praying for mercy, and when they were brought to know the way of salvation, life and peace through faith in the Lord Jesus, their joy knew no bounds. For although ignorant of the doctrines of the Word, they had received the Christ of God as their one and only Saviour, and when He comes into the heart He brings with Him joy and peace.

One aged Indian squaw, telling the story of her conversion in her own characteristic style, said:—"When the Word was preached, it came like a needle to my heart, and I had no rest, day or night." The discourse of some of her neighbours who had been converted, aggravated her distress. While in this awakened state she dreamed that two roads lay before her, one broad, another narrow. She tried to enter by a short gate leading into the narrow path, but some unseen power seemed to grasp her and hold her back. In this state she awoke, and hastened to tell Brainerd of her distress, and what she had dreamed. The servant of God turned the dream to good account, by shewing the aged woman that she had been in the grasp of sin and Satan all her life, and that none but Christ

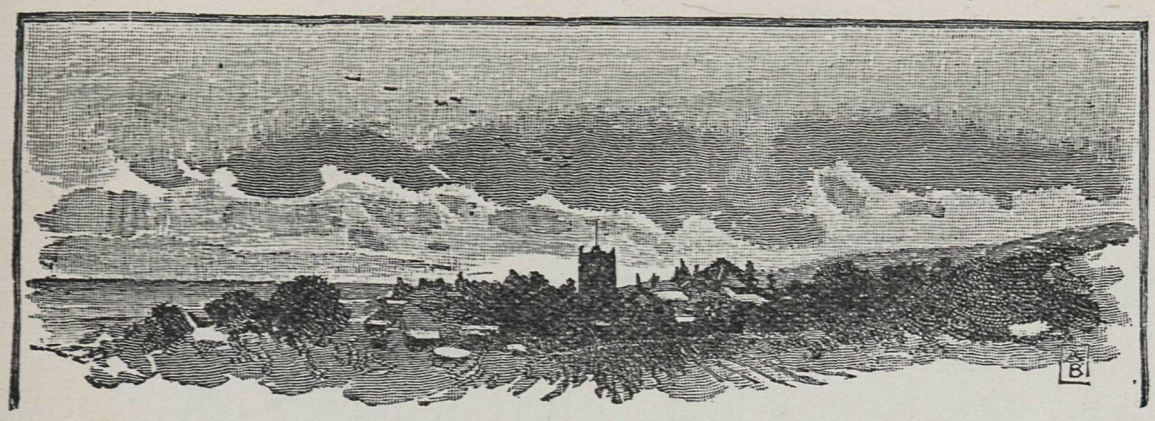
could deliver her. After a time, her mind was enlightened to see God's way of salvation, and at the age of eighty, this Indian great-grandmother was truly converted, and lived to bear a good testimony before three generations of her children to the saving power of the Gospel of Christ. It was great joy to Brainerd to see at last the good seed he had sown in tears, bringing forth its fruit, and to hear the songs of new-born souls in camps where nothing but dark idolatry had once held sway. But it was not to be his lot to reap the full harvest of his sowing. His strength was gradually ebbing away. When he could no longer go out and in amongst them, he preached from his couch to eager listeners, to whom his words seemed to come as from the very confines of eternity. In the Spring of 1747 he made a visit to the house of his friend, Jonathan Edwards, who was of a kindred spirit, and whose preaching of the Word had been remarkably blessed—over five hundred, it is said, being converted under one sermon, on the words "Their feet shall slide in due time." There, under the roof of the man of God, in the company of earnest and devoted Christian friends, the evening of the worn-out servant was quietly spent, happy in the love of God, waiting for the home call to that fair paradise where the Master welcomes to share His rest

those who have toiled and borne the heat and burden of the day of toil for Him here. And presently it came, for on Friday, October 9th, 1747, with the sweet and precious words, "He will not tarry,



AN INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

I shall soon be in glory; I shall soon glorify God with the angels" on his lips, David Brainerd, the missionary pioneer to the Indians of North America passed away to be with Christ.



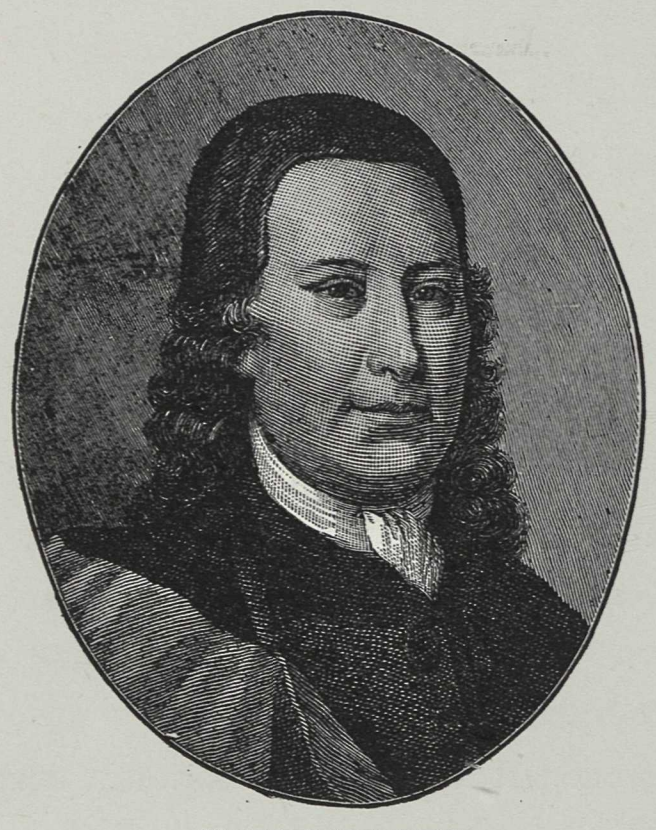
In the Land of the Mochicans.

IN my schooldays, some one gave me a book to read about "The Mochicans." It was a strange story, and, I fear, not altogether true; but it told of a mighty warrior tribe whose dwelling was on the wild prairies of the Far West, and gave a lot of information regarding this people and their habits.

The story I am about to tell you, has for its scenes the land of the Mochicans, but it is not a fictitious tale of wars and bloodshed between tribe and tribe, but a true story of the triumphs of the Gospel, and the faith and heroism of some of God's dear and honoured servants, who went forth with their life in their hands to spread the Name of Jesus, and the Gospel of His great salvation,

among the wild and savage tribes which then inhabited the plains and prairies of the great American continent.

In the early part of the year 1733, a little vessel named the *Annie* sailed from the shores of England for the New World. There were a number of emigrants on board who, under the leadership of an able English officer named Oglethorpe, were on their way to America to form a colony there. On board the same vessel was a little group of Christian workers, who had been driven from their homes in Europe by persecution, and who were going out to spread the Gospel among the Indians, of whose spiritual condition they had heard from Count Zinzendorf. This devoted Moravian nobleman had spent, only a short time before, some months among the Indians, living in a rude hut at a place



COUNT ZINZENDORF.

called Shekomeko. And in addition to these, there were two young clergymen from Oxford, who were going out to Georgia as missionaries, whose names have since become familiar to thousands as gifted and devoted preachers of the Word—John and Charles Wesley, who at that time were unconverted. These two young men, with two others, named Ingham and Delamotte, had been fellow-students at Oxford, and because they had met together to read the Word of God and pray, earnestly desiring by such means to find salvation, they were called "The Holy Club," and afterwards "Methodists." These earnest young men, like many others then and now, did not know that the finished work of Christ alone is the procuring cause of the sinner's salvation, and that no works of his are required either to make it complete or to merit it. The little company of Moravians greatly interested the four young clergymen, especially John Wesley. They seemed to him to be a company of remarkable people. They never quarrelled, and always seemed so cheerful and happy. John Wesley could not help feeling that they were in possession of a joy and a peace to which he was a stranger, and he longed to know the source from which they came. A circumstance occurred which deepened Wesley's anxiety. A sudden storm arose, and the waves washed the ship's decks, making

the sailors quake with fear. Everybody on board knew the vessel was in great danger, and most of the passengers were very much afraid. The little group of Moravians sang hymns all the time that the storm raged, and when it was over, Wesley asked one if they were not frightened, to which the answer was, "No. Why should we be? If the ship had gone down, we should have gone to be with the Lord in heaven."

They landed in Savannah, on a little island, and there the whole company knelt down, and thanks was given to God for bringing them to their desired haven.

It was found that a tribe of Indians called Creeks inhabited the district, and the first business of General Oglethorpe was to gain the goodwill of their chiefs, who gave their permission for the emigrants to settle there. And here, before taking leave of the two brothers Wesley, I will tell you what happened to them in Georgia.

When General Oglethorpe returned from his conference with the Red Indian chiefs, he brought back with him to the ship a Moravian missionary named Spangberg, who had been for some time at Savannah preaching the Gospel. John Wesley was pleased to meet this man, and expected to get good advice from him as to how he and his companions might begin their work. In giving his

answer, Spangberg politely finished by saying to Wesley, "May I ask whether you are a child of God?" To this pointed question Wesley knew not how to give an answer. Spangberg, seeing he was put about, continued, "Do you know Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour?" These questions, with other experiences he had in Georgia, were used by the Spirit of God to convince John Wesley that he had never been truly converted to God himself, and that consequently he was unfit to be the messenger of God to others. So he returned to his home, and we find him writing in his diary when he arrived in England: "It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learnt myself in the meantime? Why, what I the least of all suspected—that I, who went to America to convert others, *was never myself converted to God.*" These are memorable words, which ought to be solemnly pondered by all who go forth in any sphere seeking the blessing and salvation of others, for it is greatly to be feared that both at home and in distant lands, there are not a few of those who call themselves "Christian workers," who need, as truly as John Wesley, to be converted themselves. As is well known, John Wesley and his brother Charles were soon after truly converted to God,

and sent forth to preach Christ, and to win thousands of their own countrymen for Him.

Among the Moravian missionaries was a man named David Zeisberger, who, with his wife Rosina and their young family, had come to seek the conversion of the Red Indians, and in order to fit themselves for this their life-work, they set themselves to acquire the language of the Moch icans.

Conflict and Victory.

ONE of Zeisberger's great missionary journeys was to Shekomeko, where Count Zinzendorf had preached some years before, and where a little company of ten converted Indians, with their wives and families, were being instructed in the truth by an earnest missionary, named Christian Henry Rauch. Zeisberger was greatly cheered by his intercourse with this little band of Indian converts, and especially to hear from the lips of some of them that before their conversion they had been the most abandoned of their tribe. This reminded the Lord's servant that the Gospel of which he was the honoured messenger, was indeed, the power of God unto salvation, to the pagan Indian

as well as the educated and religious sinner of more privileged lands.

But the progress of the Gospel was not to be

AN INDIAN CHIEF WORSHIPPING THE GREAT SPIRIT.

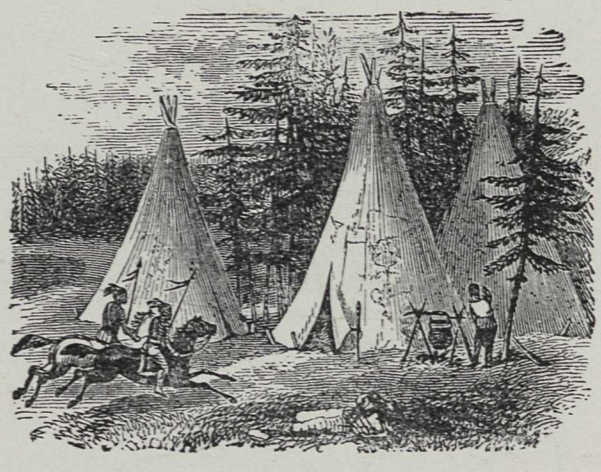
allowed to go on unopposed. The whites in the surrounding country began to create trouble, for

they reckoned that if the Indians became Christians they would no longer trade with them as they had been doing, exchanging furs for "firewater" and arms to kill their enemies. They raised a report that the missionaries were in the employment of the French, and had come to seize their young people and carry them across the sea as slaves. This acted powerfully on the minds of the Indians, whose former experiences of the white men had not been in their favour, so they rose in a body threatening to expel them. The chief of the tribe, who had been once in deep concern about his soul, became so enraged through believing this report, that he threatened to shoot Zeisberger and Rauch, but notwithstanding the full knowledge of this, they continued to regularly visit his tent and speak to him of Christ. The courage and devotion of these servants of Christ began to command the confidence of the Indians again. Rauch would remain in their huts all day telling the good news, and lie down in peace to sleep in the midst of them when he was tired out. One night when he lay asleep the chief passed by, but instead of taking Rauch's life as he had threatened to do, he said, "This must be a good man; he fears no evil, but trusts his life in our hands," and from that day onward Ischoop, the chief, became the missionary's friend,

and not long after he was converted. In giving an account of his conversion he said, "I have been a heathen, and have grown old among the heathen. Once a preacher came and told us there was a God. We answered him, 'Go back to the place from whence thou camest. We knew that already.' Another said to us, 'You must not lie, or drink, or steal.' To him we said, 'Go learn and practice this thyself, for who are greater thieves or liars than the white men?' Then after some years Brother Rauch came to our tents and sat down by our side. He said to me, 'I am come to you in the Name of the Lord, to tell you of His love for you, and how He gave His Son a ransom for you.' Then he lay down on the floor and fell asleep. I said this must be a true man. There he sleeps. I might kill him, and throw him into the woods, yet he does not fear. I could not forget his words; I believed them, and spoke of them to my tribe." The following year Ischoop and another chief were baptized as believers in the Lord Jesus, and the Gospel made remarkable progress in the neighbourhood. It was a delightful sight to witness groups of Indians coming from all the country

INDIAN AND SQUAW.

round to hear the Word of God, and to sing the Saviour's praise, and often after the aged missionary had spoken till he was exhausted, one of the converted Indians would stand up and tell what the Lord had done for his soul. But the enemy had his eye on all this, and again the fires of persecution burned, this time more against the converted Indians than the missionaries. The whites around Shekomeko agreed to expel them from the place, and instead of waging war against them, as in their unregenerate days they would have quickly done, they quietly removed to a place which had been acquired for them in Pennsylvania, on which they pitched their tents and built themselves huts, giving it the name of *Gnadehütten*, which means "The Tents of Grace." Around each tent was a little piece of land, which the family cultivated to support themselves, and to have something to give to those around them. But "The Tents of Grace" were not allowed to retain their humble dwellers long in peace. Again the jealousy of the whites was aroused, and again

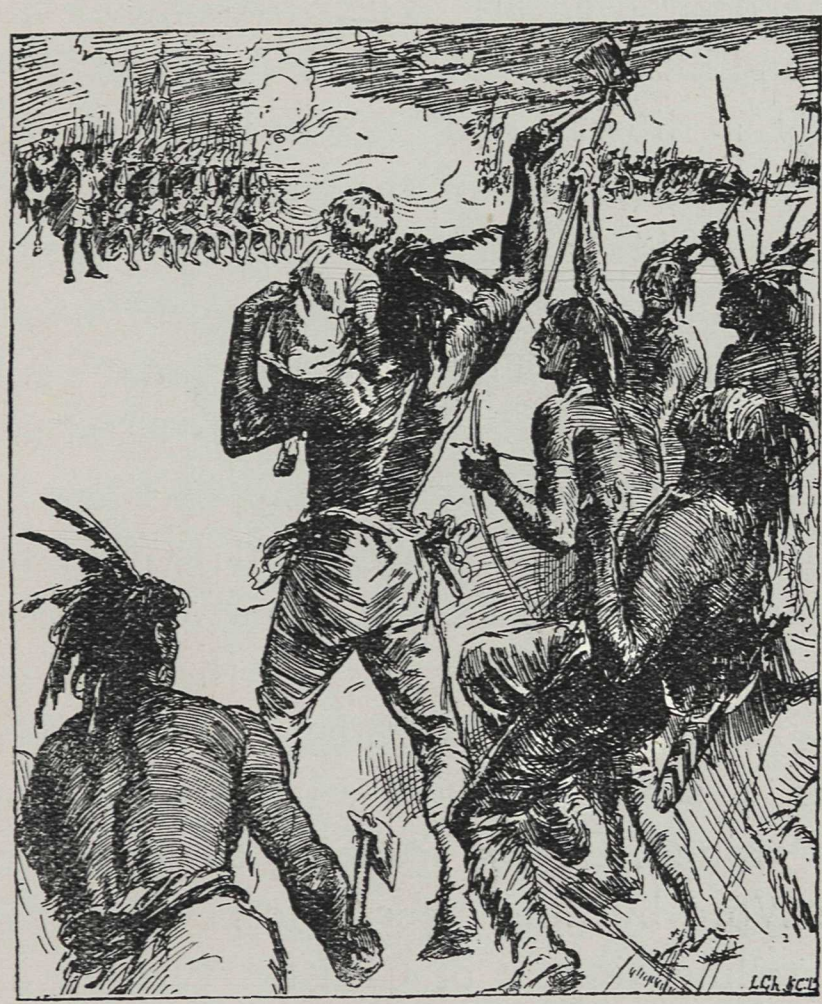


TENTS AND WARRIORS.

they circulated false reports against the Christians, blaming them for being in league with the French against the Indians. This aroused their anger. While a number were together in one of the missionary's houses, a sudden barking of dogs was heard, and in a few minutes the place was surrounded by a lot of wild-looking Indians carrying guns, which they fired, killing several of the missionaries, and setting fire to the house, in which the rest had imprisoned themselves. Eleven perished, the rest only escaped with their lives, and the whole village was reduced to ashes. The refugees fled to a small Moravian village named Bethlehem, and there received the hospitality of their brethren. Even the pagan Indians of other tribes, hearing of their need, brought wild honey, chestnuts, and other kinds of simple fare. These visitors were always told the way of salvation, and many by this means were brought to the Lord. Two more small settlements were begun, and named Nain and Nazareth, and in each of them a testimony to the Gospel was borne by the converted Indians.

But again the distinct sounds of war were heard. A report reached Pennsylvania that a number of Indians on the river Ohio and in the lake districts of Canada had risen against the whites. This aroused the anger of the colonists, and they made

a vow that all the Indians in the neighbourhood should be killed, or driven from the place, and their houses burned. Nain was attacked, and so great was the danger that the magistrates of Philadelphia caused them to leave their homes in Nain, and



INDIANS AND WHITES.

come under their protection in the city. It was a long journey, and in addition to the privations that they endured on the way, they were laughed at and badly treated by the people through which they had to pass on the journey. So bitter was

the opposition of many, even in Philadelphia, that the Christian Indians had to be lodged in the barracks, and guarded with cannon, which were manned by a number of young men led by the afterwards celebrated Benjamin Franklin. This had the desired effect. Their persecutors had to retire, and after fully a year's imprisonment, they were set at liberty, and travelled far into Indian territory on the banks of the Susquehannah river, where they raised a village of some sixty or seventy huts, with a place of meeting in the centre, naming it *Friedshütten*, or "The Tents of Peace." And so indeed they were, for the simple God-fearing Indians dwelt peacefully and happily there in the far wilderness for many days, and to that sacred spot many of the wandering tribes were drawn to hear the tidings of peace through the blood of the Lamb. It was a marvellous sight on a quiet evening, to see hundreds of warrior braves resting on the ground, eagerly listening to the preaching of the Word by Zeisberger, who never seemed to weary telling sinners of Christ. Writing of the grace of God in these peaceful years, he says, "Never did I so clearly see depicted on the faces of the Indians, both the darkness of hell, and the subduing power of the Gospel." After hearing of the love of God, an aged warrior chief declared, "I would not have wept if my flesh had been cut off

my bones by the enemy, but now I weep because God has softened this hard heart of mine by His love." And so it ever is, my dear young friends, whether it be the heart of a pagan Indian, or of one who has been brought up in the midst of Christian influence and teaching. The love of Christ believed, and the Person of Christ received, melt and win the heart for God.

> "Saviour, I on Thee believe,
> In my heart thy love receive,
> Ever cleaving close to Thee:
> Keep a feeble one like me."

Pilgrimage and Rest.

A SEASON of fiery trial followed these happy and peaceful days on the banks of the Susquehannah, and the pilgrim colony had again to flee for their lives. The jealousies of the whites were aroused, and in order to incite the pagan Indians against the Christians, they told all sorts of lies about them, blaming them for being the cause of the crops having failed, and for driving the buffalos from the plain. The "medicine men" readily confirmed such charges, and then the trouble began. Rather than resist or take up arms, the Christians, led by their faithful guide, went further into the wilderness, travelling through long grass, and wading through marshes and rivers to the knees. Old men and women, little children,

and those who were sick, had all to journey on foot through these wild wastes, seeking a place where they could dwell in peace, and worship the God whom they loved and desired to serve. But this was denied them. However fair the promises of those in power were, they did not keep them, or seek to hinder those who persecuted and killed the unoffending Christians. In one day ninety-six men, women and children, were murdered and scalped in cold blood.

Zeisberger, though now an old man, was still active, and diligent in spreading the Gospel. At the age of eighty he founded a new colony in Ohio, which he named Goshen. There for eight years he laboured among the Indians, preaching Christ crucified as the only Saviour, with all the freshness and zeal of his early days, and like the palm tree, he was still green and fruitful. When he could no longer move from wigwam to wigwam, he gathered the Indians around his couch, and even when blind with age, his lips still spoke forth the Saviour's Name. Worn to a skeleton, yet happy in his soul, and rejoicing in the prospect of being with Christ, David Zeisberger quietly passed away in his ninetieth year, leaving the example of a noble and devoted life spent in the service of the Lord Jesus, whose love constrained him to lay upon the altar his early energies, and give to God

the golden years of his youth. He was in many respects a remarkable man, and sought to mould and fashion his life according to the pattern of the Lord Jesus, and the commandments of the written Word. Although his name is little known among men, and no monument marks the place where he is laid to rest till the resurrection morning, the Lord whom he loved and served, has the record of his noble life in His Book of Remembrance, and in the Day of His Judgment seat will fully own and reward the service of David Zeisberger.

There is no life so truly happy as that which is spent *with* and *for* the Lord Jesus. And be it ever remembered that the dawn of this life, its very birthday is, when you come as a guilty sinner, and claim the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour.

> "I came to Jesus as I was,
> Weary, and worn, and sad;
> I found in Him a resting-place,
> And He has made me glad."

I must now draw my story to a close by telling you some incidents of recent years which have happened among the Indians, who are no longer a powerful nation of warriors as in the years gone by, but a scattered and fast decaying race. Drink and disease have wasted them away, and frequent wars with the Americans have driven those who remain into the wilderness. Even now they are

not forgotten by the heralds of the Cross, although I fear there has been more energy spent and effort made to get them Christianized than individually converted, for you must remember there is a great difference between becoming Christians in name, and being truly converted to God.

The Indian, like everybody else, is quite willing to take the Christian name in order to better his earthly position, and in many cases this is all the conversion that he has known. Those who attempt to keep up the warrior style are troublesome neighbours. Many of them live by committing petty thefts, and raiding the corn-fields of the nearest farmers. There are many strange stories told of them carrying off the children of the white man in revenge, and sometimes with the hope of getting a heavy ransom. I will tell you a touching story, which I believe is perfectly true. It happened in years long gone by, I tell it to you now, because it illustrates a great Gospel truth, which I want each one of you to get a hold of.

"Trailing Serpent's" Captive.

NEAR the Indian frontier, a white man lived peacefully with his two daughters. The younger, a fair-haired child of five, was her father's joy and pride. Their mother died when she was an infant, and the elder sister had nursed her with unceasing care.

There lived across the frontier a warlike tribe of Indians, headed by a powerful chief, who bore the name of "Trailing Serpent." The white settler had incurred the hatred of this chief, and he conceived a fiendish plan of revenge. "Trailing Serpent" watched his opportunity. One day he saw the white man's little girl playing by herself in the grounds around her father's house, and skilfully enticing her to follow him a little way, he seized

the child and carried her off. Away far over the prairies "Trailing Serpent" carried his prize, far from her happy childhood's home, and from those who loved her dearer than life.

AN INDIAN CHIEF OF THE PRESENT TIME.

When the white man missed his child, he was frantic with grief. His hair became quickly white, his manly form bowed with the weight of his sorrow, yet his heart was set on the recovery of

his lost child. For fourteen long years he sought in vain. At last a trapper from the Far West brought him the news that his daughter lived in the midst of a tribe of Indians many miles away, that she wore their dress, and was in every way as one of themselves. The father started off with a heavy ransom in his hand, hoping to redeem his long-lost loved one. After many a weary mile, he reached the Indian town, and had an audience of "Trailing Serpent," with the braves of the tribe.

The chief eyed the offered gold, yet he was unwilling to deliver up his prey. At last he proposed a compromise. "The girl," said he, "is an Indian in heart and life; she loves her people; she is ours body and soul. She will refuse to leave us, or to go with you. However, you shall have her for a month. If in that time you can win her back, the gold will be mine. If she wishes to return, you shall let her go, but the gold shall still be mine," said the chief with a malicious grin. The father willingly agreed to this proposal, and his daughter was brought forth. But oh, how changed! An Indian in dress and in heart, she did not recognise in the one who had purchased her, her own father. Nay, more, she looked upon him with hatred and scorn, as one who was forcing her from her people and her home. She would not listen to his story, she would not believe his love.

This was the bitterest pang of all, and it wrung that father's heart with anguish. As they neared the home of her childhood, his elder daughter, who had come out to meet them, and who had tried in vain to win her sister's heart, began to sing a well-known hymn, that she had often sung to her when a babe in the happy days long gone by. Over and again had she rocked her to sleep in her cradle, with the strain of that lovely hymn. The first verse passed unheeded, but as the sweet voice of the singer continued, the eyes of the lost one fixed themselves upon her, and a strange light began to spread itself over her countenance. "Go on," whispered the father to his elder daughter, as he saw the wonderful effect of that love-song of childhood's days; and thus hymn after hymn rose on the evening air. When the singing ceased, the girl heaved a heavy sigh, as if some great deliverance had been wrought within. With her eyes fixed, first on the singer, and then on the man who led her by the hand, she burst into a flood of tears, cried out, "My father," and sprang into the outstretched arms that soon enfolded her, and clasped her to his bosom. There was great joy there that night—the joy of the father who had found his lost one, the joy of the lost one who had been welcomed home, and the rejoicing of friends and servants who gathered to share the common joy—faint

picture of what takes place when a lost and captive sinner is released from Satan's chains, and, believing the love of God, is brought unto the children's place, redeemed, regenerated, and reconciled. Reader, has there been such joy in heaven over you?

When the month had expired, "Trailing Serpent" sent his messengers to bring back his captive, but, to their astonishment, they found her clothed in English dress, sitting by her father's side, holding his hand. In answer to their demand, she replied, "I am my father's child; he sought and found me, redeemed me, and brought me back, and I will remain with him for ever."

This touching tale illustrates the truth of a worse captivity, and a greater redemption. Another "Trailing Serpent" has carried away his captive. "That old serpent, the devil," who entered Eden long ago, has carried sinners far from God and heaven, into captivity. But the God of heaven has set His heart upon them. He has paid a mighty ransom for their deliverance, even the precious blood of Jesus Christ His Son. The Holy Spirit brings the wondrous tidings of that love and redemption to all of you this day, and He wants you to give it a welcome in your heart.

E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
  The Risen Son of God:
Redemption by His death I find,
  And cleansing through His blood.

I will tell you now another story of a different kind, to show you how the Indian, like the white man, tries many ways to find peace with God.

"LONG ARROW," THE INDIAN CHIEF.

An aged missionary, who had spent his life in preaching the Gospel to a tribe of Indians, was telling them for the last time the story of a Saviour's love. His heart yearned over them, and, with tears streaming down his furrowed face, he pleaded with them to turn to the Lord. "Long Arrow," the great chief of that tribe, who had listened to the earnest pleadings of the Lord's servant, was deeply awakened by the Spirit of God to a sense of his sin and need of salvation. At the close of the address, he accompanied the missionary to his home, leading by the bridle his splendid horse. With a haughty gesture of the head, he said, "I have come to procure salvation, and will give my horse to obtain it."

"Salvation is not to be bought; it is without money and without price," said the missionary.

Then said the chief, "I will give my gun, and my bow and arrows to the Great Spirit if He will receive me."

"Long Arrow" retired and walked away, his head bowed in thought.

Next morning he appeared, leading by the hand a pretty boy of six years.

"I will give Him my first-born, if He will forgive me," said the awakened chief.

The missionary shook his head, and said,

AN INDIAN CHIEF TESTIFYING FOR CHRIST

"Salvation and forgiveness are free. God asks for no such sacrifice. Salvation is for nothing."

The chief stood silent. He seemed stunned and

bewildered at the strange words. In great distress, he threw himself on the ground at the missionary's feet, and cried, "I have nothing to give, but I accept God's free gifts, and give Him myself."

"This is just what God wants," said the aged missionary with tears, as he saw the marvellous power of the Gospel of Christ in the conversion of that heathen man. He had been feared and trembled at because of his cruelty, and now the tidings spread far and wide that "Long Arrow" had been converted, and was preaching Christ. The chiefs of neighbouring tribes flocked to see and hear for themselves, and it was a wonderful sight to see "Long Arrow" stand by the aged missionary's side, and testify to a circle of eager listeners the saving power of the Gospel of Christ.

Conversion of a Young Sioux.

I HAVE a letter here in my hand which I received not long ago from a young Sioux, who has lately been converted. I will read it to you:—

"I got from you last night some nice books. They make me glad and happy. The news of our Saviour is good to hear. The good news reached our people some years ago. There was a battle between the Sioux and the whites. A native missionary came and preached the Gospel, and I know my people have grown in Christian life since then. None of them are living in tents now, but in log houses like the white people. The good news is growing. It minds us of what our Lord Jesus said to His disciples: 'Go ye into all the

world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Here we have many young men and women, and I know God will bless us, and we shall carry the good seed to our people, and by planting this seed new souls will be saved to follow Jesus." Isn't that very simple and sweet testimony to the saving power of the Gospel? How blessed it is to see its power in the conversion of these young Sioux, who but for the "great change" wrought in them by its power, might have been wild warriors in the wilderness.

Here is another touching story:—

THE INDIAN SQUAW'S GIFT.

When Donald Ross, the veteran Scotch evangelist, who has laboured among the Indians in Dakota, and preached God's Gospel to the dwellers of the far North West, was on a visit here the other day, he told the following touching story:—

He said, "I have a little handkerchief, a bit of plain cotton, of little value in itself, which I would not part with for gold. It was the gift of an Indian squaw, who is saved, and loves the Lord Jesus. When I was leaving, she came with it in her hand, and gave it to me with tears, saying, 'This is all I have to give. Will you accept it? and when you look on it, remember me.' It was given with the love of her heart, and that makes it of great value."

This is how God regards our gifts. Whatever is given out of love to Him, is well pleasing, but nothing else is. And before you can love Him, you must believe that He loves you. "We love Him, because He first loved us."

One of the most touching and beautiful expressions of the Indian's faith and true piety that I have ever come across, is found in a native hymn, which must have been composed by one of these converted warriors of the prairie. It was given me many years ago by a native of St. Helena, who spent some years in the far North West, and may have learned it there. I shall never forget the effect that the hymn produced upon a crowd of working men, when it was sung in the open air by that dear man, his dark face beaming with heavenly joy, such as is only known to those who have Christ dwelling in the heart. I will try and sing it to you.

THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

Down in de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look up to heaven and send up cry,
  Upon my knees so low:
Dat God on high, in de shiny place,
See me at night wid a teary face.
  My Bible tell me so.

God send His angel take me care,
He came Himsel' to hear my prayer,
  If de inside heart do pray;
God see me now: He now me hear;
He say, "Poor Indian, never fear,
  Me wid you night and day."

Den me love He, wid de inside heart,
He fight for me, He take my part,
  He save my life before;
God love poor Indian in de wood,
Den me love He, and dat be good,
  Me praise Him two times more.

When me be old, my head be grey,
Den He no leave me, so Him say,
  "Me wid you till you die;"
Den take me up to de shiny place,
See white man, red man, black man's face,
  All happy like on high.

With this we must for the present bid farewell to the wigwam and the prairie, but I hope none of you will forget the sights we have seen, or the stirring story of the toils and trials of God's true servants among the Red Indians, and the triumphs of the Gospel in the land of the bow and the tomahawk.

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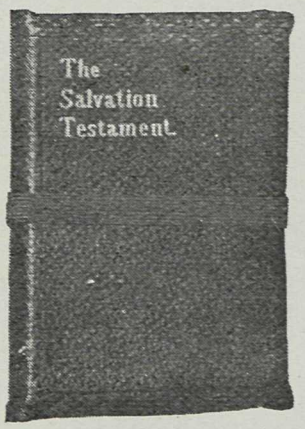

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