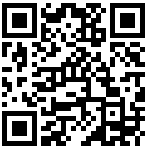

A SHORT HISTORY

OF THE

MORAVIAN CHURCH.

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MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE,
32, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.

MDCCCXCV.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

1457—1627.

PART II.—THE RENEWED CHURCH.

FROM ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO THE DEATH OF ZINZENDORF.

PART III.

A GLANCE AT THE CHURCH SINCE THE DEATH OF ZINZENDORF.

PART I.

THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

1457-1627.

CHAPTER I.

Bohemia and the Bohemians.

WHEN an ordinary Englishman, in the course of his reading, meets with such an expression as "Moravian Church," he naturally, at the mere sound of the name, turns his mind in the direction of a foreign country. He wonders what the expression may mean, and, as a general rule, he wonders without definite result. We have all heard of the great Protestant Reformation; we are acquainted with its incidents and with its heroes; and the famous names of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Latimer, and Cranmer, with many more, are familiar in our ears as household words. But it should ever be remembered that before Luther was born, before the name of Protestant was invented, before the Protestant body was founded, there had already begun another Reformation, and already flourished a Reforming Church. It is to tell the story of that Church—the Church of the United Brethren—that this little book is written. Let us look first at the land and people in the midst of which the Church took its rise—the land of Bohemia, and the people called Bohemians or Czechs.

From time immemorial both land and people have played a peculiar part in European history. As Belgium has been the battlefield of Europe in matters political, so Bohemia has been its battlefield in matters religious. Whether the people would or no, they were compelled to

take their share in the fray. They lived in a lovely country, in a tempting and dangerous situation; the land was a basin, with mountains around, and beyond the mountains were great powers. On the north-west was the Duchy of Saxony; on the north-east, behind the Giant Mountains, Silesia; on the south-east, Hungary; and on the south-west the Duchies of Austria and Bavaria. The land was rich and fertile, and abounded in fruits and vegetables. It was well watered by numerous rivers, and was picturesque and romantic; and its dainty orchards, its well-kept homesteads, its fruitful soil, its teeming valleys, were as gleaming gold and attracting magnets to the greedy princes who lived around. Wherever there is gold there is bloodshed, and wherever there is plenty there is war. But this was not all. Not only did the Bohemians live in a dangerous position, not only did marauders ever hover on the edge of the basin, but the people themselves had never learned to live at peace. They were then, as they are now, a lively and energetic race. They were excitable and enthusiastic in fighting against their enemies, but equally excitable and enthusiastic in warring against each other. They could pride themselves upon their freedom, for they had an elected monarchy. Their party politics ran high. As a consequence, they often lacked the unity necessary for combined action. For the rest, they were, on the whole, an agreeable, hospitable, good-natured, high-spirited and industrious people; and it is even said that they carried their good-nature so far that they thought it right to rob a neighbour in order to entertain a friend.

They received their Christianity from two opposite sources, and the seeds of future strife were early sown.

On the one hand Roman Catholic Christianity came to them from the West; on the other hand came two famous missionaries, Cyrill and Methodius, from the Greek Church in Constantinople; and the Bohemians hated the Romish priests, and loved the preachers from the East. The Romans were foreigners, and the preachers were half Bohemians. The Romans held their services in Latin, but the preachers addressed their hearers in Bohemian. The Romish priests were distant and awful, but the preachers, with Bohemian blood in their veins, went in and out among the common people, and talked with them as man to man, and were known as the Apostles of the Slavs. This was the beginning of a conflict that has gone on in Bohemia till the present day.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century, when our story opens, affairs in Bohemia had come to their worst. Pope after Pope had obtained a firmer grip of land and people. The great Pope Gregory VII. had forbidden preaching in the Bohemian tongue. All ministers had been forced to live unmarried. The wine in the Communion had been taken from the people. The Church of Rome had established a complete supremacy over the Bohemians.

They were not only under the power of Rome, but also under the power of vice; they were sunken in iniquity and superstition. Their religion was a sham. The Church had lost her moral control. The only piety required of men was obedience to the commands of the Church. Divine service consisted almost entirely of masses. As the commands of God were swallowed up in the commands of men, so the worship of God was swallowed up by pictures and images. The Bible was

unknown; the parish clergy had forgotten how to preach; the common folk heard nothing but Latin; the only preachers that at all deserved the name were certain wandering beggars, who amused the people with senseless fables; and it was a proverb in Bohemia, "He who cannot joke cannot preach." As the people were ignorant, they loved indulgences. An indulgence was a ticket, which a man could buy for so much, and which guaranteed him forgiveness for all his sins for so many years to come. Of course, a man with an indulgence in his purse could sin as much as he pleased without any fear of consequences. There were some who said that an indulgence from the Pope extended to purgatory itself, that a man could buy a ticket for the next 100,000 years, that the Pope was the doorkeeper of the Kingdom of Heaven and the dispenser of everlasting bliss. When the people allowed themselves to be duped by frauds like this, it is plain that the cause of Christ was lost among them. Instead of communion with God, there was communion only with the Church; instead of personal piety, there was empty ceremony; instead of the Bible, the writings of the clergy. The monks were mere landowners, the bishops lived like dukes, the Pope was an absolute monarch, and the whole Church was a cruel giant which stamped with an iron foot on rich and poor alike.

It was time to awake and move. It was time to listen to the voice of God, speaking through the mouths of His prophets.

CHAPTER II.

1401—1434.

John Huss and His Followers.

ON Saturday, July 6th, 1415, there was great excitement in the city of Constance. For the last half-year the city had presented a wonderful scene. The great Roman Catholic Council of Constance had been holding its sittings. It was the largest Council that had ever yet been held. From all parts of the Western World distinguished men had come, and the streets were full of splendid carriages and haughty grandees. Pope John XXIII. was there; King Sigismund was there. There were a thousand Bishops, over two thousand Doctors and Masters, about two thousand Counts, Barons, and Knights, a vast host of Dukes, Princes, and Ambassadors, with squires and liveried servants—in all over 50,000 strangers.

And now, after months of discussion, the Council assembled in the Cathedral to settle once and for all the great question, What was to be done with John Huss? King Sigismund sat on the throne, with Princes flanking him on either side. In the middle of the Cathedral was a scaffold; on the scaffold a table and a block of wood; on the block of wood some priestly robes. After Mass had been read John Huss was led in and placed upon the scaffold. He kneeled in prayer. The awful proceedings began.

But why was John Huss there? What had he done to offend both Pope and Emperor? For the last twelve

years John Huss had been the leading figure in Bohemia. He had raised his voice boldly against iniquity. In the Bethlehem Church at Prague he had lashed
1402. the sins and vices of all classes. He had begun by attacking the vices of the people. A noble lady complained to the King. The King told the Archbishop of Prague that he must warn Huss to be more cautious. "No, your Majesty," replied the Archbishop, "Huss is bound by his ordination oath to speak the truth without respect of persons." John Huss went on to attack the vices of the clergy. The Archbishop now complained to the King. "Nay," said the King, "that will not do. Huss is bound by his ordination oath to speak the truth without respect of persons." And John Huss had gone further still. He had declared that Christ was the only true Head of the Church, and that the Pope was not to be obeyed unless he taught the truth. He had said that the Bible and not the Church was the only standard of faith; that the Pope had not the keys of Heaven; that man could be forgiven by God only, through faith and repentance; that the supposed miracles worked by saints were a fraud (as, indeed, they were); and that the Priests who duped the people by selling indulgences were servants, not of Christ, but of Satan. He had brought out a new translation of the Bible, and made the study of the Bible popular. He had called for more purity of life; had thundered against the adulterous priests, and declared that they were not fit to give the Sacrament. He had become a national hero; he was the people's idol. When the Pope's messengers had come to Prague with large boxes full of indulgences, Huss had held them up to scorn. "Let who will proclaim the

contrary," he said; "let the Pope, or a Bishop, or a Priest say 'I forgive thee thy sins; I free thee from the pains of hell,'—it is all vain, and helps thee nothing. God alone, I repeat, can forgive sins through Christ." His words aroused enthusiasm among the people. He preached to them in the villages. He explained the Bible as they had never heard it explained before; he taught them to love it and read it; and, like a general cheering his army, he called on the Bohemian people to fight right manfully against the Devil in their hearts, and against lies and quackery, and to take their stand on the Word of God, and bid defiance to the Pope and his minions.

1415. July 6th. And, now, for these his doings, John Huss stood before the Great Council. What a scene was that! His face was pale, his cheeks were sunken, his limbs were weak and trembling. He had passed many a weary week in dungeons. He had been betrayed by a lying King, who had promised to give him safe-conduct. As he stood before the Council and looked around, and saw the purple and the gold and the scarlet robes and the King on his throne and the Princes and Abbots and Bishops and Priests, as he heard the cries of the great crowd outside, his eye flashed with a fire that seemed not of earth, and his words caused King Sigismund to blush for shame. Short and sharp was that public trial—for the trial was but a sham. He was condemned to death as a heretic; his priestly robes were taken from him to show that he was no longer a priest; his tonsure was cut in four directions, and a fool's cap, a yard high, with pictures of devils struggling for his soul, was placed upon that hero's head. "So," said the Bishops, "we deliver your soul to the Devil." He was led to a meadow

outside the city. He was bound to a stake with seven moist thongs and a chain, and fagots of dry wood and straw were piled round him to the chin. As the flames arose and the wood crackled, he called aloud, "Jesus, Son of God, have mercy upon me"; and when the fire died down, his ashes were thrown into the Rhine.

It was the beginning of woe in Bohemia—the beginning of woe in that lovely land, and sorrow for that proud people. For twenty years there was war and bloodshed in those smiling valleys. The Bohemian people felt insulted by the death of their hero, and swore to avenge it with the sword. A Hussite league was formed by Huss's followers; a Catholic League was formed by his enemies. The Hussite Wars began. Alas! alas! for the Bohemians! They lacked the very thing they needed. Had they been steady and united they might, at that moment, have won their freedom. They were as unstable as water; they had no great leader to band them together and lead them on to victory; and instead of presenting a firm front against the foe, they split up into quarrelling parties and made the confusion tenfold worse.

1415-1435.

There was one party called Utraquists or Calixtines, who said they would be content if the Pope would allow laymen to take the wine in the Communion, and in everything else were full Roman Catholics. They were mostly nobles, and did not care much about purity of life and Bible-reading, which would be inconvenient for princes and landlords.

There was a second party called Taborites, who built themselves a great fort on Mount Tabor, and held great open-air meetings. They were the van of the

Hussite army. They rejected purgatory, masses, and the worship of saints; condemned incense, images, relics, bells, and fasting; said that priests were an unnecessary nuisance; and celebrated the Holy Communion in barns, and conducted baptisms in ponds and brooks. They held (a very strange thing in those days) that every man had the right to his own interpretation of the Bible, and, in a word, cut themselves off altogether from the Roman Catholic Church.

There was a third party called Chiliasts, who believed that the end of the world was very near, and that all the righteous (by whom they meant themselves) would have to shut themselves up in five Cities of Refuge. They looked upon themselves as the instruments of the Divine displeasure, and only awaited a signal from heaven to begin a general massacre of their fellow-men. As the signal did not come, however, they were disappointed.

There was a fourth party called Adamites, whose aim was to restore to earth the simple habits of the Garden of Eden, where dress was unnecessary. A fifth party were known as Picards, and a sixth as Orphans.

But of all the parties the most remarkable were the Waldenses. They had come to Bohemia from Italy, and had come like purifying fire. In their lives they were simple and Christlike. They tried to live as nearly as possible after the example of Christ and His Apostles. In conversation they addressed each other as "Brother" and "Sister." Although they had cut themselves off from the Roman Church they attended its services, because they did not wish to create a disturbance, and employed the time in discovering flaws in the logic of the speaker. Like the Quakers of to-day, they looked upon all war as

pure murder, and refused to take an oath. To them the State was an evil, and they would have nothing to do with it. They would quietly obey its laws, but no more. The law of Christ, they said, was enough: if that were obeyed, what need of governments?

Now, the reader can easily imagine that, with these different parties all holding to their own opinions, there was not exactly sweet peace in the land of Bohemia. Famine stalked through the villages, blood-red war defiled the valleys, party after party arose and fell, houses were burnt, families were murdered, Death haunted the land of Bohemia, and the people sank lower and lower. John Ziska, the blind general, took the lead of the Taborite party. He formed the rough Bohemian peasantry into a disciplined army. He armed his men with lances and slings and iron-pointed flails and clubs. He formed barricades of wagons, and wheeled them in bewildering evolutions round the field. Like Cromwell in our old England, he led his men to battle to the sound of psalms and hymns, made a special study of gunpowder, won victory after victory, and carried all before him like a torrent rushing from the mountains. It was all useless. The death-blow came. At the battle of Lipan the Taborites were defeated; the Utraquists—in other words the Roman Catholics, for there was little difference between them—won the day. The Bohemian people bent once more beneath the yoke of Rome. The Utraquists came to terms with the Roman Catholics. A list of agreements, called the "Compactata of Basle," was drawn up; the Utraquists and Roman Catholics shook hands, and the Utraquist Church was acknowledged by the Pope as the National Church of

1434.

Bohemia. One point the Bohemians had won, and one alone—they were allowed to drink the wine in the Communion. As far as anything further was concerned, the Utraquist Church was a Roman Catholic Church pure and simple.

Was this to be the end of Huss's strivings? What, meantime, of his demand for a pure life? What of his Bible-teaching? What of his call for repentance? What of his cry for faith in Christ? We shall see. It was in the midst of this unsatisfactory state of things that the Moravian Church arose.

CHAPTER III.

1419—1452.

Peter of Chelcic and What He Taught.

THERE was a man in Bohemia who saw very well how badly things were going. His name was Peter, and he lived in the village of Chelcic,* in the South part of Bohemia. He was born about 1390. He lived so quiet a life that we know very little about him, but he wrote so much that we know very well what he thought. When he was a young man he became a soldier; but then became convinced that a soldier's life was wicked, and thought of entering a monastery. But he gave up the idea, retired to his estate at Chelcic, lived quietly there all his days, studied the writings of Wyclif and Huss, and then, with a smattering of education which he had received at Prague University, took the pen in his hand and began to write essays and pamphlets about the troubles of his country. He was able to do far more with his pen than ever John Ziska did with his sword. Like most of Huss's followers, if we can call him one, he took his stand upon the Bible; and that was the secret of his strength. As he was a layman, he could be independent; as he knew but little Latin he wrote in Bohemian. While the great Hussite War was going on, while Ziska was scouring the country with his wagons, while blood was flowing in the valleys, Peter of Chelcic was quietly pursuing his own plans. He saw from the very beginning that the way to heal a country's sores is not

* Pronounced "Shellsits."

to grip the sword, and began by writing a brisk attack upon all parties alike. When the followers of Huss at Prague formed the Hussite League, and said
1419. that it was right to take up arms in self-defence, Peter was present at the debate, and argued exactly the opposite. "What is war?" he said; "It is a breaking of the law of God; all soldiers are violent men, murderers, a godless mob." "When," he asked, "has God recalled the command, 'Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal?' I have learned from Christ, and if the Apostle Peter himself were to come from heaven and say that it was right to take up arms to defend the truth I should not believe him." As he took the Sermon on the Mount as his guide, he made it the law for every detail of life. To trade, with the idea of providing for more than the necessaries of life, was simply another form of thieving. He would bring back the Church to the state of the Church of the Apostles; he would free it from the State, which he called a "necessary evil." As God had revealed his will in Jesus Christ, said he, there was no need for further laws made by men. As Jesus Christ had submitted to Pilate so must Christians submit to the Government. But not a step further must they go. They must never call in the State to interfere in matters within the Church, they must never drag each other before the law courts, they must take no share in the government, they must never take an oath, and they must ever be willing to suffer injustice rather than allow the law of man to give them a helping hand. In other words, Peter of Chelcic regarded force as a crime, and said as plainly as he could that the connection between Church and State was the root of all the evils that had come upon this

miserable world. "Since that time," he said, speaking of the time when Constantine the Great had blended the Church and the Empire, "Since that time these two powers, Imperial and Papal, have clung together; they have turned everything to account in the Church and in Christendom for their own impious purposes; theologians, professors and priests are the satraps of the Emperor; they ask the Emperor to protect them so that they may sleep as long as possible, and they create war so that they may have everything under their thumb."

If Peter lashed the Roman Church with whips, he lashed the priests with scorpions. He loathed these "honourable men, who sit in great houses, these purple men, with their beautiful mantles, their high caps, their fat stomachs." He was a racy writer, and did not mince his words. He pointed out how the priests loved the rich and neglected the poor. "As for love of pleasure, immorality, laziness, greediness, uncharitableness, cruelty—as for these things, the priests do not hold them as sins when committed by princes, nobles, and rich commoners. They do not tell them plainly, 'you will go to hell if you live on the fat of the poor and lead a bestial life,' although they know that the rich are condemned to eternal death by such behaviour. Oh no! They prefer to give them a grand funeral! A crowd of priests, clergy, and other folk make a long procession; the bells are rung; there are masses and singing and candles and offerings; the virtues of the dead man are proclaimed from the pulpit; they enter his soul in the books of their cloisters and churches to be continually prayed for; and, if what they say is true, that soul cannot possibly perish (for he has been *so kind* to the Church), and must indeed be well cared for." He lashed the

priests still more for laziness and gluttony. "They pretend to follow Christ," he said, "and have plenty to eat every day. They have fish, spices, brawn, herrings, figs, almonds, Greek wine, and other luxuries; they generally drink good wine and rich beer in large quantities, and so they go to sleep. When they cannot get luxuries, they fill themselves with vulgar puddings till they nearly burst. And this is the way the priests fast!" And he lashed them again for loose teaching, for professing to hold the keys of Heaven in their hands, for winking at sin and moral abominations. "They prepare Jesus," he said, "as a sweet sauce for the world, so that the world may not have to shape its course after Jesus and His heavy cross, but that Jesus may conform to the world; and they make Him softer than oil, so that every wound may be soothed, and the violent, thieves, murderers, and adulterers may have an easy entrance into Heaven."

Now, Peter of Chelcic belonged to no party, and found faults in all. He was a sturdy, independent prophet of God, who knew that he was telling the truth and was not afraid to say it. He condemned the Utraquists because they used the sword; he condemned the Picards because they were disorderly and made light of the Sacraments; he condemned the nobles and princes because they revelled in vice; he condemned the priests as wells without water and clouds without rain; and he condemned the Pope as Anti-Christ and the enemy of God. But Peter went further than pointing out motes and beams; he gave food as well as thrusts. He taught that the duty of man was to tread in the footsteps of Christ; that the Divine help was man's only anchor on the sea of life; that every man who had a lively faith in Jesus Christ could see the

face of God without the glasses of Church or priests; that man must build his hopes, not on his own good works, but on the death of Christ and on the grace of God; and that only by faith in Christ, by love to God, and by the favour of the Almighty Father could the battle of Christian life be fought and the glory of Heaven won. He was not what we call a theologian: he was a moral reformer; and he set before him as his aim to bring back the Church to the lovely purity of the Apostles. And he saw some fruit of his labours. When the Hussite wars were over, when the followers of Huss were crushed, and the fire of Church life was burning faintly, Peter of Chelcic found that there were still some left who cherished the words which Huss had spoken. His estate lay in a part of the country where others lived—probably Waldenses—of like mind with himself. They read his pamphlets with delight, became known as the "Brethren of Chelcic," and wore a special dress—a grey cloak with a cord tied round the waist. Other orders of a like kind sprang up in other parts of Bohemia. And so, gradually, quietly, in some way that no records tell, were laid the foundations of what afterwards became the *Church of the United Brethren.* Did Peter see that Church? Did he see the fruit of the seed he had sown? We know not. He did his duty; he pointed out the way; he flashed his beacon in the darkness; and whether he knew it or not he was, in very fact and deed, the literary founder of the Brethren's Church. He gave the idea. He drew the plans. It was left to another man to erect the building.

CHAPTER IV.

1457—1472.

GREGORY THE PATRIARCH AND THE SOCIETY AT KUNWALD.

A BRILLIANT idea is an excellent thing. A man to work it out is still better. About this time, when Peter's followers had formed themselves into a little party, John Rokycana,* the leader of the Utraquists, was making a great stir in Prague. He was a popular and eloquent preacher, and attracted large congregations in the Thein Church. What Peter had done with his pen, John Rokycana was now doing with his tongue. He preached Peter's doctrines; he corresponded with him; he went to see him at his quiet little estate; and in terrible language, he thundered from his pulpit against the Church of Rome as Babylon, and the Pope as Anti-Christ. He was fond of preaching melancholy sermons, with texts from the Prophet Jeremiah; fuller and fuller became his church; and the people said, "Behold! a second John Huss has arisen."

1452.

But John Rokycana was no second John Huss. He was one of those men who always know what to do, but can never make up their minds to do it. He could preach, but he could not act. His followers soon discovered his weakness. Some among them were not content with listening; they were men who had resolved to put into practice what they had heard. They were followers of

* Pronounced Rockitsanna.

Peter of Chelcic. When they attended at the Thein Church they took notes of Rokycana's sermons. They passed from hand to hand copies of Peter's writings. They besought Rokycana to be their head, to act up to his words, and to lead them on to victory. Rokycana hemmed and hawed, put them off with excuses, and told them, after the manner of timid men, that they were too hasty and reckless. Not to be beaten, they abandoned his church, and chose a leader of a different stamp from among themselves. Gregory—commonly known as Gregory the Patriarch—was that leader: he was the actual founder of the Church of the United Brethren. At this time he was already a middle-aged man. He was the son of a Bohemian knight, and was nephew to Rokycana himself. He had spent his youth in a cloister as a barefooted monk; had found the cloister not so moral as he expected and left it in disgust, and was now well-known in Bohemia as a man of uncommon character, pious and sensible, humble and strict, active and spirited, a good writer and a good speaker. He was a friend of Peter and studied his pamphlets, and is said to have been particularly fond of a little essay, entitled, "The Image of the Beast," which he had borrowed from a blacksmith in Wanovia. As time went on, he became more and more disgusted with Rokycana, visited Peter on his estate, and gradually formed the plan of founding an independent Society, and doing himself what Rokycana was afraid to do. As soldiers desert a cowardly general, and gather round the standard of a brave one, so those energetic listeners in the Thein Church fell away from Rokycana, and gathered round Gregory the Patriarch. From all parts of Bohemia, from all ranks of society, from

all whom Peter's writings had influenced, from all, in fact, who were discontented with the Church as it was, and who wished to see the pure Church of the Apostles once more—from all these was his little band recruited. How it all happened we know not; but slowly the numbers swelled. At last the question arose, how and where must they live? That was an awkward question in those times! Not always could they live in secret; not always be scattered in little groups. It was time, they thought, to band themselves together, and form a society that should last. "After us," Rokycana had said in a sermon, "shall a people come, well-pleasing unto God, and right healthy for men; they shall follow the Scriptures and the example of Christ, and the footsteps of the Apostles." And these stern men determined to do it. What! let the words of Master Huss fall to the ground! Let the Bible be lost! Let the jewel of truth sink in the waves of war! Never! by the help of God, never!

In the year 1457 King Wenceslaus, of Bohemia, died, and George Podiebrad reigned in his stead; **1457.** and about the same time it came to the ears of Gregory the Patriarch, that on the north-east border of Bohemia there lay a village that would serve as a home for him and his trusty followers. And the village was called Kunwald, and the old castle close by was called Lititz. The village was almost deserted, and only a few simple folk, of the same mind as Gregory, lived there now. What better refuge could be found? Gregory the Patriarch brought the matter before Rokycana; Rokycana, who was glad of any way of seeing the last of these troublesome Brethren, brought the matter before King George; the

King, who owned the estate, gave his gracious permission, and Gregory and his companions wended their way to Kunwald, and began to form, under the shadow of the Castle of Lititz, the first settlement of the United Brethren. And now all those in Bohemia who thought as these Brethren thought, came to make Kunwald their home. Some came from the Thein Church, in Prague; some came across the Glatz Hills from Moravia; some came from the estate of Peter of Chelcic; and some came from the little Waldensian gatherings that lay scattered, here and there, about the land. There were citizens from Prague and other cities; there were Bachelors and Masters from the great University; there were peasants and nobles, learned and unlearned, rich and poor, with their wives and children; and all in Bohemia who wished to be pure, and all who loved the Word of God, found a Bethany of Peace in the smiling little valley of Kunwald.

Here, then, in the valley of Kunwald, as tradition says, on March the 1st, 1457, did these early
1457. Brethren lay the foundation stones of the Moravian Church. They called themselves "Brethren and Sisters of the Law of Christ;" and there was no mockery in the title. They built cottages, cultivated the land, opened workshops, and lived in peace and content. For literature they had the Bible and the writings of Peter of Chelcic (written copies, of course). In Michael Bradacius they found a priest. They made their own laws and appointed a body of twenty-eight elders to enforce them. They were shut off from the world by a narrow gorge, with the Glatz Mountains towering on the one side, and the hoary old Castle of Lititz on the other; and there in that fruitful

valley, where orchards smiled and gardens bloomed and neat little cottages peeped out from the woodland, they plied their trades, and read their Bibles, and kept themselves pure and unspotted from the world, under the eye of God Almighty.

But it was not long before these early Brethren had to show of what metal they were made. With each other they were at peace, but in Bohemia the sea still rolled from the storm. It came to the ears of King George Podiebrad that the Brethren were dangerous conspirators; that they had a novel way of celebrating the Lord's Supper; that they held secret meetings of a mysterious nature. And King George held himself an orthodox King, and could not allow heresy in his kingdom. Therefore, when he heard that Gregory the Patriarch had come on a visit to Prague, and was actually holding a meeting of University students in a house in the New Town, he came down upon them like a wolf on the fold, and gave orders to arrest them on the spot. He had an idea that they were hatching a plot of some kind. Although they received warning of what was coming, they resolved, with a few exceptions, to await their fate and stand to their guns. "Come what may," said the students, in their fiery zeal; "let the torture be our breakfast, and the rack our dinner!" The door of the room flew open. The magistrate and his bailiffs appeared. "All," said the magistrate, as he stood at the threshold, "all who wish to live in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Follow me to prison." They followed him, and were at once put upon the rack. As soon as the students felt the actual pain of torture, their courage gave way. After they had tasted the breakfast, they had no appetite for the dinner. They

admitted the crimes with which they were charged, and made a public confession in the Thein Church of Prague. But for Gregory the Patriarch, who was now growing an old man, the torture was too severe. He fell into a swoon, and was thought to be dead; and in his swoon he dreamed a dream which seemed to him like the dreams of the Prophets of old. He saw, in a lovely meadow, a tree laden with fruit; and the fruit was being plucked by birds; and the flights of the birds were guided by a youth of heavenly beauty, and the tree was guarded by three men in face and form like the men of earth. What meant that dream to Gregory and his Brethren? It had a deep spiritual import. The tree was the Society of the Brethren; the fruit was its Bible-teaching; the birds were its ministers and servants; the youth of radiant beauty was the Divine Master Himself; and the three men who stood on guard were the same in face and form as the three men who were afterwards chosen as the first three Elders of the Brethren's Church.

While Gregory lay in his swoon, his old teacher, his uncle, his sometime friend, John Rokycana, hearing that he was dying, came to see him. His conscience was stricken, and he was cut to the heart. He wrung his hands in agony, and moaned aloud, "Oh, my Gregory, my Gregory, would I were where thou art!" When Gregory recovered, Rokycana pleaded for him, and the King allowed the brave old patriarch to return in peace to Kunwald.

Meantime, the persecution of the Brethren had begun in deadly earnest. King George Podiebrad was furious. He issued an order that all his subjects were to join either the Utraquist or the Roman Catholic Church.

He issued another order that all priests who conducted the Communion after the manner of the Brethren should forthwith be put to death. Gregory the Patriarch was imprisoned again. Jacob Hulava, the first of the Brethren's Church to suffer death by martyrdom, was burnt alive in the presence of his family. A panic spread in Kunwald, the little settlement broke up, and the Brethren fled again to the woods and mountains. For a time they led a life like the life of hunted deer. As they dared not to light a fire by day, they cooked their meals by night; and then, when the enemy was asleep, they read their written Bibles round their watch-fires. We can picture them assembling in those Bohemian glades: the stars shining calm overhead, the wind soughing in the pine trees, while we catch the rough sound of those stern old voices as they repeat the words which run, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head;" or, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you and revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake." It was winter, deep winter, when the Brethren lived in those woods; and when they made bold to leave their retreats they trailed branches of trees behind them to sweep away their footmarks in the snow.

In vain they appealed to Rokycana; he would have nothing further to do with them. "Thou art of the world," they wrote, "and wilt perish with the world." They were commonly dubbed "Pitmen," because they lived in pits and caves. Yet not for a moment did they lose hope. At the very time when the king thought to have crushed them, they were in reality increasing in numbers every day. As their watch-fires shone in the

darkness of the forests, so their pure lives shone among a darkened people. No weapon did they use except the pen. They never retaliated, never rebelled, never took up arms in their own defence, never even appealed to the arm of justice. When smitten on one cheek they turned the other; and from ill-report they went to good report, till the king for very shame had to let them be. Well aware was he that such persecution was not the way to stamp out spiritual life. "I advise you," said a certain bishop, "to shed no more blood. Martyrdom is somewhat like a half-roasted piece of meat: apt to breed maggots."

And now the time drew near for Gregory's dream to come true. When the Brethren first settled at Kunwald they had not intended to step outside the pale of the National Utraquist Church. The Brethren's services were conducted by Utraquist priests, and the Brethren had settled on a Utraquist estate under the protection of a Utraquist king. But this half-and-half state of things could not last for ever. It was unsettled and unsafe. The Brethren had very little faith in Utraquist priests. They were forced, therefore, to obtain a ministry from some other recognised source. In vain they looked around. When they asked about a certain pure Church supposed to exist in India, they received the answer that that Church was as corrupt as the Romish. When they asked about the Greek Church in Russia, they received the answer that the Russian bishops were willing to consecrate any man, good or bad, so long as he paid the fees. They had now become a powerful body. Little settlements were sprouting up all over Bohemia. They were staunch men and true, and had something worth the

keeping; and they perceived that if they were to hold their own in those stormy times they must cut the chains that bound them to the Roman Church, and launch out under other sails and colours.

1467. In the year 1467, just ten years after the foundation of Kunwald, there met at Lhota a Synod of the Brethren to settle that important question: "Is it God's will that we separate entirely from the power of the Papacy, and hence from its priesthood? Is it God's will that we institute, according to the model of the Primitive Church, a ministerial order of our own?" There had been fasting and prayer in every parish. About fifty representatives appeared. The Synod was held in a tanner's cottage. Gregory the Patriarch, with his dream still haunting him, was the guiding spirit.

In the first place, after prayer, without which these Brethren did nothing, the Synod elected by ballot nine men of blameless life, from whom were to be chosen, if God should so will, the first Pastors of the New Church. Then twelve slips of paper were rolled together and put into a vase, three of them being inscribed with the word "jest," *i.e.*, "is." A boy, chosen for the purpose, drew out nine slips and handed them round to the nine nominated Brethren.

There was a hush—a deep hush—in that simple room. All waited for God to speak. At that moment the fate of the Church seemed to hang in the balance. Everything depended on the three papers left in the vase. It had been agreed that the three Brethren who received the three inscribed papers should be ordained to the ministry. Had the Brethren been quite sure that their conduct was

approved of God they would have taken only nine slips of paper. As they had taken twelve, the three remaining in the vase might be the three inscribed slips. But it turned out otherwise; all three were taken; and Matthias, Thomas, and Elias are known to history as the first three ministers of the Brethren's Church. When Gregory the Patriarch stepped forward and announced with trembling voice that these three men were the very three that he had seen in his trance in the torture chamber at Prague, all took the fulfilment of the dream as a sign of approval and good-will from Heaven. Together the members of the Synod arose and saluted the chosen three. Together they sang, in a hymn written for the occasion—

> We needed faithful men, and He
> Granted us such. Most earnestly
> We pray, Lord, let Thy gifts descend,
> That blessing may Thy work attend.

They likewise wrote to Rokycana and informed him of what they had done. Deliberately, and with full knowledge of what they were doing, they snapped the chains that bound them to Rome, and attempted to found a Church on the model of the Church of the Apostles. In Stephen, a Waldensian Bishop, they found a good friend. To him they sent Michael Bradacius, the old priest of Senftenberg, with two companions. Michael informed him that the Brethren had found it necessary to cut themselves off from the Roman Church, and were in need of episcopally ordained priests. Bishop Stephen was delighted. He congratulated the Brethren warmly, and forthwith consecrated Michael a Bishop. Bishop Michael then returned and consecrated Matthias. From that day to this the Brethren have valued the episcopal ordination

as thus obtained. They do not, however, regard it as essential to the existence of the Brethren's Church.

Gregory the Patriarch's life-work was now done. He had founded the Brethren's Church. He had taught her to revere the Bible, had ruled her with an iron hand, and had enforced to the letter the ideas of his old friend Peter of Chelcic. While he lived no member of the Church could take an oath or fill a civil office, or keep an inn, or trade in anything beyond the bare necessaries of life. The Brethren of his day were hard as a rock, and lived according to the Sermon on the Mount. When Gregory died, September 13th, 1473, he was buried in a ravine near Brandeis-on-the-Adler, hard by the Moravian frontier.

CHAPTER V.

1472—1530.

Luke of Prague, and How the Church Became an Evangelical Church.

WHEN the Society had first settled at Kunwald, it had consisted for the most part, though not altogether, of poor and uneducated country peasants. But no sooner was Gregory laid in his grave than it became plain that a new party was in the camp. Already, indeed, the Brethren had begun to break the chains with which Gregory had bound them; already they were strong in numbers. From Neustadt in the north to Skutch in the south, and from Moravia in the east to Chlumec in the west, they lay thickly scattered, and in all the principal towns in that district, an area of about 900 square miles, they had rich and influential members. Instead of being a despised sect they were now an honoured Church. They were joined by aldermen and rich citizens, and professors of the universities, and landlords and knights. They won golden opinions from all. As it became generally known that the best men for positions of trust were the Brethren, it was no longer possible to hold aloof from the State, and no longer possible to keep themselves shut out from the world.

1483. At this moment, when new ideas were springing up, there joined the Church a young man who is known as Luke of Prague. He was born about 1460, was a Bachelor of Prague University, was a deeply-read theological scholar, and for the next forty years was the leading figure among the Brethren.

He saw at once how affairs were drifting, and took the tide at the flood. In Procop of Neuhaus, who was also a graduate of the University, he found a warm supporter, and these two led the van of the new movement. There was a struggle. On the one side was the liberal, broad-minded, advanced party, led by Luke of Prague and Procop of Neuhaus. On the other side was the old-fashioned party, led by two farmers, Amos and Jacob. "Ah, Matthias!" Gregory the Patriarch had said in his last moments, "beware of the educated Brethren." But in spite of this warning the educated Brethren won the day. It was settled, once and for all, that the writings of Peter and Gregory should no longer be regarded as authoritative. "We content ourselves," ran the declaration, "with those sacred books which have been accepted from of old by all Christians and are found in the Bible." It was agreed that men of rank might join the Church without laying down their rank; that oaths might be taken; that profits in business might be made; that offices in the State might be filled. Thus the Brethren's Church cast off the danger of becoming a bigoted sect and heralded the dawn of the Reformation.

1495. But a still greater step was taken.* Procop of Neuhaus put to the Council of Elders the momentous question: "By what is a man justified?" and the answer was given, "By the merits of Jesus Christ." The great doctrine of justification by faith was taught; the doctrine of salvation by works was

* It is hardly necessary to remark that what is here, for brevity's sake, described as "a great step," was in reality the manifestation of a long-continued inner development. To describe such developments in detail is, however, impossible in a short book like the present.

cast aside; and the Brethren's Church became the first free Evangelical Church in Europe.

These great points being settled, Luke of Prague set himself the task of lengthening the cords of the Church. His energy seemed never to flag. To establish the ministry more firmly, he enlarged the number of Bishops, of whom he himself became one. He enlarged the Governing Council, with his friend Procop of Neuhaus as Ecclesiastical Judge. He beautified the Church Services, and made the Ritual more tasteful. He introduced priestly robes and golden cups and beautifully embroidered corporals. He gave an impulse to music and singing, and encouraged learning and education in every way. Although at that time the printing press was only a new wonder in the world, Luke of Prague made great use of it, and the Brethren had three publication offices. He wrote a "Catechism for Children"; edited the first Brethren's Hymn-book; drew up "Confessions of Faith," and sent them to the King; and published pamphlets and treatises and sections of the Bible without number.* He was, in fact, the first to make the printing press a Christian force in Bohemia, and used his pen as a weapon of defence for the Brethren.

But even with all this Luke was not contented. He thought that, surely, somewhere in the world there must be other Christians like the Brethren, and he and his friends searched the earth to find them. One set off to find a lovely Church that was said to exist
1491. in India, was misled by a Jew, and found himself in Jerusalem. Another explored the

* Between 1505 and 1510 only sixty printed works appeared in Bohemia, and of these *fifty were printed* by the Brethren!

South of Russia. Luke himself visited the monasteries in Greece, saw the wickedness of Cæsar Borgia in Rome, witnessed the burning and death-agonies of Savonarola in Florence; fell in with Waldenses in Savoy; and then, having sought up and down in vain, returned home in the firm belief that, except the Waldenses and the Brethren, there did not exist one pure Christian Church on the face of the earth.

Meantime, while Luke was spending his strength *for* the Brethren, others were spending their strength *against* them. In the village of Jungbunzlau, one of the chief settlements of the Brethren, lived a man called John Lezek. He was a brewer's apprentice. He had been, when a young man, in the service of a Moravian member, and though he never joined the Brethren, he knew a good deal about their ways and customs. He had likewise a strong imagination, which gave his memory a helping hand. He saw the chance of making his name famous in Bohemia, for even a brewer's apprentice loves fame. Egged on, it is said, by a Utraquist priest, he suddenly came forward as a penitent sinner with a heavy load upon his conscience, and relieved his mind by making a public confession in the parish church of the iniquities which he said he had committed while among the Brethren. He had robbed his own father with their approval, said he, and there was no end to the long list of their crimes. They blasphemed; they took the Communion bread to their houses and hacked it in pieces; they were thieves and murderers, and he, himself, had committed many a burglary for them; they prepared poisonous drinks, put poisonous smelling powders in their letters, were skilled in witchcraft, and were wont

irreverently to say that the way to hell would be paved with the bald heads of priests. This string of lies was taken down, sealed and signed by witnesses, copied out, and scattered broadcast through the land. Strange to say, when this penitent gentleman was examined before a magistrate, he acknowledged the whole affair to be a fraud, and vigorously denied what he had before vigorously asserted.

1500. But a more powerful enemy than Lezek now made his power felt. The Pope himself, Pope Alexander VI., sent an agent to Bohemia to preach against the Brethren, and the agent brought Lezek's story to life again, although nobody believed him. Wire-pullers were at work upon the King. "Hunt out and destroy these shameless vagabonds," wrote Dr. Augustin, "they are not even good enough to be burnt at the stake; they ought to have their bodies torn by wild beasts, and their blood licked up by dogs." An ambassador from the Amosites—who were none other than a grumbling party that had separated from the Brethren at the time when Luke introduced his changes—told His Majesty that the Brethren were about to take up arms to defend their Church. "What!" exclaimed the King, "do they mean to play Ziska? Well, well! we know how to stop that!" He was soon as good as his word, and in 1507 he issued the famous *Edict of St. James*.

1507. It was a sweeping decree against the Brethren. Their meetings were altogether forbidden. Their books and tracts were to be burnt. Their priests could conduct no services whatever. All Brethren who refused to join either the Utraquist or the Roman Church were to be immediately expelled the country. In

other words, a merciless persecution began. The Brethren could only cry to God, for man's heart was hardened against them!

1510. In the village of Kuttenberg lived a Brother called Andrew Poliwka. As Kuttenberg was a Roman Catholic village, he fled for refuge to the Brethren's settlement at Leitomischl. But his wife betrayed him, and he was forced to attend the Utraquist Church in Kuttenberg. One day, during an ordination service, when the Host was raised on high, he could restrain his feelings no longer. He jumped up from his seat. "Silence, blasphemer!" he called out to the priest, "I will speak. Dear friends!" and here he turned to the people, "What are you doing? What are you adoring? An idol made of bread! Oh, adore the living God in heaven! He is blessed for evermore!" There was a moment of awful silence. He was seized, his head was dashed against a pillar, and he was dragged bleeding to prison. When he was asked what had urged him to interrupt the service, he replied, "Who caused Abram to forsake his idolatry and adore the living God? Who induced Daniel to flee from idols?" In vain was he stretched upon the rack. No further answer would he give. He was burnt to death at the stake. As the flames began to lick his face, he prayed aloud, "Jesus, Thou Son of the Living God, have mercy upon me, miserable sinner!"

Baron John of Rosenberg, Grand Prior of the Knights of Malta, had a dependent, George Wolinsky, who had long been honoured by the Brethren as an unusually intelligent and active member of their Church. Baron John ordered him to leave the Brethren, and join either

the Utraquists or Catholics. As he refused to yield, he was thrust into the deepest dungeon of the Baron's Castle, and left there to die. A piece of bread and some meat, which he had secreted, were taken from him; the doors of his dungeon were bolted, and all that was left him was a heap of straw on which to breathe his last.

After five days the Baron sent for him again, and found him speechless, gasping, at the point of death. "Ah!" said the Baron, bursting into tears, "I am glad he is living," and allowed George to return to the Brethren.

In the midst of scenes like this Bishop Luke of Prague showed himself to be a man of God indeed. He hurried in secret from settlement to settlement, held services in the woods and gorges, sent letters to the parishes he could not visit, cheered the downhearted by words of comfort, and sent letter after letter to the king. At one time it seemed as if even this morsel of comfort were to be snatched from the Brethren's hands. As Bishop Luke was going on a secret pastoral visit
1515. he fell into the hands of Peter Suda, a robber knight, "the prince and master of all thieves," was loaded with chains, cast into a dungeon, and threatened with torture and the stake. At that moment final destruction seemed to threaten the Brethren. Their members were scattered, their priests were in hiding, their books were burnt, their leader and guide was in chains, and in danger of his life. Despair came upon the Brethren like a nightmare; the waves of trouble flooded the deck of the ship, and the breakers roared in the distance. Dark, very dark, seemed the outlook.

Yet the outlook was not so black as it seemed. There was a feeling in Bohemia that it was dangerous to harm the Brethren; a feeling that the Brethren were under the special protection of God. It was while the billows were rolling highest that several enemies of the Brethren suddenly died, and people said that God Himself had struck a blow for the persecuted "Pitmen." Baron Colditz, the Chancellor of the Realm, fell ill of a carbuncle and died; Dr. Augustin fell dead from his chair at dinner; Henry von Neuhaus, while driving in his sleigh, was upset, and impaled on his hunting-knife; Peter von Swihow was found dead in his cellar; Bishop John of Grosswardein, on his way to Moravia, fell on a sharp nail in alighting from his carriage, pierced his abdomen and miserably perished. It was a common saying among the people, "Let him that is tired of life persecute the Brethren, for he is sure not to live another year."

1516. Bravely the Brethren held on to their posts, till the second persecution came to an end. Peter von Suda allowed Luke of Prague to go free. The King of Bohemia, Uladislaus, died. A boy was set upon the throne. The Utraquists and Catholics began to quarrel with each other. The knights and the citizens tilted their lances, and in the confusion and uproar the Brethren were forgotten and allowed to live in peace.

1517. And just at this juncture came to the Brethren news that seemed like glad tidings from heaven. From afar, from a distant shore, the notes of the music came; the Brethren were no longer to be alone, no longer to be a

solitary voice crying in the wilderness. For Martin Luther had arisen. The Brethren's hearts beat at every new report that came across the Giant Mountains. Their eyes sparkled with delight when they heard how Luther had pinned his ninety-five theses against the church door at Wittenberg. They marvelled when they heard how the young monk had burnt the Pope's bull. Their whole being thrilled at that famous speech: "Here stand I. I can no other. God help me!" They hailed Martin Luther as a champion—as a champion sent by God. When he protested against indulgences, when he refused to obey the Pope, when he appealed to the Bible as the only standard of faith, when he taught that only by faith in Christ could man be justified before God, the Brethren thanked the Father for the hero He had given, and took new courage for the fray. At the very first opportunity they held out to him the right hand of fellowship; sent John Horn and Michael Weiss to visit him; presented him with a copy of their Confession and Catechism; asked his advice on points of teaching and conduct, and opened their hearts to hear with gladness what the great Reformer had to say.

It was with these bright prospects in view that Luke of Prague breathed his last. As Gregory the Patriarch had died when his duty was done, so also did Luke. He was not quite so enthusiastic as the other Brethren about Luther. One thing, and one thing only, he had against him. He was shocked at what he heard of the jovial life led by Luther's students at Wittenberg, and could not understand how a rollicking youth could be a preparation for a holy ministry. As Gregory the Patriarch had warned Matthias against "the learned Brethren," so Luke, in his

turn, warned the Brethren against the loose lives of Luther's merry-hearted students. As he lay on his death-bed in the Brethren's House at Jungbunzlau, his heart was moved by mingled feelings. There was
1528. land in sight, ah yes! But what grew upon the enchanting island? He would rather see his Church alone and pure than carried away in the Protestant torrent! Happy was he in the day of his death! So far he had steered the Church safely. He must now resign his post to another pilot, who knew well the coming waters.

CHAPTER VI.

The Brethren at Home.

AS we have now arrived at that point when the Brethren's Church, instead of standing alone, became mixed up with the great Protestant movement that was sweeping over Europe, it will be convenient, before plunging into the stream, to pause a moment and look at the Brethren a little more closely—at their homes, at their trades, at their arrangements, at their doctrine, at their forms of service, and their life from day to day. After all, what were these Brethren, and how did they live?

They were still Brethren of the Law of Christ, though they no longer used the title. They called themselves United Brethren. In every detail of their lives, in business, in pleasure, in Christian service, in civil duties, they took the Sermon on the Mount as the lamp unto their feet. From the child to the old man, from the serf to the lord, from the candidate to the bishop, throughout all ranks of society the same strict law held good. What made the Brethren's Church shine so brightly in Bohemia before Luther's days was not their doctrine, but their lives; not their theory, but their practice; not their opinions, but their discipline. Without that discipline they would have been a shell without a kernel. It called forth the admiration of Calvin and drove Martin Luther to despair. It was, in very truth, the jewel of the Church, her charm against foes within and without.

No portion of the Church was more carefully watched than the ministers. What the minister was the people would be, and the greatest care was shown in choosing men of blameless lives. When a man came forward as a candidate for the ministry he knew that he would have to stand a most searching examination. His character and past life were thoroughly sifted. He must have a good knowledge of the Bible, and his life must be free from blemish. At first, in Gregory the Patriarch's time, many of the ministers were uneducated men, some of whom could not even write a sermon. But Luke of Prague had put an end to that state of things. Now, though writing and reading were not common arts, all the Brethren's ministers could both read and write, and were thoroughly well-educated men.

When the solemn time of ordination drew near, there were consultations of ministers with closed doors, and days set apart for fasting and prayer throughout the whole Church. When the candidate appeared before the Bishop he had, of course, as in any other Church, to promise to be faithful to his duties, and those duties were by no means light ones. Besides the ordinary duties connected with Divine worship, he had to visit all in his congregation at least once a quarter, to take a companion with him when he visited the sick, to undertake any journey or mission, however dangerous, at the command of the Elders, to be as moderate as possible in eating and drinking, and to earn his daily bread by manual labour and the sweat of his brow. He was forbidden to engage in any business that brought in large profits. If his daily labour brought him in more than was absolutely necessary for his daily bread, the surplus had to be handed over to the general funds

of the Church. If he inherited a legacy, that was treated in the same way. He was to avoid pomp in dress and house, keep away from fairs and banquets, have nothing to do with politics, and not marry except with the consent and approval of the Elders. As a general rule, the ministers were advised, though not forced, to remain single, and it is rather sarcastically recorded in the old "Book of the Dead" that in every case in which a minister failed in his duties or was convicted of immorality the culprit was a married man.

The minister had not even a private house. The parsonage was called the "Brethren's House." As the name implies, the minister was not the only Brother in it. "As Eli had trained Samuel, as Elijah had trained Elisha, as Christ had trained His disciples, as St. Paul trained Timothy and Titus," so a minister of the Brethren had young men under his charge. First in order came the Deacons. They occupied a double position. They were in the first stage of priesthood and in the last stage of preparation for it. Their duties were manifold. They supplied the out-preaching places, repeated the pastor's sermon to those who had not been able to attend the services on Sunday, assisted at the Holy Communion in the distribution of the bread and wine, occasionally preached in the village church to give their superior an opportunity for criticism and correction, managed all purely household affairs, acted as chapel servants or churchwardens, looked after alms and charities and helped the minister in his manual labour, and then devoted what time was left after these various duties were performed to Bible study and preparation for the priesthood proper. When a Deacon went off to preach, his sermon was first submitted to the minister for approval.

Next to the Deacons came the Acoluths, young men or boys living in the same building and preparing to be Deacons. They were trained by the minister, very often from childhood up. They rang the bell and lighted the candles in the church, helped the Deacons in household arrangements, and took turns in conducting the household worship. Occasionally they were allowed to deliver a short address in the church, and the congregation "listened with kindly forbearance." When they were accepted by the Synod as Acoluths, they generally received some Biblical name, which was intended to express some feature in their character. It is thus that we account for such names as Jacob Bilek, George Israel, and John Amos Comenius.

Inside this hive of industry the rules and regulations were similar to those in a modern boarding-school. There were times and seasons for everything. At the sound of a bell all rose, and then came prayer and Scripture reading; an hour later a service; then morning study; in the afternoon (which was not considered a good time for brain-work) manual labour, weaving, gardening, tailoring; in the evening, sacred music and singing. At meal-times the Acoluths recited passages of Scripture, or read discourses, or took part in theological discussions.

No one could leave the house without the pastor's permission, and the pastor himself could not leave his parish without the Bishop's permission. When he did travel, he lodged at other Brethren's Houses, where the Acoluths washed his feet and attended to his personal comforts.

What was true of the minister was also, in a measure, true of his people. There was as much organisation

among the common people as among the clergy. Each congregation was divided into three classes: the Beginners, those who were learning the Catechism and the first elements of religion; the Proficients, the steady members of the Church; and the Perfect, those so established in faith, hope, and love as to be able to enlighten others. In every congregation a body of Elders, elected by the congregation from the Perfect, assisted the pastor in his parochial duties. They looked after his support in case he were in need, kept order among the people, and probed into the smallest details of parish life. Every three months they visited the houses of the Brethren, and inquired whether the business were honestly conducted, whether family worship were held, whether the children were properly trained, and whether public duties were faithfully performed. For example, it was considered one of the duties of a father to talk with his children after Divine service on what they had heard at Church, and when the Elder paid his visit he inquired, by examination of the children, whether that duty had been carried out.

The Brethren's rules struck deeper still. For the labourer in the field, for the artisan in the shop, for the tradesman with his wares, for the baron and his tenants, and for the master and his servants, there were laws and codes to suit each case, and make every trade and every walk in life serve in some way or other to the glory of Almighty God. Unless a man could show that his trade was, not only in agreement with the laws of Christ, but even of direct service to His cause, he could not carry it on. Among the Brethren there were no dice-makers, no actors or painters, no professional musicians, no wizards or

seers, no alchemists, no astrologers, no courtezans or panderers. The Brethren recognised difference of rank in this life, but held that before God all were equal. The lords were to allow their servants to worship with them daily round the family altar. The rich were to spend their money for the poor and sick instead of on dainties and fine clothes. The poor were to be patient, cheerful, and industrious, and remember that in the life to come all their troubles would vanish like dew before the rising sun. In a Brethren's village, the peace of Paradise often reigned. There were no luxurious rich, and no down-trodden poor. There was no dallying in ale-houses, no gambling, no gluttonous feasting, no wild public amusements, no village fairs, no extravagance in dress, and no clandestine frivolous little chats between the sexes. When members found each other at fault, they were to give a mild rebuke, which was to be as mildly taken. When a member broke a rule, he was, for the first offence, privately reproved. If he persisted, he was publicly exposed before the Elders. If he persisted again he was excluded from the Communion of Saints, and the loud "Amen" of the whole congregation proclaimed his banishment from among the faithful.

Such, then, was the life led by the Brethren: a life lived as closely as possible after the model of the Apostles. At any rate, that was their aim. Everything rested on the doctrine contained in the Apostles' Creed. The teaching of the Brethren was simple and straightforward. They did not trouble themselves much about complicated questions, for they had a sterner business to do—to live aright in the sight of God and man. They believed in God the Father as Creator, in God the Son as Redeemer, and in God the

Holy Ghost as the Creator and Quickener of faith. They were Protestants, and took their stand upon the Bible. When asked their opinion about the Holy Communion, about which there was so much discussion in those days, they gave a very simple answer, which a little child could have understood. They did not say, with the Roman Catholics, that the bread and wine were actually changed into the flesh and blood of Christ. Nor did they say, either, with some Protestants, that the bread and wine remained simply bread and wine. Nor did they, like Luther and Zwingli and other reformers, entertain pet theories of their own. They simply said, "We take the words of the New Testament just as they stand, without further argument." They taught plainly that the Sacraments had no value in themselves alone, but that very much depended upon the faith of the receiver.*

At the head of the Brethren's Church, holding all things in order, was what was called the "Executive Council." It consisted of ten Bishops, elected by a General Synod of all the ministers. It appointed ministers to their congregations, arranged for episcopal visitations, and altogether, subject to the Synod, which met every three years, had the supreme (executive) control over the Church.

And now, perhaps, the reader will be inclined to ask, "Why all this government, this strict discipline? Was it

* The Brethren were still accustomed to speak of the *Seven* Sacraments: Baptism, Confirmation, the Holy Communion, Ordination, Marriage, Penance, and Extreme Unction. In very deed, however, they treated only Baptism and the Communion as real Sacraments, just like other Protestants. The others were Sacraments in name only, and in a few years the Brethren abandoned the *name*—*i.e.*, for all except Baptism and Holy Communion.

not all rather Puritanical?" We must not apply to those times our nineteenth-century standards. We must put ourselves in the position of those Brethren, imagine ourselves in Bohemia, and see vice and disorder all around; and then it will become quite plain that the Brethren's system was as necessary there as a rod is for the back of fools, that it was the best medicine for an evil time, that the Gospel and the Law ran side by side, and that if the Brethren were the salt of Bohemia it was because they were "Brethren of the Law of Christ."

CHAPTER VII.

1531—1548.

John Augusta and His Policy.

IT was not long before the gap made by the death of Luke of Prague was filled up. John Augusta, the next great leader of the Brethren, was born in 1500 at Prague. He was the son of a hatter. Although his father had not been able to send him to the University, he enjoyed a fairly good education. At first he had joined the Utraquists; being dissatisfied with them, he joined a party called the Nicholas people; being again dissatisfied, he attached himself to the Brethren, was probably trained in a Brethren's House, and finally became a minister.

Never before and never after had the Brethren such a leader as John Augusta. He was a Bohemian
1531. of the Bohemians. His energy was as restless as the rolling sea, and his will as irresistible as a cataract. His manner was dignified and noble. His brow was lofty, his eye flashing, his bearing the bearing of a commanding king. He was a splendid speaker, a ready debater, a ruler of men, an inspirer of action. When we remember that he became known as the "Bohemian Luther," we can form some idea of the strength of his character and the force of his mighty genius.

Young John Augusta began his career under rather peculiar circumstances. When Luke of Prague died, he

had left a legacy behind him. In his old age he had become, after the manner of old men, more and more conservative; he wished to keep the Brethren to the old paths, which had been good in the days gone by, and he left eighty-five volumes of works from his own pen as a last will and testament to the Brethren, to be their guide in the hard times coming. But all this was not to be. There was a band of young men among the Brethren who did not feel inclined to be bound by the words of Luke. They had been to the great Wittenberg University, where Luther's students were, were attracted by Luther and Melancthon, and were in love with the new learning that was spreading in Germany. Their eyes were dazzled by the glories of knowledge, and the grand and free ideas of Luther and his followers were as honey to their lips, and the sound of sweet music in their ears. "Away," they felt, "with old-world notions; let us go hand in hand with Luther; let us row in the same boat, and steer for the same shore; let us walk together to the goodly land where the flower of the Gospel blooms sweetly; let us form a regiment in the great Protestant army, and share in the great Protestant victory." They were earnest young men, and strong young men, and they loved the Gospel dearly. At the very first opportunity John Augusta, their leader, brought forward his views. At a

1532. Synod at Brandeis-on-the-Adler, summoned by Augusta's friend, John Horn, the Senior Bishop of the Church, for the purpose of electing some new Bishops, John Augusta rose to address the assembly. Speaking in the name of a large part of the younger clergy, he immediately commenced an attack upon the old Executive Council. He accused them of want of

energy, of listlessness, of slothfulness. He said that they were unable to understand the spirit of the age; and ended his speech by proposing himself and four others as new members of the Council. What a scene there must have been! what astonishment! what excitement! what alarm! what speeches and counter-speeches! what shaking of the old grey heads, and what sparkling of the eyes of the young ones! And Augusta was actually elected; was consecrated a Bishop; and found himself, at the age of thirty-two, at the head of the Brethren's Church.

With John Augusta at the head, the Brethren now marched onward and held the banner of their faith aloft that all the world might see. As Luther had issued the "Confession of Augsburg," so now the Brethren issued a new and full "Confession of Faith," and
1533. sent a copy of it to Luther and other great reformers. It was a thoroughly Protestant Confession. "By faith alone," ran its words, "by faith alone men are justified in the sight of God, without any exertions, merits, or works of their own." Closer and closer was the bond with Luther drawn; they marched to the same Gospel music, under the banner of the one great Captain. Formerly Luther, who liked plain speech, had called the Brethren "sour looking hypocrites and self-grown saints, who believe in nothing but what they themselves teach." He said now to the deputies who waited on him: "Tell your Brethren to hold fast what God has given them, and never give up their constitution and discipline. Let them take no heed of revilements. The world will behave foolishly. If you in Bohemia were to live as we do, what is said of us would be said of

you; and if we were to live as you live, what is said of you would be said of us."

As spake Luther, so spake other great Reformers. "You alone," said Martin Bucer, "in all the world combine a wholesome discipline with a pure faith." "We," said Calvin, "have long since recognised the value of such a system, but cannot, in any way, attain to it." In short, the Brethren learned clear doctrine from Luther, and Luther learned sound discipline from the Brethren. The Brethren learned to state plainly that man was justified by faith alone, and Luther learned that faith must be followed by order, that Christian life must show itself in good works, and that it was hardly right to call the Epistle of of St. James "an epistle of straw!"

When John Augusta had thus won the favour of friends —for it was he who carried on these negotiations with Luther—he proceeded next to turn the wrath of enemies. He had a difficult task before him. A great event had taken place in Bohemia. A few years before (1526), Louis, King of Bohemia, went out, as became a Christian monarch, to do battle with those enemies of Christendom, the Turks, and at the famous battle of Mohacz fell from his horse and was slain. It was a terrible misfortune for the Brethren. Louis was the last of the old Bohemian line of kings, and the crown fell into the hands of that famous family the Hapsburgs. The Hapsburgs were a Roman Catholic family from time immemorial, and the new King of Bohemia, Ferdinand I., was likewise King of Hungary, Archduke of Austria, King of the Romans, and brother of the Emperor Charles V. Henceforth, whether they would or no, the Bohemian people, and the Brethren with them, were entangled in the meshes of European war

and confusion. John Augusta saw the coming storm, and determined to prepare for it.

At this time the chief noble member of the Unity was Baron Conrad Krajek. He was rich and influential, and he had built the great central building of the Brethren at Jungbunzlau, called "Mount Carmel." He was a well-known noble in Bohemia, and John Augusta now sent him, as the most suitable person, to present the Brethren's Confession of Faith to King Ferdinand. He was admitted to a private interview, and there followed a somewhat stormy scene. "We would like to know," said Ferdinand, "how you Brethren came to adopt this faith. The devil has persuaded you." "Not the devil, gracious liege," replied the Baron, "but Christ the Lord, through the Bible. If Christ was a Picard, then I am one too." The king was beside himself with rage. "What business," he cried, and his face grew livid, "what business have you to meddle with such things? You are neither Pope, nor Emperor, nor King. Believe what you will, however, we shall not prevent you. For all we care you may go to hell; but we will put a stop to your meetings, where you carry on your hocus-pocus."

As a general rule the anger of kings, like the anger of other men, if treated properly, does not last very long. Krajek gave the mild answer which turneth away wrath; protested (with perfect truth) that he was the king's faithful subject; and when, a few days afterwards, the remaining barons of the deputation came to present the Confession in due form, King Ferdinand received them with royal graciousness, and promised to leave the Brethren in peace so long as they remained true and faithful subjects of his kingdom.

For a few years all went well. The Brethren enjoyed peace and plenty. They were extending on every side. They had altogether about 400 churches and 200,000 members, as well as several famous schools, to which the nobility sent their children. The greatest nobles of Bohemia belonged to the Brethren; and it seemed as if the time had arrived when the Brethren's Church would become the National Church of Bohemia. They had the promised favour of the king. The people loved them. They had a great army of friends in Germany. As they saw how the Protestant host was growing, they looked forward to the future with joyful hearts.

But their hopes were doomed to be blasted. In the year 1546 the Protestant princes of Germany, headed by John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, banded themselves together in what is known as the "Smalcald League" against the Emperor Charles V. The Smalcald War, the war between Roman Catholics and Protestants, broke out. Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, called upon his subjects to take up arms and go with him to fight for his brother the Emperor. The Protestant Bohemian nobles were in a difficulty. What were they to do? On the one hand Ferdinand was calling on them to be loyal to him: on the other hand the Elector of Saxony was calling on them to be loyal to their faith. For the first time the Bohemian Brethren were sucked into the whirlpool of war. In the house of Baron Kotska, a Brother, the Protestant nobles met to consider the question. There were other Brethren in the company, and the resolution was passed to refuse to serve King Ferdinand, and to send troops to the help of the Elector of Saxony.

1547. And then came a terrible disaster. The battle of Mühlberg was fought, the troops of the Protestants were routed, King Ferdinand came to Prague intoxicated with triumph, and determined to wreak his vengeance. At last his grand opportunity had come. There must be no dallying now. The rebellious nobles must be crushed. John Augusta, whom he regarded as the chief conspirator, must be captured. The Brethren's Church must be swept off the face of the earth. He called a Council in Prague Castle. The Council passed measures against the nobles. Ferdinand began the third persecution of the Brethren.

At eight o'clock in the morning, August 22nd, 1547, four barons were led out to execution in Prague, and the scaffold was erected in a public place, so that all the people might see. Among the barons was Wenzel Petipesky, a member of the Brethren's Church. He was to be the first to die. As he was led out from his cell by the executioner, he called out in a loud voice, which could be heard far and wide, "My dear Brethren, we go happy in the name of the Lord, for we go in the narrow way." He walked to the scaffold with his hands bound behind him, and two boys played his dead march on drums. When he arrived at that scaffold the drums ceased, the watching people held their breath, and the executioner proclaimed that the prisoner was dying because he had tried to dethrone King Ferdinand and put another king in his place. "That," said Petipesky, "was never the case." "Never mind!" roared the executioner, "it will not help you now;" and Petipesky's head rolled on the ground.

The persecution of the Brethren had begun. What they had suffered twice before, they suffered more severely now. The nobles were robbed of their estates, the churches were closed, worship was forbidden, and once again the Brethren fled to the woods and mountains and worshipped their God in secret. But Ferdinand was not contented. As a drunken man will ever be drinking more, so the king's thirst was not quenched with sips of cruelty. He issued a distinct order that the Brethren must do one of two things: they must either join the Roman Catholic Church or leave the country within six weeks.

And never was king more astonished at anything than Ferdinand at the result of this edict.

CHAPTER VIII.

1548—1570.

The Brethren in Poland.

WHEN King Ferdinand issued his decree that all who would not join the Roman Catholic Church must leave the country in six weeks, he did not expect that anyone would obey it. He calculated that six weeks would be too short a time to pack up goods and chattels, and fondly hoped that the Brethren would remain and nestle in the bosom of Rome. But the Brethren were not turncoats; they did not wear their cloak to suit the wind; they had not two faces—a Protestant and a Catholic; and they determined that if they could not worship God as they pleased in Bohemia, they would worship him as they pleased somewhere else. Before the six weeks were up, the Brethren—at any rate, many of them—were out of the country. From Leitomischl, Chlumetz, and Solnic, by way of Frankenstein and Breslau to Posen, and from Turnau and Brandeis, over the Giant Mountains, they passed in two main bodies from Bohemia to Poland. It was summer weather, and the first part of the journey was pleasant, "We were borne," says one, "on eagle's wings." All along the road they were kindly and hospitably treated by the people, who knew how to value goodness better than the King did. They were freed from toll at the turnpikes, were supplied with meat, bread, milk, and eggs by the country peasants, had guards of foot-soldiers and horsemen, and were publicly entertained by the Mayor

1548.

and Council of the town of Glatz. As they marched along the country roads, with waggons for the women and children, they made the air ring with old Brethren's hymns, and their march was more like a triumphal procession than the flight of persecuted outcasts. There were two thousand Brethren in the caravan. At night they slept in their waggons. Many a weary day had to pass before they found rest for their feet. When they arrived in Great Poland they were ordered away. From Great Poland they went to Polish Prussia, and were ordered away again. Not till after six months' weary marching—not till after the snow and the ice had come—did they at last find a hearth and home in the town of Königsberg, in the Lutheran Duchy of East Prussia.

Meantime, they had a man to lead them. George Israel is a type of the ancient Brethren. He was the son of a blacksmith, and was now a young man of thirty. When Ferdinand issued his decree, Israel, like

1548. many other ministers of the Brethren, was summoned to Prague to answer for his faith and conduct on pain of a fine of one thousand ducats, and when some of his friends advised him to disobey the summons, and even offered to pay the money, he gave one of those sublime answers which light up the gloom of the time. "No," he replied; "I have been purchased once for all with the blood of Christ, and will not consent to be ransomed with the gold and silver of my people. Keep what you have, for you will need it in your flight, and pray for me that I may be steadfast in suffering for Jesus." He went to Prague, confessed his faith, and was thrown into the White Tower. But he was loosely guarded; and one day, disguising himself as a clerk,

with a pen behind his ear and paper and inkhorn in his hands, he passed out of the Tower in broad daylight through the midst of his guards, and joined the Brethren in Poland. He was exactly the man to take the lead of the wandering band, and the Council appointed him head of the emigrants. He was energetic and brave. He could speak the Polish tongue. He had a clear head and strong limbs. He was not contented with a mere lodging in Königsberg, nor discouraged because the Brethren had been driven from Poland; for he knew that, whatever great authorities might do, the common people would welcome the Brethren gladly. He knew that Jerome of Prague had taught in Poland; that Huss's principles had spread there; that the people, like the Bohemian people, hated the Romish Church; that the followers of Calvin had made headway; and that the King himself was half a Protestant. Whilst retaining the oversight of a few parishes in East Prussia, George Israel, therefore, set out to conduct a mission in Poland. Alone and on horseback, by bad roads and through swollen streams, he

1551. went on his dangerous journey, and on the fourth Sunday in Lent arrived at the town of Thorn, and rested for the day. Here occurred that famous incident on the ice which made George Israel's name remembered in Thorn for many a year to come. As he was walking on the frozen river to try whether the ice were strong enough to bear his horse, suddenly the ice broke up. George Israel was left on a solitary fragment, and was swept whirling down the river; and then, as the great blocks of ice cracked and banged and rolled and splintered into thousands of fragments, he sprang like an antelope from one huge block to another, singing with

a cheerful voice the 148th Psalm, "Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling his word." There was a great crowd on the bank, and the people watched the sight with awe, and when at last he arrived on safe ground they welcomed him with shouts of joy. We marvel not that such a man was like the sword of Gideon in the conflict. He rode on to Posen, the capital of Great Poland, and immediately began holding secret meetings. The Roman Catholic Bishop heard of his arrival, and put forty assassins on his track. But Israel was a man of many wiles, as well as a man of God. He assumed disguises, and changed his clothes so as to baffle pursuit, appearing now as an officer, now as a coachman, now as a cook. He presented himself at the castle of the noble family of the Ostrorogs, was courteously received by the Countess, and held a service in her rooms. When the Count of Ostrorog heard what was taking place in his own castle he was furious. He seized a whip. "I will drag my wife out of this conventicle," he exclaimed, and burst into the room while the service was proceeding, his eyes flashing fire and the whip swinging in his hand. "Sir," said George Israel, pointing to an empty seat, "sit down there." The Count of Ostrorog meekly obeyed, listened quietly to the discourse, was converted to Protestantism that very day, turned out his own Court Chaplain, installed George Israel in his place, and became henceforward one of the warmest friends of the Brethren's Church. The town of Ostrorog was very soon the centre of the Brethren's Church in Poland.

Rapidly that Church began to spread. The Brethren were welcomed with open arms, for they brought a Gospel

that the people loved. What was begun in Ostrorog, was continued in other towns. New parishes were formed. New churches were built. And before seven years had passed away the Brethren had founded forty congregations in this their first land of exile.

They had, however, another great duty to perform. In Poland at that time there were already three different kinds of Protestants—Lutherans, Reformed, and Calvinists, and, sad to say, they did not always agree well together, and the people were satisfied with none of them. Very early the idea was broached that the Church of the

1555. Brethren should become the National Church of Poland. The idea grew. The Lutherans, the Reformed, the Calvinists, and the Brethren drew closer and closer together. They held councils and synods, and united synods, innumerable; they discussed each other's doctrines, exchanged Confessions, met each other in consultations. For fifteen years the great plan of a union of all Protestants in Poland hung like glittering fruit just out of reach. There were walls many in the way. Each Church wanted to be the leading Church in Poland; each wanted its own Confession to be the bond of union; each wanted its own form of service, its own form of government, to be universal. But soon one and all began to see that the time had come for wranglings to cease. The Jesuits were gaining ground in Poland. The Protestant Kingdom must no longer be divided against itself.

At last, in 1570, the Brethren, who were the

1570. real movers, persuaded all to assemble in the great United Synod of Sendomir, and all Protestants in Poland felt that the fate of the country

depended on the issue of the meeting. It was the greatest Synod that had ever been held in Poland. It was an attempt to do something that had never been done before: an attempt to throw away the apple of discord, and band all Protestants in one united army which should carry everything before it. At first, the goal seemed as far off as ever. As the Calvinists were the strongest body, they confidently demanded that their Confession should be adopted, and argued that it was already in use in the country. As the Lutherans were the next strongest body, they offered the Augsburg Confession; and both parties turned round upon the Brethren, and accused them of having so many Confessions that no one knew which to take. And then young Turnovius—the representative of the Brethren—rose to speak. The Brethren, he said, had only one Confession in Poland. They were the oldest Protestant Church in Europe; they had a good government, a good discipline, and a glorious past, and had, therefore, every claim to be considered before the others.

There was a dead-lock. What was to be done? The Brethren's work seemed about to come to nought. Debates and speeches were in vain. Each party remained firm as a rock. And then occurred one of those astonishing incidents which historians know not how to explain. "For God's sake, for God's sake," said the Palatine of Sendomir, in his speech, "remember what depends upon the result of our deliberations; and incline your hearts to that harmony and that love which the Lord has commanded us to follow above all things." As the Palatine ended his speech, he burst into tears. His friend, the Palatine of Cracow, sobbed aloud. A feeling of love spread abroad among all the assembled members. The

obstacles to union vanished. With one accord the members of the Synod agreed to draw up a new Confession, which should give expression to the faith of all. A committee was chosen: the new Confession was drawn up. We need not trouble the reader with its details. It was a Confession on broad Christian Evangelical lines, which each party could accept. When the committee laid the Confession before the Synod, all the members arose and sang the Ambrosian Te Deum. There was a grand and solemn scene in that hall at Sendomir. The Lutherans advanced with outstretched hands to meet the Brethren, and the Brethren advanced with outstretched hands to meet the Lutherans. That the people might understand what had taken place, the Brethren, a week later, formed in procession and attended service in the Lutheran Church, and the Lutherans formed in procession and attended service in the Church of the Brethren. Nor was all this empty show. We are dealing now with an incident altogether unparalleled in history. There is no other instance of such a banding together of Churches as the "Union of Sendomir." What took place then was the dawning of what is yet to come. It was a triumph of love over pride and selfishness. It was a bright spot in the weary story of the wars and disputes of Christendom. It was a prophecy of the time when the Churches of Christ shall no longer be asunder, but shall ever remember "how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity."

And all this—this brotherly union, this second home for the Brethren, this planting of the lily of peace in a foreign soil—was the result of the edict issued by His Majesty, Ferdinand, King of Bohemia.

CHAPTER IX.

1548—1572.

The Last Days of John Augusta.

MEANTIME, what of John Augusta? How was it that he, the great leader of the Brethren, had not led them to Poland?

Among the tools of King Ferdinand, the most crafty, the most active, and the most fanatic, was a man called Schöneich. He was one of those men fitted by nature for the post of hangman. He was town-captain of Leitomischl, one of the chief Brethren's settlements, and had already distinguished himself. He had thrown sixteen heads of families into the drain vaults of the White Tower of Prague, and had left them there to die in the midst of filth and horrible stenches. But his great aim in life was to capture John Augusta, upon whose head a price was set. He wished to make a name for himself, and put some money into his purse at the same time. Knowing that Augusta, with some other leading members of the Brethren's Church, was in hiding somewhere near Leitomischl, he concocted a plot such as only such men can. He told a certain friend of Augusta's that he had something very important to say to Augusta—that his conscience was ill at ease, and that he would like to have a private conversation with the "good Bishop." The friend promptly brought the message. Augusta promised to meet Schöneich, Schöneich swore a solemn oath to do no harm to Augusta, and a meeting-place was arranged in a little wood hard

by. Of course, Schöneich was a hypocrite. When the morning for the meeting came, instead of going to the place himself, he sent three armed ruffians. Augusta, who was a little suspicious, sent his friend Jacob Bilek to see whether all were safe. The three men pounced out from their hiding place, seized Bilek, and hid themselves again. Then came John Augusta himself, in a farmer's dress, with a hoe in his hand. The three ruffians pounced out again, seized him, searched him, found a handkerchief such as farm labourers are not accustomed to carry, and then bore off both Augusta and Bilek in triumph to the wily Schöneich.

Then began for John Augusta a time of terrible testing. He himself was confined in the White Tower of Prague, and his friend Bilek in the Castle. He was placed down in vaults where to this day are to be seen great piles of human bones. He had heavy fetters on his hands and feet, bound together by a short chain. He was asked to tell where his brethren were in hiding. Like a hero he refused, and a great struggle began between him and King Ferdinand: a struggle between heroism and cruelty, between a noble Bishop and an ignoble King, between a man whose faith was in God and a man whose faith was in himself. King Ferdinand was determined to make Augusta confess all sorts of treason which he had never committed. Augusta was determined to remain true to his faith, to his conscience, to his brethren, and to his God. His tortures were simply fearful: we almost hesitate to describe them. He was stretched out upon a ladder with his face downwards; his hips were smeared with boiling pitch, and the pitch was set on fire and then drawn off by the hangman with a pair of tongs, pulling the skin with it as it came. He was fastened tightly in

the stocks. He was hung up by a hook, with the point run through his flesh. He was laid out on the ground with great heavy stones upon his stomach. All was useless. He refused to deny his faith, and he refused to betray his brethren. "What," he was asked, as he lay under torture, "what are your brethren doing?" "They are seeking refuge with one accord," he replied, "in impassioned prayer to God."

King Ferdinand of Bohemia was not accustomed to be beaten. He thought that if one form of torture did not succeed perhaps another would. He was an ingenious man, and sent to the Governor of the Castle a note telling him how Augusta should be handled. He must be deprived of sleep, said his Majesty, for five or six days in succession. Then he must be strapped to a shutter, with his head hanging over the end, so that, his head being without support, all the weight would be thrown upon his neck; he must have vinegar rubbed into his nostrils; he must have a large beetle fastened to his breast under a glass; and in this position, with his neck aching, with his nostrils smarting, and with the beetle eating its way into his flesh, he must be kept for two days and two nights. If that did not act, he was to be fed with highly-seasoned food, to create a burning thirst, and then be allowed nothing to drink.

It was well for Augusta that just at this moment an event occurred which prevented these hideous measures from actually being tried upon him. When the note arrived at the White Tower, Augusta was no longer there. About twenty-five miles from Prague there stood, built upon a high rock, and enclosed by hills on every side, the famous old castle of Pürglitz: a castle so hidden away in the woods that John Ziska in days of yore had

taken many a day to find it. As nothing more could be done with Augusta and Bilek in Prague, to Pürglitz Castle they were now taken. They travelled in a waggon by night-time. As the sun was rising they entered the great court-yard. With a last look at earth, Augusta was led through an oaken door, and for the next sixteen years had never a glimpse of the busy world without. We have no space here to give a full description of how those weary years were spent. When King Ferdinand saw that Augusta was invincible, he at last gave up the bootless task. As long as he held Augusta in safe-keeping he had to be content. Both Augusta and Bilek were allowed books, writing materials, and light. As they were in separate cells, they contrived a plan to correspond with each other, and with their Brethren. One of the guards was bribed. A minister of the Brethren took up his abode in a village near the castle, and acted as postman. Bishop Augusta opened up a regular secret correspondence with the rest of the Brethren in Bohemia. From within the four walls of his gloomy dungeon he still continued to wield the sceptre of power. He was still the iron Bishop; still the loved and honoured leader. He wrote sermons and homilies for the Brethren to preach from their pulpits, and gave his advice in times of difficulty and danger; and it was then, in his gloomy dungeon, that he composed that inspiring hymn (and many others) still sung in the Brethren's Church—

Praise God for ever,
Boundless is His favour
To His Church and chosen flock
Founded on Christ the rock! *

* See Moravian Hymn-Book, No. 753. The whole hymn is an outburst of triumphant faith.

While Augusta was lying in his dungeon, and while many of the Brethren were founding new churches in Poland, the Brethren's Church in Bohemia was recovering from the last great blow. It had never been altogether stamped out. King Ferdinand had found it easy to give commands: he had not found it quite so easy to get those commands obeyed. It is true that many Brethren had left the country: it is true that for a time they seemed to be destroyed in their native land; but many had remained and lived in retirement till the great storm should blow over. Some took refuge in Moravia; some found homes on the estates of friendly noblemen; and some were weak, and went over for the time (or pretended to go over) to the Roman Catholic Church.

But, in 1556, the great Emperor, Charles V., resigned his throne: his brother, Ferdinand, took his place; and Ferdinand's son, Maximilian, a man well inclined to Protestants, became King of Bohemia. The Brethren seized their opportunity, and began to bloom again in the new sunshine. They presented a copy of their hymn-book to the King. They rebuilt their chapel at their head-quarters, Jungbunzlau; other congregations followed the example; and by 1557—a hundred years after the settlement at Kunwald—the Church of the Brethren was firmly established, and divided into the three Provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Poland.

But this is to be a sad chapter. We must deal with a painful business. Let us cut the story short. Of all sad sights in this world surely none is so sad and so full of teaching as the downfall of a noble character. It was so, or thus, at any rate, it seemed (for the story is not at all clear), with the great John Augusta. As he lay in his

dungeon forming plans for the Church he loved, it slowly dawned upon him that his Brethren were ceasing to honour him, and that the sun of his power, which had shone so brightly, was now sloping slowly to its setting. He heard of one change after another taking place without his consent. He had sent a volume of sermons to the Council, with orders that they were to be printed and read to the congregations. He heard now that the Council had decided that his sermons were too learned and dry for the common people, and that they had altered them to suit their own opinions. He heard that his hymns, which he had desired to see in the new hymn-book, had been mangled in like manner. But worse was to follow. It so happened that all, or nearly all, the Bishops in the Church had died, and it was necessary, in order to prevent the succession from breaking, to elect new ones. What were the Brethren to do? They must not be without Bishops. Were they to wait till Augusta regained his liberty, or were they to elect new Bishops without his authority? They chose the latter course, and Augusta could never forgive them. He looked upon himself as still the rightful ruler of the Church. As for the new Bishops, the new Councillors, the new Seniors, the new Ministers, they were, he thought, although episcopally ordained, without authority, because he himself had not been present at the ordinations. His feelings were wounded. As the years rolled on he caught from time to time faint notes from the world without. At one time he had full correspondence with his Brethren, and wielded the sceptre as of old; then Ferdinand became suspicious, and the correspondence was checked; then he and Bilek were brought back to Prague and chained together by the

feet; then they were sent back once more to Pürglitz, and a new correspondence was opened; and then for many a month he was ill, and not a word was heard of him. What he himself heard he heard by chance, and that was the "most unkindest cut of all." His Brethren did not even tell him what they were doing; they simply left him out in the cold. There was blackness, dark blackness, in that lonely dungeon, and bitter gall in the heart of Augusta. His authority was gone; his position was lost; his hopes were blasted; and his early guidance, his embassies, his services, his sufferings were all, he thought, forgotten by an ungrateful Church. New men, he heard, had stepped into his place. There was George Israel, First Senior in Poland; John Czerny, First Senior in Bohemia and Moravia; Cerwenka, Secretary to the whole Church; John Blahoslaw, the great Church historian and the most brilliant writer in Bohemia; and the Church turned to pastures new with never a thought of the suffering and heroic shepherd.

John Augusta was one of those men who cannot be held fast even by the four walls of a dungeon. He loved his Church as much as ever, and sketched out a brilliant plan by which he hoped to make it the National Church of Bohemia. But, unhappily, he went a roundabout way. To drive two horses in opposite directions at the same time is not an easy task, and that was what John Augusta now attempted to do. In order to gain his liberty he held interviews with the Jesuits, submitted to Jesuit instruction, and, at last, openly declared himself a member of the Utraquist Church, and confessed his belief that outside its walls no salvation could be found. On the other hand, he declared to the

Brethren that the Utraquist Church was now practically a Protestant Church, and prepared a gigantic scheme to weld the Brethren's Church and the Utraquist Church into one. But the Brethren could not see with Augusta's eyes. "You shift about," they wrote to him, "in a most remarkable manner; you make out the Utraquist Church to be different from what it really is, in order to keep a door open through which you may go."

We are near the end of the story. At last
1564. the Emperor Ferdinand, seeing his own end draw near, gave orders that Augusta should be set free, and the old Bishop came out of his cell. His hair was white and his beard was long and his brow was furrowed with care; and he spent his last days among the Brethren, a hoary figure of heroism and a spectacle of unquenchable sorrow. He lived alone, like a broken, solitary pillar. "He kept out of our way," says an old record, "as much as he could; he had been among us long enough." With his last breath he upheld his
scheme. It was time, he said, for all Pro-
1572. testants in Bohemia to be united. It is hard to judge him aright, for his story is wrapped in mystery. He was a great and good, if an erring, man; his crowning virtue was devoted zeal, and the thorn in his flesh was pride. He was like one of those giant mountains which tower in grandeur under the midday sun, but round whose heads the vapours gather as night settles down on the earth. In all the gallery of Moravian portraits there is no face with a nobler expression than his; and as we look at those grand features we see sorrow blended with dignity, and stern haughtiness with heroism.

CHAPTER X.

1572—1609.

The Rule of the Nobles, and the Bohemian Charter.

WHEN John Augusta said that the Utraquists had now become Protestants, he had spoken the truth. There were now hardly any real Utraquists in Bohemia, for they had died the death of all people who refuse to move. The Brethren had now more friends than enemies. There were many more besides the Brethren who had heard with joy the voice of Luther. The Bohemian people were mostly Protestants. The Gospel had spread into every village, and was preached in many a church. The Protestant hymns were sung in every hamlet. The Bible was read at many a fireside. The images, and the pictures, and the holy-water were being swept away. And the Bohemian people, ever lively and ever bold, were looking forward to the time when all could worship God in peace, when the Roman Catholic clouds would break away, and when the sun of Protestant freedom would shine for ever in every home through the length and breadth of the land. No longer afar did the music sound in the enchanted ears of the Brethren; on every side, from their next-door neighbours, they heard the Gospel notes.

When John Augusta died, the last great Bishop of the Ancient Brethren's Church was laid in his grave; and the

next leader of the Brethren was, not a Bishop, but a noble. For the last few years the nobles in the Brethren's Church had steadily been gaining in power. It was they who had given the Brethren protection against persecution; it was they who had acted as mediators between the Unity and the State; it was they who supplied building land for the churches and money for the support of the ministry; and they had made the Church respected and honoured before the world. They were enthusiastic men, these powerful nobles; God-fearing men; strong, hard characters; they loved the Brethren's Church, and thought it the best Church in the country. They were patriots, too—Bohemians to the core. What was their object in life? What was their great ambition? Simply this: to make the Brethren's Church the *National* Church of Bohemia. With so many Protestants, was the scheme a dream? We have seen how the Church progressed under her great leaders; we have now to see how it progressed under the nobles.

At this time, therefore, the two great leaders of the Brethren were two powerful barons—Wenzel von Budowa and Charles von Zerotin. They were rich and magnificent. They were men who could preach in a church one day, and fight for it with the sword the next: men who said that if the Church could not win its rights any other way, it should win them by force. Wenzel von Budowa was the leader of the Brethren in Bohemia, and Charles von Zerotin was their leader in Moravia. Let us look at Zerotin's home. At Namiest, where lay his domain, he lived in a stately castle, built on two huge crags, and surrounded by the houses of his retainers and domestics. His estate was twenty-five miles square. He had a lovely

park of beeches, pines, and old oaks. Great scholars and artists found with him a home. His court was in kingly style. There were gentlemen of the chamber of noble birth; there was a Court Chaplain, who was, of course, a pastor of the Brethren's Church; there were pages and secretaries, equerries, and masters of the chase; there were valets, lackeys, grooms, stable-boys, huntsmen, barbers, watchmen, couriers, cooks, tailors, shoemakers, and saddlers, and all the pomp and the grandeur and the gorgeousness of royal splendour and display. And Charles von Zerotin was an earnest Brother. Every day his whole household assembled to worship God, when the Brethren's translation of the Bible was read, and the Brethren's hymns were sung.

It was under the leadership of men like these that the Brethren's Church now entered on a new career, and the career was a career of peace. As far as human eyes could see, that time was the golden age of the Church. Her ministers were the best educated in the country, and her Theological Seminary at Prerau was equal to the great Universities in Germany. In every village there was the village school, in every Brethren's House culture and learning. Whatever was tasteful and refined found a home among the Brethren. Men were to be found in the ordinary walks of life familiar with Virgil, Horace, and Homer. The Brethren's Church had the glorious honour of making the people of Bohemia the best educated people in the world. Along with culture went comfort and plenty hand in hand. The great rich nobles were kindly to their servants; the cottagers lived in peace and prosperity; the Brethren were famous for their manufacture of knives; the Bishops could now keep

their carriage and pair; the ministers were mostly married, and no longer worked for their living with their hands; the neat little parsonages became beautiful and comfortable; the churches were stately, the gardens smiled, the businesses flourished, grim poverty fled away; and great men often came from afar to see the famed settlements of the Brethren.

There was something more to endear the Brethren to the people. They were not only supreme in learning, they were supreme in sacred music. Here they wielded a magic influence over the people. They were the first Protestant Church to issue a hymn-book, and had already brought out eight different editions. Their hymns were homilies and songs in one. The words breathed devotion and brotherly love. The melodies were sweeping and strong. There were airs from the old Gregorian chants, and popular airs of the day; there were stirring hymns by John Huss, and Luke of Prague, and John Augusta, and Martin Luther, and other famous men. They were sung in the family circle, in cottage and castle, in the Brethren's Houses by the bands of young men, in the fields by the shepherds as they guarded their flocks by night, by sturdy peasants as they went to market, in the lonely chamber at the death-bed; and then, on the Sunday, in an age when congregational singing was little known, the Brethren sang those hymns together, and praised God with united heart and voice. They used no organ or musical instrument, for they needed none. "Your churches," wrote a great authority, "surpass all others in singing. Where else are songs of praise, of thanksgiving, of prayer and instruction so often heard? In your churches the people can all sing and take part in the worship of God."

And the Brethren had done yet more for the Bohemians. They had given them something better than comfort, something better than education, something better even than united praise in song. They had given the Bohemians the Bible in a tongue "understanded of the common people." In the archives of the Brethren's Church at Herrnhut there are now to be seen six musty volumes that are known as the "Kralitz Bible." From 1579 to 1593 the Brethren were employed in what was then a gigantic task. As Luther translated the Bible for Germany, so the Brethren translated it for Bohemia. Six men, Aeneas, Cepolla, Streic, Ephraim, Jessen and Capito, were employed at the work. It was the first time that the Bible had appeared in Bohemia translated from the original Hebrew and Greek, all others being second-hand versions from the Roman Catholic Vulgate. It was the first time that the chapters had been divided into verses, and the first time that the Apocrypha had been separated from the Canonical Books. To our ideas, the Kralitz Bible would seem somewhat cumbersome: it was not convenient to carry about. It appeared in six large volumes, and each page contained only eight or nine verses, with a running commentary in the margin; but the Brethren were determined to let the people have the Bible in their hands, and John Blahoslaw published a cheaper pocket edition, which was (it has been thought) the *first pocket Bible in Europe.* As a work of art, that Kralitz Bible was a masterpiece. The paper is strong, the binding dark brown, the letters large and beautiful; the style is pure, and the commentary rich in sound theology. And even at the present day, when the British and Foreign Bible Society print copies of the Bible in

Bohemian, they found their version word for word upon the text of the Kralitz Bible. Who founded English prose?—John Wyclif. Who founded Bohemian prose?—The Brethren, by the Kralitz Bible. Of all memorials of the Brethren's Church in Bohemia the Kralitz Bible is the grandest. It is a relic that can never be forgotten, an heirloom that can never be lost, a treasure that will never lose its value. It is making its way once again into the homes of the people. What was done by the Brethren in the castle at Kralitz will probably endure as long as the Bohemian tongue is spoken.

We see, then, plainly enough that the United Brethren had showered blessings into the lap of Bohemia. They had been the first to give them the Gospel, had taught them how to praise God with their voices, and how to honour Him by their lives, and had brought the Bible to their hearths and homes. They were surely worthy of being something more than a persecuted Church, which yet lay under the heel of the oppressor. And so thought Wenzel von Budowa. He was not contented with the position of the Brethren. They were still under the ban of the law, and still dubbed heretics by the King; and among the papers in the royal court at Prague there still lay the musty old Edict of St. James, like a sword ever dangling over their heads. Wenzel von Budowa determined that this state of things should cease. He seized the handle of the first weapon that came in his way.

In the year 1603 the Emperor Rudolph II. called together the Bohemian Diet for the purpose of obtaining money for a religious crusade against the Turks. All the world knows what manner of man the Emperor Rudolph was. Never did a ruler of a flabbier character

sit upon the Imperial throne. He was too much interested in astrology, gems, pictures, horses, antique relics and similar curiosities, to care much about government, and his daily prayer was that he might be spared all trouble in this vexatious world and have absolutely nothing to do. When this extraordinary emperor appeared before the Diet and asked for money, Wenzel von Budowa arose to demand, as a first condition, the settlement of the religious question. He told the Emperor, in presence of the Diet, that the Edict of St. James attacked the best part of the nation, and demanded that it should be repealed. First, freedom for the people, he said; *then* the money. His speech was like a light in a barrel of gunpowder. All the Protestant nobles swore to stand by his side. Outside, in the streets of Prague, the people made mockery of the Edict, and old Hussite hymns were sung. The Emperor Rudolph was in an awkward position. Attacking him from one side were the Jesuits, attacking him from the other side was Wenzel von Budowa. He was a mere shuttlecock between the two. Tighter and tighter did Wenzel von Budowa draw the net around him. When Rudolph made promises and then recalled them, Budowa called a meeting of the nobles, and the nobles signed a document in which they pledged themselves to stand by one another in defence of their religious liberties. When Rudolph issued an order forbidding the nobles to meet armed with weapons, Budowa calmly took no notice, and the meetings with weapons continued. When Rudolph still would shift and shuffle, and haggle, and promise, and break his promise, Wenzel von Budowa, whose patience was exhausted, at last resolved, if pleading was in vain, to resort to force.

He called upon the nobles to equip them for the fray. He formed a board of Thirty Directors, sixteen of whom were Brethren. He collected both men and money, to be ready for battle if the Emperor should still be obstinate. He called a great meeting of nobles together, and then, with heads bared and right hands raised towards heaven, these Protestant nobles solemnly swore, as they stood in the courtyard of the castle in Prague, to win their freedom at any price, even the price of blood. The Emperor yielded. His back was broken at last. The Jesuits hissed in his ear in vain. Beaten and cowed

1609. and trembling, he made his name famous in history by setting his seal to the *Bohemian Charter*, and giving, for the first time in the history of Bohemia, full religious liberty to all Protestants in the country.

When Wenzel von Budowa announced in Prague that the Charter had actually been granted, the people could not contain themselves for joy. The bells of the churches were rung with mad delight; great placards were posted up on the walls and gates of the city; the Charter was carried in triumphal procession through the streets; and hymns of praise and thanksgiving to God were sung in the Church of the Holy Cross. Throughout Bohemia the Charter was hailed as the final cure of all religious ills. "No decrees of any kind shall be issued," were its sweeping words, "either by us, our heirs and succeeding kings, against the above established religious peace." It really seemed for the nonce as if a religious millenium were about to be ushered in. There was a "Board of Twenty-four Defenders" to see that the Charter was actually carried out; the Word of God was preached with

freedom in five hundred churches; there were thirty Evangelical Churches in the City of Prague itself; the Bible was a free book at last; and Wenzel von Budowa was adored as the national hero and the redresser of his people's wrongs.

Thus at last the Brethren had won their freedom. They had not suffered in vain. They had crossed the Red Sea, they had traversed the wilderness, the walls of Jericho had fallen before them. And now they saw the land of promise in view, flowing with milk and honey. As they had eight representatives on the Board of Defenders they willingly abandoned their position as a separate Church, and cast in their lot with the other Protestants, by subscribing to the general Bohemian National Protestant Confession; and with their own ritual and their own government recognised by law, they were no longer to be dubbed heretics, and could henceforth preach and teach in their own way, without fear of swords and stakes.

Wenzel von Budowa had triumphed.

CHAPTER XI.

The Downfall.

IT was not long before the dream of bliss became a nightmare. As if conscious of the coming storm, the Brethren met together at Zerawic for the last United Synod of the Ancient Church, and there drew up what proved to be an Epitaph for future ages to read. They put together, and published, what is known
1616. as the "Order of Discipline": it was a full account of the institutions of the Church; and remains to this day the best picture of the life of the Ancient Brethren.

Meantime sudden destruction came upon the Church. Ferdinand II. became King of Bohemia. When he took the oath at his coronation to keep the Charter, all knew that the proceeding was a farce. "We shall now see," said a lady at the ceremony, "whether the Protestants are to rule the Catholics or the Catholics the Protestants." She was right. Ferdinand II. was half a Jesuit. It is said that he swore in the Sacristy of Prague Cathedral not to grant anything to the Protestants in the least against the wishes of the Roman Catholics. He would rather, he said, beg his bread from door to door, with his family clinging affectionately round him, than allow a heretic in his dominions. With such a man as king, the Jesuits rubbed their hands with glee and redoubled their efforts against the Brethren. In every Roman Catholic Church in Bohemia the priests preached sermons against the Protestants; the Jesuits held them up before the people

as the vilest scum of the earth. The King's government, led by two men, Martinitz and Slawata, openly broke the Charter. The good people of Bohemia were forbidden to intermarry with heretics. The priests drove Protestants with dogs and scourges to the Mass, and thrust the wafer down their mouths. Protestant ministers were expelled from their pulpits, and Roman Catholic ones put in their places. Children were kidnapped for the Jesuit schools. The King's officers burst into Protestant Churches and interrupted the services. It was plain that a storm was brewing. On October 31st, 1617, the Protestants held a grand Centenary Festival in honour of Luther, which maddened the Catholics. On November 10th the Catholics held a Festival which maddened the Protestants. At length an event happened that brought matters to a head. That event was the "Church Building Difficulty."

It came about as follows. One clause in the Bohemian Charter was not quite clearly expressed, and the Jesuits twisted it to suit their own purposes. According to that clause there was to be complete freedom in religion on all "Royal Estates." But now the question arose, What were "Royal Estates?" Were Church Estates—*i.e.*, estates held by the Church of Rome as a tenant of the King—"Royal Estates" or were they not? When the Charter was granted it was commonly understood that they were; and, acting on this understanding, some Protestants had built churches on two Church Estates, called Brunau and Klostergrab. The Jesuits, backed up by Martinitz and Slawata, came forward with the argument that all Church Estates were the sole property of the Church of Rome. With an order from King Ferdinand in their hands they came down and demolished the

Churches, used the wood of which Klostergrab Church was built as firewood, turned out the pastors, broke up the congregations, and replaced the whole by Roman Catholic priests and services.

This deed was the last straw; the last unbearable insult; it was like a lighted rocket in an arsenal. Now was the time for the Twenty-four Defenders to rise and do their duty; now was the time, now or never, to make the Charter no longer a grinning mockery. It was the 23rd of May, 1618. The Defenders came to the Royal Castle in Prague—the same castle in which John Augusta had lain so long, and burst into the room where the King's Councillors were assembled. There among the rest sat Martinitz and Slawata. There, in that Regent's Chamber, began the "cause of all the woe that followed." As the Defenders stood in the presence of the two men who had done most to bring affliction on the people, they felt that the decisive moment had come. The interview was stormy; voices rang in wild confusion. Paul von Rican, as spokesman, read a document charging Martinitz and Slawata with breaking the Charter, and appealed to the crowd that had gathered in the corridor. "Aye, aye," shouted the crowd, and a voice was heard, "Into the Black Tower with them." "Nay, nay," said another, Rupow by name, a member of the Brethren's Church, "out of the window with them, after the good old Bohemian fashion." No sooner said than done. Martinitz and Slawata were seized, flung headlong out of the window (which was sixty feet from the ground), and fell on a heap of rubbish in the moat below. But, wonder of wonders, neither of the two was killed. The rubbish was soft, and they escaped with nothing worse

than a few bad bruises, and the people said that the Virgin Mary had stretched out her hands to save them.

We must hurry through the ghastly story—for now events came thick and fast, like hailstones in a storm. The Defenders took measures at once. They gathered an army, deposed Ferdinand II., elected Frederick, the Elector Palatine, and son-in-law of James I. of England, as King of Bohemia, and ordered the Jesuits out of the realm. There was a scene in Prague when those Jesuits departed. They formed in procession in the streets, and, clad in black, marched off with bowed heads and loud wailings, and when their houses were examined they were found full of gunpowder and arms. For the time, for a moment, the Protestants of Prague were mad with joy. In the great Cathedral they pulled off the ornaments and destroyed costly pictures, and the new King himself conducted a mock celebration of the Holy Communion. What a fever must men's minds have been in when such sacrilege could be committed! What a fall was this from the peaceful society of Kunwald! Ah! ye Brethren of the Law of Christ, ye have left the quiet paths of your forefathers, and now the storm is gathering round your heads. Ye have trusted in man instead of in God, and now God seems to have left you.

The army of King Ferdinand appeared before the walls of Prague. The battle of the White Mountain was fought.

1620. The army of the Defenders was routed. The new King—who happened to be amusing himself at the dinner-table—turned out to be a puppet. Churches were destroyed; villages were pillaged; Ministers of the Gospel were savagely murdered; and once again—now for many a year to come—Bohemia lay crushed under the heel of the conqueror.

At this time the heel of the conqueror consisted in a certain Prince Lichtenstein. He was made Regent of Prague, and was entrusted with the duty of reducing the country to order. He set about his work in a cool and methodical manner. After clearing the rabble out of the streets, he made an announcement that all the rebels, as they were called, would be freely forgiven, and invited the leading Protestant nobles to appear before him in Prague. They walked into the trap as unwarily as flies into a cobweb. To be sure—what else could he do ?—Prince Lichtenstein had recalled the Jesuits. Of course, he had ordered the Brethren, in the good old style, out of the country. Of course, also in the good old style, he had put a Roman Catholic priest into every church in Prague. But he had done it all so gently and cleverly that no one had the least suspicion of what was coming. Without further bloodshed, without further trouble, without riot, as a butcher coaxeth an innocent lamb, he had the Protestant leaders in his grasp. Swiftly he brought them to their doom. In a few days he had them all brought up for trial and condemnation, obtained the approval of the King, and calmly told the prisoners that they had two days in which to prepare for death. They were to die on June 21st. It was cleverly done, doubtless. I leave the reader to form his own opinion of that sort of cleverness.

We have arrived at the last act of the tragedy. We have seen the grim drama develop, and when the curtain falls the stage will be found covered with corpses and blood. Come, reader, let us see what man has been pleased to do in the sacred name of religion. Let us see what comes of taking up arms in the cause of the Prince of Peace.

CHAPTER XII.

The Day of Blood at Prague.

THE city of Prague was divided into two parts, the Old Town and the New Town. In the middle of the Old Town was a large open space, called the Great Square. On the west side of the Great Square was the Council House, on the east the Thein Church. The condemned prisoners, half of whom were Brethren, were in the Council House; in front of their window was the scaffold, draped in black, twenty feet high, twenty-two yards square; from the window they stepped out on to a balcony; and from the balcony to the scaffold was a short flight of steps. In that Great Square, and on that scaffold, we find the scene of our story.

When, early in the morning of June 21st, **1621.** the assembled prisoners looked out of the windows of their room to take their last view of earth, they saw a splendid, a brilliant, a gorgeous, but, to them, a terrible scene. They saw God's sun just rising in the east, and reddening the sky, and shining in each other's faces; they saw the dark black scaffold bathed in light, and the squares of infantry and cavalry ranged around it; they saw the eager excited throng, surging and swaying in the Square below, and crowding on the house-tops to right and left; and they saw, right opposite, on the East end of the Square, the lovely twin towers of the old Thein Church, with the Hussite Cup

between them. There was silent prayer in that martyrs' room. There was the last earthly communion with the Eternal. There was a hush upon the great expectant crowd, and all held their breath in awe.

Suddenly, the great clock in the Thein Church strikes five; the sound of a gun is heard; and Lichtenstein and his magistrates appear upon the balcony, with a canopy over them to shield them from the rising sun. The last act of the tragedy opens!

As there was a long day's work to be done, that work was begun at once; and as the heads fell off in rapid succession, the trumpets brayed, and the drums beat an accompaniment. It was a grim and ghastly scene in that Great Square in Prague on that bright June morning, well nigh three hundred years ago. As the sun of heaven rose higher in the east, the sun of the power of the Ancient Church was drawing near its setting, and the figures of her noble martyrs stood out clear and distinct against the mellowing light. There was not one among the number that showed the white feather in prospect of death. One and all they had fortified themselves against that day. As they sat in the room on the evening before—it was a Sunday evening—they feasted together in one long last feast of love. There were among them different shades of faith—Lutherans, Calvinists, Utraquists, Brethren; but now all differences were laid aside, for all was nearly over now. One laid the cloth and another the plates; a third brought water, and a fourth said the simple grace. As the night wore on, they sang psalms and spiritual songs, and looked onward to the time when they should sup with Christ in heaven; and as the morn drew near, each dressed himself as for a wedding, and carefully turned

down the ruffle of his collar so as to give the executioner no extra trouble.

Swiftly and in order the gory work was done: the day's proceedings had been carefully mapped out. One man, called Mydlar, was the executioner; and being a Protestant, he performed his duties with as much decency and humanity as possible. He used four different swords, and was paid about £100 for his morning's work. With his first sword he beheaded eleven; with his second, five; with his two last, eight. The first of these swords is still to be seen at Prague, and has the names of its eleven victims inscribed upon it. Among those names is the name of Wenzel von Budowa. In every instance Mydlar seems to have done his duty at one blow. For each prisoner he kindly provided a clean black cloth. When he had severed the neck he cut off the right hand, and the head and right hand of each were carried away by masked men.

Every man who died on that scaffold died as a religious martyr, not because he had rebelled, but because he was a Protestant. To each was given the chance of life if he would embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and each refused the aid of the Jesuits and was accompanied to the scaffold by a Protestant clergyman.

It was not long before it came to the turn of Wenzel von Budowa. His name was the second on the list. What part he had played in the rebellion we do not know, for records are scanty. After the battle of the White Mountain he had retired with his family to his estate; he had then, strange to say, been one of those entrapped into Prague by Lichtenstein, and when asked why he had risked his life in coming, he replied, "My

heart impelled me. To forsake my country and its good cause would have been sinning against my conscience. Here am I, my God; do unto Thy servant as seemeth good unto Thee. I would rather die myself than see my country die." As he sat in his room on the Saturday evening, he was visited by two Capuchin monks. "Last night," he told the story next day, "two monks came to see me. I was amazed at their boldness, and, finding that they did not understand Bohemian, addressed them in Latin. They informed me that their visit was one of pity. 'Of pity?' I asked. 'How so?' 'We wish to show your lordship the way to Heaven.' I assured them that I knew the way, and stood on firm ground. Smiting upon their breasts they said that so hardened a heretic they had never seen before, and, crossing themselves repeatedly, left me." When the messenger came and told him that it was his turn to die, he bade his friends farewell and walked with firm step to the scaffold His venerable age, his hoary locks, his splendid figure, his reputation as warrior, as student, as preacher, all made him the central object on that day. There was not one in that watching throng that did not know right well the figure of the darling of his people. "I go," he said, "in the garment of righteousness in which I shall appear before God." As he knelt and prayed he was watched by the glaring eyes of two Jesuits whom he had just discomfited in argument. He prayed for his country, for his Church, for his enemies, and committed his soul to Christ: the sword flashed brightly in the sun, and one strong blow closed the restless life of Wenzel von Budowa, the "Last of the Bohemians."

And with his death there came the death of the Ancient

Church of the Brethren. From the moment when his head fell from the block, it was only a question of time. As Budowa died, so died the others after him. We have no space to tell in detail how his bright example was followed: how nearly all departed with the words upon their lips, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit;" how the drums beat louder each time before the sword fell, that the people might not hear the last faint words; how one, Kapler, was so weak that he could not even hold his head to the block; how Dr. Jessen, the theologian, had his tongue wrenched out with a pair of tongs; how another actually feared he was forgotten, because others were called before him; how the ghastly business went steadily on till the last head had fallen, and the black scaffold was scarlet with blood; how the bodies of the chiefs were flung into unconsecrated ground, and their heads stuck upon poles in the city, there to drip and rot before the eyes of men. In all the story of the Brethren's Church there has been, thank God, no other day like that. It was the day when the Furies seemed to ride triumphant in the air, when God seemed very far off, when the little Church that had battled so bravely and so long was at last stamped down with the heel of the tyrant, till the life-blood flowed no longer in her veins.

Not, indeed, till the last breath had gone did the cruel stamping cease. We shudder to continue the story, but duty forces us to tell the truth. The King and his servants left not a stone unturned utterly to destroy the Brethren. They began with the churches. Instead of razing them to the ground, which would have been mere waste, and the loss of so much cash to the Roman Catholic Church, they turned them into Roman Catholic chapels by the

customary methods of purification and re-dedication. They rubbed out the inscriptions on the walls and put new ones in their place, lashed the pulpits with whips, beat the altars with sticks, sprinkled holy water to cleanse the buildings of heresy, opened the graves and dishonoured the bones of the dead. Where once was the cup for Communion, was now the image of the Virgin. Where once the Brethren had sung psalms and read the Word, were now the Confessional and the Mass.

When the churches had been transformed, the ministers and their congregations were expelled. What actually happened to many of the Brethren during the next few years no tongue can tell. But we know enough. We know that thirty-six thousand families left Bohemia and Moravia, and that the population of Bohemia dwindled from three millions to one. We know that villages were sacked, that Kralitz Bibles and hymn-books were burnt, and that every trace of the Brethren was swept away. We know that some were murdered, that some were tortured, that others were burned to death, that a few turned Catholic and remained. For six years Bohemia was a field of blood, and the spectre of death stalked through the land. "Oh, to what torments," says a clergyman of that day, "to what torments were the promoters of the Gospel exposed! How they were tortured and massacred! How many virgins were violated to death! How many respectable women abused! How many children torn from their mothers' breasts, and cut in pieces in their presence! How many dragged from their beds and thrown naked from the windows! Good God! what cries of woe we were forced to hear from those who lay upon the rack, and what

groans and terrible outcries from those who besought the robbers to spare them for God's sake!" It was thus that the Brethren of the Law of Christ were driven from hearth and home; thus that they fled before the blast, and took refuge in distant lands; thus, amid bloodshed, and crime, and cruelty, and fiendish rage, that the Ancient Church of the Brethren bid farewell to the land of its birth, and disappeared from the eyes of mankind.

Let us review the story of that wonderful Church. What a marvellous change had come upon it! It began in the quiet little valley of Kunwald; it ended in the streets of Prague. It began in peace and brotherly love; it ended amid the clash of steel. It began as a company of simple, pious Christians; it ended as a great and wide-spread Church. It began in the simple teaching of the Sermon on the Mount; it ended by being mixed up with war and politics. Yet there is a bright side to the picture—an undying comfort with it all. No men that lived as the Brethren lived can be said to have lived in vain. They had done much for the Bohemian people—and may the Bohemian people one day win it all back! They had given them an open Bible, which was then a treasure above rubies, which we of the nineteenth century, when Bibles are so common, fail to appreciate at its worth. They had shewn them how "to wear the pure lily of a blameless life." They had taught them the Gospel of the grace of Christ, and shewn that it was possible for men of different creeds to live together in unity. Why such a Church was allowed to die is to this day a mystery. Historians rack their brains in vain. There are some who say that the Ancient Brethren's

Church fell under the judgment of the Almighty. They tell us that the Brethren had fallen from their high estate, and that the Merciful Father sent them the scaffold and the stake as He sent the fiery serpents among the Israelites. They tell us also that the Brethren had begun to crave for the flesh-pots of Egypt in the shape of worldly glory, and that God sent the Amalekites among them. It is easy for historians to talk in that fashion. How far they are right we cannot say. It is true that the Brethren had greatly altered—maybe for the worse: true that when Budowa took the sword in his hand, it was enough, as it has been remarked, to make Gregory the Patriarch groan in his grave. But the reader must be left to draw his own conclusions. We prefer not to stain this page by a presumptuous prying into the methods of God. Let the story of the Ancient Brethren tell its own moral. Let us remember, above all, that only what God has cursed can eternally die, only what God has blessed live; and that He saw fit, in later days, to preserve a hidden seed of the Brethren, which should grow to a tree whose branches would spread into every quarter of the globe.

CONNECTING LINKS.

"I would rather rule over a wilderness than over heretics." So spoke King Ferdinand II. of Bohemia. He had his wish. He drank the cup to the dregs. But he little knew what he was doing. He could cut off men's heads, could torture women and children, could

set fire to the Ancient Temple, could murder and burn and destroy and rage till all the land was like a blazing castle, and the roofs and towers came crashing down. But he could not kill spiritual life.

"For, behold, among the smoking ruins a noble figure walks, with a precious jewel in his hand." His head is bowed and his face is sad, but hope yet sparkles in his eyes. Let us look at this melancholy figure of sorrow. His name is John Amos Comenius.

He was born, March 28th, 1592, at Trivnitz, a little market-town in Moravia. When only six years old, he lost both his parents through the plague, and being left to look after himself, went to live with his sister in a neighbouring congregation. When he was

1610. eighteen he went to the University of Herborn, thence to Heidelberg, thence to Holland, thence to England; and then settled down as minister of the congregation in Fulneck, Moravia, just about the time when Martinitz and Slawata were thrown

1618. from the window of the castle in Prague. Already—with the eye of a prophet—he saw into the evils of his time. In the midst of sunshine he could see the gathering clouds, and the sound of breakers was in his ears. He did not believe in Budowa's blood-and-iron system: What business, he thought, had a peaceful Church to buckle on the sword? As we know, it was not long before his fears became facts. He had been but three years at Fulneck when the ship struck, and all Bohemia quivered from the shock of the Day of Blood. Spanish soldiers, drunk with mad rage, appeared in Fulneck, the smiling little village was sacked and burnt, and Comenius had to flee for his life. For a short time

he found an ark of refuge in the castle of Baron Charles von Zerotin, where many other Brethren had assembled, and at once took the lead of the outcast band. For those in distress and hiding he wrote his famous allegory, "The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart," the Bohemian "Pilgrim's Progress." Accompanied by two guides, he says, he set out to see the world; saw everything worth seeing; and, confused by the noises and dizzied by the varying scenes around him, fell into a trance. In his dream he heard a voice telling him to leave the busy world and retire into the chamber of his own heart; he obeyed the command; but lo! the chamber which he had left so sweet and clean was now in disorder and full of abominable filth; and only when Christ entered, and after a long conversation, made him His disciple, only then did he find in the quiet side-chamber that peace and happiness which was wanting in the great and ugly temple of political and religious confusion in the whirling world around him. We can see what Comenius meant by that: can see the jewel flashing in his hand. It was the jewel of the quiet inward Christian life. "Let no Church meddle with politics," said Comenius, "he who takes the sword, by the sword shall perish." We can imagine Comenius in Zerotin's great castle cheering up his Brethren with words of hope; and hear the little company singing together that fine old Brethren's hymn,—

Oh, be not thou dismayed,
Believing little band,
God in His might arrayed,
To help thee is at hand.

But the little band in Zerotin's Castle was not long left

to eat the fruits of peace. A new Edict was issued by the Emperor, which was even more severe
1628. than previous edicts. None but Roman Catholics could marry. None but Roman Catholics could hold offices. None but Roman Catholics could have the ordinary rights of a citizen. No boy but a Roman Catholic boy could learn a trade. In other words, none but Roman Catholics could live. "Away with every fluttering rag of these brethren!"—that was King Ferdinand's idea. Commissioners appeared at Zerotin's Castle, and ordered him to dismiss the ministers under his shelter. There was no way but one. Comenius and his Brethren resolved to go; and so the last band left Moravia. As Comenius and his little company bade farewell to their country, they did so in the firm conviction that they themselves should see the day when the Church of the Brethren should stand once more in its ancient home. They were not cowards who skulked away in despair. They were men of blossoming hope whose hearts beat true behind the shield of faith in God; and as they stood together upon a spur of the Giant Mountains, as they shaded their eyes with their hands to have a last look at their home, and saw stretching out before them the hills and valleys, the villages and towns, the little white churches nestling in the dales, John Amos Comenius lifted up his eyes for a moment to Heaven, and uttered that historic prayer which still rings down the ages. He prayed that God would preserve some "hidden seed" in the old home, which should one day grow to a tree; and then the whole band struck up a hymn, turned their backs for ever on Bohemia, and set out for Poland. That hero on that mountain bluff, that company of brave

believers, that strong prayer of faith, that hymn of exultation—little did persecution do, in the long run, against a spirit like that!

Comenius led the Brethren to the town of Lissa, in Poland, where some remains of the old Church still lingered. Preparations had been made to receive them, and Lissa became the metropolis of the exiled Brethren.

But this chapter cannot pretend to tell the story of the exiles. Over the fate of many a veil still hangs. We know that Lissa held out for some years as a stronghold, where Comenius founded a congregation and conducted a flourishing grammar school. We know that some Brethren went to Hungary, and there were lost to sight; that others were admitted by the Elector of Saxony, and became Lutherans: that some found their way to Holland, and became Reformed Protestants; that many settled in Lusatia, in Saxony, in the neighbourhood of Herrnhut, where some people in the villages still bear Bohemian names; and that, lastly, some remained in Moravia and Bohemia, and gathered in the neighbourhood of Landskron, Leitomischl, Kunwald, and Fulneck. We shall see in the next part of this book what became of these last Brethren in Bohemia and Moravia. For the present they buried their Bibles in their gardens, held their meetings at midnight, and awaited the time when the call to arise should come.

Meantime John Amos Comenius devoted the powers of his mind to a scheme which made his name famous in Europe. He is known to the world as an *educator*. He was one of those men who have the rare power of seeing facts as they actually are, and of applying to existing evils the proper remedy. He was the Thomas Carlyle of

education. He saw (as every one sees nowadays) that one great cause of all the evils in the world was—in one word—*ignorance*. What caused such differences of opinion among Christians? Ignorance. What caused the bloodshed of the Thirty Years' War? Ignorance. What reared the scaffold and the stake? Ignorance. Comenius called ignorance the root of all evil, and knowledge the root of all good. He would spend his life in the service of the young, and sow in their minds the seeds of learning and piety. Already, as a boy at school, he had begun to find fault, contrary to the manner of boys, with the miserable education given in many schools. "They are," he said, *i.e.*, the schools, "the terror of boys and the slaughter-houses of minds—places where a hatred of literature and books is contracted, where two or more years are spent in learning what might be acquired in one, where what ought to be poured in gently is violently forced in and beaten in, and where what ought to be put clearly is presented in a confused and intricate way as if it were a collection of puzzles." The method of education was to cram boys' minds with words and phrases, with no explanation of their meaning; and the only help given was the simple and pleasant help of the stick.

All this John Amos Comenius altered. He taught in a manner that was then considered very strange indeed. Instead of bewildering boys with a vast host of words that they could not understand and that they repeated like parrots, he taught them about *things*—actual things in this world of ours. There was delight and astonishment in the grammar school at Lissa when he gave his boys an object-lesson; it was like waking out of a dream. He let a beam of light into their darkened minds; he appealed, as

no one had ever appealed before, to their senses and to their common sense; he made the pathway of knowledge plain and lovely; he illustrated his books with pictures: he told the boys stories from the fairyland of nature, and laid the foundations of the great modern teaching of science. If ever the boys of this world had a good kind friend, they had one in John Amos Comenius.

And his ideas led him higher still. He was the friend of his Church likewise, and had a great plan in his mind. From the children of the families in Lissa he would produce a new school; from the school a new people; from the people a new Church; and prepare the rising generation to be worthy members of that Church Universal which he already saw looming into view. In the midst of his mighty plans his heart turned ever towards Bohemia; his mountain-prayer was ever on his lips; and ever and always he heard the Divine Voice from heaven, which bade him tend the young plants carefully, and make them ready for the time when they should be transplanted to their native soil.

And higher yet the Spirit led him. As he looked around upon the learned world, he saw the great monster Confusion still unslain, and conceived an idea which it takes all the powers of our mind to grasp. He intended to found a Grand Universal College, which would consist of all the learned in Europe, would devote its attention to the pursuit of knowledge in every possible branch, and would arrange that knowledge in beautiful order, and make the garden of wisdom a trim parterre. He would found—that was his idea—a "Temple of Christian All-Wisdom." He would teach all things to all men, and train every power in man at the same time.

So sure was he that his system was right that he said it was like a great clock or mill, which had only to be set going to bring about the correct result. His Temple of Wisdom was simply and beautifully arranged. From court to court he would lead (not drive) the young student gently onwards, from the first court, dealing with nature, to the last court, dealing with God. "It is," he said, and people opened their eyes when they heard this new idea, "it is our bounden duty to consider the means whereby the whole body of Christian youth may be stirred to vigour of mind and the love of heavenly things." What an entrancing vision was that which floated before Comenius's eyes! If only his plan could be carried out, what a change in this dreary earth! If all knowledge were in order, instead of being in a muddle; if all teachers were united, instead of carping; if solid facts were taught, instead of words with no meaning; if God's work in nature were made the stepping-stone to God Himself; if everybody knew everything, and everybody loved everybody else (which they would do if they were no longer blind); if the whole Christian Church on earth made an agreement to brawl no more about petty points, and unite for ever in common love to the loving Redeemer—then, and only then, did John Amos Comenius see some glimmering ray of hope in this dark world.

And John Amos Comenius was no mere dreamer. Instead of hiding his ideas in a napkin, he published them in many books. His reputation in Europe was enormous. By all who had eyes to see he was hailed as a prophet of no mean country. When he published his great work —only one among many—"The Gate of Languages Unlocked," it was translated into fifteen languages, and

found its way even into Turkey, Arabia and India. He was invited by the leading men in France, Holland and Sweden to come and expound his scheme. At last, by invitation of our Parliament, he came to England, and laid his scheme before the House of Commons.

1641. The Members approved, and offered him Chelsea College, with all its revenues, so that he might found his great "College" in England. But a very small fly is enough to foul the ointment. Just at this moment the Irish Rebellion broke out; the Civil War trod close on its heels; England was too busy with itself to think about schemes of education; Comenius and his ideas were forgotten, and he left England for ever.

With the other pedagogues of his day Comenius had little better success. As a general rule, schoolmasters are rather a stiff-necked, narrow-minded people. They are so accustomed to rule and teach others that they do not like to be told that they may possibly be wrong themselves. Above all, they do not like to be told that their methods, which they have found good enough for them, are somewhat old-fashioned. And so it came to pass that the good teachers of Comenius's days took little notice of what he said, and went their own way, happy and stupid. Comenius was so much in front of his time, that only a few could really understand him. He did far more from his grave than ever he did in his life. About thirty years ago the world discovered his greatness. His last days were days of sorrow.*

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* It is well known that Comenius's ideas are now commanding the attention of the educated world. For a full account of his schemes, which are now adopted, see Laurie's excellent book on him (Pitt Press Series), and the "Transactions of the Comenius Society."

Let us return to our story.

Meantime, the Brethren in Lissa, after struggling for some thirty years to hold themselves together, had at last been scattered like autumn leaves before the blast. When Charles X. became King of Sweden, John
1656. Casimir, King of Poland, set up a claim to the Swedish throne, and war broke out between those monarchs. Charles X. was a Protestant. John Casimir was a Roman Catholic. The Brethren in Lissa took sides with Charles X., and welcomed him as a deliverer. When Casimir fled from Lissa, they rejoiced: when he returned, they fortified the town against him, and admitted the Swedish army. A siege began. Comenius, who was now in Lissa, urged the Brethren to hold out to the bitter end. In the Swedish army was an old Bohemian general, who swore to avenge the "Day of Blood"; and the churches and convents were plundered, and monks and priests were murdered. For a moment the Day of Blood was reversed; but for a moment only. As the arm of flesh had failed the Brethren in the days of Budowa, so the arm of flesh failed them now. A large Polish army appeared outside the walls of Lissa; a panic broke out among the citizens; the Swedish garrison gave way; the Poles pressed in; the Brethren fled in hot haste, sending off the women and children in waggons; and the Polish army, accompanied by thousands of peasants, had the town enveloped in flames, which destroyed many houses within the walls, and spread for miles in the surrounding country. As the Brethren fled from their last home, they saw barns and windmills flaring around them, and heard the tramp of the Polish army in hot pursuit. As Pastor John Jacobides and two acolytes were on their way to Karmin,

they were seized, cut down with spades, and thrown into a pit to perish. For Samuel Kardus, the last martyr of the fluttering fragment, a more ingenious torture was reserved. He was placed with his head between a door and the door-post, and as the door was gently but firmly closed, his head was slowly crushed to pieces.

And so the last spark of Church life was stamped out, and the hopes of Comenius were blasted. As the aged Bishop drew near to his end, he witnessed the failure of all his schemes. His head is bowed and his eyes are sad, and the jewel in his hand flashes faintly. But it flashes yet. A "Wandering Figure of Sorrow" he was, but his tears were as water on thirsty ground. Not in vain did that grandest figure of the seventeenth century draw this fleeting breath. He handed over the Episcopacy to his nephew, Daniel Ernest Jablonsky, who in turn consecrated the first Bishop of the Renewed Church. He published the "Order of Discipline," which aroused the spirit of Zinzendorf. He held together the Hidden Seed, which was soon to burst from the frozen earth. Of all links between the Old Church and the New, Comenius was the strongest. He preserved and kept pure that jewel of the inner spiritual life, which was to be the very life of the rising Phœnix. Fifty years before the Renewed Church began, Comenius lay silent in his grave (1672). Yet never did bread cast upon the waters more richly return.

PART II.

THE RENEWED CHURCH.

FROM ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO THE DEATH OF ZINZENDORF.

CHAPTER I.

The Youth of Count Zinzendorf.

IF the kindly reader will take the trouble to look at a map of Europe, he will observe that that part of Germany called Saxony, and that part of Saxony called Upper Lusatia, runs down to the Bohemian frontier. We step across the Giant Mountains for the next scene of our story.

In Upper Lusatia, only about ten miles from Bohemia, there stands at the present day an old ruined castle, called the Castle of Gross-Hennersdorf. At first sight there is little in that castle to attract the eye. The walls are decayed and streaked with slime. The old wood floors are shaky and dangerous. The rafters are worm-eaten, the wall papers running to a damp and sickly green, the windows broken, of roof there is almost none; and nestling in the valley, with pine-clad hills around, that castle has not even the old-time grandeur that charms us in the ruins of England. But to us those tottering walls are of matchless interest; for within those walls Count Zinzendorf, the Renewer of the Brethren's Church, spent the years of his childhood.

He was born on May 26th, 1700, in the picturesque city of Dresden, where "Zinzendorf Street"
1700. still reminds the visitor of a family that has now died out. When only six weeks old he lost his father; in a year or two his mother married again, and the young Count—Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf

and Pottendorf—was handed over to the care of his grandmother, Catherine von Gersdorf, who lived in Gross-Hennersdorf. And now, even in childhood's years, Count Zinzendorf began to show signs of his coming greatness. His father, on his dying bed, had taken the young child in his arms, and consecrated him to the service of Christ. His grandmother was no ordinary woman, and treated the child in more than the ordinary grandmotherly way. She was pious, and strong, and masculine, and was known as a beautiful writer of religious poetry. Spener, Franke, and other great Pietists, often came to stay at her castle. From his earliest days the young Count Zinzendorf sat side by side with the great and good. His grandmother was severe and strict with him. Dr. Spener, who had stood sponsor at his baptism, watched his growth with a fatherly eye. His aunt, Henrietta, knelt down by his side and prayed with him morning and night. His tutor, Edeling, was an earnest young Pietist from Franke's school in Halle. In truth, the early years of Count Zinzendorf seem to read more like a romance than fact. "Already in my childhood," he says, "I loved the Saviour, and had abundant intercourse with Him. In my fourth year I began to seek God earnestly, and determined to become a true servant of Jesus Christ." When six years old he looked upon Christ as his Brother, would talk with Him for hours together as with a familiar friend, and was often found wrapped in thought, more like a philosopher than a child. As other children love and trust their parents, so this child loved and trusted Christ. "A thousand times I heard Him speak in my heart, and saw Him with the eye of faith." He held prayer meetings in his private room,

and felt that Christ was present there. He preached sermons to companies of friends. When hearers failed he arranged the chairs as an audience, and addressed his remarks to them; and still is shown the window of his room, from which he threw letters addressed to Christ, nothing doubting that Christ would receive them. When the rude soldiers of Charles XII. of Sweden suddenly burst one day into his little Prayer Hall, and heard the child engaged in prayer, they were so awe-struck that they left the place in haste, and quite forgot the object of their visit. At the age of eight he would lie awake at night troubled with atheistic doubts, and only the sight of the face of the Redeemer drove those doubts away. As a child, in fact, hard though it be to grasp, Count Zinzendorf was already a thoughtful Christian. As a child he pored over his Bible, and had unflinching faith; as a child he felt all his limbs ablaze, to use his own expression, with the desire to preach the Eternal Godhead of Christ. To that boy in Gross-Hennersdorf Castle Christ was the be-all and end-all of life. His love to Christ was a consuming fire, his faith a never-failing spring. "If it were possible," he said, "that there should be another God than Christ, I would rather be damned with Christ than happy with another." Ever and always Christ was the magnet that drew him onward. "I have," he exclaimed, "but one passion—'tis He, 'tis only He."

1710. At the age of ten he was sent to Professor Franke's school in Halle, and his experiences there were as remarkable as his experiences in Gross-Hennersdorf. He had a character of his own, and a will of his own, and for such boys the way at school is generally thronged with nettles. As he had been

brought up almost entirely by women, he was not well prepared for the rough-and-tumble of school-life. He was taken to school by his mother, and by mistake overheard a conversation between her and Franke. To his horror, she described him as very gifted and advanced, but full of pride, and in need of the curbing rein. At once he found himself in the grip of an iron hand. His teachers could not understand him, and did their utmost to humble him. He was continually being punished for fancied crimes. His schoolfellows, who were inclined to mere formal piety, delighted to allure him into scrapes, and then save themselves by resolute lying; and the teachers gave instructions to the other boys to keep a close eye on Zinzendorf, and faithfully report all his misdoings. He was often complained of for causing disturbance in class, and often flogged in public, and was even made to stand in the streets of Halle with a placard on his back proclaiming to the passers-by that the culprit was a "lazy donkey." His private tutor, Crisenius, seems to have been a hypocrite, who had made his way into the school by varnishing himself with a show of piety. He calmly removed Zinzendorf's pocket-money for his own private purposes; beguiled him to write complaining letters home; and then, showing the letters to Franke, exhibited his pupil as a sulky and unmanageable creature. At the end of two years, in fact, Franke looked upon Zinzendorf as a hopeless case, and demanded his immediate removal.

But just at this point the lane had a turning.

1712. Zinzendorf's grandmother, who knew what his character really was, pleaded for him, and he was allowed to stay. Gradually, as the months rolled on, he made his influence felt. He submitted to the

rules of the school. The complaints against him ceased. His character became more manly and bold. His schoolfellows began to see his worth, and the boy of twelve launched out on that ocean of Christian work on whose bosom he was to sail all the days of his life.

As he sat at Professor Franke's dinner-table, it once or twice happened that distinguished strangers were there, and among the strangers came weather-beaten missionaries, who told wonderful stories of far-off lands. When the young lad heard of great doings abroad, his eyes would sparkle and his cheeks would glow: he saw before him the entrancing vision of missionary work for Christ. His heart was touched, his love burned brighter, his desire to do good was kindled afresh. He would not wait till a chance should come: he would begin at once. And so it came to pass that he founded among the boys at Halle the famous "Order of the Mustard Seed." It was the seed-plot of his great life-work. As Dr. Spener had founded "Churches within the Church" for men and women, so Zinzendorf now founded a "Church within the Church" for boys. His Society bound themselves to be true to three great promises—(1) to be kind to all men; (2) to be true to Christ; and (3) to send the Gospel to the heathen. As an emblem they had a small shield, with an *Ecce Homo*, and the motto, "His wounds our healing." Each member wore a gold ring, on which was inscribed, "No man liveth unto himself." Zinzendorf, who was Grand Master of the Order, carried a golden cross, and on the oval green front of this cross was painted a mustard seed become a great tree, with the words underneath, "Which was when nothing was." Although the Order of the Mustard Seed was then but a

small club of five boys, it soon made its influence felt. It grew with Zinzendorf's growth, and strengthened with his strength; and in later years such men as John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, Cardinal Noailles, and General Oglethorpe, Governor of Georgia, were enrolled among its members. As long as Zinzendorf lived, he could look back to Halle as the starting-point of his work for Christ. He held meetings in Franke's house, founded six more societies among the boys, and struck in the school a higher note, which kept sounding for many a year. When he left to go to the University of Wittenberg, Professor Franke said, "This youth will some day become a great light in the world."

1716. As he learnt much from the strict Pietists at Halle, he learnt much also in different wise from the loose students in the famous University of Wittenberg. At that time, Divinity students in Germany were very often rather wild young men: at any rate, they were wild at Wittenberg. When Zinzendorf arrived he found himself almost alone, in the sense in which an earnest Christian finds himself alone in the presence of worldly people. His guardian had sent him there "to drive the nonsense out of him," and had certainly chosen the right place. But Zinzendorf was no longer a twig that could be easily bent; he was rooted firmly in the love of Christ. As before in Halle, he held prayer meetings, and spent whole nights in prayer and study of the Bible. When the merry, rollicking students dubbed him "rigid Pietist," he cared not, but found others of like mind with himself, and founded new societies. He learned much from these Wittenberg students. He learned

that bare theology is as weak as water (even though it be as pure) unless backed up by discipline and hearts' religion, and that mere correct doctrine is a fleshless skeleton, which cheereth the heart of no man. If his influence at Halle had been great, his influence at Wittenberg was still greater. At that time, there was a great theological controversy in Germany between the Pietists and the Orthodox, between Halle and Wittenberg; and Zinzendorf, mere student though he was, was actually chosen by the leading professors on each side as peace-maker between the two. What! saith the reader, a young student chosen to make peace in a theological dispute. Verily, it was so; and had not Zinzendorf's mother stepped in and put an end to the whole affair, who can tell what the result would have been? We may gather from an incident like that some glimmering notion of the force of young Zinzendorf's character.

1719. As was the fashion with young noblemen in those days, Zinzendorf was then sent on the grand tour through Europe to put the finishing touch to his education. But in his eyes the grand sights of Europe had no glittering sheen. He feared the dazzling sights: only at Christ would he look. In the midst of scenes most gorgeous and fine, the one passion still ruled his heart. "Ah," he wrote to a friend, "What a poor miserable thing is the grandeur of the great ones of the earth! What splendid misery!" His company was not with gay young noblemen, but with bishops and ministers and cardinals! He met Calvinists, Lutherans, Roman Catholics, and learned to understand that the cloak of creed mattered little so long as underneath the heart beat true with love to Christ. "Sir Count," said a

grand dame to him in Paris, "Have you been to the opera this evening?" "Madam," he replied, "I have no time for the opera." He would not spend a golden moment except for the golden crown.

In a similar turn of mind he went to the picture-gallery in Düsseldorf. One picture above all attracted his gaze. It was the *Ecce Homo* of Sternberg, which had the words underneath—

All this I did for thee,
What doest thou for Me?

He saw the sad face of the Redeemer, and the crown of thorns; he met the gaze of the speaking eyes. He felt ashamed and humbled. No reply could he make to that soul-searching question. More determined than ever to spend his strength in the service of the Master, he turned sorrowfully and thoughtfully away. Never, never, did the image of the Redeemer's face leave Count Zinzendorf's mind.

1720. Towards the end of his grand tour he paid a visit to a relation at Castell, where lived the Countess Castell and her young daughter Theodora, and during his stay he fell ill of the fever, and so remained much longer than he had at first intended. He helped the Countess to put the affairs of her estate in order, took a leading part in the religious services of the Castle, and was soon regarded as little less than a regular member of the family. During the early part of his stay he had, according to his custom, always turned the conversation into a religious channel. But gradually his manner changed. He became less restrained, and more lively and free. He would talk at ease on any subject. He asked himself the reason of this alteration. He discovered it. He was in love with his cousin Theodora.

For a time the little stream ran smoothly. His mother and the Countess Castell smiled approval; Theodora, though somewhat icy in manner, made him a present of her portrait, which amounted to an informal betrothal; and Zinzendorf, who looked at all from a Christian point of view, was rejoicing at having found a wise and pious helpmeet in his work for Christ, when an unforeseen event completely turned the tide of affairs. Being belated one evening on a journey, Zinzendorf paid a visit to his young friend Count Reuss, and during conversation made the alarming discovery that his friend wished to marry Theodora. A beautiful contest followed. Each of the claimants to the hand of Theodora expressed his desire to retire in favour of the other, and not being able to settle the matter between them, the two young men set out for Castell to discover what Theodora herself would say. Zinzendorf's mind was already made up. He told himself that if his love for Theodora were pure—*i.e.*, if it were a pure desire to do her good, and not a mere earthly passion like that with which many were afflicted—he could fulfil his purpose just as well by handing her over to the care of his Christian friend. "Even if it cost me my life to surrender her," he said, "if it is more acceptable to my Saviour, I ought to sacrifice the dearest object in the world." When the two friends arrived at Castell, they had no longer any doubts as to Theodora's state of mind. Zinzendorf found that what was a struggle for him was no struggle at all for her. She accepted Count Reuss's offer, and Zinzendorf steeled himself to bear the blow. He would conquer all earthly feelings. Why should they be a thicket in the way of his work for Christ? When the betrothal of Theodora and Count Reuss was celebrated in

a Christian ceremony, he composed a cantata for the occasion: the cantata was performed with full music in presence of the whole house of Castell; and at the conclusion of the ceremony the rejected suitor offered up a prayer on behalf of the pair, which moved all present to tears.

As the future showed, the young Count had acted wisely. Theodora was a pious young lady, but she would never have been able to throw in her lot with Zinzendorf in his restless and busy life. About two years afterwards he married Count Reuss's sister, Erdmuth Dorothea. In that marriage there was no alloy of passion, and in her he found what he wanted, a right hand in his work for Christ.

1722. As he was now of full age, the question arose, what calling in life he was to follow. He himself wished to enter into the service of the Church; his family wished him to enter the service of the State. In vain he pleaded with his grandmother. She was perfectly inflexible. Although he was now a full-grown man, she demanded from him the same obedience as when he was a child. He was forced to yield, and took a post as Councillor at Dresden at the Court of Augustus the Strong, King of Saxony. But no man can fly from his shadow, and Zinzendorf could not fly (if he had tried) from his hopes of becoming a preacher of the Gospel. The Dresden courtiers stared at him. A Christian Councillor was a curiosity. He became known as such a wonder that Löscher, the best known preacher in Dresden, actually mentioned him in his sermons, and held him up before the people as an example they would do well to follow. If he could not

be a minister himself, he would at any rate have a parish under his eye; if he could not preach in a pulpit, he would at any rate preach in his own house. At any cost, he must work for Christ; that was the only thing worth troubling about in this life. With that idea in his mind, he bought from his grandmother the little estate of Berthelsdorf, which lay about three miles from Gross-Hennersdorf Castle, installed his bosom friend, John Andrew Rothe, as village pastor, and resolved that he and Rothe would go hand in hand together and make the village of Berthelsdorf a model Christian village. When Rothe was introduced to the people, the preacher used the words, "God will light a candle on these hills which will illuminate the whole land."

And now his education was finished. He had learned at Gross-Hennersdorf to love Christ; at Halle to control himself; at Wittenberg the value of order by seeing the fruits of the lack of it; in his travels in the world to despise tinsel and show; at Castell to trample under foot the adder of earthly desires; through all to be pure and humble and single-minded, and to lay his body and soul and all his powers on the altar of Jesus Christ. His armour was on, and his courage high, and he was armed cap-a-pie to fight the battle to which the Lord of Hosts should call him.

We have followed the course of one stream. Let us now follow the course of another.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIAN DAVID.

WHILE the stream of Zinzendorf's life had thus found its way, after twists and turnings, to the quiet little village of Berthelsdorf, another stream, after still greater wanderings, was flowing in the same direction. We return for a moment to the old homestead of the Brethren's Church.

Christian David, the "Servant of the Lord," was born at Senftleben, near Fulneck, in Moravia, December 31st, 1690. No longer, however, did any Brethren live in Senftleben—none, at any rate, to be seen by man. Christian David came of a Roman Catholic family. His parents brought him up in the Romish faith. He sat at the feet of the parish priest, was devout at mass and religious services, regarded all Protestants as lost for ever, and grew up burning with Romish zeal, as he tells us, "like a baking-oven." At first a shepherd, and then a groom, and then a carpenter, he wot little of the coming change. And yet—and yet—he was not at ease: one question troubled him sorely. Above all desires in this world, one high aim hung before him: at any price, in some way or other, he must make sure of the forgiveness of his sins and be pure in the eyes of God. As he tended his sheep in the lonely fields, and rescued one from the jaws of a wolf, he thought how Christ, the Shepherd, gave His life

for men; and as he sought his flock in the dark woods through the night time, he thought how Christ sought men till He found them. What was he to do? He was in a quagmire. He had grovelled before images of the Virgin in vain. When he found out some secret Protestants, they told him that the worship of saints was a delusion, and that only through faith in Christ could the divine gift of forgiveness be won; and when these Protestants were imprisoned, he stood outside the window of their cell, and heard them sing in the twilight. A little later, he found his way to a Jewish Synagogue, and the Jews told him that they alone were the true people of God, and that Protestants and Catholics were both false prophets, with nothing to choose between them. He was perplexed, bewildered, in despair: black darkness settled on his soul. He was like a man who comes to a spot (on a foggy day) where four roads meet, and, having no guide-book in his pocket, knows not which of the three ways lying before him to take. The Roman Catholics told him one thing, the Protestants another, the Jews yet another. When he found a Bible, the fog at first only thickened. Whether the Bible was true, in what way it was true, how far it was true—what a terrible riddle it was. Like Martin Luther before him, he determined to settle the question for himself; read the Bible diligently from end to end; plunged on for awhile in the darkness; and at last, half in hope and half in despair, threw up his trade as a carpenter and left Moravia for Germany. We need not follow him on his wanderings. He became a soldier in the Prussian army; fought in battle; threw down his sword and wandered about looking for work; asked advice of Lutheran ministers, and got nothing but snubs in

return. At length, the path emerged from the swamp. He found his way to Görlitz, in Saxony,
1717. became acquainted with a Pietist Pastor, called Schäfer, and for the first time in his life clasped the hand of generous sympathy and love. It was like light in a dark place. No longer did he stumble blindly. His heart was at rest, and he was admitted a member of the Görlitz congregation.

But now he must show to others the treasure which he had won himself. At the risk of his life he went back to Moravia to preach, and his preaching in his native home was like oil on a smouldering fire. His homely style suited the homely people. He had something to say, and he said it. He preached the old Protestant Gospel of Christ to men who had long not heard it, and roused to vigorous life once more what had slumbered for a hundred years ever since the "Day of Blood." With the Gospel on his lips and a cheerful heart he tramped the valleys of Moravia. He was talked of in every marketplace, and was known as the "Bush Preacher." What at first was done in secret was soon proclaimed upon the housetops. There was a rattling among the old dead bones. The shepherds sang old Brethren's hymns on the mountains, and met in each other's houses to read the Bible and to pray. There was a Protestant awakening in Bohemia.

Among those Protestants were descendants of the old Brethren's Church. In Kunwald were the Schneiders, in Zauchtenthal the Nitschmanns, in Söhlen the Neissers; and when they heard Christian David preach they longed to see the old Church revive. But for the Brethren there was now no home in Moravia. As soon as they showed

signs of returning life, the old iron foot came stamping down. Some were imprisoned; some were loaded with chains; some were yoked to the plough, and made to work like horses; and some had to stand in wells of water till nearly frozen to death.

Things like this made the blood of Christian David boil with righteous anger. He saw that it was impossible for Protestants to live in Moravia; he had found many friends in Saxony. The path lay open. His friend Pastor Schäfer introduced him to John Andreae Rothe, John Andreae Rothe introduced him to Zinzendorf, and Christian David asked Zinzendorf for permission to bring some persecuted Protestants from Moravia to find a refuge in Berthelsdorf. Never was a conversation of more importance in the history of the Brethren's Church than that conversation between Christian David and Count Zinzendorf. They had never met before, and knew little about each other. They had neither of them the slightest idea to what that conversation would lead, and only a common love to Christ was the uniting bond between them. Count Zinzendorf gave his permission, and Christian David went back to Moravia. "This," said the Neissers, when he visited them at Söhlen, "this is God's doing; this comes from the Lord."

1722. At ten o'clock at night, in the village of Sehlen, in the house of Jacob Neisser, a little company was assembled. There were Christian David, Augustin and Jacob Neisser, their wives and children, Martha Neisser, and Michael Jaeschke, a cousin of the family. We know not much about that simple people; we cannot be quite sure that they were actual descendants of the Old Church. We

know only that they were humble Protestants.* Across the Mountains they came, by winding and unknown paths. For the sake of the Gospel they left their goods and chattels behind them. Long and weary was the march, and at length, June 8th, 1722, worn out and footsore, they arrived, Christian David leading them, at Zinzendorf's estate at Berthelsdorf.

The streams had met. The new river was formed. Unknown and unintended by man, the course of Renewed Brethren's History had begun.

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* It is *probable* that the Neissers were descendants of the Ancient Church, but we cannot be quite certain about it. About the next bands that arrived, in 1724, there is no doubt whatever. They were genuine descendants of the *Old Church*. See the next chapter, p. 123.

CHAPTER III.

1722—1727.

The Founding of Herrnhut.

WHEN the first band of emigrants from Moravia arrived at Berthelsdorf, there was at first no little difficulty to know exactly what to do with them. They had come rather suddenly. Their arrival was quite unexpected. Not a sign of preparation had been made to receive them; and, as they must live somewhere, they had, for the first week, to put up with an old ruined outhouse, till something better could be procured. As it turned out, they were not to live in Berthelsdorf at all.

About a mile from Berthelsdorf, at the top of a gentle slope, up which a long avenue now leads, was a small flat hill, known in those days as the Hutberg or Watch-hill. It was part of Zinzendorf's estate, and lay on the high road from Löbau to Zittau. It was a wild, uncultivated spot, —barren, dry, and bleak; and only some clumps of pine trees and beeches relieved the bareness of the scene. But to Christian David and his spirited followers that uninviting hill was soon to have all the charm of hearth and home. When they heard that it was called the Watch-hill, they took the name as a message from on high. It shall be a Watch of the Lord, they said: and as "Lord's Watch," or Herrnhut, it has remained to the present day. With hope and confidence the emigrants set to work. First they went to examine the spot. "Where," said Mrs. Neisser, "shall we find bread in this wilderness?" "If you believe," said Count Zinzendorf's steward, "you

shall see the glory of God." Christian David waited no longer. The time to begin building had come. It was the 17th of June, and the emigrants had been already a week discussing plans. He seized his axe and struck it into a tree, and, as he did so, exclaimed, "The sparrow here hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts,!"

June 17th, 1722.

The people in the neighbourhood laughed. What were these men, they asked, who had come to build in that dreary wilderness? They were bold and vigorous workmen, outcasts from their native homes. They were prepared to tread the thorny way, and the way was thorny enough. As they were cutlers, and not farmers, they could find no employment in the neighbourhood. Both they and their children suffered from illness. They were in lack both of shelter and of food, and were a long time in finding water. The enterprise seemed a piece of folly. But in their breasts there burned a fire which ridicule could not quench. What mattered the laughter of men, thought they, so long as God was on their side?

Briskly forward went the work. The first house was soon followed by others. A spring of water was found. There was felling of trees, and sawing of wood, and carving of stones. A plan was laid out. Herrnhut gradually assumed the shape of a hollow square.

In all this Christian David was the guiding spirit. He was the practical architect, and the spiritual leader at once. He had a ready tongue to preach the Gospel, and a strong arm to wield his axe.

One day, as he was kneeling down to fix a plank in Zinzendorf's new castle in Berthelsdorf, it suddenly came

into his head that he must be off to Moravia again, and bring another band of emigrants. Like an arrow from a bow he was off. He did not hesitate one moment—threw down his tools on the spot, and was so eager that he even forgot to put on his hat. Hatless, and in his working clothes—(he probably had no others)—he set off on foot and went straight, a distance of two hundred miles, to the Brethren's old home in Kunwald. And there, in that valley, the old home of Gregory the Patriarch, still lived descendants of the Ancient Church. Let us remember their names. They were David Nitschmann I., the Martyr; David Nitschmann II., the first Bishop of the Renewed Church; David Nitschmann III., the Syndic; Melchior Zeisberger, father of the famous missionary; John Toeltschig, one of the first Moravian preachers in Yorkshire. In more ways than one they were a connecting link between the Old Church and the New. They were the first of the "hidden seed" for which old Comenius had prayed, and were known as the "Five Churchmen"; and as they came from Bohemia they sang on their way the "Moravian Emigrant's Song":—

Blessed be the day when I must roam
Far from my country, friends and home,
An exile poor and mean;
My father's God will be my guide,
Will angel guards for me provide,
My soul in dangers screen.
Himself will lead me to a spot
Where, all my cares and griefs forgot,
I shall enjoy sweet rest.
As pants for cooling streams the hart,
I languish for my heavenly part—
For God, my refuge blest.

Not without emotion can we look on those first descendants of the Ancient Church. It was a memorable day

when they arrived in Herrnhut. They had intended merely to pass through, and push on to Lissa, in Poland. But what was this that met their gaze as they stood in the square on the morning of May 12th? 1724. They saw Count Zinzendorf there, and his friend John de Watteville. They watched the little company gathered round, and saw the Count lay the foundation stone of a new building—the first meeting-house in Herrnhut. They heard De Watteville utter a prophetic prayer, and their hearts were touched, and they stayed, and became the first pillars of the rising temple.

From now on the stream from Bohemia and Moravia gathered force and strength. Time after time did Christian David go; time after time did the blast of the trombones in the square announce that a new party of emigrants had arrived. Out from the land of chains and slavery, into the land of light and liberty, came the descendants of the Ancient Church. There was many a romantic story told in Herrnhut in those days; there was many an emigrant there who had had to flee for his life. David Nitschmann and David Schneider found their prison doors open at dead of night. David Heickel slipped out of his cell while the faces of his guards were turned the other way. Andrew Beier pushed his prison door open by accident. Hans Nitschmann, lying concealed in a ditch, heard his pursuers say, only a foot away, "This is the place, here he must be!" and yet was not discovered. It was, indeed, no railway journey business, this marching from Bohemia to Herrnhut. Those Brethren sat on no soft cushions, and brought no baggage with them. They left their chairs and tables and crockery behind them, and bade adieu for ever to their

homes. They were imprisoned, were beaten with stripes, and were shoved into filthy dungeons. They tramped in weariness across the mountains, were attacked by robbers, slept under hedges, braved every peril, and ran every risk. They would rather be free and poor in Herrnhut than slaves and well-to-do in Bohemia; rather have the fruits of righteousness in the desert than the fleshpots of Egypt in the fruitful land of their fathers. It was men of this stamp who founded the colony at Herrnhut.

At this point, however, a dragon strode across the path, with jaws wide open, ready to devour the settlers. As it became generally known that Count Zinzendorf had granted part of his estate as an asylum for persecuted Protestants, all sorts of religious refugees came to make Herrnhut their home. There were violent opponents of the Lutheran Church, followers of a certain Schwenkfeld, good Evangelicals from Swabia, and Pietists from near at hand, and Herrnhut became like a patchwork quilt in which the colours do not blend. As the settlement grew larger, things grew worse. As the settlers learned to know each other better they learned to love each other less. As poverty crept in at the door love flew out of the window. Instead of trying to help each other men actually tried to cut each other out in business, just like the rest of the world. As the first flush of joy died away men pointed out each other's motes, and sarcasm pushed charity from her throne. Worse than all appeared that canker-worm, theological dispute. There were many minds and many strong wills, and, as everyone knows, theology is a subject upon which men are apt to think themselves infallible. One man in particular took the lead in the work of creating disturbance. His name was

Krüger. He was, of course, no descendant of the Ancient Church. He had quarrelled with a Lutheran minister near at hand, and the minister had excluded him from the Communion, and now he came to Herrnhut and lifted up his voice against the Lutheran Church. As he did not possess the garment of righteousness, he decked himself out with sham excitement and eloquence, and as these are cheap ribbons and make a fine show, he won a wondrous reputation. He gave out that he was commissioned by God with the special task of reforming Count Zinzendorf; spoke of Pastor Rothe as the "False Prophet" and of Zinzendorf as "The Beast"; condemned the whole Protestant Church as a Babylon, and called on all in Herrnhut to leave it; and altogether made such a show of piety and earnestness that his freaks and crotchets and fancies and vagaries struck root in the hearts of the best of men and poisoned the purest blood. Christian David himself was led away, and built himself a house some few yards from the settlement, so that he might not be touched by the pitch of ordinary Christianity! Worse and ever worse waxed the confusion. More "horrible"* became the new notions. It seemed as if Herrnhut were about to become an unhealthy swamp, where only foul weeds could grow and killing fevers breed. To this had the emigrants come? It was a trial, a testing-time, a crisis. How would it all end?

1727. All this time, while Herrnhut was growing, new settlers coming, and new houses building, Count Zinzendorf, down in Berthelsdorf, had been quietly working on separate lines as a Christian landlord for the good of his tenants. What he had begun among

* Count Zinzendorf's expression.

the boys at Halle he was now continuing among the villagers. His steward, Heitz, gave the villagers Bible lessons. Pastor Rothe preached awakening sermons in the parish church. He himself held singing-meetings and prayer-meetings in his castle. Instead of regarding his tenants as mere serfs, from whom a certain amount of rent was to be expected (after the manner of many landlords), he regarded them as human beings with immortal souls of equal importance with his own. His estate was his parish, his tenants were his congregation. Never had he forgotten his vow made as a boy to do all in his power to extend the kingdom of Christ, and now he formed another society like the old Order of the Mustard Seed. It was called the "League of the Four Brethren," and consisted of Zinzendorf, Watteville, Pastors Rothe and Schäfer, and its object was to proclaim to the world the "Universal Religion of the Saviour and His family of disciples, the heart-religion in which the Person of the Saviour was the central point." Here, in truth, it was—here in this religion of the heart, here in this close fellowship with the living Christ, that he saw the cure of all human ills. Hand in hand did he and Rothe work hard for the flock at Berthelsdorf. On a Sunday morning the Pastor would preach a telling sermon in a crowded church: in the afternoon the squire would gather his tenants in his castle and expound to them the morning's discourse. It was a sight not often seen in Christendom: the minister and the squire working together; and Berthelsdorf became a Christian village, unlike any other far or near. While things in Herrnhut were growing worse, things in Berthelsdorf were growing better; while stormy winds blew on the hill, there was peace down in the valley. Not

a soul in that village was left uncared for. There was a school for noblemen, a school for the poor, and a body of overseers and exhorters; in other words, a little "Church within the Church." How closely Zinzendorf and Rothe were bound together we may see from the following fact. Zinzendorf, whose family pew in the church was a sort of small gallery or raised box, had a trap-door in that pew by which he could communicate with Rothe in the vestry underneath when anything occurred to him during the service.*

When Zinzendorf allowed Christian David and his fellow exiles to settle at Herrnhut, he had not the slightest intention of having anything further to do with them. He had given them a home, had granted them land, had allowed them to build, and allowed them to come to his meetings; and as long as they lived peaceably and quietly like ordinary citizens, and attended the parish church in Berthelsdorf like ordinary respectable Christians, he would have left them to follow their own devices as sensible God-fearing tenants. But now the time had come to take stronger measures. As oil and water will not mix, neither could Herrnhut and Berthelsdorf. Who were these settlers? he asked. He had allowed them to come as persecuted Protestants. They had turned the place into a nest of fanatical Dissenters! There was war in the camp. On the one hand Christian David called Pastor Rothe a narrow-minded Churchman. On the

* At certain points in the service it was the custom of the minister in the Lutheran Church to retire for a moment to the vestry, for sundry reasons. It may interest the reader to know that Zinzendorf's old pew is now the private pew of the U.E.C., or governing body of the Moravian Church. A Lutheran Minister, of course, still preaches in the church. The trap-door is made up.

other hand Pastor Rothe thundered from his pulpit against the "mad fanatics" on the hill. As Jew and Samaritan in days of old, so now were Berthelsdorf and Herrnhut.

At this critical point Count Zinzendorf stepped in, and straightened the crooked sapling. With all their faults he saw that the settlers were at heart good sterling Christians. Only clear away the rubbish, and the gold would be found underneath. "Although our dear Christian David was calling me the Beast and Mr. Rothe the False Prophet," he said, "we could see his honest heart nevertheless, and knew we could lead him right. It is not a bad maxim," he added, "when honest men are going wrong, to put them into office, and they will learn from experience what they will never learn from speculation." He acted on that maxim now. He spoke privately to the settlers, and showed them how Satan was leading them astray. On May 12th, 1727, a Memorial Day in Brethren's History, he called them together to a meeting in the "Great House," delivered them a powerful three hours' address, and read out the "Statutes, Injunctions, and Prohibitions," according to which, as he proposed, the inhabitants of Herrnhut should live. That day was the beginning of new life for Herrnhut. Without exception the assembled members shook hands and pledged themselves to obey the Statutes, and the Statutes were clear and sweeping. There was to be no more discord in Herrnhut: brotherly love and unity in Christ were to be the golden chain that bound all together. All were to live quiet Christian lives, and look upon Berthelsdorf as their parish. No man was to set up a rival business. Four Elders were appointed to put the Statutes in force.

1727.

And now events of supreme importance followed each

other in quick succession. With heart and soul Count Zinzendorf threw himself into the work; Christian David was his right-hand man; and the events of the next few weeks are beyond description. Count Zinzendorf held prayer-meetings and singing-meetings. The people met in little bands and societies. Love took the place of discord. False ideas took to themselves wings and fled away. When the work of the day was over, the whole settlement would assemble of an evening to pray and sing and talk together, like brothers and sisters of one home. All this is beyond my power to paint. We can all of us see the shell: only the spiritual eye can see the kernel. That revival in Herrnhut was a revival of no common kind. There was no excitement, not a sign of extravagance, no noisy meetings, no religious tricks to work on the feelings. By the still small voice the Good Spirit changed all hearts: by quiet paths the Good Shepherd led all back to the green pastures of peace. What took place at Herrnhut during the summer months of 1727 we can liken to no other movement. It was incomparable and indescribable. It stands to this day a humble monument to the ever-mastering power of Christ!

In the midst of all Count Zinzendorf made an announcement that caused every cheek to flush with new delight. He had made a discovery. He had found a copy of Comenius's treatise on the Constitution of the Ancient Church. It was nothing less than that very "Order of Discipline" which the last Synod of the Ancient Church had drawn up.* In the settlers at

* Comenius had edited the "Ratio Disciplinæ," and Zinzendorf found the edition in the library at Zittau, a town a few miles from Herrnhut.

Herrnhut he saw now not merely exiles, but descendants of a Church that had done great things for God. "I could not," he says, "read the lamentations of old Comenius, addressed to the Church of England—lamentations called forth by the idea that the Church of the Brethren had come to an end, and that he was locking its door—I could not read his mournful prayer, 'Turn Thou us unto Thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old,' without resolving then and there: I, as far as I can, will help to bring about this renewal. And though I have to sacrifice my earthly possessions, my honours, and my life, as long as I live I will do my utmost to see to it that the little company of the Lord's disciples shall be preserved for Him until He comes." If this was like new milk to Zinzendorf, it was like old wine to the Brethren. From hand to hand the old document passed, and was read with eager delight. The old laws were recovered at last, and all felt that they were in very truth sons and daughters of the Bohemian Brethren.

They were soon to feel more still; they were to feel that God had blessed them.

It is Wednesday, August 13th, and the leaves in Berthelsdorf are beginning to fall. With their hearts stirred by recent events, with a feeling of unutterable awe, the people of Herrnhut walk together down the long shady avenue to take the Holy Communion in Berthelsdorf Church. They enter the building. The service begins. The sacred bread is taken, and the words of the Lord are repeated. Suddenly, every man and woman present, at one and the same moment, is thrilled by a force which none can understand, and which binds

them together in a Christian fellowship that no earthly power shall break. Pastor Rothe feels that force. Count Zinzendorf feels it. All look at one another and ask, What may this mean? And the answer in each heart is given, It is the Holy Ghost! It is the Spirit that guided our fathers! It is another Pentecost. We are linked together as servants of our Lord, and nought shall part us more. "We learned," said the Brethren, "to love" —to love each other, and to love Christ.

He found them in His house of prayer,
With one accord assembled,
And so revealed His presence there,
They wept for joy and trembled;
One cup they drank, one bread they brake,
One baptism shared and language spake,
Forgiving and forgiven.

Then forth they went with tongues of flame,
In one blest theme delighting,
The love of Jesus and His Name,
God's children all uniting.
That love our theme, and watchword still,
That law of love may we fulfil,
And love as we are loved.

As the Brethren returned to Herrnhut they felt within them a strength and a joy such as they had never known before. One and all they agreed on a system of hourly prayer, that what God had that day given might never be lost. From that moment every day was mapped out as a day of prayer; each Brother and Sister took his or her turn; not an hour was left vacant. Henceforward Herrnhut should in very truth be the "Watch of the Lord." Henceforward there should burn day and night the Sacred Watch-fire of Prayer, which should warm all hearts and terrify all secret foes, and make God the constant guest at every hearth.

We may take that day as the foundation day of the Renewed Church of the Brethren. It was her spiritual birthday. On that day the Brethren won what they have never lost since. They won the Divine gift of Christian union, which still holds them together in all parts of the world. They won that spirit of brotherly love which only the great Good Spirit could give. They won for ever, and held fast as a priceless jewel, that fellowship with Christ which had flashed in the hand of Bishop Comenius, and which is yet deemed by many the costliest gem in the Brethren's Church.

CHAPTER IV.

Life at Herrnhut.

IT was very soon made plain in Herrnhut that what had taken place during the last stirring times was no mere flash in the pan, but a heavenly fire that burned through and through. Herrnhut was now to be the starting-point for a world-wide movement: a family of Christian believers, with Christ as their Head: a little kingdom with fixed laws and government: a Christian body in which all the limbs worked without hitch together: a new plant in the garden of the Church, whose seeds should be scattered by the breath Divine, and be sown in the far-off deserts of the earth. We shall find it worth our while to look at the lives of the men who founded Herrnhut.

There can be no doubt that Christian David and his companions were men of a rough and ready sort. They were men of iron, like the Puritans of our own land. What they did, they did thoroughly, and their government was stern and strong. It was at once a government of the people and a government of God. On the one hand, all full-grown inhabitants of Herrnhut had a voice in the election of twelve Elders. On the other hand, out of these twelve, four were chosen by lot. In this way the voice of the congregation was to be confirmed by the voice of God. In the hands of these four Elders lay the reins of government. They had the general control of all social and religious undertakings, and they watched the

growth of spiritual life, and continually represented the whole settlement in prayer before God. They examined candidates for the office of intercessor, conducted the "bands" and "societies," arranged all meetings, gave permission for marriages, and prepared resolutions for public consideration. Under their control worked all other officers of the settlement, and the number of officers was great. There were Helpers and Monitors to carry out the instructions of the Elders; Overseers to watch the daily life of the people; servants to do the practical work in connection with meetings and conferences; a body of sick-nurses, with a superintendent; guardians of children, and guardians of the poor; special officers to look after the houses, roads, and gardens; and finally, various other officials whose duties have been lost through the mists of time.

There was a very good reason for all this perfect machinery, and the reason was, that the machine had much work to do. It must have been no easy task to live the life of the Brethren in Herrnhut. No man of loose views, no man of weak character, no man of worldly tastes, could find a home there. Herrnhut was to be the abode of Christians and of Christians only. There was no winking at petty sins; no gilding over of the weaknesses of well-to-do gentlemen. A list was kept of all who had been converted. Hypocrites were turned out. Offenders against the laws had to cart sand in the square, or wash clothes, or perform other humble duties. The Sisters had to give up their brilliant Bohemian dress, with its flashing colours, and don a simple and (let us add) becoming costume—a plain dress, with a white cap, bound under the chin with a ribbon, the colour of the ribbon

showing the station in life.* The single Brethren and single Sisters were kept rigidly separate, and allowed to marry only by approval of the Elders and the Lot. There was an excellent reason for this. As all at Herrnhut were active servants of Christ, it was absolutely necessary that no one should fetter his hands and feet by making an imprudent marriage; and as young people were not then always wise enough to think aright for themselves (any more than now), the Elders gave them the benefit of their age and experience. At an early age children were taken from their parents, and brought up in a separate building. Here, indeed, in the opinion of most people, the Brethren made a mistake. They were so zealous for the kingdom of Christ that they forgot that the family has also its claims; and that, being founded by God, it was a part of His system, and a help rather than a hindrance, in His work.

The social life of the Brethren was simple, and humble, and hard. In Herrnhut was neither great poverty nor great wealth. A common fund existed to maintain such institutions as the orphanage, inn, and dispensary; and as Count Zinzendorf had given up the whole of his ground-rent for the poor, begging was an unknown crime. Perhaps the modern working-man, who clamours for a limit of eight hours' work, will be surprised to learn that a week-day at Herrnhut was divided thus:—sixteen hours' work, five hours' sleep, three hours for meals and meetings; and if the reader will add the numbers he will perceive that not very much time was left for recreation. Not a day passed without three meetings for the whole

* A pink ribbon meant that the sister was single; light blue, married; white, widow.

congregation, the first commencing at five o'clock in the morning. Each "band" had its special meetings. Prayer never ceased for a moment. As the night-watcher passed on his rounds he sang a hymn at the strokes of the clock instead of the usual "All's-Well." We even read of sermons three hours, and services *nine* hours, long. Pastor Schwedler, for example, would often conduct a meeting lasting from six in the morning till three in the afternoon, and spoke or read nearly the whole time, his only rests being short pauses while the people sang hymns. On the Sunday, almost the whole day was taken up by services. There was a "morning blessing" at five; meetings for the choirs from six to nine; a children's meeting at ten; a public service in the Lutheran Church at Berthelsdorf at eleven; in the afternoon a meeting for the old and sick, called the "strangers' meeting"; in the evening another public service, with sermon; and then a singing-meeting to conclude the day.

Whatever else we may say or think about all this, one thing is clear. The Brethren were in keen, staunch earnest. To them religion was all in all: a matter of the heart, and not merely a matter of the head. If we wish to catch some glimpse of the spirit of these Brethren, we can do so best by reading the hymns they composed and sung. Music was one of their sharpest weapons. In their hymns they gave vent to the deepest feelings of the soul: their love to Christ, their love to each other, their starlight calm and peace. In the heart was a burning passion which only music could express, and contrariwise, it was music that fanned the flame to brighter lustre. As we can tell people's characters by the company they keep, so also can we tell them by the music

they like; and a visitor in Herrnhut could have formed a good idea of the character of the Brethren by hearing them sing together. With them singing was an outburst of feeling. Their hymns, like their Bibles, were imprinted on their hearts and memories, and they went to Church without hymn-books. Count Zinzendorf often composed hymns on the spur of the moment; any brother might be called on quite suddenly to lead off a hymn; and the congregation and organist would break in as soon as they caught the words and tune. On such occasions the organist had no easy task. He had, of course, to play without notes, and take up the air in whatever key the opener had chosen.* Many a skilled English organist of the present day would have found himself at a loss in such a meeting. As for the music, it is not easy to describe it. It was slow, rich, deep, impressive, sometimes overwhelming in its grandeur, more like a chorale than what we understand by a hymn-tune; and was not in the least to be compared with the lively jigs that one often hears in churches and chapels nowadays. It is in religion as in everything else: the deeper the character the deeper the music, and the deeper the music the deeper the character.

Of other services of the Brethren in Herrnhut we need not say much. Once a month all met on "Congregation Day" to discuss public affairs. Once a month, also, they celebrated the Holy Communion, at first in the Berthelsdorf Parish Church, and then, later, in Herrnhut. What are now known as "love-feasts" were at first meetings of a purely

1728.

* This custom is still kept up in the German Province of the Moravian Church.

private nature. They were social gatherings of friends with a religious object; a little soup, cake, and water were partaken of; and the friends, wishing one another the good-wish, "Long live the Lord Jesus in our hearts," would talk and sing of their Master, and discuss how His kingdom might be extended.

Perhaps of all impressive services, however, the most impressive was the Easter Morning Litany. At sunrise, on Easter Sunday, the Brethren assemble in their
1732. church. The minister enters, and as he does so he sings, "The Lord is risen," and the congregation reply, "The Lord is risen indeed." After a short service in the church, all wend their way to the graveyard; and there, in presence of the memorials of the dead—there, where the old heroes of the Church lie asleep—there, where all gravestones are simple and alike to show that all are equal before God—there they repeat the solemn words of the Easter Morning Litany, the trombones wake the morning echoes, and the hymns remind the company that they and the dead are all one family in Christ, and all await the Resurrection of the Just. As they see the sun rising over the mountains and flooding all the landscape around, they think of the time when the Sun of Righteousness shall come again with healing in His wings.

But, after all, the strongest point in the Brethren—the spirit that held them together, the spirit that kept them from dying—was, not merely the calm spirit of quiet worship, but the moving and bustling spirit of active work. They had not met in Herrnhut merely to sing and pray. They had not met to go to sleep, or loll at ease on the soft couch of religious luxury. They had met to

equip them for battle, and to make them ready to go out into the world and plant the standard of the cross where Christ should lead them. They did not call themselves merely a congregation: they called themselves an army, a militia*; and they divided their forces into ten regiments, called "choirs." And the "choirs" were these: the married choir, the widowers, the widows, the single brethren, the single sisters, the youths, the great girls, the little boys, the little girls, and, finally, the infants in arms. Each choir had its field of service: for that and for that only was it formed. When the married people first met in a love-feast, and

Sept. 17th, 1733. formed the "married choir," they bound themselves to lead a pure and Christian married life, "so that their children might be plants of righteousness." When the single brethren, led by Martin Linner—a saintly man, who slept on bare boards, even during his last illness, and was looked upon as a model —bound themselves together to live in one

Aug. 29th, 1728. house, they did so with intent to be the advanced guard in the march over the earth. As yet, they had no "Single Brethren's House," and took their rooms in the village inn, so that they might be able to preach Christ to travellers passing through. When the single sisters, led by Anna Nitschmann, formed the first "Single Sisters' House,"

May 4th, 1730. they made a covenant that they would not make matrimony the highest aim in life, but rather, like Mary of Bethany, sit at the feet of Christ, and consecrate themselves to His active service. When the children of the settlement were banded and

* Zinzendorf's expression.

trained together as the "Children's Choir," still the aim was the same: they were to be trained up as active workers. In short, whatever station in life a member in Herrnhut filled, that station was to be a weapon in the hands of these Christian campaigners.

What was it, we might ask, that was thus to lead them onwards? Who was to them the Great Captain? To whom did they look as the founder of the settlement, and to whom did they vow to be true? One thing, in answer to this question, we can say: It was not Count Zinzendorf. No human being was the architect of Herrnhut. Count Zinzendorf had not in the least intended it, and the Brethren knew that as well as we do. In everything, they saw, not the hand of Zinzendorf, but the hand of Christ. To those strong Brethren, Christ was all. He had preserved the "hidden seed." He had led them from Moravia. He had brought them to a Watch-Tower. He had delivered them from the secret foe. He had poured out His Spirit upon them. He had bound them all with cords of love about the feet of the Father. He was the "Bridegroom of the soul," the "Blood-Relation of His people," the "King's Son seeking for His Bride, the Church," the "Chief Elder pleading for that Church before God," the "Chief Servant," who placed His powers at the Church's service, and the "Captain of the Warrior-Band"; and His blood was the cleansing stream that washed away the film of sin from our poor darkened eyes, and caused us to see the entrancing, the over-powering, the transforming vision of the crucified Redeemer. And this was the reason—because this picture ever floated before their eyes—that the Brethren knew no fear. And this was the reason, too, that when intellect

failed to guide them, they made use of the *Lot*. "Why," they argued, "will God not guide us as He guided the Apostles?" When the matter passed the wit of man, when the Brethren felt that their reason was an erring guide, then, and then only, did they make use of the Lot. By lot the Chief Elder was elected; by lot new missionary enterprises were undertaken; and by lot (if they wished it) a young couple desiring to marry received their "Yea" or "Nay." It was not used foolishly or lightly: with prayer, with awe, with trembling, the Brethren consulted the Almighty; and with unconquerable hope they went on to new work when they believed that God had given His "Yea and Amen." Every day the Brethren listened to what God had to say to them. Every morning one of the Elders went round the settlement, called at each house, and left the Watchword or passage of Scripture for the day.*

One other custom we must mention; for it is a custom peculiar to the Brethren's Church. We mean the "Cup of Covenant." It began as follows. In 1729 a band of single brethren pledged themselves to the service of Christ, and entrusted themselves to His keeping; and as they did so they drank the "Cup of Covenant." It was a simple and beautiful ceremony, and was founded on the act of our Lord Himself, before the first Lord's Supper. Whenever a young brother was called out to the Mission-field, the whole choir met and entrusted him to Christ in the Cup of Covenant. It was the pledge of united service, of united prayer, of united trust in the Master. In time

* In 1732 these were printed and published in a volume for the whole year. This is the origin of the Text-Book, which has since then appeared regularly every year.

it spread to the other choirs, and now, at every choir-festival,* the members pledge themselves once again in the Cup of Covenant.

We see, therefore, that the Brethren at Herrnhut were not a company of hermits or band of stay-at-homes, who wrapped themselves up in themselves. Just the opposite. Forward! Work! Service! Self-Sacrifice! The Spread of the Gospel of Christ! That was the Watch-word at Herrnhut.

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* Children's Choir excepted, of course.

CHAPTER V.

The Edict of Banishment.

"WHEN Count Zinzendorf flies up into the air, anyone who pulls him down by the legs will do him a great service." In these elegant words did an enemy of the Brethren give vent to his feelings. Let us see what the Brethren were doing.

They had already broken the ice. They had begun to work. Count Zinzendorf himself led the way. "I have no sympathy," he said, "with those comfortable people who sit warming themselves before the fire of the future life." He was accused of founding a new sect, a society for laziness: he would prove that accusation to be false. He was accused of founding a body that held strange opinions, and of being an enemy of the Lutheran Church: he would prove that to be false also. He was accused of being a sham Christian—a sort of religious curiosity: he would prove that to be false also. He would show the world that the little colony at Herrnhut were nothing more, and nothing less, than an earnest army of Christian soldiers.

To begin with, therefore, he printed a document which declared, in plain, round terms, that Herrnhut was no separate sect, but simply a "Church within the Church." It was not, he said, an ecclesiastical freak: it was a body of orthodox Protestants. In form it was certainly something new—something that had never been seen in the

world before; but it was neither against the laws of the State nor against the laws of the Church.

He was not ashamed of what he had done. Why should he be? Instead of keeping Herrnhut buried under a bushel, he would let men see what it really was. He wrote letters to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. He visited the King of Denmark and made him a friend of the Brethren; visited the University of Jena, and founded a society among the students. When a complaint was laid before the Saxon Court that the Herrnhuters were unorthodox people, his answer was, "Come and see for yourselves." The Saxon Government was
1732. forced to accept the challenge. A body of Commissioners appeared in Herrnhut. They attended every possible meeting, and examined every emigrant separately, and when they issued their report the verdict was, "The people in Herrnhut are perfectly orthodox, and may continue to live in peace."

Meantime the other Brethren let no grass grow under their feet. We might fill a volume with their journeys. Some went to the University of Jena and brought back Spangenberg, the father of the Moravian Church in America. Some went to the Royal Court in Copenhagen, and opened the gate to the field of Foreign Missions. Some visited Silesia, Hungary, and Austria, and preached with tongues of flame. Others went to the old home, Moravia, and brought back more emigrants. Others came to England, and opened negotiations with the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Another went to Sweden; and others yet went to the heathen in the Baltic Provinces, and began Moravian Diaspora work. It was sarcastically said, by an enemy of the Brethren, that if

they would only work they might possibly prosper. His words were true. The Brethren were working, and were prospering. They were carrying the Gospel wherever they could. Wherever they saw people who loved the muck-rake, they showed them the golden crown.

But now an awkward stile blocked their way—a stile that in those days was very awkward indeed. What right, asked orthodox Lutheran Churchmen, had these Brethren to preach, to hold meetings, to found societies? At that time in Germany, to be unorthodox, to preach without the authority of the Church, was held to be an awful crime, and to commit it was to be a heretic.

Count Zinzendorf, however, had studied law at Wittenberg, and understood the difficulty perfectly. He was himself a "loyal son of the Church," and had already tried to cut the knot. But a Higher Hand had stopped his arm just as the sword was coming down. It happened thus. One day he asked the people at Herrn-

1731. hut to give up their old constitution and fall in altogether with the Lutheran Church. They objected. "What! give up what our fathers have left us! Not for all the freedom in the world! Let us appeal to God: only if He agrees will we do it." They did appeal. They chose two texts, put them into a vase, and appointed a boy of five to draw one out. On the one paper was printed: "To them that are without law as without law, that you may gain them that are without law"; on the other: "Therefore, Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." It was a scene exactly like that old scene in Lhota some two hundred and fifty years before.* Again the God of their

* See p. 27, Part I.

fathers encouraged them to go on; the second paper was drawn, and the old constitution was maintained.

As Count Zinzendorf thus saw that the Brethren held like limpets to the Ancient Rock, he had to solve the difficulty by an altogether different plan. Instead of trying to push the rock away, he wisely resolved to use it as a buttress for the temple. In the first place, he himself, after due examination, was ordained a Lutheran
1734. clergyman, and henceforward had as much right to preach as any other Lutheran minister. In the second place—and this was more important still—he had David Nitschmann consecrated a bishop by Daniel Ernest Jablonsky, Court Preacher at Berlin,
1735. and last surviving Bishop of the Ancient Church of the Brethren. Now, if not before, the Brethren could preach with full authority. They could go to the Mission Field as ordained ministers. They could baptize, confirm, keep the Communion. They had a shield against the attacks of those who said they were heretics.*

As it happened, that shield was put on just in time. A thunderstorm from the Court of Saxony broke over the

* This act was the first step on the road whereby the Society became an independent Church. At present the Brethren were still simply a part of the Lutheran Church. Hermhut belonged to the parish of Berthelsdorf, and the new Bishopric was intended for the *Missions only*. In course of time, however, a very natural difficulty arose. Were the new Mission Stations, were the new congregations in England and America, part of the Lutheran Church or not? And if not, to what Church did they belong? It is evident that such a state of things could not last; and gradually, almost imperceptibly, the idea of being merely a "Church within the Church" grew weaker, and the Brethren became what they are to-day, the Protestant Church of the United Brethren. Chap. VII., pp. 170—171.

heads of the Brethren. A great many people in Germany could not leave Count Zinzendorf alone. The Halle Pietists said that he was not a Christian because he had not gone through their special spasmodic method of conversion, the Lutherans dubbed him "heretic," the courtiers laughed at the notion of a "nobleman turned parson," and secret wire-pullers plagued the King of Saxony to get rid of this new curiosity. According to logic and fairness, the King of Saxony ought to have let Zinzendorf remain undisturbed, for the Royal Commission had not been able to find a single black spot in Herrnhut. But the kings of this earth do not always act according to logic, and Augustus III. of Saxony issued a decree banishing Count Zinzendorf from his kingdom.

When Zinzendorf heard of it he was neither amazed nor alarmed. "What matter!" he said,
1736. "even had I been allowed by law, I could not have remained in Herrnhut at all during the next ten years." He had plans further afield. "We must now," he added, "gather together the Pilgrim Congregation, and proclaim the Saviour to the world."

CHAPTER VI.

The Beginning of the Missions.

ALTHOUGH as yet we stand only at the threshold of the Renewed Brethren's Church, we are already to accompany the Brethren on an heroic trip round the world. As early in the morning the red rays of the rising sun gild the mountain tops and wake the feathered singers in the branches of the trees to song, and usher in the full light of day, as the violet, and the crocus, and the primrose give promise of the coming summer, as the heralds marching in front in scarlet and gold give warning of the royal procession, so do the first missionary efforts of the Herrnhut Brethren herald the spread of the Kingdom of Christ through the heathen kingdoms of darkness.

Among the Herrnhut Brethren there was from the very beginning—from its spiritual birthday, August 13th—what we may call an inner band. They were young men of the old Moravian stock, whose fathers had met the sword and the stake, and in whose veins there flowed the blood of active and vigorous life. It was they, they, the descendants of the Old Church, who were to be the giants of the New.

They made a covenant—these young men—
Feb., 1728. that they would go when the call should come, and the call was not long coming. One day, when Zinzendorf was burning some papers, one paper

fluttered to the ground untouched by the fire. He picked it up. He looked at it. It contained the words:—

> Oh, let us in Thy nail-prints see
> Our calling and election free.

He told the rest of the Brethren. They looked upon it as a call from above. Before their eyes they saw the very form of Christ upon the cross. They saw the nail-prints, the wounds, the blood; their hearts were touched; their souls were entranced; their love was kindled afresh; and they said to one another that they must show the delightful vision to the heathen, and warm the hearts of the Indian and the Negro with the story of the Redeemer.

And now came the grand opportunity which was to be the beginning of all that followed. Count Zinzendorf visited Christian VI., King of Denmark, at Copenhagen; he saw there a negro from the West Indies; he spoke to him, and listened to his story; and, finally, the negro, Anthony, came to Herrnhut, gave an address to the congregation, and painted in glowing terms the cares and the stripes of his down-trodden race in the far off Islands of the West. Across the ocean came the wail to Herrnhut, "Oh, come, oh come, and help us." What mattered it that Anthony said, "You cannot come unless you are willing to become slaves?" That was a mere mound-hill in the eyes of the Brethren. The fire was set fairly burning. Leonard Dober came forward at once. The matter was put to the lot, and the lot said, "Let the lad go, for the Lord is with him"; and on August 31st, 1732, Leonard Dober and David Nitschmann II. set out from Herrnhut, bound for the West Indian Islands.

Let us halt a moment on our way to look at this event. It was the first step towards Moravian Missions and

the brightest flower of faith that had yet blossomed on Herrnhut soil. We must remember what enemies the Brethren had to face, and what lions stood in the way. We must remember that the Brethren were only a small company of six hundred; that when they went out to the Missions they rode into the valley of death; that there were then but three small Protestant Missions in the world—the Lutheran Mission in the East Indies, the Lutheran Mission in Greenland, the Church of England "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts"; and then, maybe, we shall catch some faint idea of the faith, the courage, and the hope that these early missionaries showed. It is true that the Moravian Church was not the first to send out missionaries. But it is also true that it was the first to undertake Missions as the work of the whole Society; it was the first to form congregations among the heathen, and the first to make the converts actual members of the Church, and take them under the Church's special care. In other words, of all Protestant Christian bodies it was the first to turn itself into a Missionary Church, and to wake up to the conviction that the conversion of the heathen was a foremost duty of the Church as such.

To return to our story. When Leonard Dober and David Nitschmann set out from Herrnhut, at three o'clock in the morning, they had only about 18s. between them in their pockets, and went on foot with their bundles on their backs. When they called at the Court in Copenhagen, a courtier asked them, in blank astonishment, how they intended to live? "I will work," said Nitschmann, who was a carpenter, "with the negroes, and my friend Dober, who is a potter, will help me." Not unprepared

did they go. For four years they had been studying at Herrnhut—writing, geography, languages, Church history, medicine, the Bible. They were workmen, both, but they were not ignoramuses for all that. "When Leonard Dober speaks," said Zinzendorf, "his words flash like lightning on the soul." They now flashed like lightning on the dark souls of the negroes. As messengers of light and love came the missionaries to those slaves.

1732. They began in St. Thomas—the "First Love of Moravian Missions." They won the hearts of the slaves, and made them clap their hands for joy. They aroused the anger of the brutal slave-holders, who complained that the negroes would become better Christians than their owners. They caused a speaker in the House of Commons to state that a negro member of the Brethren's Church had a much higher market value than an ordinary slave. They caused the negroes to weep and pray in sugar-field and hut, and brought hundreds of converts to baptism. They stood fearlessly before high officials, and accused them boldly of fraud, and, by showing the slave-owners that they should no longer treat their slaves as beasts, prepared the way for Negro Emancipation.

Meantime, in St. Croix a similar work was going on. Already, in 1734, at the invitation of Count Pless, First Chamberlain at the Danish Court, eighteen Brethren had gone out to act as overseers of plantations and as missionaries at the same time. On their way out they had to live in a cabin only ten feet square, and before they had been long in St. Croix, a rank and dank island, most of them had died of fever. When two recruits—Israel and Feder—went out

to fill the gap, they were shipwrecked on
1740. the way, the sailors deserted them, and the two young men were left clinging to a rock. As Feder tried to escape by a rope and began to sink, his companion, who was lame, called out, "Go hence in peace, beloved brother," and as that brother disappeared from view, the voice of Israel rang over the waves, "Where are ye, ye disciples of Grace, ye comrades of the cross of our Lord?" When Israel found his way to land he became the founder of the Mission in St. Croix.

In Jamaica, which we English had held for a hundred years without showing the people a sign that we were Christians, preached George Caries. In Antigua, where the only way in which the negroes had heard
1756. the name of God was by hearing white men swear, worked Samuel Isles, who aroused the missionary enthusiasm of Rowland Hill. In St. John's worked Frederick Martin, known as the Apostle to the Negroes. "Undying race, these Moravians," exclaimed Zinzendorf, when he visited St. Thomas. To them the yellow fever proved no hindrance. As soon as one band of missionaries died, another came from Herrnhut to take its place.

We pass on to other scenes, from the West Indies to Greenland. Instead of the burning sun we have eternal ice and snow; instead of yams and bananas and palm trees, long stretches of slippery plain; instead of the tall, swarthy, curly-haired negroes, the short, broad-shouldered, fat-faced, flat-nosed, black-eyed and black-haired, gentle and friendly, but spiritually lazy, Eskimoes.

When the Count paid his visit to the Danish
1731. Court at Copenhagen, he saw two Eskimoes

who had been baptized by the Danish missionary Egede. As the story of Anthony the negro aroused the enthusiasm of Dober and Nitschmann, so the story of the work of Egede aroused the enthusiasm of the cousins, Christian and Matthew Stach. What recked they of the fact that the King of Denmark had decided that the work in Greenland must be given up! They had come from Moravia to Herrnhut; could they not also go from Herrnhut to Greenland? They were day labourers, gravediggers, and they knelt together in the little wood by the Herrnhut "Field of God" and vowed to brave all dangers for the sake of Christ. On foot, of course, and with nothing but their clothing on their backs, they made their way to Denmark, obtained money from Count Pless and other friends, and next year landed on the
1733. coast of Greenland. "Let but the time for the Heathen come," they said, "and the darkness in Greenland must give way to light, the frigid zone itself must kindle into flame, and the ice-cold hearts of the people must burn and melt." At first their outlook was gloomy. When they tried to earn their living by fishing they found themselves unable to manage their boat, and had to live chiefly on seaweed. They had to learn two new languages, first the Danish, and then, through the Danish, the Eskimo, and the Greenlanders took the opportunity to cheat them. "Your countrymen," they said, "must be foolish people since they send you nothing, and you will be fools if you stay here." When the two cousins stood up to preach the natives treated them shamefully, danced around them, mimicked them, howled, drummed, pelted them with stones. "As long as we have a sound body," said these greasy

Greenlanders, who, like most heathens, imagined themselves the cleverest people in the world, "we have enough. Your people may have diseased souls; go back to those that need you." When the first convert, Kajarnak, came forward with his family to be baptized, a plot was formed, and his father-in-law was murdered. To add to the missionaries' troubles, the small-pox broke out, and carried off from two to three thousand of the people. We can imagine the position of those two Moravians in the midst of these terrible scenes. They were hated and despised by the people; they were looked upon as the cause of the small-pox; they had to attend on two thousand ungrateful patients; they were almost dying of hunger; and as they lay in their snow huts at night, with the cold stars above them and sounds of midnight revelry in their ears, they felt indeed that only by the strength of Christ could they win the hard-fought battle. At last, at last, after years of waiting, the long night began to break; the missionaries felt at home in the language; the natives recognised their worth; two stations, New Herrnhut and Lichtenfels (Rock of Light), were founded; and from the moment when Kajarnak, as he listened with awe to the story of Gethsemane, came forward with his eager question, "What is that?—tell me that again," the work began to flourish, the hope of the missionaries swelled to faith, and the Rose of Sharon began to bloom in the eternal snows of the "Land of Desolation." There was a romantic scene when the body of Kajarnak, the first fruit of the Greenland Mission, was buried. Four Eskimo boys carried the corpse draped in white. The missionary started Kajarnak's favourite hymn. The Brethren knelt down in the snow and gave thanks for

him who had said, when asked to join in a sun-dance, "I have now another kind of joy, for another Sun, Jesus, has arisen in my heart."

If the difficulties were great in Greenland, they were greater yet in Labrador. The cold was keener, bed-clothes froze to the wall, spirits froze in the air like water. The means of living were more scanty. The people were more treacherous and obstinate, more under the power of their sorcerers, more dirty and repulsive. When John Ehrhardt, a sailor, conducted the first band of missionaries, he was murdered; the attempt came to an end; and not till many a year had passed did the Brethren find a firm footing in Labrador.

We pass on to other scenes. While some of the Brethren were enduring cold in Greenland and Labrador, there were others fighting a different foe in Dutch Guiana or Surinam. There, the land was flat and low, below the level of the sea. An oozy and swampy land it was: a land where the ground was fruitful and the air thick and heavy. Fish fed on the grass, and crabs climbed the trees, and oysters revelled in the forests. Brilliant birds glittered in the sunshine, countless insects swarmed, the vampire haunted the twilight, the boa-constrictor lay in wait in the thick impenetrable bushes, and fever-germs, unseen but terrible powers, floated homeless in the sultry air to find a home in the blood of man. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh, in King James I.'s days, "had knowledge of that great and golden city which the Spaniards call El Dorado"; here, that his successor, Francis Sparrow, had bought the eight beautiful female slaves for a red-handled knife, which cost one halfpenny; and here, in later days, that English, Dutch, and French traders had

come, and built their trading stations among the palm trees.

And here now came the Brethren. Bishop Spangenberg made arrangements with the Dutch Trading Company for Surinam, and the traders gave their gracious permission. They had had some trouble with the natives, and thought that some missionaries would reduce them to order. The brethren went, chief among them Dähne; but, unlike the traders, they did not dally on the sea-coast, for they had not come to make money. Through three hundred miles of jungle and swamp they pursued their way, and came to the homes of the people: to the Accawois, who earned their living as professional assassins; to the Warrows, who wallowed in the marshes; to the Arawaks, or "Flour People," who prepared tapioca; to the Caribs, who sought them that had familiar spirits and wizards that peep and mutter. "It seems very dark," wrote the missionaries to Herrnhut, "but we will testify of the grace of the Saviour, till He lets the light shine in this dark waste." One story flashes light upon the scene. As George Dähne, who had built himself a hut in the forest, was retiring to rest, a snake suddenly glided down upon him from the roof, bit him twice or thrice, and wound itself round his body. At that moment, the gallant herald of the Cross, with grim death staring him in the face, thought, not of himself, but of the people he had come to serve. He would not have it thought (as it might have been) that the natives had murdered him, and wrote with a piece of chalk on the table, "A serpent has killed me!" But lo! the text flashed suddenly upon him, "Ye shall tread on serpents and they shall not harm you"; and he seized the serpent, wrenched it from

him, and lay down to sleep, in peace, and in faith in his Master.

Wearily, the missionaries in Surinam plodded on. Not till after six years' work did they see any result of their labours; and then, when the first old woman came forward for baptism, the Indians gathered round to witness the ceremony, and tears flowed from their eyes. But, here, as elsewhere, the greatest enemies of the Brethren were, not the natives, not the climate, not wild beasts, but the *Traders*. The Dutch Colonial Government actually forbade the Indians to join the Moravian settlements, and trembling when they heard that two hundred Indians had formed a settlement at Pilgerhut, broke up the Brethren's settlements. The negroes rebelled and massacred; and the Brethren lived amongst several fires, and danger and disease on every side.

We pass on to other scenes—to South Africa, to the home of the slave-trade. There is no need here to tell the old sad story of the African slaves; of the whip, the chain, the stifling ship-hold, of the press-gangs and marauders, of the snapping of family ties, of the iron neck-rings and the wooden yokes, of the vanishing heads of the feeble and the bleeding shoulders and long red gashes in the flesh. When the stout little Dutch people, who had fought so bravely against Spain in days of yore, founded a colony in South Africa, they seemed to forget that others besides themselves loved freedom. When George Schmidt went out from Herrnhut, they had held Cape Colony for nearly a century, and had treated the Hottentots and Kaffirs with anything but Christian tenderness and kindness. Their plan was a simple one. They first won the confidence of the natives, and then closed

the trap-door. "With 150 men," wrote a Dutch Governor in his Journal, "10,000 head of black cattle might be taken without danger of losing one man, and many savages might be taken without resistance, to be sent as slaves to India, as they will always come to us unarmed." Perhaps the most cold-blooded sentence that ever flowed from pen to paper. Although these Dutch settlers were good sturdy Protestants, they treated the Hottentots as beasts, and printed over the doors of the churches, "Dogs and Hottentots not admitted." They had such beautiful notions of God and of themselves as His handiwork that they spoke of the natives as "black wares," "black beasts," "black ivory," children of the Devil. "The Hottentots," they said, "have no souls: they belong to the race of baboons." As English gentlemen in Australia sometimes amuse themselves at the present day with "potting the blacks" (which is considered quite as good fun as grouse-shooting), so the Dutch Boers did amuse themselves with "potting" the Hottentots. Forming themselves into a gang (called a "commando,") to have a day's hunting, they would bring back a procession of slaves. Perhaps, however, their most entrancing custom was the system of flogging by pipes—*i.e.*, the slave was thrashed, while his master, looking on with a gluttonous eye, smoked a fixed number of pipes, and the tobacco smoke wreathing and the Hottentot shrieking brought equal delight to his soul. And yet the Dutch Boers seem to have been surprised that the Hottentots and Kaffirs loved them so little.

It was while things in Cape Colony were in this condition that a letter from the Danish Court arrived in Herrnhut asking the Brethren to send out a missionary. At

once George Schmidt offered his services. Like the two Stachs in Greenland, he was of an old Moravian family. He had already been on a mission to Bohemia, had lain there six years in prison, and bore the marks of his chains to his dying day. But the letter had not been a week in Herrnhut before George Schmidt was on his way. When he arrived at Cape Town the Dutch Boers laughed at him, and he had to go further into the country. He found a race with low skulls, high cheekbones, pigmy hands and feet, impure characters, wild emotional natures—in very truth, a people that seemed on a level with beasts. But George Schmidt came with a sword in his hand that cut to the hearts of the Hottentots. He built a school, and taught the Hottentots Dutch. He won their love and preached them the Gospel, and founded a thriving little colony, and for six years, alone in the wilderness, he made the Bible and the story of the Redeemer a household word in the ears of those degraded savages.

But all this was bitter gall to the palates of the Dutch Boers, who would not have their fun spoilt for the sake of a few Hottentots. They appealed to the home government against Schmidt, and Schmidt had to return. He came back to Herrnhut, earned his living as a sexton, and died on his knees in the graveyard with a prayer for South Africa on his lips. For fifty years the South African Mission was at a standstill.

We pass on to other scenes. We go to the Gold Coast in Guinea, the great centre of the slave-trade, and find Huckoff, again of an old Moravian family,

1736. trying to found a school among the slaves.

We pass on through the Straits of Gibraltar to Algeria, the famed nest of pirates, and find Abraham

Richter preaching to captives as they walk the streets with chains clanking on their feet. We slip
1739. along the coast to Egypt, and find Hocker expounding the Gospel to the Copts in Cairo. We cross the sandy plains to the far-famed city of Bagdad, and find two Brethren in its narrow streets; we see two Moravian medical missionaries stripped naked by robbers in the wilds of Persia; and further still, we wing our way across palpitating plains and surging seas and flowery fields and hoary mountains grey and old, and find that in the "Garden" of Tranquebar, in the Nicobar Islands, and in the spicy island of Ceylon, the Moravian Brethren have found their way, and are planting the standard of the army of Christ and fighting the hosts of the heathen.

If we could have been in Herrnhut in those times we should have found that among the Brethren the work of the Missions was first and foremost in their hearts. It was not an accident; it was not an offshoot; it was part of the very fibre of their being. Without it they could not live. When the Brethren met at their monthly service on "Congregation Day," they listened to the reports from far-off fields. As our English forefathers looked out in the times of William Pitt and Robert Clive for new victories in the field of battle—and every day brought its new despatch—so was it with the Brethren in Herrnhut. With fast-beating hearts did they hear how new stations were founded in the West Indies, how New Herrnhut and Lichtenfels were built in Greenland, how Pilgerhut and Paramaribo were thriving fast in the marshes of Surinam, how George Schmidt had founded a congregation at Boviansklooof among the Hottentots, and how David Zeisberger was braving tomahawk and

poisoned arrow among the wigwams of the North American Indians.

No Moravian missionary worked alone. The whole Church threw its heart into the task. All missionaries went out with full instructions, and were followed by the prayers of the whole Church. No man was to go unless his mind was fully made up; nay more, unless he could not help it. He must be a man, so ran the rules, who felt within him an irresistible call; a man who loathed the lusts of the world, who burned with love to Christ, who was approved by all his Brethren, and whose face shone with the light of a Divine joy, which should enlighten the black hearts of the heathen.

As for the work of the missionaries, it was thorough and deep and well organised. Everything was done according to a well-considered plan. When the missionaries arrived at their post they were to announce themselves to the people as messengers sent by Jesus Christ, and during their stay were to keep a full account of all proceedings and send home regular reports. As soon as possible after their arrival they translated portions of the Gospels into the native language, and with this as their weapon spoke straight to the hearts of the people. Instead of puzzling the poor heathens' brains with shadowy notions of a great and good God, they went straight to the mark: "Jesus Christ lived, and died, and lives now, to save thee from thy sins." In the Catechism for the Heathen, the answer to the question, "Who created the world?" was, not "God," which would have conveyed no meaning to them, but, "Jesus Christ." As they never baptized till they were perfectly sure (as far as man can be sure) that the candidate was a genuine

Christian, they often seemed to work but slowly; but they found it better to do their work thoroughly, than be content with a mere coating of sham religion.

They paid special attention to children, built schools, taught the people, young and old, to read the Bible and sing hymns, chose native Helpers to visit the sick, and spoke privately, at fixed seasons, to all converts and inquirers, the missionary to the men, his wife to the women. Above all, with their teaching, they did not forget *discipline*. They divided the people into choirs, insisted upon a perfect Christian walk in daily life, forbade their converts to take part in feasting and gaming and dancing, and expelled at once from their congregations any found guilty of drunkenness, adultery, sorcery, theft, violent anger, or revenge. But the iron hand had a silken glove. They often acted as doctors as well as teachers; had their lancets and medicine chests as well as their Bible; and by kindness and love and tenderness they won the hearts of the heathen. "It will not do," said Zinzendorf, "to measure everything by the Herrnhut yard."

Nevertheless, they taught the people to be civilized and orderly. When planters and slave-traders opposed Moravian Missions they were simply cutting their own throats. It would have paid them better to stand the expenses. They would have found their negroes more obedient and trustworthy. "What security have you," said a Moravian Bishop to a Governor in the West Indies, "that the slaves will not rise and destroy you?" "This," said the Governor, as he pointed to a Moravian Mission Station, "this is our security. Converted negroes will never rise in rebellion."

Thus, then, by the middle of the eighteenth century, while statesmen and kings were beginning to wrangle after the largest piece of land, these Moravian missionaries were doing a work of grander purpose and more lasting fame. They worked for their living like slaves, lived often on bread and water, and breathed their last in sickly swamps with the fever-flush on their cheeks. As the lash came down on the red-streaked shoulders of the negroes, they stood up boldly and cried "hands off." While overseers looked on and scoffed, they preached in the moonlight to slaves; and showing a courage higher far than the furious courage of the soldier amid the rush of steeds and clash of steel, they set an example which cheers the hearts of all who essay to follow them.

CHAPTER VII.

1736—1750.

The Warrior Band.

WHEN Count Zinzendorf was banished from Herrnhut he had already made up his mind that the time had come when his parish should be no longer Herrnhut only, but the world.

1736. About thirty miles north-east of Frankfurt-on-the-Main there lay a quaint and charming district called Wetteravia, and in that district stood two old ruined castles, called Ronneburg and Marienborn. It so happened that the owners of the estate in which the castles lay, the Counts of Isenberg, had fallen on hard times. They were deep in debt; their estates were running to decay; the castle walls were crumbling to pieces; and the out-houses and farms and stables were let out to gypsies, Jews, tramps, vagabonds, and a mongrel throng of scoundrels of the lowest class. When the Counts heard that Count Zinzendorf was banished from Saxony, they offered him their estates on lease, for they knew that the Brethren were good workmen, and hoped to put some money in their pockets. Count Zinzendorf sent Christian David to reconnoitre. Christian David came back with a bad report. It was a filthy place, he said, unfit for respectable people. But Count Zinzendorf felt that, filthy or not, it was the very spot which God had chosen for his new work. It suited his high ideas. The more degraded

the people, the more reason there was for going. "I will make this nest of vagabonds," he said to himself, "the centre for the Universal Religion of the Saviour." "Christian," he asked, "haven't you been in Greenland?" "Ah, yes," replied Christian, who had been with the two Stachs; "if it were only as good as it was in Greenland—" But the Count would not hear another word, went to see the place for himself, closed with the terms of the Counts of Isenberg, and opened out that new period in Brethren's History which is called the *Time of Wetteravia.*

When Zinzendorf left Herrnhut and took up his quarters in Marienborn Castle, he brought with him a band of Brethren and Sisters whom he called the "Warrior Band." It was the 17th of June, 1736, when the Warrior Band entered the old castle, exactly fourteen years since Christian David had felled the first tree at Herrnhut: now for fourteen years those crumbling walls were to be the home of Moravian life. What these members of the Warrior Band were we may know from the very name. They were a body of Christians who were called to the task, in Zinzendorf's own words, "to proclaim the Saviour to the world." They were Zinzendorf's old idea of the "mustard seed" blossoming in another form. All the members, except those abroad on the war-path, lived together in the castle. Count Zinzendorf was president and guiding spirit. His wife managed the household arrangements. Polycarp Müller was professor of theology. Spangenberg looked after the young men. And all was a smithy where the weapons were forged to play havoc with the hosts of Satan. There was a dash of romance in that warrior band, and more than a dash of

heroism. They lived in a wild and eerie district. They slept on straw. They heard rats and mice hold revels on the worm-eaten staircases, and heard the night wind howl and sough between the broken windows. There was learning of trades and of heathen tongues; there was study of the Bible and strengthening of the heart by united prayer; there was buckling on of armour and trimming of lamps and girding of the loins for the battle. "Up, up," Spangenberg would say to the young men at sunrise, "we have no time for dawdling." "Are you ready," said Zinzendorf one day to a brother, "to start to-morrow for Greenland?" "Yes," replied the brother, "on one condition." "And that is?" "That the shoemaker has my boots ready in time." That was the spirit of the Warrior Band. From those ruined walls the missionaries went to America and Africa, and took the glad tidings of the love of Christ to the wigwams of the Indians and the mud-made huts of the Hottentots.

Acting on the principle that charity begins at home, and that it is wise first of all to sweep one's own street, Count Zinzendorf and his fellow Brethren began their new labours among the degraded rabble that lived in filth and poverty in the farmhouses round the castle. They conducted free schools for the poor children, held meetings down in the vaults of the castle for the men and women (many of whom had never shaken hands with a Christian before), visited the miserable gypsies in their dirty homes, and gave out bread and clothing for those in need. At Herrnhaag, or Lord's Grove, hard by, they built a regular settlement on the same plan as Herrnhut, with Brethren's House and Sisters' House. The fields were tilled, the gardens were laid out, the businesses flourished,

and a neat little settlement nestled in beauty in that wild and romantic wilderness.

We give one picture from that life in Wetteravia.

Among the motley medley that lived about the Castle was an old grey-haired Jew, called Rabbi Abraham. One bright June evening Count Zinzendorf met him, stretched out his hand, and said, "Grey hairs are a crown of glory. I can see from your head and the expression of your eyes that you have had much experience both of heart and life. In the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, let us be friends." The old man had never heard such a greeting from a Christian before. He had usually been saluted by the words, "Begone, Jew!" He was struck dumb with wonder. His lips trembled, his voice failed, and big tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks upon his flowing beard. "Enough, father," said the Count, "we understand each other;" and from that moment the two were friends. The Count went to see him in his dirty home, and ate black bread at his table. One morning, before dawn, as the two walked out, the old Jew said, "My old heart is longing for the dawn. I am sick, yet know not what is the matter with me. I am looking for something, but I know not what I seek. I am like one who is chased, yet I see no enemy, except the one within me, my old evil heart." And then Count Zinzendorf opened his lips and declared the Gospel of Christ. He painted Love on the Cross; he described that Love coming down from holiness and heaven; he painted in glowing colours how Christ met corrupted manhood, that man might become like God. As the old man wept and wrung his hands, the two ascended a hill, where stood a lonely church. And the sun rose, and its rays fell on the

golden cross on the church spire, and the cross glittered brightly in the light of heaven. "See, there, Abraham," said Zinzendorf, "a sign from heaven for you. The God of your fathers has placed the cross in your sight, and now the rising from on high has tinged it with heavenly splendour. Believe on Him whose blood was shed by your fathers, that God's purpose of mercy might be fulfilled, that you might be free from all sin, and find in Him all your salvation." "So be it," said the Jew, as a new light flashed on his soul, "blessed be the Lord Who has had mercy upon me."

All this work of the Warrior Band was by no means done in a corner. When Zinzendorf and his brethren took up their quarters in Marienborn Castle they never intended to stay shut up within its crumbling walls. Though their charity began at home it did not end there. They were an active and a growing body, and were to be found scattered thousands of miles from each other; and so hard did they work that they brought about the complete establishment of the Renewed Brethren's Church in Germany, England, and North America. "The Saviour," wrote Zinzendorf to his wife, "wishes to lead us further." How that leading took place is a wonderful story. Before the Brethren reached the goodly land, before they breathed again the pure air of free Church life, they had an adventurous journey. We must now note four remarkable events, or stages, characteristic of this interesting period.

1737. And the first stage was this. As Zinzendorf was walking alone on the shore of the Baltic Sea, it came into his mind that the time had come to renew the old Bishopric of the Brethren.

Straightway the path was opened before him. Frederick William I., King of Prussia, had heard a good deal of Zinzendorf. He looked upon him as a curiosity decidedly worth seeing, and sent him a messenger to say that he would be highly pleased if Zinzendorf would come to dine at his table. "What did he say?" asked His Majesty of the messenger, when that functionary returned. "Nothing," replied the messenger. "Then," said the King, "he is no fool." When Zinzendorf came King William's eyes were still more opened. "The devil himself," he said to his gaping courtiers, when Zinzendorf had gone away, "could not have told me more lies than I have been told about this Count. He is neither a heretic nor a disturber of the peace. His only sin is that he, a well-to-do Count, has devoted himself to the spread of the Gospel. I will not believe another word against him. I will do all I can to help him." From that time Frederick William I. was Zinzendorf's fast friend. He advised him to become a Bishop of the Brethren, and Count Zinzendorf took the advice. By the laying on of hands of Bishop Daniel Ernest Jablonsky, Frederick William's Court Chaplain, assisted by Bishop David Nitschmann, he was consecrated a Bishop of the Brethren's Church. When Zinzendorf took that step he went much further than he thought or intended. He intended merely to give a sheltering wing to the Brethren. He gave them, in very fact and deed, the means of becoming the Renewed Church. When David Nitschmann became a Bishop, they had episcopal authority in the Mission Field. When Zinzendorf became a Bishop they had episcopal authority at home as well. What had taken place in the Old Church

May 20th, 1737.

at the Synod of Lhota (1467) now took place in the New. The first stage was passed.

1738. As there were certain sarcastic people in Germany who said that Zinzendorf, though willing enough to send out other men as missionaries, was afraid to go himself, he determined to give the charge the lie, and set out for the Island of St. Thomas, where Frederick Martin, the great Apostle to the Negroes, had built up the strongest congregation in the Mission Field. As the ship drew near the Island, he said to his companion, a brother of the old Moravian stock, "What if we find no one there? What if all the missionaries are dead?" "Then," replied the brother, "we are there." "*Gens aeterna*," exclaimed Zinzendorf, "undying race, these Moravians." When he arrived, he found to his dismay that the Governor of the Island, egged on by the slave-traders and planters, had thrown the missionaries into prison, had whipped them like slaves, and had burned their books. Count Zinzendorf was highly indignant. He appealed to the Governor at once, and had the prisoners set free; preached with great effect for three months to the negroes; and made an arrangement with the Danish Government that the missionaries should in future be at liberty to preach the Gospel as they pleased.

June, 1739. Now, however, comes the point of the story. When he returned to Marienborn, he appeared like a soldier from battle: sick, weary, begrimed, worn out with travel, covered all over with boils and sores. He had learned much on his journey. He had seen what the Brethren were doing in foreign lands, and how needful it was that there should

be a firm back-bone at home, if the foreign work was not to fall to pieces; and, above all, he saw now that the time had come when the Brethren should settle once for all what their calling in the world must be and what tools they must employ. Already he had uttered that famous sentence which gave his idea of Christian work. After preaching one day to a great crowd in Berlin, he had a conversation with a young lieutenant. "Let me ask you," he said, "one question. Are you alone in your religious troubles, or do you share them with others?" The lieutenant replied that he and some companions were accustomed to pray together. "That is right," exclaimed Zinzendorf, "I acknowledge no Christianity without fellowship." That was Zinzendorf's master idea: that was the idea which he now put into force.

1740. At a Conference in Gotha the Brethren met to draw out the plan of their work in the world. They felt that the occasion was critical, and discussed the matter many a day. Right through several nights they held their sittings, and thrashed the question out. At last the rule was laid down. First of all, they were to be a "free congregation of Jesus," and to work in free union with other Churches. They were to be the salt of the earth, and to care for the "*scattered*" everywhere. They were to open the Diaspora work, to proclaim the death of Jesus Christ, and unite the people in meetings for prayer and praise; and, above all, they were pledged to work solely for the Kingdom of Christ, and not make the least attempt to proselytize or interfere with the work of others. From that day to this that method of work, the method called *Diaspora*, the method whereby the Brethren formed people into "societies" without

attaching them to the Brethren's Church, has been the chief evangelistic method employed by the Church on the continent.

1741. And the third stage was this. In the year 1741, Leonard Dober, who had been for some years Chief Elder of the Church, laid down his office, and the question arose, Who was to succeed him? The Brethren met at a Conference in London in great perplexity. "As we began to think about the Eldership," so runs the record, short and clear, "it occurred to us to accept the Saviour as Elder. We opened the Text-Book, and found on the one page a verse corresponding to Rev. iii., 20, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock,' and on the other, Isaiah xlv., 11, 'Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, and his Maker, Ask of Me things to come, concerning My sons, and concerning the work of My hands command ye Me.' Instantaneously one united resolution was made, to have no other than Him Chief Elder. He sanctioned it. It was just Congregation Day. We looked at the text, 'The glory of the Lord filled the House.' We asked permission. We obtained it. We sang with unequalled emotion, 'Come then for we belong to Thee,' and 'Welcome among Thy flock of grace.'" It was September 16th, 1741, when the Brethren in London made this experience; it was November 13th when it was made known to the other Brethren; and both those days have since been Memorial Days in the Brethren's Church. What that experience meant to the Brethren then, what it means in the Moravian Church at the present day, what a force it has wielded, what comfort it has brought, what high hopes it has given, it would be hard to describe in few words. Of subjects like this—the Headship of our

Saviour—we can speak only with bated breath. It is easy to say much on purely spiritual experiences: perhaps here it is more reverent to say little. The main point is this: On the one hand the rule of one man was abolished in the Brethren's Church. After that there was no earthly Chief Elder. A Conference of Twelve was elected, and the Church was freed for ever from the danger of a Papacy. On the other hand, the Brethren realised, in a special manner, what all Christians acknowledge as an everlasting fact, that Christ is Head of His Church on earth. They took home to themselves as a fact what had before been taught only as a doctrine. They felt, they knew, that Christ had revealed Himself to them and had promised to lead them. They were sure that Christ was the Kindly Light of the Brethren's Church, as of other Christian Churches, and would pilot it safely through rocks and quicksands. As August 13th, 1727, was the spiritual birthday of the Renewed Church, so September 16th, 1741, was its coming-of-age, the day when it was freed from the control of any earthly Head and bowed to Christ alone. With Him as Chief Elder, with Him as their Shepherd, with Him always ready to be consulted, they could go forward in unbreakable confidence, in unshaken hope, and in fellowship with all His subjects, to the work of spreading His Kingdom.*

1743-50. It was well indeed for the Brethren that they thus fixed their eyes upon Christ as their Head; for now, when the third stage was

* There are two mistakes (often made) with respect to this important subject against which we must carefully guard. In the first place it is a mistake to say that the Chief Eldership of Christ in the Brethren's Church was a new discovery or idea on the part of the Brethren. As a matter of fact, Christ is addressed as "Chief Elder" in hymns written

passed, they had to descend for awhile into the deep Valley of Humiliation, and came very near that dark, cold river over which there is no bridge. We call the years 1743-50 the "Sifting-Time," and we are right in doing so. There was spiritual fever in the air in those days, and the Brethren caught the disease. They had mixed so much with strange and foolish people in the Wetterau that they became strange and foolish themselves. It was the old story. When the sound apple was mixed with the rotten apples, with the object of destroying their rottenness, the sound apple suffered in the conflict. There is always a danger, with man's treacherous heart, of keen religious feelings running to sentiment, and of sentiment running to sensuousness. In their love to Christ, in their attachment to His person, and in their feeling of helpless dependence upon Him, the Brethren, and Zinzendorf most of all, allowed themselves for a time to be carried away by their feelings, and wandered, like lost sheep, from the paths of common sense. Like others around them (of whom there were many) they called themselves "little fools, children, virgins, that were only to enjoy themselves in the wounds of Jesus," and spoke of Christ's side-wound as the refuge where the children could nestle in safety, no matter how wildly the storms blew outside, and of Christ's blood as the food whereon the poor worm, the sinner, was fed. In imitation of the style common in

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before 1741; and the title was not used any more frequently after that date than before it. In the second place it is equally a mistake to say broadly that the Brethren spoke of a *special covenant* between them and the Saviour. He was considered Head of the Brethren's Church only in as far as it was a part of the Church of God. The incident was simply a deep and abiding experience of a well-recognised fact, just as any individual may have; and therein lies its highest value.

Germany at that time, they wrote hymns giving gruesome descriptions of the crucified Saviour, and rung the idea of the Bride and Bridegroom in keys unpleasant to the ear. Upon the Lot they looked as an infallible guide, and men would consult it about going to a meeting or building a house, or even to decide whether their opinions were right or wrong. It was a sad time, that Sifting-Time, and it brought the Brethren many enemies.

All this, of course, was in no way peculiar to the Brethren. They were simply besmutted and besmirched by the smuts that were floating in the air at that time; and when people walk in poisoned air it is not easy to keep the breath pure. Moreover, bad though it was, it all came from a good impulse. It was simply the pure emotion of childlike love twisted round into earthly sentimentality; and every man of sense doth know how easy that process is. And surely the most wonderful part of the story is, not that the Brethren fell, but that they rose again. When Zinzendorf saw how the ship was winding, he turned the rudder the other way; and then came prayer, and breaking of hearts, and humbling before God in sackcloth and ashes. A cry! A groan! A long-drawn struggle! Oh, Father, help us! And then the victory. As a dire disease is a test of a man's constitution, so the Sifting-Time was a test of the strength of the Brethren. If they had not been built upon the Rock of Ages, they would most assuredly have fallen deeper. We know no other instance of a Church so tried: we know no other instance, in all the history of Christendom, of such a victory won. It was a lesson for all time and for all men: a lesson to teach all to be humble, and to beware of the secret foe, though he come in angel's form.

1736-50. Meantime, during these fourteen years, while the Brethren were strengthened in the inner man by these four events—the Bishopric of Zinzendorf, the Conference of Gotha, the 16th of September, and the victory of the Sifting-Time—they had gone on from strength to strength in the the work of renewing the Ancient Church. From Bohemia had come another band of descendants of the Old Brethren, and begun the building of Niesky, in Lusatia. Another band settled in Berlin and Rixdorf (near Berlin). The Warrior Band or Pilgrim Congregation had founded the settlements of Gnadenberg, Gnadenfrei, and Neusalz-on-the-Oder. In Holland, Gotha, Denmark, and Russia, the Diaspora workers were busily plying their oars. It was useless for Zinzendorf to object. It was useless for him to say that the Brethren must remain a "Church within the Church." He was angry and stormed in vain. The Brethren were determined to erect the Old Church once more.

As Christian David had brought Brethren from Moravia, so John Gilek brought Brethren from Bohemia, and the story of his romantic life aroused afresh the love for the Ancient Church. He had fled from Bohemia to Saxony, and had returned, like Christian David, five or six times, to fetch bands of Brethren. He had been captured in a hay-loft by Jesuits, had been thrown into prison at Leitomischl, had been kept in a dungeon swarming with frogs, mice and other vermin, and fed with hot bread that he might suffer from colic. After two years' imprisonment he had been employed as a sweeper of the streets in Leitomischl, with his left hand chained to his right foot. When, after many adventures,

he finally made his escape, and told his story to the Brethren in Germany, their blood boiled. "Away with mere societies," they cried, "let us restore the Ancient Church; let us think of the prayer of old Comenius." Against a spirit like that Count Zinzendorf's cautious ideas were, for the nonce, like foam against a rock. The title "Moravian Brethren" was adopted. The Brethren became known as the Renewed Brethren's Church. A law was passed by the King of Prussia recognising them as an independent Church. Another law was passed by the King of Saxony, allowing Zinzendorf to return. A Royal Commission sifted the Brethren's lives and teaching, and found both to be pure. By the year 1750, when the home at Marienborn was broken up, the Brethren were recognised as the fully free and orthodox "Evangelical Moravian Unity of the Brethren."

1740. 1742. 1747.

Nor was this all. During these same years, the same goal had been reached in England and North America.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRETHREN IN ENGLAND.

I.—Conditions of Work.

IN the early part of the eighteenth century our forefathers were not exactly a very refined or very religious people. The teaching of the Puritans had been despised. Public and private life were alike somewhat coarse. People read aloud in the family circle books which we are ashamed to read at all. Although gambling has always been common in England, it has never been so common as then. At a tavern called White's Chocolate House the passion rose to its height; there noblemen lost half their estates and geniuses ruined their brains. When the people had nothing else to do, in the long summer evenings, on fair days, on the great holidays of the year, they turned to those amusements which show their true character and condition. As cricket and football are the popular games now, so were cock-throwing and cock-fighting the popular games then. In the game of cock-throwing the entertainment was to tie a cock to a stake and pelt him till he died. Cock-fighting was quite a fashionable recreation, and was not regarded as particularly cruel. Village against village, town against town, county against county, were matched by the prowess of their chanticleers. The counties on the Welsh border were ahead of all in

valour; the most martial bantams were brought from abroad to fight in the sanguinary contest; the church bells rang in honour of the victors; and it was even proposed by an ingenious writer that the great struggles of the nations on the continent should be peaceably and pleasantly brought to an end by this "innocent and royal recreation."

A still more degrading enjoyment was the science of bull-baiting, wherewith the village folk did ofttimes amuse themselves. Sometimes they drove the animal through the streets and baited it as it passed; sometimes they watched it writhe and plunge with the bull-dog clinging to its nose; sometimes they dressed it up with fireworks and fastened a cat to its tail; and high and low, and rich and poor, did revel in the creature's torments.

The towns were little better than the villages. Fights and brawls were frequent. At times the street corners resounded with the yells and groans of the furious and the hurt. Of police control there was little; and that hydra-headed monster drunkenness there raised its heads in hideous triumph.

In the meanwhile the clergymen in the Church of England were spending their strength in fighting a new enemy—infidelity. The age was the age of dry philosophical sermons, when the English clergyman was trying to prove by hard logic that the Christian religion was the true religion, and a great contest was being conducted between the theologians and the philosophers. As far as he went the English clergyman was right. He made a gallant fight for the faith. When the great infidels, the sneering Gibbon, the philosophic Hume, the critical Middleton, the shallow Bolingbroke,

the half-mad Woolston, the ignoramus Chubb, came storming at the fort, the theologians threw great bomb-shells of logic, which scattered dismay among their ranks; but meantime a craftier foe was undermining the earth-works. While the preachers were busy with infidels they had little time to mind the sheep. Argument and logic mattered nothing to the farmer in his smock-frock. He could not understand a word of it.

When William Law issued his "Serious Call to a Devout Life," the smock-frocked man could not read it. He listened to the Sunday sermon as to a strange tale in a foreign tongue.

As a consequence the preaching was often like ploughing on a rock. The stiff philosophical discourses about morality, virtue, diligence, punctuality, moderation were too hard for the people to digest. The story of the Saviour's love was too rarely told. Many a parson moaned his weekly essay as a schoolboy says his lesson, and the people of the parish peacefully slept, "some in the churchyard, some in the church." While the lower classes looked upon Christianity as something too deep for them, the higher classes treated it as a convenience, and when they thought fit to appear in church, made the sacred building a den for "as much winking, nodding, curtseying, smiling, and saluting" as would have adorned a ball-room. On balmy Sunday summer evenings the leaders of fashion had concerts at their seats, and Sunday garden card-parties became the fashion of the day. There was little in the ordinary religion to stir the hearts of the people: little teaching of the Atonement, little reference to the power of the Holy Ghost, little reading of the Bible.

Yet there is a bright side to the picture. The day of the Evangelical Revival was already dawning. Most of the English clergy were good sterling men, and were concerned for the welfare of their flocks. The indifference of the people was beginning to give way before patient pastoral work. One part of the movement was very similar to the movement of the Brethren. When John and Charles Wesley founded their society at Oxford they conducted it on a plan very like the plan of Zinzendorf in Berthelsdorf. Like Zinzendorf, they worked within the National Church, bound themselves by strict rules, fasted, prayed, meditated, and studied the Scriptures. Like him, too, they applied themselves to hard Christian work, and preached the Gospel to prisoners and famishing children. As Zinzendorf and his friends were dubbed "Pietists," so the Wesleys were nicknamed "Methodists." As the Brethren worked among the gipsies in Wetteravia and went out to Greenland and the West Indies, so the Wesleys preached to the colliers of Kingswood and undertook missionary journeys to the Indians in North America. In short, the Brethren and the Wesleys were like two brothers, who both obey the same father, but have not yet seen each other's faces.

They were soon to meet. For many years there had been a connection between the Brethren and England. When John Amos Comenius was drawing near his end, he had entrusted the dying Ancient Church to the care of the Church of England. When the Brethren were scattered from Lissa, their last refuge, they had found many a friend in our homeland. Penniless brethren had found positions as tutors in English families, and English clergymen had collected money to help the famishing exiles.

When Christian David built Herrnhut the news soon spread across the silver streak, and deputies from Herrnhut appeared at the English Court. When missionaries were on their way to America they called in London, made the acquaintance of the Bishop of London, and created such a favourable impression that several English bishops offered to ordain succeeding missionaries. Finally, when Count Zinzendorf was thinking of becoming a bishop he came to see Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Potter encouraged him in the step and congratulated him when it was taken.

II.—London.

There lived in London, in those days, a certain bookseller by name James Hutton, who was not in the least like the ordinary run of business men in London. Unlike most people of that time, he was not altogether blind. He saw what was the matter with the English folk; and though he did not see how to heal the evil, he had some glimpse of the right remedy. He was a friend of the Wesleys, and had been with them at Oxford. He had seen the working of their Society, and admired it and sympathised with it; and when the two Wesleys called in London, on their way to America to preach to the Indians, he accompanied them down to Gravesend, and went with them on board the ship. On the deck of that little sailing vessel came the turning point in
1735 Hutton's life. He saw there a little group of earnest men and women who were going out to preach to the Indians; a party of Moravian missionaries. It was a sight such as he had never seen

before. If he had been struck by the life of the Wesleys at Oxford, he was much more struck by the calm heroism of these simple men, and thought himself far away from the whirl of London and landed back into the times of the Apostles. Home to think and wonder went this London business man. He must know more about these strange Apostles. From that time he kept up a regular correspondence with the Wesleys, and heard from them wonderful accounts of the work of the Brethren among the Indians. At the same time, being an earnest man, he formed a small society for prayer and Bible study, and once a week the members met in Hutton's own house in Little Wild Street. It was what was called a Vestry Society—*i.e.*, a simple little society for mutual help, and consisting of members of the English Church. When the prayer and Bible reading were over, James Hutton would bring out the last letter from the Wesleys, and then all pricked up their ears. He told them of the voyage out; he told them how the Brethren spent the days on board the ship, every moment devoted to Christ; how the great storm came on, how the waves rose and the thunder rattled and the lightning flashed and the ship shivered; how the passengers shrieked with fear and huddled together, and how, in the midst of all, when the mouth of Death was yawning, the Brethren had sung hymns of praise to God, and had calmly answered, when asked if they were not afraid, "We are neither afraid for ourselves nor for our children." He told them further how the Brethren, on their arrival in Georgia, had felled timber and built houses and preached to the Indians; how John Wesley, at a Moravian Ordination service, thought that Paul the tent-maker and Peter the fisherman had risen

from the dead, and how his brother Charles, at a Moravian singing-meeting, was so carried away that he thought himself in the presence of a choir of angels. What, asked Hutton, did all this mean? What was it that these Brethren had which he lacked? There was something in it all that he could not grasp. He was young and fervent, and felt within him a burning desire to imitate these Brethren. But his mind was not firmly made up. He could not understand how it was that the Brethren could
1738. do what he and the Wesleys could not do. What *was* the secret of it? At last John Wesley, being in a similar fog, returned from America with "Despair" written upon his face.

It was just at this time, when Hutton and his friends were in the Slough of Despond, that there came to London the man who was destined to change the course of Hutton's life. His name was Peter Boehler. He was a learned man from the University of Jena, had been recently ordained by Zinzendorf, and was now on his way as a missionary to South Carolina. Appearing before Hutton's Society, he preached to them, answered their questions, dismissed their doubts, and expounded clearly and forcibly, albeit in broken English, the heart-religion of the Brethren. With a firm grip of the Gospel, with his Greek Testament at his fingers' ends, and with an answer or text ready for every question, he appeared, to Hutton and his puzzled comrades, like a lighthouse in a stormy night. "It was," says Hutton, "with indescribable astonishment and joy that we embraced the doctrine of the Saviour, of His merits and sufferings, of justification through faith in Him, and of freedom by it from the dominion and guilt of sin. Here, therefore, commenced the Evangelical period

in England." Instead of trusting in themselves they trusted in Christ. Instead of preaching dry morality they preached the Gospel. Some more Brethren came to Hutton's meetings. With their minds at ease and their hearts at peace they founded, in what was known as the

1738. "Great Meeting House," the "First Religious Society in Fetter Lane, London."

The harbour bar was crossed. Although no one suspected it, that Society was the beginning of the Moravian Church in England. On May 12th, as in Herrnhut eleven years before, they agreed to a set of rules and regulations, which Peter Boehler prepared. They met once a week to confess their faults to one another, and to pray together; divided themselves into small bands, with a leader at the head of each; made an arrangement for never-ceasing prayer; and spent special days in fasting and retirement. In Philip Henry Molther, a Brother from Germany, they had a preacher (unfortunately a sleepy one), and in James Hutton a vigorous President. They were still a Vestry Society, and regarded themselves in every way as members of the Church of England.

But it was not to be their fate to sail in smooth waters. To their Church, to their friends, to their relatives, they appeared to be mad fanatics. James Hutton's mother thought he was crazy. They were accused of denying the value of the Sacraments, of blaspheming against Christ, of paying attention to dreams and visions, of entertaining "canting Quaker notions," of being familiar with indwellings, experiences, conversions, and of other similar performances which seemed but symptoms of lunacy to the ordinary respectable Church-going people of London. But the Brethren had weathered too many a storm to be

affrighted at a puff of slander. As the church doors were shut in their faces, they attended the services in the open air, conducted by Whitefield and the Wesleys. A strange sight it was in London, this preaching in the evening in the noisy streets. As the sun went down over grimy London, and the stars came out, and the great ladies passed by in their sedan-chairs, and the link-boys flashed their torches in the gloom, the preachers stood up at the street corner; and here "thieves, fools, bad women, merchants, and learned men, and numbers of poor people who had never entered a place of worship, assembled in crowds and became godly." From all parts of the city, from every rank of society, the people came. The grand dame halted to listen a moment, and then passed on with a smile. The poor man stayed a little longer, and drank in the words of life. Some cried "Hurrah!" and "Hallelujah!" Some burst into penitent tears. There was laughing, and stone-throwing, and ridicule. The tipplers ran out of the public-houses to listen to the new attraction. With it all the good Spirit worked, and Hutton and his little Society went on from strength to strength. Instead of meeting once a week, they now met every day. When Hutton himself visited Herrnhut, he came back more enraptured than ever. It was, he said, the happiest place he had ever seen. He would like to see the Herrnhut life transplanted into the middle of London.

When this state of things had gone on for about four years, this little company of Brethren began to think that the time had come to take some stronger measures. They must no longer be a mere Vestry Society, but a regiment in the Warrior Band, a new "Pilgrim

Congregation" of the Brethren's Church, and for this purpose Spangenberg came over to England, admitted the Society as a full congregation of the Brethren, and introduced the rules and officers of the German Congregations. The Society was now called the "London Church," or "a Moravian Congregation in Union with the Church of England," and, like the Warrior Band in Marienborn Castle, its duty was to preach the Gospel. Right willingly did the Archbishop of Canterbury grant the Brethren a licence (though he said that, not being Dissenters, they did not need it); right cheerfully did the Brethren set to work. It is a telling fact, a fact that shows the spirit of the Brethren, that of the seventy-two members of that first Moravian Congregation in England, sixty-five were in a few years engaged in active service in different parts of the world.

Nov. 10th, 1742.

III.—The Brethren and John Wesley.

John Wesley, before he met the Brethren, was a man in a state of fear and doubt. Although as earnest and good as it is possible for a man to be, he was not a Christian in the Evangelical sense of the term. He did not feel at peace, so he tells us, either with himself or with his Maker; he accused himself of pride; he hardly knew whether he was a Christian or not; he tortured himself with doubts and questions, and was sick at heart, and in blank despair; and, altogether, was like a man who stands on the roof of a burning house, afraid to take the jump that will save his life.

In this condition of mind he met the Brethren on board the ship on his way out to Georgia. At their

conduct during the storm he was astounded. He asked for guidance, and received it. He talked much with the learned Spangenberg, and continued the intercourse when he arrived in Georgia. "My brother," said Spangenberg, "I must first ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with you that you are a child of God?" John Wesley was dumb. "Do you know Jesus Christ?" asked Spangenberg. "I know," replied Wesley, "that he is the Saviour of the world." "Do you know," pursued Spangenberg, pressing the question further home, "that He has saved you?" "I hope He has died to save me," stammered Wesley. "Do you know yourself?" persisted Spangenberg, who was not content with skin-deep work. "I do," replied Wesley; "but," says he, "I fear they were vain words." For a time he stumbled on as dazed as ever.

"I went to America to convert the Indians," he wrote, bitterly, in his Journal, when he returned to England; "but oh, who shall convert me? I have a fair summer religion. I can talk well; nay, and I believe myself, when no danger is near. But let death look me in the face, and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say, 'to die is gain.'

"I have a sort of fear that when I have spun my last thread I shall perish on the shore. I have learned . . . that I who went to America to convert others was not converted myself."

It was shortly after this that he had his well-known interview with Peter Boehler. They had many a talk together, walked together in the quiet quadrangles at Oxford, prayed together, and studied the Bible together. Little did the world suspect what was passing as those two

learned men strolled in the shady avenues of Oxford. A great soul was bursting its bonds. Peter Boehler understood John Wesley well. Not a word did he force upon him. He simply answered his questions. When John Wesley was troubled with philosophical doubts, Peter Boehler, who had passed through the mill himself, replied, "My brother, my brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away." When John Wesley complained, "Ah, how can I preach the faith which I have not got?" Peter Boehler answered, "Preach faith till you have it, and then, because you have it, you will preach it." When John Wesley was in despair and did not know whether he were converted or not, Peter Boehler pointed him to the New Testament, and Wesley read the words, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." When Wesley said he could not believe how faith could be given in a moment, Peter Boehler pointed him to the New Testament again, and Wesley found that "nearly every instance of conversion was instantaneous." When Wesley argued that what happened in old times did not happen now, Peter Boehler brought four witnesses to prove the contrary. When Wesley said, "Four witnesses are not enough to prove a thing," "Then," replied Boehler, "I will bring eight more." Step by step did Peter Boehler lead him gently out of one retreat after the other. "Believe," he wrote, as a parting message, "and walk circumspectly in the sight of God; fight lawfully against the Devil and the world, and, through the grace of the Second Adam, crucify and tread all sin under your feet."

At last, after many a painful struggle, John Wesley shook the fetters from his feet. At the Brethren's meeting-house in London he heard the preacher read

Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans; and then, about a quarter to nine of the evening, he felt his heart strangely warmed. 'He felt he did trust in Christ, in Christ alone, for salvation; and the assurance was given to him at last that Christ had taken away his sins, and that he was saved from the law of sin and death.' His Doubt yielded place to his Faith, and John Wesley set forth on his splendid career a preacher of the Gospel in England.

He went to Marienborn and saw the Warrior Band, and he wrote home to his brother, "God has given me at length the desire of my heart. I am with a Church whose conversation is in heaven." He went on to Herrnhut, and heard Christian David preach. He had conversations with the Moravian exiles, and listened entranced to the story of their lives. He heard the secrets of the heart laid bare, the agonies of soul, the fights with sin, the victory through Christ, the peace unutterable with God. He saw the simple Herrnhut life, admired the order and quiet, and was present at love-feasts, at band meetings, at singing meetings. When he returned to England he brought with him such a living picture of that life, that when, in later years, he became the leader of the great Methodist movement, he took many things in Herrnhut as his model, and founded his love-feasts, his watch-night services, his band meetings, his class meetings, his schools, almost exactly after the Herrnhut plan.*

* With regard to the influence of the Brethren over Wesley, it is but fair to mention that I found in the Archives at Herrnhut a letter from John Wesley to Zinzendorf, in which Wesley declares that he was just as good a Christian before he met Peter Boehler as afterwards, and that the influence of the Brethren upon him was, consequently, very slight. That letter, however, appears to have been written when

IV.—Yorkshire.

Among the young men who had helped Wesley to form his society at Oxford was a certain Benjamin Ingham, who was now an Evangelical clergyman at Ossett, in Yorkshire, not far from Leeds. Like Wesley, he had often come into contact with the Brethren. He had been with Wesley on his voyage to America; had been again with Wesley to Marienborn, and had learned to love and admire the Brethren for their bold and simple zeal. "They are," he wrote, "more like the Primitive Christians than any other Church now in the world, for they retain both the faith, practice, and discipline delivered by the Apostles. They live together in perfect love and peace. They are more ready to serve their neighbours than themselves. In their business they are diligent and industrious, in all their dealings strictly just and conscientious. In everything they behave themselves with great meekness, sweetness, and humility."

Benjamin Ingham, in his work as a clergyman, was no ordinary man, and had more than an official conscience, unlike those clergymen (if such there be) who consider that their duty is done when the service is read and the sermon preached. He was not even content with his own snug little parish at Ossett. Instead of basking at ease in his rectory, therefore, he woke up to the fact

Wesley was in a somewhat heated state of mind, and it is safer to go by his printed diary, where he allowed the statements referred to above to stand after mature consideration. The foot-note corrections in the diary—"I am not sure of this," &c., of which so much has been made by recent writers (such as Overton and Poole), do not refer to his general condition, but only to isolated experiences. For the silly story (related by Southey, and repeated even by Overton) about Zinzendorf and Wesley in the garden, there is absolutely no authority.

that thousands of the people around him were as ignorant of the Gospel as the Patagonians, and he travelled about in the district between Halifax and Leeds—a district now filled up by little manufacturing towns, but then consisting of wild moorland, with odd cottages scattered here and there. Wherever he could find houses he preached; whenever he found the people willing to listen he came again; whenever he thought them far advanced enough he formed them into a "Society," and before many years had passed he had actually founded fifty little societies for reading and prayer among those rough and honest Yorkshire folk.

1741. But Benjamin Ingham had now more irons in the fire than he could manage. He could not hold fifty societies in the hollow of his hand. A brilliant idea struck him. Why not ask the Brethren to come and help him? What better men could he find? Gathering as many members of his societies as he could into a large hall, he put to them the question, "Will you have the Moravians to work among you?" Loud shouts of approval resounded from every part of the building. Benjamin Ingham wrote at once to London, and the Brethren in London, who had been simply waiting for the word, without a moment's delay formed a pilgrim band which they called the "Yorkshire Congregation."

May 26th, 1742. When these Brethren and Sisters, twenty-six in number, set out from London for Yorkshire, they were prepared to rough it in the wilds. They came in detachments, and as soon as they arrived, mapped out the district like a field of battle. At Smith House, near Wyke, they made their head-quarters; at Mirfield was Ockerhausen; at Pudsey,

Gussenbauer; at Great Horton (Bradford), Toeltschig and Piech; at Holbeck (Leeds), the Browns; while Spangenberg, at Smith House, took the general command of the whole. Each of these five divisions had a central meeting house, with smaller meeting houses dependent on it. Before the Brethren had been a year and a-half in Yorkshire, they had arranged forty-seven preaching places, with a complete staff of "National Assistants."

The work, like most Brethren's work, was among the poor. The meetings were held in barns and small cottages. The preachers tramped the district on foot. At times, as many as could come would gather to a general love-feast in the fields, and partake of oat-cake and cheese beneath the summer sky. What need to say, that the first Brethren in Yorkshire had a hard time. They were poor; they were despised; they were scoffed at; they were misunderstood. They often scratched their hands among the thorns. Their enemies often tried to spike the guns. They met opposition from the Church because they seemed to be Dissenters, and opposition from Dissenters because they seemed to belong partly to the Church. When riots broke out on account of a famine, it was said that the Brethren had caused them. Scurrilous articles appeared in the papers. The preachers were dragged before courts of justice and charged with all manner of crimes; and the ignorant mob, who were ready to be gulled by any tale, threw rotten eggs and brick-bats at their heads. As a rule, Englishmen are rather suspicious of foreigners, and the Brethren were often supposed to be spies and conspirators against the King.

But what brought most hatred of all was the Gospel they preached. When people hear a thing for the first time, they very often misunderstand it; and as the Brethren preached the Gospel that only Christ could save a man from sin, and that the man himself could do nothing by his own merits to win eternal life, many of the people took that to mean that a man could sin as he pleased, because Christ had done everything for him. Here is an example. A well-known figure in that district was John Nelson, a Methodist preacher. One day Nelson met a drunken man staggering along the road, and reproved him for his conduct. But the drunken man replied that he belonged to the Brethren, and that he was exactly as Christ wished him to be, and John Nelson went away with the idea that that was the real spirit of the Brethren.

How rare the Gospel was we can see from the way in which the Brethren were handled. When Benjamin Ingham went preaching to Colne, in Lancashire, he found himself in the midst of the bitterest foes. On the way he was attacked by a furious and excited mob, backed by the Vicar of Colne. The Vicar took him into a house and asked him to sign a paper promising not to preach again. Benjamin Ingham tore the paper in pieces. "Bring him out and we'll make him," yelled the mob outside. Out went the Vicar. In pressed the mob, flourishing clubs in the air, "as thick as a man's leg"; and were for killing Ingham on the spot. Some tried to push him into the river. Others cried, "Nay, nay, we will heave him into the bog, then he will be glad to go into the river and wash and sweeten himself." A stone as "big as a man's fist" hit him in the hollow of the neck. "See," yelled the crowd, as his coat tails hung

bespattered with mud, "he has got wings"; and finally the Vicar, his heart relenting, had to take him to his Vicarage out of the very hands of the crowd.

It was in the midst of incidents like these that the Brethren pursued their way. They were often in danger of their lives, and their meetings were often interrupted by mobs banging at the doors. The time had come to have a sure foundation. Why not build a Herrnhut in England? why confine themselves to barns and fields? Count Zinzendorf came to Yorkshire, encouraged them in the new idea, and by his advice and help they leased a piece of land between Leeds and Bradford and began the building of *Fulneck*.

We have here, in some ways, the story of Herrnhut repeated. There was the same enthusiasm, the same difficulties, the same old Moravian spirit. What is now called Fulneck was then but a wild uncultivated hill, covered over with briars and brambles. Of its long, almost unequalled terrace, of its neat parterres, of its gardens and orchards covering the slope, of its long line of plain but stately buildings covering the hill and facing the southern sun—of all this there was not a trace. But men who had seen the building of Herrnhut did not despair, poor though they were, of the building of Fulneck. They received money from their friends in Germany, and a load of timber from their friends in Norway. As their axes cleared away the brushwood, so their faith in God banished fear. When the sites for the buildings had been chosen, the young men spent the whole clear summer night in singing and prayer upon the chosen spot. The Brethren intended that Fulneck should be a Christian centre such as had not been seen before in

England. It was to be, they hoped and prayed, a centre for preaching in the neighbourhood, a home where missionaries, on their way to British Colonies, could rest awhile and learn English, a place for the Christian education of children, an ark of refuge for single brethren, single sisters, and widows, and all who shuddered from the tempting world, and a training ground where candidates could be trained for the service of the Church and its Master. First came the Chapel (1746), then the Minister's House (1748), then the Brethren's and Sisters' Houses (1752), then the Widows' House (1763), then a shop and inn (1771), and lastly the Boys' Boarding School. At Wyke, at Mirfield, at Gomersal, similar work was going on. Each congregation was separate, yet each looked to Fulneck as the centre of the whole.

When Fulneck was thus founded as the head-quarters of the Brethren's work in Yorkshire, there was formed, at the same time, a system of government as complete and thorough as the system of government in Herrnhut. Each member had his duty to do. There was a Trades' Conference to give kindly reproof in case of "unuprightness" in business; a Board of Arbitrators to settle all disputes, and prevent the disgrace of going to law; a Committee to keep a fatherly eye on the moral life of every member; a "Father" to look after the little boys, and a "Mother" for the little girls; a "Labourer"—*i.e.*, spiritual guide, for the single brethren in the Brethren's House; and a "Labouress" for the single sisters in the Sisters' House. What were known as Diaconies—*i.e.*, businesses conducted by and for the whole congregation —were then given full play. Thus we find a congregation doctor, a congregation shop, a congregation farm,

congregation bakers and shoemakers' and glove-makers' factories, and a congregation inn. It was for the sake of the congregation that the baker baked his bread, that the young women did needlework in the Sisters' House, that the young men worked at their handicraft. Each person engaged in a business received a fixed salary, the profits of the business being devoted to Christian purposes. These Brethren in Fulneck were men who loved their Church better than themselves. They threw as much energy into the management of a diacony as another man would into a private business; and showed to each other a strong spirit of love which the selfish world could never understand. "If I mind our Ben," said Ingham's brother, "he will preach me out of all I have."

All this—this spirit of uniting for a common purpose—caused no small stir among the people! At one time a great crowd came out of Leeds threatening to burn Fulneck to the ground. At another time a neighbouring landlord sent his men to destroy all the linen hung out to dry. But, as time went on, knowledge replaced ignorance, and sense foolishness. The Brethren won the hearts of the people. "We find them mostly
1748. teachable and mild," wrote Ingham to Zinzendorf. When the Brethren held their first Easter morning service in Fulneck, four thousand spectators assembled to witness the solemn scene. The schools became famous as homes of Christian teaching. The factories drove a thriving business. There were seventy-six preaching places in the neighbourhood. The Gospel was preached with vigour and force, in cottage, in field, in licensed meeting house; and the Brethren left a mark

upon the strong and honest Yorkshire folk which has not yet passed away.

What gave the Brethren their power was the simple fact that they did all their work as the work of Christ. They were simply tools in His hands, and took what the world calls calamities as blessings from above. We give one example to show how these Yorkshire Brethren regarded the affairs of this world. It happened that the small-pox paid a visit to Fulneck, and the Brethren recorded the incident thus: "By occasion of the small-pox our Saviour held a rich harvest among the children, many of whom departed in a very blessed manner."

V.—John Cennick.

John Cennick was born about 1718 in Berkshire, and it is rather singular that he came from an old Bohemian family, which had probably fled to England at the time of the downfall of the Ancient Church. His youth was like the youth of John Bunyan. As a boy and young man he became familiar with all the abominations of his time; for he took part in them all and led a merry and roving life. He sang comic songs (and a comic song was then not distinguished for cleanness), and played much at cards, and frequented many music halls. But to John Cennick, as to all men like him, there came ever and anon times of serious thought, and his conscience burnt him like a hot iron. And then came the time which is ever the testing-time for great and lofty souls—the time of gloom, the time of blank despair. He sat out many a night on Salisbury Plain to commune there with the Eternal, and

read and prayed in the secret chamber in fearful agony of soul. He shunned society; he loathed his own prayers, hated his own good works, and found the Bible insipid and awful. He quaked and sweated for fear of the punishment which he felt he deserved. For days together he would feed on nothing but stale bread, leaves, acorns, crab-apples, and grass. He felt himself tottering on the brink of hell; and "the shining of the sun, the beauty of the spring, the voice of singing, the melody of birds, the shade of trees, and the murmur of waters," all gave him naught but pain, and he longed for death—sweet death that ends all woe, to come and shield him with her raven wing. But at last he burst his bonds and trusted in Christ, a flood of unending heavenly joy streamed over his soul, and John Cennick came out from the terrible struggle a happy and earnest Christian and a moving and eloquent preacher. We will not dare to pry too closely into the sacred secrets of the soul; but we know that suffering gives strength, and we know it was so with John Cennick. As he was a man from the ranks he understood his fellow men; as he had trodden the thorny path himself he knew how to show others the way.

1739. After making the acquaintance of Whitefield and the Wesleys at Oxford (led there, as he tells us, by the hand of God), he began preaching among the colliers at Kingswood, went up to London and attended some of the Brethren's meetings, and then, breaking away from Whitefield, set out on his own career as a preacher of the Gospel in Wiltshire. And truly John Cennick's life in Wiltshire was a marvel, even in the days of marvels. It began as follows.

1740-4. In July, 1740, by invitation of a country gentleman, he preached to a great crowd in the little town of Castle Coom, and from that time passed on from village to village with a rapidity that takes our breath away. Like Whitefield, he spoke in the open air; like Whitefield, he held his hearers spellbound by his magic eloquence, and preached the telling Gospel that God gave His son to save the world. Although he was poor and had to go on foot, he generally managed to preach two or three times a day. The people gathered in thousands to hear him. He made himself known in every cottage, knelt down to pray by the bedsides of the dying, and spoke comfort from above to the sorrowful. Wherever he went John Cennick was loved by all who understood him aright.

But it was not long before persecution and mockery stared him in the face and tripped his heels. When he went with his friend Howell Harris to preach in Swindon, a great mob came "with an exceeding noise" and began to play and mix with his hearers, fired muskets over their heads, blackened their faces with the smoke, gathered the dust from the highway and flung it into their eyes, brought a fire-engine and drenched them with water from the ditches, threw buckets of mud at their heads, and, dressing up images of the preachers, burnt them with fiendish rejoicing in the market-place. "It did not matter," says Cennick. "When they played the engine on me Harris preached, and when they played it on Harris I preached." But worse was to follow. When he went to preach in Stratton he found that because, forsooth, he preached "that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," the people had persuaded a butcher to save

up all the blood he could, that they might play blood upon him with the fire-engine; but the leaders of the plot—so Cennick tells us—began themselves to bleed terribly at the nose, and died in awful agonies. And then came further judgments upon his enemies. When Farmer Lee opposed him a mad dog bit Farmer Lee's swine and disease broke out among his cattle. When another farmer collected a mob to attack the preacher's congregation with stones, so that Cennick's body was black and blue for three weeks afterwards, that farmer had an accident on his horse and died in raging pain. Another farmer, who began to curse at Cennick in a hayfield, was struck down there and then with paralysis. When another man dressed up his dog as a preacher in mockery of Cennick, he was seized with sudden sickness; and when he threatened to cut off the legs of all people who passed through his land, a blast came and destroyed his crops.

John Cennick was likewise troubled by that other weed that always crops up in times of revival: the fanatical imposter. A girl fell into fits, with roaring, gasping, and sweating; and taught that these fits were the signs of the New Birth. A young man known as Wild Boar, who preached up and down the country, brought great scandal on the movement, because "he could not forbear stealing wherever he came, and nothing could be believed what he said," and because, as he preached for his bread, he preached what he thought the people liked.

Nevertheless, as always happens when men work for the sake of Christ, John Cennick found flowers among the brambles. In the villages his fame spread like wildfire. He had a body of assistant preachers, and formed many little societies; in Tytherton, near Chippenham, he

bought a house and laid the foundations of a chapel; and finally, at the end of four years' work he found, exactly like Benjamin Ingham in Yorkshire, that he had more than he could manage on his hands, and was in need of others to come down and give a helping hand. "We shall never be right," he said in a meeting, "till we have the Brethren amongst us." He proposed the idea to his societies, and the societies agreed. Then he went to London to see James Hutton; and after a few weeks spent in making arrangements, a body of Brethren —Spangenberg, Boehler, Okely, Rogers, and others—came down to Wiltshire, mapped out the district, and completed the building which John Cennick had

1744. begun. And so it is mainly to the preaching of Cennick that we owe the congregations of Bath, Bristol, Tytherton, Kingswood and Malmesbury.

When John Cennick had thus left his work in Wiltshire in good hands, and laid the foundations of the Moravian Church in the south-west of England, he crossed over, at the request of some friends who had heard him preach in London, to Ireland. It was here, in fact, that his work bore the richest fruit. Like many another he

1746. went to Ireland with fear and trembling. "I had," he says, "a strong prejudice against the Irish people." He began his Irish career by preaching in an old Baptist Hall, in Skinner's Alley, Dublin, and from the very first, as he says, "the Lamb was with me." By this time he had attached himself to the Brethren. With such effect did he preach, twice a day in Skinner's Alley, that people who wished to hear him had to come two or three hours before the time; the windows in the hall had to be taken down that the crowd in the courtyard

might hear; and on Sundays all tops of the houses around, all walls and windows, were so black with the waiting throng that Cennick himself had to get in at the window and creep on the people's heads to the pulpit. "If you make any stay in this town," wrote a Roman Catholic priest, "you will make as many converts as St. Thomas Xavier among the wild Pagans." There was not a man in Dublin so well known as John Cennick. He was hated by those who hated the Gospel, and loved by those that loved it. When he walked in the streets on his round of visits, he was followed regularly by hundreds of people. When he went home after preaching he had to be guarded every night by a body of soldiers, while the mob pelted him with dirt, stones, and bricks. During one service, we are told, "near 2,000 stones were thrown against Brothers Cennick and La Trobe, of which, however, not one did hit them."

Meantime, among the thousands that crushed to hear him, a chosen few held firmly together. They were led by the above-mentioned Benjamin La Trobe, and Benjamin La Trobe enjoyed a curious reputation in Dublin city. He was known as a man who could be religious without being a hypocrite. A certain young professor of music, Worthington by name, came to Dublin in search of pupils. A barber told him he had found him a pupil in Benjamin La Trobe, "a very religious man," added the barber. "Ah, all religious people are shams," said Worthington. "That we all know," replied the barber—"With this one though you will find it different." Several other people found it different too. They gathered round Benjamin La Trobe, listened eagerly to the words of Cennick, met regularly in each other's houses to read

and pray, and divided themselves into choirs; and at last, when Cennick left them, and the old hall in Skinner's Alley had to be given up, they sent word to the Brethren in London, hired a building in Big Butter
1750. Lane, and were formed by Peter Boehler into a congregation, the Dublin Congregation, of the Brethren's Church.

From Dublin, again at the invitation of a
1748. friend who had heard him preach, John Cennick went to the North of Ireland, where he found the people in a somewhat curious condition. He found in them a strange mixture of frivolity and theology; they were very ready to argue about religion, and very slow to put it into practice. He began his work in the neighbourhood of Ballymena, and very soon 10,000 people came to hear him. When he preached his first sermon in the open air, a gentleman rode up and struck him across the face with a riding-whip, and he was afterwards drummed out of the town by an excited mob, magistrates and clergymen leading on.

But, generally speaking, John Cennick was not the man to make many enemies. He had a ready wit and a kindly manner, which won him friends on every side. His hair was light, his eyes were pleasant, his face was
1750-5. youthful, almost boyish. For five years, mostly on horseback, he traversed the North of Ireland, and his figure became as well known there as it had been before well known in Dublin. He was known to the people as "*the* preacher," and his fame ran on before him to every hamlet. When it was known that "the preacher was coming," the people would line the roads to give him welcome, and once the road was lined for full two miles.

They would stand for hours in the pelting rain or deep snow to hear him preach, and gather around him in the market-place to hear him crush some enemy in a public argument. As he trudged along the country roads, they would run out from their little cottages on the roadside and cry, "If you cannot stop to preach, at least come into our houses and pray." Nearly every-one in the North of Ireland had a good word for Mr. John Cennick. Presbyterians asked him to become their minister. Church of Ireland clergymen came to ask his advice, and invited him to their rectories. Roman Catholic priests thanked him for the good he had done in their parishes. When a few clergymen complained that John Cennick was emptying their churches, the bishops answered them, "Preach what Cennick preaches; preach Christ crucified, and then the people will have no need to go to Cennick to hear the Gospel." When some local justices fined him as a Jesuit and a rogue (on what grounds no one knows), he visited the Bishop of Down and Connor, and the Bishop said, "Mr. Cennick, you shall have fair play in my diocese"; and when the justices assembled and discussed "What was to be done with John Cennick?" they were re-minded that the Bishop knew the Brethren well, and had ordered that they should be left in peace.

Full of incident, indeed, was the life of this Whitefield of the North of Ireland. Count Zinzendorf called him "Paul revived." He tramped and rode long Irish miles in the rain and snow, passed many long hours without food, and slept many a night under hedges. In the village cock-pits, where the people held their cock-fights he preached with the wet streaming from his clothes; and

called in at houses on the wayside to hold a short word of prayer. Yet never for a moment was his head turned by the sight of numbers. In the midst of all the excitement he could see quite clearly the weak point of the Irish religion. It was a religion of the tongue instead of a religion of the heart—a face-wash and rouge religion, that did not go more than skin-deep. He had great difficulty in persuading the people, even after they formed societies, that cock-fighting was hardly a Christian amusement. "I have often observed," he said, in his shrewd way, "that when people have got a little whisky into their heads they are most inclined to talk about religion. The spirit shops are full of men disputing on religious topics. It would be well," he added, "if they thought as much as they talk." And when he was wearied by their everlasting prattle, he sought retirement in the lonely bogs, and laid his trials before God, and strengthened his heart for the next day's work.

His labours were not in vain. He found the people low and brutal: he showed them the beauty of the life in Christ. He found the peasants ignorant and neglected: he showed them how to form little "societies" for Bible-reading and prayer. And then, when his work as a preacher was done, he handed over his societies, some fifty in number, to the care of other Brethren. He saw himself the growth of Gracehill, the Herrnhut of the North of Ireland; with his own hands he helped in the building of the chapel at Ballinderry; and he sowed the seed of the other congregations in Gracefield, Kilwarlin, Kilkeel, and Cootehill. John Cennick planted, his Brethren watered, and God gave the increase. Of all the English Brethren of the last century surely he was the

greatest. As a preacher he stands by the side of Whitefield. His "Village Discourses" are still admired. I know nothing more simply beautiful than Cennick's diary and letters: they give a picture of his very soul. Not a bitter word against his enemies, not a sign of vain-glory or pride. For theological wrangles he had nought but scorn. He was always cheerful and always humble, and his letters tell us, not what John Cennick did, not that, for a moment, but what Christ had been pleased to do through him.

In the neighbourhood of Gracehill there is to-day a well, known as "Cennick's Well," which suggests the query: What was the well of doctrine from which he ever drew? Let him tell us in the words of his own hymn—that hymn which Methodists, Calvinists, and Moravians sung at a united love-feast in London, where they "agreed to differ." Here is the faith of Cennick: here the faith of the Brethren:—

1744.

The doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith He on Mount Calvary sealed,
We sign, asserting every word
Which in the Gospel is revealed
As truth divine; and cursed are they
Who add thereto, or take away.

We steadfastly the truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no, not one;
That in the Lamb for sinners slain
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in His name believe,
Christ, and His righteousness, receive.

Our works and merits we disclaim,
Opposing all self-righteousness;
E'en our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess,
Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

Christ is our Master, Lord and God,
The fulness of the Three in One,
His life, death, righteousness and blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone;
His Godhead and His death shall be
Our theme to all eternity.

On Him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all to Him we owe;
Nought else is able us to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we know;
This we subscribe with heart and hand,
Resolved, through grace, thereby to stand.

This now, with Heaven's resplendent host,
We echo through the Church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast
Of Christ and His atoning blood;
And loud, like many waters, join
In shewing forth His Love Divine.

But by this time John Cennick had worn himself out. He was yet a young man, but Death was already upon him. From the peat bogs of Ireland he retired to the dusty streets of London, and wrote in his pocket-book:—

Now, Lord, in peace with Thee and all below,
Let me depart, and to Thy kingdom go.

It was a summer afternoon, June 28th, 1755, when John Cennick lay on his death-bed in a small, plain room in a quiet London street. His illness was short and severe; and he left this busy, troublous life with the words, "Dear Saviour, give me patience," on his lips. As the breath passed from his body the lines of weariness faded from his brow, and the peace on the face of "the preacher" was of one who rested from his labours.

VI.—Miscellaneous.

During these years, while Fulneck was being built in Yorkshire, and while Cennick was preaching in Wiltshire

and Ireland, most of the other Moravian congregations in England were established. Details cannot be given, for space holds up her warning finger. What took place in Yorkshire and Ireland took place also in other districts. David Taylor and Francis Okeley, with Dukinfield as their centre, preached in Ashton, Manchester, Stockport, Bolton, and many a little village in Cheshire, and thus laid the foundations of the Brethren's Church in Cheshire and Lancashire. Ockerhausen, Brackshaw, and Simpson, with Ockbrook as a centre, preached at Eaton, Nottingham, Belper, Matlock, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, Duffield and Dale. James Rogers, with Bedford as a centre, was the practical founder of the outlying congregations at Kimbolton, Pertenhall and Risely. John Gambold, the first English Moravian Bishop, founded Haverfordwest in South Wales. John Caldwell preached at Ayr, and his assistants tramped the Lowlands. William Hunt brought the Brethren to Woodford, in Northamptonshire, and John Cennick brought them to Leominster, in Herefordshire. In London, in the South-West of England, in Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire, in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, in Herefordshire, in Yorkshire and Cumberland, in Lancashire and Cheshire, in North Wales and South Wales, in Dublin and in the North of Ireland: in these ten districts the Brethren had numerous societies and preaching places, in all, from three to four hundred. The time seemed to be not far off when the Moravian Church would take her stand as one of the leading Churches in the United Kingdom.

One privilege, however, they still lacked: a privilege which was then regarded as invaluable. They were not yet recognised by law. As a consequence, they had often

been roughly handled and misunderstood. To relieve the Brethren from their hardships and let the English people know what they really were, Count Zinzendorf therefore came over to England and appealed to the British Government. When the matter came to the test it was found that the Brethren, though suspected by ignorant people, had many friends in the upper classes. A Bill was brought in and passed the House of Commons with only one vote against it. The Bishops assembled at Lambeth and agreed not to oppose it in the House of Lords. Lord Halifax, Lord Carteret, and Lord Chesterfield spoke in its favour. The Bishops of London and Worcester used their influence over the Prince of Wales. The history and conduct of the Brethren were thoroughly sifted by both Houses. "I wish," said one speaker, who must have had a remarkable insight into the spirit of the Brethren, "I wish that our English Reformers had had only half the sense that they have. If you like Episcopacy, they have it; if you choose Presbytery, they have that also. They do not quarrel about such matters. I may compare them to a castanet over all Christendom, to inclose all denominations of Christians." On May 12th, 1749, just a quarter of a century after the agreement to the Statutes at Herrnhut, the Bill became law. Not one member of the House of Lords voted against it. The Church of the Brethren was recognised in England and the American Colonies as an "Ancient Protestant Episcopal Church." As the Brethren differed "in no essential article of faith from that of the Church of England as set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles," they had full and free right to worship as they pleased, were relieved from the duty of taking arms either in England or her American Colonies,

and were allowed to affirm instead of taking the oath in Courts of Justice.

It was in this way, therefore, that the Brethren's Church was established in England—in a way of which the Brethren had never thought. They had not come to England in order to found a new Church. In all their work they held firmly by the rule laid down at the Synod of Gotha, "No proselytising." They regarded the English people as belonging by right to the English Church, and hated the idea of forming a separate "sect." Not one person did they ask to join their ranks. When they formed their societies they recommended the members to attend the Parish Church, and never formed a separate Moravian congregation unless the people persistently requested it and no other way lay open. "It is not for us," said the Brethren, "to erect altar against altar." When the Methodists broke from the English Church the Brethren issued a printed protest against the step. They had their first English Litany inspected by the Bishop of London, and appointed Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, President of the English "tropus" of the Brethren's Unity.

They made no attempt to spread at the expense of other bodies. As the Evangelical Revival took firmer root, the Brethren retired to their settlements and allowed many preaching places to be conducted by others. In their settlements they enforced their system of discipline. The discipline was good. It was a purifying salt in an impure age, and kept the Brethren unspotted from the world. But it was not the road to popularity among freedom-loving Englishmen.

As we look at the Brethren's Church as it was in England about the middle of the last century, we cannot

suppress, if we have any sympathy therewith, a certain feeling of melancholy. As the reader wanders over England he may see, if he knows where to look, memorials of their bygone labours. In Northampton is an auction-room that was once a Moravian Chapel. In Bullock-Smithy or Hazel Grove is a row of cottages called "Chapel Houses," where now the Brethren are forgotten. In a private house at Bolton, in Lancashire, will be found a cupboard that was once a Moravian pulpit. In County Clare is an old church wall which reminds us how the Brethren had to flee for their lives during the Irish Rebellion (1798). In many a village are tumble-down houses where once the Brethren used to preach. We may learn much from such memorials as these. We may learn that the Brethren played a far greater part in the Evangelical Revival than many people suppose; that they worked more like the unseen leaven than like the spreading mustard-tree; that they hankered not after earthly pomp, but remembered the words which run, "My kingdom is not of this world," and that "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," they despised what the world calls success, and with the humble aim of bringing sinners to God, were content with the reward which man cannot give.

CHAPTER IX.

The Brethren's Church in North America.

AS the chapters of our story flit from one part of the world to another, we see that the Brethren in Herrnhut and Marienborn were holding true to the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." But how did they manage it? How did they decide where to go? We can readily believe that these heralds of the Gospel did not allow such weighty duties to dangle on the thin thread of chance. What happened was this. They looked out upon the miserable world; saw a stretch of heathendom or vice; said to one another, "Can we go?"; said to Christ, by the Lot, "Dost Thou send us?" and then, leaving warm comforts behind them, went out into the wintry wilds. Instead of working in a haphazard way, they went according to a "Plan*"; and regarded the world as a field in which the Heavenly Husbandman had appointed them their place to go and dig.

We cross the Atlantic to Pennsylvania. At that time Pennsylvania was in as low a state as it is possible for a country calling itself Christian to be. It had become a Cave of Adullam for nearly all the sects of Christendom. There were Episcopalians, Quakers, Baptists, Schwenkfelders, Separatists, Sabbatarians, Unitarians, Lutherans,

* Much use was made at this time of the word "plan," and a "plan" was defined as a "believing conception of the will of the Lord," obtained through prayer and the Lot.

Calvinists, Mennonites, Presbyterians, Independents, Inspired Prophets, Hermits, Newborn Ones, Dunckers, and Protestant monks and nuns. These numerous "religions" had almost altogether ruined Christian life in Pennsylvania. Instead of putting their hands to the plough, men were putting them to each other's throats. Most of the Ministers who had come out to Pennsylvania had died. Most of the people attended neither church nor chapel. Most fathers were unbaptised, and brought up their children as heathens. The only common principle to which the people agreed was the principle of disagreeing with each other; and to say that a man belonged to the Pennsylvanian Church was only another way of calling him an infidel. In truth, there was no Christian Church at all. There was only a pile of bricks.

It was with the object of fitting these bricks together that the Brethren went out to Pennsylvania. As they had no pet doctrines or fads, as they were not given to splitting hairs over petty points, and as they hated Babeldom as much as heathendom, they went to Pennsylvania with the simple aim of slaying Confusion, and putting Christian Unity on her throne. As they had done the same thing in ancient days at the Synod of Sendomir,* they did not despair of repeated success.

1740. When the first band of Brethren arrived in Pennsylvania with this plan of a building in their hands, they were met by another band from Georgia. In Georgia, indeed, the Brethren had already made an attempt to settle. They had been granted a piece of land by General Oglethorpe, and had begun a little settlement on the banks of the Savannah River,

* See Part I., Ch. VIII.

but when a war between England and Spain broke out, and the Spaniards hung like a hawk over Georgia, the Brethren had been called to take up arms, had refused to do what was against their principles, and had departed to seek new homes. Among the Brethren who now met in Pennsylvania the chief man was Spangenberg, and under his guidance the Brethren set briskly to work.

They began by building a settlement. Count Zinzendorf himself came over. The Brethren met in a stable to consider what to call the place. It was Christmas Eve. The stars shone cold and clear, and the Brethren thought how in ages gone another company had assembled in a stable on a Christmas Eve under the Eastern sun because "there was no room in the inn." There in that stable they held a simple service, and called the new place *Bethlehem*, and prayed for help to bring good tidings of peace to poor distracted Pennsylvania.

As soon, however, as they undertook the task, they found the difficulties enormous. It was much harder to work with make-believe Christians than with genuine heathens. They strained every nerve to reach the winning-post, but the winning-post fled from them as they drew near. They issued a circular asking all German Christians in Pennsylvania to unite. The German Christians came.

1743-8. Great Synods, commonly known as the Pennsylvanian Synods, were held. The plan of union was discussed and discussed again. Count Zinzendorf, who was the guiding spirit of the whole, looked forward to the time when Pennsylvania should lie lapped in peace under one great united "Congregation of God in the Spirit." But the whole idea turned out a failure. The bricks fell down again. Only

Moravians attended the Synods. There was something lacking in Pennsylvania, without which Synods were a mere skeleton. The love of God was lacking, and the Brethren knew it. They saw that the scheme was held by a rope of sand, and that the burden rested on slippery shoulders.

1748. The Brethren abolished the "Congregation of God in the Spirit," and turned to more practical work. They were before their time; they were trying to do then what the Evangelical Alliance is trying to do now; and many a year will have to pass before the world will see the actual building of what is still a stately castle in the air.

Meantime, the Brethren had been doing better work in another way. When they had built the settlement of Bethlehem, they next built a settlement at Nazareth, then at Lititz, then at Salem. For the poor children they built schools, put each school under the care of a married couple, and gave the children free dinners. In seven of the thirteen original United States they founded societies, which afterwards became congregations. In Pennsylvania were Schoeneck, Emmaus, Philadelphia, Lancaster, and York; in Maryland, Graceham; in New York, New York City; in North Carolina, Bethabara, Bethania, Friedberg, Friedland, and Hope; and besides these many others which have since been abandoned. At Bethlehem they conducted what was called an "Economy:" *i.e.*, a great business, in which everyone who cared to give free labour received house and home in return. The business flourished, and the money which it brought in was devoted to the support of fifteen schools and forty to fifty preachers. In this way, as in England, the Brethren set

to work to preach the Gospel in Pennsylvania and the surrounding colonies.

When people go from one country to another—especially from such a country as Germany to such a country as Pennsylvania—it is generally advisable to leave old ideas behind them, and adapt themselves to new circumstances. This was precisely what the Brethren in in America did not do. They came from a country where it was held a sin not to belong to the National Church. They went to a country where no National Church existed, and yet, instead of recognising the difference, they acted as if the German sword were still hanging over their heads. Although they had no National Church to deal with, yet they acted as if there were one. If ever the Brethren were hampered and shackled by Zinzendorf's notions, it was in America.

They acted there as the Brethren in England acted, only still more on German lines. From the point of view of Church progress, they ought to have founded new congregations, and they founded only societies. They ought to have abandoned the settlement system, and instead they confined themselves to the four settlements at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Lititz, and Salem. They ought to have gone forward boldly and allowed the Church to spread, but instead of that, when members at the preaching places applied for admission, they took them into the settlements. It was as if a man should take winter clothing to hamper him in the heart of Africa. For a hundred years, therefore, the Brethren made little progress in America.

But there was a bright side to the picture. If we wish to understand the history of the Brethren in America, we

must look upon Bethlehem and Nazareth as two new Warrior Bands. From those two homes the Brethren went forth to preach the Gospel. The people who worked at home provided the money; the "Pilgrims" went out to preach. We come to the brightest part in the American story—the work among the Indians.

Among the young men who came out from Marienborn to Pennsylvania was Christian Henry Rauch. As soon as he arrived in Pennsylvania, he offered himself for the Indian Mission, and went to the Indian town of Shekomeko. At once success followed his efforts. Tschoop,* one of his converts, thus described Rauch's preaching. "Brethren," he said, "I have been a heathen, and have grown old among the heathen; therefore I know how the heathen think. Once a preacher came and began to explain that there was a God. We answered, 'Dost thou think us so ignorant as not to know that? Go to the place whence thou camest!' Then, again, another preacher came, and began to teach us, and to say, 'You must not steal, nor lie, nor get drunk, and so forth.' We answered, 'Thou fool, dost thou think that we do not know that? Learn first thyself, and then teach the people to whom thou belongest to leave off these things. For who steal, or lie, or who are more drunken than thine own people?' And thus we dismissed him. After some time Brother Christian Henry Rauch came into my tent, and sat down by me. He spoke to me nearly as follows:—'I come to you in the name of the Lord of Heaven and Earth. He sends to let you know that He will make you happy, and deliver you from this misery in which you lie at present. To this end He became a man, and gave His

* Probably a German corruption of Job.

life a ransom for man, and shed His blood for him.' When he had finished his discourse he lay down upon a board, fatigued by the journey, and fell into a sound sleep. I then thought, What kind of a man is this? There he lies and sleeps. I might kill him and throw him out into the road, and who would regard it? However, I could not forget his words. They constantly recurred to my mind. Even when I was asleep I dreamt of that blood which Christ shed for me. I found this to be something different from what I had ever heard, and I interpreted Christian Henry's words to the other Indians. Thus, through the grace of God, an awakening took place among us. I say, therefore, brethren, preach Christ our Saviour and His sufferings and death, if you will have your words to gain entrance among the heathen."*

From that time forward the work among the Indians was the principal work of the Moravian Church in America. Count Zinzendorf made the arrangements with the Indian people, and undertook three missionary journeys among them. In one he went to Shekomeko, and baptised the first three converts as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They were to be the patriarchs of the Indian Church. In another he went to the Wyoming Valley, where white foot had never yet trod. In another he went over the Blue Mountains as far as the Long Valley, and received 168 strings of wampum from the Six Nations, as a pledge that the Brethren might come. When the missionaries went preaching among the Indians they carried a strip of wampum with them.

The commencement of the work is distinguished by

* This story may be taken as an illustration of the Brethren's method of preaching to the heathen during the last century.

true Christian fortitude and heroic endurance. The story is the story of a life and death fight. The Gospel was preached in Georgia, in New York, in Connecticut, in Massachusets, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, in Michigan, in Canada, in Kansas, in Arkansas: to the Mohicans, to the Wampanoags, to the Delawares, to the Menissings, to the Six Nations, to the Cherokees, to the Chippewas: in valley, in prairie, in wood, in wigwam, among drunken savages, amid scenes of bloodshed and horrible massacre.

It was late and dark on a winter's evening when a band of missionaries was sitting at supper in their little wooden house at Gnadenhütten, on the banks of the river Mahony. Suddenly the watch-dogs outside set up a warning barking. The place was surrounded by Indians. The missionaries opened the door, and then came carnage. One, David Nitschmann, was shot dead on the spot, another escaped by the back door, another let himself down by a window, another hid behind a tree, another was captured and scalped alive and left on the ground to die, and the rest, hiding in the garret, were literally roasted to death. "It is well, dear Saviour," said Mrs. Senseman, as the flames lapped round her, "it is well."

And yet in the face of such perils the Brethren did not hesitate to go on. Amongst them stood the majestic figure of that master missionary, David Zeisberger. He, like most of the missionaries, was of an old Moravian family, and had come with his father to Herrnhut on that memorable May 12th, 1724. For sixty years he lived among the Indians, and his life was a life from beginning to end of thrilling adventures and escapes. He became almost an Indian. He was admitted a

1748-1808.

member of the Six Nations, received an Indian name, and became a member of an Indian family. He was an Iroquois to the Iroquois, a Delaware to the Delawares. He understood the hidden science of belts and strings of wampum; he could unriddle their mysterious messages and make speeches in their bombastic style, and he spoke in their speech and thought in their thoughts and lived their life in their wigwams. He loved their majestic prairies, stretching beyond the Blue Mountains; he loved their mighty rivers and their deep, clear lakes; and, most of all, he loved the red-brown Indians themselves. Right well did he know what trials awaited him. He knew that the Indians were blood-thirsty, drunken, and lewd. He knew how they spent their time in hunting buffaloes and scalping each other's heads, how they wasted the nights in tipsy revels and dances by the light of the gibbous moon, how they cowered under the fear of evil spirits and vicious and angry gods. But he knew, too, that with the Bible in his hand and the Gospel on his lips he could make these Indians sober, pure, and wise and brave, and that God could shield him with His wing. As the missionaries of the early Christian Church came to our rude forefathers in England and made us a Christian people, so Zeisberger desired to be an Augustine to the Indians, and found a Christian Indian nation stretching from Lake Michigan to the Ohio.

He began his work among the Six Nations. When he went to Onondaga, their head-quarters, he had to put off his meeting with the Great Council till the members had recovered from a state of intoxication. Yet he received permission for two missionaries to go

and settle down. When he went on to the Senecas, he found himself welcomed to a Pandemonium of revelry. The whole village was drunk. As he lay in his tent he could hear fiendish yells rend the air, and had to defend himself from an onslaught of lascivious women, whose long hair streamed in the night wind, and whose lips swelled with passion. He passed on to the Wolf tribe, addressed them in their Council House, and read in their faces the great battle between good and evil going on in their minds. "Never yet," he wrote, "did I see so clearly painted on the faces of the Indians both the darkness of hell and the world-subduing power of the Gospel."

Passing on from tribe to tribe, he sped in his canoe through primæval deserts, by flowers of the tulip-tree, through roaring rapids, round beetling bluffs, past groups of mottled rattlesnakes that lay basking in the sun. Everywhere he showed the Indians the way to peace and happiness, and told them that Christ was their Saviour and King. In vain the sorcerers plotted against him. "Beware," they said to the people, "of the man in the black coat." To bring down the vengeance of the spirits upon Zeisberger they sat up at night and gorged themselves with swine's flesh, and baked themselves in hot ovens till they became unconscious. Zeisberger still went boldly on. Wherever the Indians were most debauched there was he in the midst of them. We all know the famous picture: the Indians squatting in a circle, the red watch-fire casting a lurid glare, the eyes of the Indians flashing strangely in the mellow light; and there in the midst stands Zeisberger, knowing well that at any moment a tomahawk may break

his skull, and his scalp hang bleeding at the murderer's girdle.

As time went on, Zeisberger completely won the confidence of these suspicious savages. He was known as "Friend of the Indians," and was allowed to move among them at his ease. Both the Six Nations and the Delawares passed laws that he was to be uninterrupted in his work. The haughtiest chiefs bowed before him. When he met Glikkikan, the great Delaware orator, who had baffled Jesuits and statesmen, and had prepared a complicated speech with which he meant to crush Zeisberger for ever, the great orator fell an easy victim, submitted to Zeisberger like a child, and became one of his warmest friends. In like manner he won over White Eyes, the famous Indian warrior, and Zeisberger and White Eyes worked hand in hand for the same great cause. "I want my people," said White Eyes, "now that peace is established in the country, to turn their attention to peace in their hearts. I want them to embrace that religion which is taught by the white teachers. We shall never be happy until we are Christians."

It seemed as though that time were drawing nigh. With the friendship of the Indians at his back, Zeisberger founded Christian settlements in their midst: such as Gnadenhütten (Tents of Grace), and Friedenhütten (Tents of Peace), among the Six Nations; Friedenstadt (Town of Peace), among the Wolf tribe; Schönbrünn (Beautiful Spring) among the Ohio Delawares. His settlements were like diamonds flashing in the darkness. Instead of the wildness of the desert, were nut-trees, plums, cherries, mulberries, and all manner of fruits; instead of scattered wigwams, orderly streets of huts; instead of filth, neatness

and cleanliness; instead of drunken brawls, the voice of children from the village school, and the voice of morning and evening prayer.

No longer were the Indians in those settlements wild hunters. They were now steady business men. They conducted farms, cultivated gardens, grew corn and sugar and made butter, and learned to govern their little townships as well as an English Local Board. English officers who visited Zeisberger's settlements opened their eyes with wonder. "The Indians in Zeisberger's settlements," said Colonel Morgan, "are an example to civilised whites."

When they gathered to celebrate the Easter Morning Service, a scene was presented unlike any other in this world. As the sun rose red over the great Blue Mountains, as the morning mists broke gently away, as the gemmed trees whispered with the breath of spring, the Indians repeated in their lonely cemetery the same solemn Easter Litany that the Brethren repeated at Herrnhut. Then, as in a cathedral, Zeisberger read the Confession of Faith, a trained choir led the responses, the Easter Hymn swelled out, and the final "Amen" rang over the plateau and aroused the hosts of the woodland.

> Away in the forest, how fair to the sight
> Was the clear, placid lake as it sparkled in light;
> How welcome the refuge the solitude gave
> To the pilgrims who toiled over mountain and wave!
> Here they rested, here gushed forth, salvation to bring,
> The Fount of the Cross by the beautiful spring.

That is a faint picture of the work of the Brethren in North America.

But it was just when this work had reached its highest

point that there broke out the great war between England and the American colonies—the War of American Independence; and Zeisberger and the Indians, as an Indian orator expressed it, were between two exceeding mighty and wrathful gods, who stood opposed with extended jaws. Each party wished the Indians to take up arms on its side. Zeisberger had taught them to lay their arms aside. When the English sent the hatchet of war to the Delawares, the Delawares politely sent it back. When a letter came to Zeisberger calmly asking him to arouse his converts, put himself at their head, and bring the scalps of all the rebels he could slaughter, he threw the sheet into the flames. At one time he was accused before an English court of being in league with the Americans. At another time he was accused by the Americans of being in league with the English. At last the thunderbolt fell. Colonel Williamson's American troops appeared at Gnadenhütten; and a hideous scene followed, which cries shame upon our boasted Christianity. In cold blood the soldiers turned the log huts into shambles, allowed the settlers a few minutes for prayer, and then, with tomahawks, mallets, clubs, spears, and scalping-knives, commenced the work of butchery, and did not cease from their task till ninety corpses lay dabbled with blood upon the ground. That was the "Blood-Bath of Gnadenhütten." That was the way in which soldiers of the future Christian American Republic shattered the work of the Brethren to pieces.

March 8th, 1782.

We know hardly a sadder story than that of the American Mission. When Zeisberger died, he saw nothing but ruins around him. His great settlements

were broken up, only his two latest, New Salem and Fairfield, remaining. His plan of founding a Christian Indian Nation had come to naught. The white man encroached on Indian land, and the Indians sank back into their old foul ways. He breathed his last with a company of Indians around him, and they sang him home with Delaware hymns which he himself had translated from the hymns of the Ancient Brethren's Church.

CHAPTER X.

1755—1760.

The Last Days of Zinzendorf.

AS Count Zinzendorf drew near to his end and looked back upon the scenes of the past, a wide landscape lay before him. Busy and restless had been his life. He had restored to being, though he did not intend to do so, the oldest Evangelical Church in Europe. On his estate at Herrnhut the "hidden seed" had found a home. He had brought to light the laws of the Ancient Church, had founded the Warrior Band at Marienborn, had begun the Diaspora Work in the Eastern Provinces of Russia, and had given the stimulus to the work of Missions. With his help the Brethren had renewed their youth like the eagles. The Episcopal Succession had been preserved. The Ancient Church was completely restored. The ideas of Zinzendorf and the ideas of the Ancient Brethren were dovetailed. From Zinzendorf came the idea of "Church within the Church," the stress laid on close personal fellowship with Christ, and the missionary spirit. From the Ancient Church came the love of the Bible, the strict discipline and the careful training of the young. Without Zinzendorf the Ancient Brethren would probably have never returned to life. Without the fibre of the Ancient Brethren German Pietism would have died a natural death.

As the Renewed Brethren's Church was now established in three provinces, only one thing remained to do—to weld these three provinces together. A very simple matter caused this welding to take place. The Brethren's work had cost money. Being mostly poor men, they had had to rely on Zinzendorf's estates, and Zinzendorf's estates were no longer a sufficient source. In short, the Brethren had run into debt, and bankruptcy stared them in the face.

1755. In the time of need came the deliverer, Frederick Köber. He was a keen business man, of iron character and tough will, and he perceived that the Brethren's Church was in danger unless its finances were put straight. His five measures proved the salvation of the Church. First, he separated the property of Zinzendorf from the general property of the Unity. Secondly, he put this general property under the care of a "College of Directors." Thirdly, he made an arrangement whereby this "College" should pay off all debts in fixed yearly sums. Fourthly, he proposed that all members of the Church should pay a fixed annual sum to general Church funds. And fifthly, as a natural consequence of the previous measure, he laid it down that in future all members of the Church should have the right to send representatives to the General Conference. In this way he drew the outlines of the Moravian Church Constitution.

Meantime, Count Zinzendorf's end was drawing near. The evening of his life he spent at Berthelsdorf, for where more fitly could he die? He knew that the Church, when he died, would be left in good hands. "It will be better," he said, "when I go home; the Conferences will stand

for ever." He employed his last days in revising the Text-Book, which was to be daily food for the Pilgrim Church; and when he wrote down the final words, "And the King turned his face about and blessed all the congregation of Israel," his last message to the Brethren was given. As his last illness, a violent catarrhal-fever, gained the mastery over him he was gladdened by the sight of the friends who gathered round him. His band of workers watched by his bedside in turn. On the last night about a hundred Brethren and Sisters assembled in his room, among them his life-long friend John de Watteville. "I cannot say," murmured the dying Count, "how much I love you all. Who would have believed that the prayer of Christ, 'That they may be one,' could have been so strikingly fulfilled among us? I asked only for first-fruits among the heathen, and thousands have been given me. . . . I am at the command of my Master, and He is satisfied with me. . . . I have nothing else to keep me here." As his friends knelt round his bedside, during the last few minutes, "it was," says one who was there, "a noble, a charming, a liturgical sight." "Are we not as in heaven?" murmured Zinzendorf; "do we not live together like the angels? The Lord and His servants understand one another. . . . I am ready."

He ceased. A stifling paroxysm overcame him. There was the sound of weeping in the room, the sound of the death-rattle from the death-bed. He looked lovingly at his friends for the last time; and agonized stillness held the company. Then John de Watteville broke the silence with the words of the Old Testament Benediction: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make

His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." And at the words, "and give thee peace," Count Zinzendorf's spirit passed away.

There was a mist in the air at Herrnhut on the morning of May 9th, 1760, when the trombones announced that its earthly founder was no more. He was buried in the Herrnhut "God's acre." Four thousand people attended his funeral. There were missionaries from many parts of the world, and friends from many Churches. And on the simple stone that marks his grave are found the words:—

"He was appointed to bring forth fruit, and his fruit remains."

PART III.

A GLANCE AT THE CHURCH

SINCE THE

DEATH OF ZINZENDORF.

CHAPTER I.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN GERMANY.

I.—Preparatory Steps.

WHEN Count Zinzendorf died, an enemy of the Brethren said, "We shall now see an end of these Moravians," and his words expressed the exact opposite of the truth.

When Zinzendorf died the Brethren left behind recognised that God had given them a task in the world, and at once set about making the necessary preparations. They were no longer fettered by Zinzendorf's beautiful ideas; they were led by more practical men, such as Köber and Spangenberg; they no longer feared to give the Church a form; and it was not long

1764. before they met in the *First General Synod of the Brethren's Church* at *Marienborn*. There were deputies from all parts of the world—deputies from every settlement. What was the Moravian Church to be—a loose body of Christian workers, or a firm, united, independent Church? That was the thorny question. They passed resolutions of the highest importance. Confessing Christ as their Head, they established themselves as a distinct and separate Church, with special forms of service and with a fixed form of government; and they recognised as their general standard of doctrine the doctrine of all evangelical Protestants as contained in the Augsburg Confession. As a good book must have a good binding, a good Church

must have a good form. Consequently the Brethren drew the outlines of their government. The arrangement was this. On the one hand, all power to make laws was to be in the hands of the Synods, which were composed of all ministers of the Church and one elected deputy from each congregation. On the other hand, these Synods chose a governing body, which received a little later the name of Unity's Elders' Conference.

Next came financial matters. At first the Brethren made a rather curious experiment. Instead of holding to Köber's scheme, they threw it overboard. They decided that all the property of the Church should be divided into as many sections as there were congregations, that each congregation should have its own property and bear its own burdens, that each congregation committee should supply the needs of its own minister, and that such a thing as general Church property should cease altogether to exist. Of course money for general Church work, such as the missions, would still be wanted. But the Brethren took it for granted that that would come readily enough out of the pockets of loving members.

But love, though a very beautiful silken bond, is sometimes apt to snap. It nearly snapped then. The new machinery would not work. Each congregation began to look after itself alone. The subscriptions to headquarters dwindled. The general interest began to lag behind. Once again the bug-bear of lack of money stared the Brethren in the face. Again, however, came the friend in need, and this time from a very

1772. unexpected quarter. In the Sisters' House at Herrnhut were twenty poor single sisters, who could not see the Church starving. They wrote a letter

to the U. E. C.*, and sent brooches, spoons, and trinkets as a free-will offering. Some single brethren of the same mind, stirred up by the example, gave free labour. The spirit of generosity spread, and very soon there was money enough to keep starvation from the door. It was soon seen that those single sisters, by their simple and beautiful action, had saved the Church on the brink of ruin. It is deeds like that which put selfish hearts to shame; it is deeds like that which ever give new courage and hope. "The darkness is past!- the darkness is past!" were the first words of next year's Text-Book. The Brethren had learned a lesson. They resolved to steer clear of such dangerous sandbanks in future. However strong the bond of love might be, they knew it was not strong enough to bear the financial strain. With the money collected they formed a Sinking Fund, which could always be a haven of refuge when financial storms blew too wildly.

1775.

At their next Synod they made provision for the future, by laying down the law that each congregation, though having its own property, must contribute a fixed amount towards the general fund. The Unity's Elders' Conference had the oversight of every settlement, and thus the whole Church was firmly grounded on a good solid financial basis.

Next came a still more important question. It was good to have a sound constitution; it was good to be sound in money matters; it was better still to be clear in doctrine. The Brethren did not mix themselves up in theological disputes. In simple terms they set forth the great doctrines which they would preach: 1. That

* Unity's Elders' Conference.

Jesus Christ, by His death upon the Cross, was the Redeemer of lost men. 2. That man is naturally altogether corrupt, and unable to save himself. 3. That Jesus Christ was the very Son of God—yea, God manifest in the flesh. 4. That the Holy Spirit works in the hearts of men, and leads them to repentance and faith. Nothing could be plainer, nothing simpler, nothing broader, nothing more in accordance with the spirit of the Ancient Church.

II.—The Gospel Casket.

For now the time had come at last when the Church of the Brethren was to show of what sort of stuff it was made. As we draw near the end of the eighteenth century there sounds in our ears the tramp of armies and the clash of steel and the roar of mighty cannons. It was the time when men's minds were adrift—the time of Rationalism. It was the time when the Christian Church had broken from her moorings, when the light-ships had sunk in the storm, when even the stars seemed blotted out, and poor man was lost in the whirlpool. The United States broke their bonds and declared themselves free. Benjamin Franklin threw a bombshell into Europe. The French murdered their king, and declared Christianity a senseless puppet. Cloudy-minded philosophers smothered faith in Germany. Rationalism stalked in the colleges, and showed her gaunt form in the pulpits. In short, it seemed as though the Christian Church were staggering and tottering on the brink, and the dark cavern of hollow doubt yawned below. Then came the time for the Church of the Brethren: then

dawned the bright day of her glory. Like a lifeboat to the rescue were the Brethren in those dangerous days. When Rationalism tossed her head and curled her lip, and stamped her foot, and said, "I—even I—am religion," the Brethren answered, calm and strong, "We have the Saviour in our hearts." When the Lutheran preachers dished up cold philosophy in their pulpits, the Brethren fed the people from the Bible. When the stream of Christian thought became muddy the Brethren drew from the Ancient Well, and gave the cup of cold water.

We can read the story in the books they wrote. In 1778 Christian Gregor brought out a revised edition of the Moravian Hymn-book, which was a well of Scriptural poetry undefiled. In 1784 he brought out a book of "Chorales," where noble thoughts and stately music were wedded. In 1778 Spangenberg issued a "Manual of Doctrine," and Samuel Lieberkühn wrote a "Catechism for the Young"; and in the same year Spangenberg brought out his "Idea of the Faith of the Brethren," which sounded a clear evangelical note, and purified the sultry air. There was a great battle in Germany in those days—the philosophers on one side and the Brethren on the other. Many a letter passed between Spangenberg and the Professors at the great Universities. Many a poor puzzled parish pastor read Spangenberg's books with delight. His "Idea of Faith" became famous. "I have read," said a well-known philosopher, "the 'Idea' of Spangenberg. If our children wish to find a Christian theology, they have only to search among the Moravian Brethren."

When the Brethren saw how the ranks of the Faith were

thinning, they rushed forward manfully to the rescue. They fought the enemy in the enemy's camp, preached in the enemy's pulpits, and held high the standard of the Cross. And they were not deaf to the wailing cry of the Lutheran Church, which rang out, "Come over and help us." Now it was that the Diaspora workers answered to the bugle call. In Lusatia they were welcomed by the Lutheran pastors. They had societies in Dresden, Magdeburg, Pommerania, Brunswick, Hanover, Westphalia, and Holstein, and preached in the Grisons, Basel, Bordeaux, Montpellier, Nismes, and Lausanne. Further yet they went—to Denmark, Jutland, Norway, Sweden, and the Eastern Provinces of Russia. They formed the people into little societies, taught them the Bible, taught them to pray, taught them to sing hymns. While others were trembling before the onset of the Rationalists, and dare not speak for fear of mockery, the Brethren still sang the old song which told of Christ the Redeemer. "When other Churches," says Dr. Dorner, the well-known theologian, "when other Churches were sunk in sleep, when darkness was almost everywhere, it was she, the humble priestess of the sanctuary, who fed the sacred flame." We need add no more. Hardly ever did the Brethren's Church do a higher service than when, by the Good Father's permission, she saved the Lutheran Church in Germany from sinking into the pit of Atheism.*

* There are some who think that the Brethren's Church may have the same duty to do again at the present time in Germany. The above description must not be misunderstood. Against scientific inquiry proper, against the thorough critical study of the Bible, and the results of recent research, the Brethren's Church has, of course, nothing to say.

III.—The Land of Childhood.

As the Brethren looked around them, they saw one plot in the garden of God uncared for—one land untouched. It was the bewitching land of childhood. They had always held it as one of their highest duties to take special care of children. At the very beginning, when Herrnhut was founded, the children had not been left to perish. Let a brother inform us. "We had then," he says (speaking of the days when he was a child in Herrnhut), "for our master, an upright and serious man who had the good of his pupils much at heart. He never failed, at the close of the school, to pray with us, and to commend us to the Lord Jesus and His Spirit, during the time of our amusements." "At that time," he goes on, "Susannah Kühnel
1727. was awakened, and frequently withdrew into her father's garden, especially every evening, to ask the grace of the Lord, and to seek the salvation of her soul, 'with strong crying and tears.' As this was next door to the house where we lived (there was only a boarded partition between us) we could hear her prayers as we were going to rest, and as we lay upon our beds. We were so much impressed that we could not fall asleep as carelessly as formerly, and asked our teachers to go with us to pray. Instead of going to sleep as usual, we went to the boundaries* which separated the fields, or among the bushes, to throw ourselves before the Lord, and beg him to turn us to Himself. Our teachers often went with us, and when we

* There are no hedges in that part of Germany—only boundary marks.

had done praying, and had to return, we went again, one to this place and another to that, or in pairs, to cast ourselves upon our knees and pray in secret."

A passage like that flashes light upon the life at Herrnhut. It was the same in other congregations. Wherever the Brethren went, they looked upon children as their special care. From the day when Susannah Kühnel was awakened in Herrnhut, they never despaired of making children Christians. Long before Sunday Schools were established they had Christian schools in every congregation. But they did not rest at ease with that. They must do for the children of the outside world what they were doing for the children of their own members. As their boarding-schools sprung up one after another—in Germany, at Neuwied, Gnadenfrei, Christiansfeld, Gnadenfeld, Kleinwelke, Gnadau, Königsfeld, Neuwelke, and Niesky; in Holland, at Zeist; in Switzerland, at Lausanne and Montmirail; in England, at Fulneck, Ockbrook, and Fairfield; in the United States, at Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Salem—as these schools (plain, stately buildings) sprung up, they won a wide-spread fame. They were more than the ordinary school. The Brethren were not content with knowledge—they must win all children for the Great Teacher. They did not despise the world's science; they gave a high-class education; they taught classics, mathematics, science, literature, botany, rhetoric, music, painting, &c., &c.; but, above all this, they taught the love of Christ, looked upon the schools as important as the missions, and called it as high and holy a duty to care for boys and girls as to manage the congregation at Herrnhut and win converts in Surinam. It was just about the time

when George Raikes was a boy that the schools of the Brethren rose to fame. They were specially favoured by the nobility. We cannot tell the story of their work, for that story is a hidden secret—not in this world will the scroll be unrolled. They brought the Gospel to thousands of children; they sowed the seeds in thousands of hearts; they did as great a work by the still small voice as the missionaries in far-off lands. Strict and hard was the discipline—at first, perhaps, almost too hard. The Brethren were strict when strictness was necessary, and relaxed a little as the age grew more enlightened. For example, in the year 1811, that innocent amusement, skating, which had hitherto been classed with dancing, was first permitted in the schools of the Brethren. From that time to this, the Brethren's Schools have upheld their reputation (with the ups and downs inevitable) as centres of sound education and sound Christian teaching.

IV.—A Fall and a Recovery.

In the midst of all this brilliant work there was danger looming ahead. As the Ancient Church had lost its glory when it shone most brightly in the eyes of man; as the Day of Blood at Prague had followed upon the heels of worldly splendour, so now, at the crossing of the centuries, now when the Brethren had won the love and respect of all Protestants in Germany, it was shown that there was peril in prosperity, and that rocks lie in the calmest waters.

As the Brethren had now won a respectable position, there was a feeling in the hearts of some of them that after the storm was weathered they might rest a little

upon the oars. Silently, slowly, craftily there crept in that murderous reptile self-complacency—against which, as against Satan himself, there is a petition in the Church Litany. There also crept in the desire of becoming great in the eyes of the world. The disease began in the Theological Seminary at Niesky—it could not have attacked a more vital part. Instead of the Biblē* was taught philosophy; instead of the words of Moses and Christ, the words of Kant, Fichte and Jacobi; and when the students became ministers they had chiefly philosophy to offer the people. For ordinary people philosophy is not very digestible food. The natural result followed. As the preachers spoke far above the heads of their listeners they lost touch with the flock; their preaching was as tinkling cymbals. Instead of doing their pastoral work, they employed their time in writing philosophical letters and essays; they were hidden away in their studies in a cloud of philosophical and theological smoke, and the flock outside were left without a shepherd, and soon were lost in the moorland. The young Brethren became light-minded, sleepy, and even in some cases licentious. The Brethren's Houses, which had once been training grounds for missionaries, became mere comfortable abodes of ease and enjoyment. When Risler published his book, "Stories from the Ancient Brethren's Church," to rouse the flagging interest, scarcely anyone read it. There was so little life among the young Brethren that it was actually proposed to do away with Brethren's Houses altogether. There was so little love for the Church among the ordinary members that the

* Partially, of course, and as a natural result of contact with philosophy.

managers of the diaconies grew lazy, and the diaconies ceased to pay. The subscriptions to head-quarters dwindled again; the Diaspora work dwindled with them; old preaching places were given up; and while all the old forms were held fast, while the skeleton still remained perfect, there was but a fluttering breathing in the body, and the pulse of life beat faintly.

There was a cause for all this—an outside cause as well as an inner one.

Napoleon Bonaparte was scouring Europe. The German settlements saw much of soldiers; hardly a settlement escaped. At Neudietendorf the Prussian troops lay like locusts. At Ebersdorf Bonaparte demanded board and lodging for three thousand men. At Gnadau French soldiers took the chapel as their head-quarters, seized all provisions they could lay hands on, killed and ate the live stock, and used the carts, wheelbarrows and casks as barricades. At Gnadenberg, which was nearly ruined, the French suddenly burst into the chapel, found that all the Sisters had there taken refuge, and retired in sudden dismay. At Kleinwelke, where Napoleon settled with the whole staff of the French army, the single sisters had to attend to two thousand wounded warriors. Niesky became a general infirmary. At Herrnhut, on one occasion, when French soldiers were there, the chapel was illuminated and a service held to celebrate Napoleon's birthday; on another occasion General Blücher had the congregation assembled to return thanks for a victory over the French.

In the midst of scenes like this the channels of Church life were clogged. It was impossible to hold a Synod. Correspondence with the English and American Provinces

was forbidden. Church property was destroyed. For thirty years the Brethren groaned under the horrors of war, and the fire of the Ancient Church, which had been burning so brightly, gave but a dull and lurid light, and flickered faintly among the ashes.

Of these two dangers—the danger from war and the danger from philosophy—there can be little doubt which was the greater. At any rate, there was no doubt in the minds of the Brethren. As soon as the great war was over, they aroused them to their duty in the world. Instead of blaming Napoleon and his troops, they blamed themselves; for they knew right well that hardly anything worse can befall a Church than for its ministers to be splitting straws about theology instead of doing their duty by the people. Knowing where the sore place was, they applied the remedy at once. They appointed special hours for the study of the Bible in the whole Church. In every settlement they appointed a monthly prayer meeting to keep alive the sympathy with other Churches. They created an Educational Department in the U. E. C. to look after the schools; they removed the Theological Seminary—which had till now been united with the "Pædagogium"* at Niesky—to Gnadenfeld; and there strong, deep, pious and vigorous characters like John Plitt took the training of the young men in hand, put the Bible once more in its proper place, taught clear, systematic theology, introduced the cheering study of Brethren's History, and moulded in their hands a body of active, Bible-loving ministers who were to be the new life

* The Pædagogium is the college where young men receive a classical education previous to entering on the study of theology proper.

of the Church. The Bible had been neglected; that was where the root of the evil had lain.

And now, in the midst of this new life, the sun rose on the morning of the 17th of June, 1722, a hundred years after Christian David had felled the first tree at Herrnhut. The Brethren glanced at the past; the blood of the martyrs seemed dancing in their veins. When Frederick Kölbing issued his book, "Memorial Days of the Renewed Brethren's Church," all read it with eager delight. Never surely was there such a gathering in Herrnhut as on that Centenary Day. From all congregations in Germany, from Denmark, from Sweden, from Holland, from Switzerland, from England, the Brethren streamed to thank the Great Shepherd for His never-failing kindnesses. There were Brethren and friends of the Brethren, clergymen and laymen, poor peasants in simple garb from the old homeland in Moravia, and high officials from the Court of Saxony in purple and scarlet and gold. As the vast assembly pressed into the church, the trombones sounded forth and the choir sang with overwhelming power, "Here the sparrow hath found a home, and the swallow a nest for her young, even thine altars, Oh, Lord of Hosts!" It was a day of high jubilation and a day of penitent mourning; a day of festive robes and a day of sackcloth and ashes. As the great throng, some thousands in number, and arranged in choirs, four and four, stood round the spot where the carpenter had raised his arm, and where a memorial stone now stood, they rejoiced that during those hundred years the seed had become a great tree, and they mourned that the branches had begun to wither and the leaves begun to fall. When

Albertini addressed the multitude, he spoke through no sweet-sounding trumpet. "We have lost the old love," he said, "let us repent. Let us take a warning from the past; let us return unto the Lord." Stern and clear was the message he gave; deep and full was the note it sounded. With faces abashed, with heads bowed, with hearts renewed, with tears of sorrow and of joy in their eyes, the Brethren went thoughtfully homewards.

V.—The Great School Awakening.

We pass over nineteen years, and betake ourselves to Niesky.

For a long time the boys in the Pædagogium at Niesky had shown but a meagre spirit of religion. They had not only been indifferent to it: many
1841. of them had even laughed it to scorn. The College had become little better than an ordinary boarding school. A boy, for example, who wished to read his Bible, had to read it in French, under the pretence of learning a new language, to escape the laughter of others. The case was serious. Decay in the Pædagogium meant decay in the whole Church. The awakening began as follows.

One of the boys, Prince Reuss, was suddenly summoned home to be present at the death-bed of his father. After a few days he returned to school in a serious frame of mind, and found himself met by an amount of sympathy which boys are not accustomed to show. He saw that a change had taken place among some of his companions. The night watchman, Hager, had been heard praying in his attic for the boys. A boy, in great

trouble with a trigonometrical problem which would not come out, solved the difficulty by linking work with prayer. The boys in the "First Room"—*i.e.*, the elder boys—made an agreement to speak with one another openly before every Communion.

It was on November 13th, 1841—the hundredth anniversary of the day when the Brethren realized so powerfully the Eldership of Christ—on that day, at the evening Communion, there happened "something new, something unusual, something mightily surprising." In silence, with hand-shake, without a word, these youths banded themselves together to serve Christ. Fifty years later, two Moravian ministers, who had been there as boys, were talking over the events of that evening, and all they could say was this: "It was something unusual, but something great and holy, that overcame us and moved us. It must have been the Spirit of Christ." That day was a memorable day for the Pædagogium—a feast day, in the holiest sense of the term; a day on which, as Bishop Wunderling tells the story, "the Lord took possession of the house, bound all to one another and to Himself, and over all was poured the spirit of love and forgiveness, and a power from above was distributed from the enjoyment of the Communion." "What wonder was it," wrote one boy home, "that when we brothers united to praise the Lord, He did not put to shame our longings and our faith, but kindled others from our fire."

Everywhere were radiant faces, everywhere little earnest groups. It was not a conversion, it was an awakening. No one ever asked, "Is So-and-so converted?" The question was, "What shall I do to be

holy?" As the boys retired to bed, they would ask the masters to pray for them, and the masters asked the same in return and held meetings for the boys, and the meetings were prized. The rule of force was over. The stern director, before whom the boys had often quaked, became the lovable father. The boys became, best sign of all, models of industry and decent behaviour; and joke and play and work and walk were filled with a "right bright sunshine." The boys spoke without restraint on spiritual subjects. They confessed their faults to one another, laid bare their hearts, gave each other friendly warnings, made unions for prayer, applied the Bible to their daily life, showed a conscience in school matters, and then, when their school days were over, went out with tongues of flame to spread the good news through the Church. Some went as students to Gnadenfeld; some went as teachers to Königsfeld, Kleinwelke and Neuwied; some went out to the broadening mission field. What took place at Niesky has influenced the whole Church to the present day.

Among the names of Moravian worthies let us find a niche in our memories for Ferdinand Geller, Frederick Kleinschmidt, Ernest Reichel, and Gustave Tietzen, the leaders in the "School Revival." They infused new life into the Church. Its branches began to spread afresh. Its energy could not be caged at home. Like a giant refreshed with new wine, the Brethren rose again to their duty. Along the Rhine, in South and West Germany, in Metz and Warttebruch, in Russian Poland, they pushed on the Diaspora. Out into the world went missionaries with greater energy than ever. In Greenland they founded a new station at Friedrichstal; in Labrador, at Hebron;

in Surinam, at Bambey; in South Africa, at Silo and Goshen; on the Moskito Coast, at Bluefields; in Australia, at Ebenezer; in British India, near Tibet, at Kyelang.

When the year 1857 opened—four hundred years since the establishment of the Brethren's Church in Kunwald—that Church was once more showing its old spirit. There was strong brotherly union. There was friendliness with other Churches. There was a firm grip of the Bible and clear evangelical preaching. Above all, like a diamond set in gold, there flashed still with the brightness of old the missionary spirit of the fathers.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

I.—The Fate of the Preaching-Places.

WHEN we left our English Brethren, two or three chapters ago, they had just begun to find their feet in the homeland; and were preaching with energy and power in the lanes and meadows of Wiltshire, in the farmhouses and meeting-houses of Bedfordshire, in the outskirts of London, on the wild moors of Yorkshire and Lancashire, in the picturesque little villages of South Wales, in the mud-built chapels of Ireland, and among the banks and braes of Ayrshire. As the ministers travelled to and fro, the people were gathered more firmly together; chapels, ministers' houses, brethren's houses, sisters' houses were built; and after about thirty years' work in this manner, the Brethren found that they could divide their work into four main districts. In the Northern District were the congregations of Fulneck, Wyke, Wellhouse, Gomersal, and Dukinfield; in the Western District, Bath, Bristol, Kingswood, Leominster, Tytherton, Malmesbury, and Haverfordwest; in the Eastern District, London, Bedford, Ockbrook, Riseley; in the Irish District, Gracehill, Ballinderry, Gracefield, Dublin, Kilwarlin, Ayr, Cootehill, and Kilkeel.

But these congregations were more than what we generally understand by the word "congregation."

Instead of being mere assemblies of peaceable Christians, they were centres of the strictest Moravian life, and nurseries of the missionary spirit. They had nearly all Brethren's Houses and Sisters' Houses, with the laws of Fulneck on a smaller scale. They were Pilgrim-Congregations, and burning fires of Gospel light and heat; and, like suns with planets circling round them, were every one surrounded by preaching-places and little societies, which might in time become congregations like themselves. A great question arose: What was to be done with these preaching-places?

As the companions of Zinzendorf—Boehler, Molther, Cennick, Rogers, and men of their stamp—passed one by one away, there towered above the other Brethren a figure of no small grandeur. It was Benjamin La Trobe, once a famous preacher in England. He had come forward in Dublin. He had been the first to stretch out the hand of welcome to John Cennick, had held to Cennick when others left him, had formed his hearers into the Dublin Congregation, and had been with Cennick on his romantic journeys among the bogs and cockpits of Ulster. As years went on he came more and more to the front. With his friend Worthington, the musician, he came to Fulneck, and the two together each served God in his own way. When Fulneck was being built, La Trobe stood upon the roof of a house to preach: when the chapel was finished he became minister, and his friend Worthington played the organ. In those days Fulneck Chapel was not large enough to hold the crowds that came, and La Trobe had actually to stand upon the cupola to harangue the vast waiting throng. As Cennick had been before in Ireland, so La Trobe was now in England. He was far above

most preachers of his day. "He enraptured his audience," says an old account, "by his resistless eloquence. His language flowed like rippling streams, and his ideas sparkled like diamonds. His taste was perfect, and his illustrations were dazzling; and when he painted the blackness of the human heart, when he depicted the matchless grace of Christ, when he described the beauty of holiness, he spoke with an energy, with a passion, with a dignified sweep of majestic power, which probed the heart, and pricked the conscience, and charmed the troubled breast." It was he of whom it is so quaintly recorded in a congregation diary, "Br. La Trobe spoke much—on many things."

1766—1786. For twenty years he took the lead of the English Brethren. He helped to set upon its feet again the "Society for the furtherance of the Gospel," and remained President of it for the rest of his life. He wrote a "Succinct View of the Missions of the Brethren," and thus brought the subject before the British public. He was the main mover in the building of the settlement at Fairfield. He had Spangenberg's "Idea of Faith" translated into English. Above all, he freed the Brethren once and for all from the foul slanders that had clung to them. He was well known in higher circles, was the friend of Dr. Johnson, and worked in union with such well-known Christians as Rowland Hill, Romaine, Bishop Porteous, John Newton, Charles Wesley, Hannah More.

As everyone knows there was for many years a bitter quarrel between the Brethren and the Wesleyans. Benjamin La Trobe brought that quarrel to an end. He was honoured by all parties, and the Brethren were honoured

with him. On the one hand he was a warm friend of the Bishop of Chester; on the other hand, he was continually preaching in Wesleyan Chapels.

One instance shews his reputation. At that time there lived in London a famous preacher, Dr. Dodd. Suddenly, to the horror of all England, Dr. Dodd was accused and convicted of embezzlement, and condemned to death. Never was London more excited. A petition with 23,000 signatures was sent up in Dodd's behalf. Frantic plots were made to rescue the criminal from prison. But Dr. Dodd turned to another in the time of need. He did not know Benjamin La Trobe; he had never seen him; but he had heard that of all men in England Benjamin La Trobe was the most able to speak comfort to a miserable soul. He sent for him at once, and would listen to no others; and Benjamin La Trobe came oft to see the Doctor, and showed him the river of Redeeming Love wherein all sores are healed. When the Brethren had first come to England they were despised; when Benjamin La Trobe died they were honoured. "In a variety of publications," said the London Chronicle, "he removed every aspersion against the Brethren, and firmly established their reputation."

If Benjamin La Trobe was highly honoured by the world he was much more highly honoured by the Brethren. He was the leading member of the Provincial Helpers' Conference, the governing body of the Church in England. It was he who decided what was to be done with the preaching-places and societies.

Benjamin La Trobe was in many ways a follower of Zinzendorf. He had been Zinzendorf's friend, and held

Zinzendorf's idea of "a Church within the Church"; and consequently hated with all his soul any such miserable thing as petty disputes between Churches. In order, therefore, to prevent any unpleasantness with the English Church, he introduced his well-known system, called the system of the "United Flocks."

1774. It was a somewhat curious plan—we might call it an English Diaspora. As the Brethren in Germany founded societies without turning them into settlements, so now the Brethren in England conducted preaching-places without turning them into congregations. A strict rule was laid down that only such members of those societies as "had a distinct call to the Brethren's Church" should be allowed to join it, and the distinct call came through the Lot. All the other members, though connected with the Brethren's Church in a loose sort of way, remained members of the Church of England; and once a quarter, with a Moravian minister at their head, they went in procession to the Holy Communion in the parish church. The question is sometimes asked, how was it that the old Moravian preaching-places and societies did not in time become full congregations? We have here a simple answer.

II.—Character Touches.

1786. When Benjamin La Trobe died he left this method of work as a legacy behind him. For a time the system worked well; it suited the age. As we look back to the days when the Church in England was beginning to sail in smoother waters, there is many a quaint and curious character, many a kind and lovable

face that looks out from the vanishing background. There were men with a strong sense of God resting upon them; men who had some idea of what God expects a man to be; men who would choose strangling rather than knowingly commit a sin; men with fine, strict notions of life, who would have been horrified at modern ideas. They were genuine Protestants, and hated Popery; they were pure Christians, and hated the Devil, and would have nought to do with theatres, card-playing, dancing, dice, bull-baiting, and such worldly follies. They were stern and tender, homely and simple—Moravians of the old-fashioned sort. Humble and lowly they were, as became the servants of Christ, and spoke of themselves always as "poor sinners." The world misunderstood and misunderstands that expression. Shallow people laughed. But the Brethren always felt themselves like "poor sinners," in continuous need of the help from on high; for they knew what it meant to be in despair, to cry for mercy, to find peace, to overcome by the blood of Christ. They were steeped deep in their Bibles and loved them, and ruled themselves with a rod of iron.

As a characteristic specimen or type of the old Moravian life let us look at that shrewd, strong chararcter Christian Frederick Ramftler. He was a man with a rough and abrupt manner, but a kindly sun smiled ever behind the clouds. When he was a student at Niesky he was so eager to preach the Gospel that, as he had no opportunity of preaching in the congregation, he determined to preach to the Wends, of whom many lived close by. But he did not know a word of their language; and so, borrowing one of their minister's sermons, he learned it by heart, ascended the pulpit, and

delivered the discourse with such telling energy that the people exclaimed, "Oh, that this young man might always preach to us, instead of our sleepy parson!" As Moravian minister in England, his energy was prodigious; as a pastor, he was stern yet beloved. It used to be said that his furrowed brow and foreign accent made him all the pleasanter. His words were like a lancet; they caused pain, but they helped to cure disease. In many ways he was a type of a Moravian minister of those days. He dealt hard blows at cant, but in real need was as sympathetic as a woman. A collier came to see him once, and complained in a whining tone that the "path of his life was dark." "H'm," growled Ramftler, who hated sniffling, "is it darker than it was in the coal-pit?" Yet those words proved the collier's salvation. When Mr. Louis West, who began Moravian work in Brockweir, on the Wye, said to him, "I believe I shall end my days as a Moravian minister," "End your days," retorted Ramftler, "end your days as a minister! die as a minister! You ought to live as one." And that clinched the matter.

But he was not only a type in his sternness, he was also a type in his gentleness. He was loved with a boundless affection. "During seven years," said a member of his congregation at Fulneck, "your name has not once been omitted in our family prayers." No wonder that Christian love ruled in Moravian congregations when pastor and people were thus united. He astounded Robert Hall by a funeral discourse. "If those who heard that sermon," said Hall, "are not the better for it, the fault is not yours."

He was a strict disciplinarian, a keen questioner, an

unflinching demander of a Christian walk. Not one jot or tittle would he allow his people to yield to the loose ways of the world. Like most Moravian ministers, he was the friend of children. When he kept his children's meetings, he would ask all those who wished to be Christians to come and take his hand. The scene, as the little things gathered round him, would make a good subject for a painter. He had not forgotten that old Moravian principle that those who win the children win the world. Above all, he was the friend of missions. He tramped the country on behalf of the London Association, and was equally zealous for the "Church of England Missionary Society."

And like him, too, was many another—many another of kindred blood. We must not forget the name of John Hartley, who founded the Society to take the Gospel to waste places in Ireland—to Drumargan and Billies, and such-like unknown villages. We must not forget, either, John Bradley, the type of a Moravian teacher—the man who served forty-five years in Fulneck School; the man who devoted his life, as all teachers were understood to do, to the spiritual good of boys, and whose passion was summed up in the words he was often heard to sing:—

> Saviour, Saviour, love the children;
> Children, children, love the Saviour.

We must not forget Steinhauer of Wyke, who had his printing press wherewith he printed hymns and passages of Scripture for children in days when books were scarce; nor Christian Ignatius La Trobe, who did for Moravian music in England what Christian Gregor had done for it in Germany; nor Bishop Martyn, with his set of rules for the Pertenhall Society; nor the young Greek, Zula, who

restored Kilwarlin, and of whom a farmer said, "After all, he was not an eloquent preacher; all he said came to one thing, that God is love."

As we take farewell of the men just mentioned we can form some idea from their characters of the time in which they lived. It was an old-world time. The blacksmith would pause in his labour to discuss free-will with the little circle gathered round his anvil. The journeyman master would give his apprentices a Bible-lesson. The villagers would gather in little knots to talk about last Sunday's sermons. The young men in the Brethren's Houses banded together for daily prayer. Brethren and sisters would stream from far to celebrate the great Church Festivals. The bond of union was firm and strong, and faith was simple and confiding. The Brethren had a grand and high idea of life. They were Puritans of the nineteenth century. In the old diaries we may read how seven or eight members would be struck off the congregation rolls for petty sins. Teachers in the Boarding-Schools, true men of God, did not think it beneath them to pray with the boys. Fathers and mothers held little meetings to discuss with one another and ask Christ how to bring up their children in the way they should go. It is said that the Brethren's ministers were in special request to attend the bedsides of the dying.

The Gospel was scarce, and the Brethren thought it their duty to preach it Good schools were scarce, and the Brethren thought it their duty to teach the young. Sunday Schools were scarce, and the parents thought it their duty to make their children followers of Christ. The Brethren's great doctrine—the doctrine of the Blood

of Christ—was still a strange sound in the ears of many. "Yon man," said Robert Burns's father in Ayr, "prayed to Christ as if He were God." It was evidently a new idea in the town of Ayr.

At that time the Brethren had a just and high repute in England. They were known as good educators, as steady-going, sober-minded workpeople, as earnest preachers of the Gospel, as devout lovers of the noblest sacred music, as being filled with the Missionary Spirit; and were often sought for far and wide to go to the waste places of the earth. They were invited by Irish landlords to go to the relief of poor peasants in Kilkenny and Wicklow; the Duke of Argyll besought them to settle on his estate in Scotland; and Lord Charles Somerset, Governor of South Africa, asked them to go and take care of the miserable lepers in Robben Island. When many schools were Dotheboys' Halls, the Brethren's schools were homes of the highest Christian teaching. "Ah, boys," said the Factory King, in a speech at Fulneck, "let me exhort you to value your privileges. I know that the privileges of a Fulneck schoolboy are rare. In every trouble I have proved that the lessons I learned there were lessons of truth. Speak of Christ to one another, and to your masters." A world of meaning lies in those simple words. "Let me tell you," said Rowland Hill once, "about our Moravian Brethren. What a singular people they must be. They actually believe that the soul of a negro is of as much value in the sight of God as yours or mine."

It was a time when the old Moravian hymns were sung in every Moravian cottage; when people often came from afar to "hear the Moravians sing"; when

the old-fashioned melodies and old-fashioned words struck the deepest chords of the soul. "I heard," says Christian Ignatius La Trobe, speaking of his childhood, "no silly or profane ditties; but the hymn-tunes and anthems of our Church, sung in Fulneck Chapel, sunk with their solemn chords into my soul." He would lie awake at night, when a boy at Fulneck School (the school dormitory was over the chapel), to hear the congregation sing the Liturgies. There was a grandeur and dignity in Moravian music not often heard nowadays. We know—all readers know—the peculiar charm of the hymns of Charles Wesley; "but what," says a great preacher, "are Charles Wesley's hymns? They are simply Moravian hymns re-sung." In the Brethren's hymns love to Christ was the ruling theme, and they were sung to simple and perfect melodies. "Let the tunes stand forth," wrote C. I. La Trobe,* "in their native grandeur." He could not away with the shakes and flourishes, the harlequin dress, so dear to the hearts of many organists. What was said before about Herrnhut applies again to England: the deeper the music the deeper the life.

III.—New Methods for Old.

As the century went on, the old familiar faces, the old familiar customs, in part, the old deep fervour passed away. As railways were built, as factories grew up, as the ways of work altered, a blight came upon the Brethren. The Brethren's Houses and Sisters' Houses became empty. The settlement system decayed. The

* It may be as well to mention that C. I. La Trobe's music, though little known in England, is much better known in Germany, especially by the Brethren, who often sing it at the Church Festivals, &c.

diaconies ceased to pay. The choir meetings, the band meetings, the festivals, the prayer meetings, the singing meetings loosened their hold; and as the Brethren lost their old weapons they neglected to don new ones. When travelling was uncomfortable and factories were unknown, Brethren and Sisters had found it convenient to live in settlements: they now went to seek work elsewhere. There was no longer the same closely united heart-to-heart Christian fellowship. Most Moravian settlements became more like ordinary villages. At last only four settlements proper—Fulneck, Fairfield, Ockbrook and Gracehill—remained. As this changed, other things changed with it. As long as the settlements existed they had been centres of usefulness, and the "United Flocks" flourished with them; but as soon as the settlements began to totter, they carried the "United Flocks" with them in their fall.

There was another reason for this decay. The system of "United Flocks" was a beautiful system on paper. It showed a brotherly spirit, and a love of unity. But Englishmen have never been fond of half-and-half notions, and what grew very well in Germany would not flourish at all on English soil. The idea of United Flocks did not work. For thirty years Zinzendorf's beautiful ideals were a drag on the English wheel. The English Province was ruled practically from Germany. The English authorities had little power. The German Brethren were far away, and only rarely paid visits: and could not understand (naturally enough) that when old tools fell out of date new ones must be taken. Thus the English Province was allowed to struggle on like a ship without a captain; and the English Brethren lost hold of

their preaching places because they refused to turn them into congregations. Had they gone boldly forward, like the Wesleyans and Independents, they might have succeeded; but they were hampered by German notions which did not square with English circumstances.

1825-55. We may say, then, that for thirty years the Brethren in England were clinging to a frail support. They lost their old influence; they ceased to spread; they lost their preaching power; they began to feel that they were not wanted. They were still enthusiastic about the missions. They were still strict and tense. But they did not make progress in England; they forgot that England was still half heathen, and the congregations swung to and fro like a door upon its hinges, and did not get much further thereby.

Suddenly, in the midst of the dangerous calm a bugle note was sounded. There had been a rule in the Church that no member should publish a book or pamphlet without the Church's consent. That rule

1850. was now repealed. The *Fraternal Messenger* appeared. It had many virtues and many faults. It called aloud for revival; it wailed and moaned over the fall; it ran to extremes in grumbling on the one hand and held out high hopes on the other; it painted things much blacker than they were, and so caused men to consider. It showed what the Church had once been; it gave sketches of the heroes of old; it took the reader on journeys to forsaken spots; it sounded the brazen trumpet of alarm and the silver trumpet of courage. There can be no doubt that it did some good in the Brethren's Church. As soon as the door of the dungeon was opened the fettered ideas came forth. At first there

was a feeling of utter despair. "Alas!" wrote one, "we are nearly lost; we have hardly a man left to
1856. fight the battle." The Brethren met at Synod and confessed their faults. A member of the Provincial Elders' Conference declared that the Church had plainly lost her old power—that the sting was gone out of the preaching. The Brethren sought about for means of revival, and for the first time called themselves no longer a Unity merely, but a Church. And they awoke again to the terrible fact that England was still largely unchristian, that many a village was without a church, and that God still thundered the stern command, "Here is the land; go ye up to possess it."

As soon as the idea was once set rolling it steadily gathered might. We see society after society springing up to preach the Gospel and extend the Church: first the Home Mission Association, then the
1863. Yorkshire Home Mission Association, then the Lancashire Home Mission Association, then the Western District Home Association. No longer was the Church to be a trembling child, afraid to show her colours; henceforward she would stride boldly onwards by the side of her stronger sisters. In every way possible the Gospel was to be spread. As soon as Home Missions were strong enough they were to be turned into regular congregations. There were to be tract distributors, Scripture readers, lay preachers for destitute neighbourhoods, special evangelistic services, open-air preaching, cottage lectures, house-to-house visitation, local associations in every congregation. "Such," said one Moravian preacher in a synodal address, "I take to be our peculiar calling.

As a Church to preach Christ and Him crucified, every minister and every member. As a Church to evangelize, every minister and every member."

No longer was Church extension left to chance. The Provincial Elders' Conference took the general management of the Home Mission work; the local Conferences took the management of the separate districts. A new era began; a new method of work was opened. All felt that another crisis was passed. As years went on the Church opened her arms to receive the well-known modern methods of Christian work. As the Brethren's Houses and the Sisters' Houses were now things of the past, the question arose, How to supply their place? Such modern movements as "Young Men's Associations," etc., were adopted, and proved a valuable adjunct. A Moravian Prayer Union was founded to band all together in common petitions; a Juvenile Missionary Association was founded to stimulate the young. It is plain what all these things meant. They meant that the Brethren's Church took its stand as an independent Church, not afraid of extending its own borders; and that the Brethren felt that they had work yet to do in England.

CHAPTER III.

CONSTITUTIONAL.

WHEN Count Zinzendorf uttered those memorable words, "It will be better when I go home; the Conferences will last for ever," he little knew how neatly his words had hit the nail on the head. His words came true. His idea of government was realized. From the very beginning the government of the Brethren's Church has been a government of Conferences.

When the Brethren met at the Synod of Marienborn, and chose a Directing Board of nine brethren, which was to have supreme authority during the
1764. period between the Synods, they drew with a firm and steady hand the outlines of Moravian government. From that time till the present day the Unity's Elders' Conference has held the reins. It was chosen by a Synod of the whole Church. It managed the finances; made arrangements for visitations; appointed all ministers and missionaries to their places, and supervised their work; and kept a close eye on every station, whether it be in Sarepta or Greenland, in Germany or Surinam. It was the bond of union for the Church, holding all scattered members in its grasp.

It was the Unity's Elders' Conference, for example, that sent Bishop John de Watteville on a visit to England, and Frederick Reichel to America and the East Indies. It was the Unity's Elders' Conference that removed the burden of debt which Count Zinzendorf left behind him.

It issued "annual reports" of the work of the Church, wrote letters to every community, gave instructions to every minister and missionary. When the Church was passing through its period of listlessness and sloth, the Unity's Elders' Conference came to the rescue. When ministers and congregations were relaxing energy, Spangenberg—for long the President of the Unity's Elder's Conference—would come down to fight the enemy. When the local conferences, at the head of each settlement, began to relax their hold on the people; when they used the lot mechanically, to save themselves the trouble of thinking; when breaches of morality became far from rare, and scandals were whispered in the ear—then frequent visitations on the part of the Conference became the sheet-anchor of the Church. When the Church stood alone in the time of Rationalism, the Conference entrusted Gregor with the Hymn-book, and Spangenberg with the "Idea of Faith." When the Church in America began to be troubled by the American notions of independence, the Conference sent "visitors" to keep the peace and prevent the brood from wandering from the nest. When a loose teaching infested even Moravian pulpits, the Conference founded colleges where the young men might be properly trained. In short, for near a hundred years the Unity's Elders' Conference stood at the helm, and guided the Church through shoals of dangers spiritual and financial. To Zeisberger among the Red Indians, to the missionary in Labrador or among the Calmucks, to the congregations in England and America, the Unity's Elders' Conference was the guiding hand. As often as the lot directed, all ministers and missionaries could assemble at a general Synod: each congregation

could send its lay deputy; and the Synod, thus formed, passed the laws of the Church, and elected the Conference for the interim.

As for the English and American Provinces, they had little power. They could hold Synods, but those Synods could not make laws. They had each a Provincial Helpers' Conference, but that Provincial Helpers' Conference was appointed by the Unity's Elders' Conference; and their schools, their finances, their work in general, were practically controlled from Germany.

Meantime, however, other forces had been at work. As years went on, fewer and fewer representatives from England and America attended the General Synods. There grew up a feeling that the German Province had too large a share of power; that England and America ought to have the right to manage their own affairs; that it would be more practical, more reasonable, more just, for each Province in the Church to be independent in Provincial matters.

When, therefore, the year 1857 opened, and a General Synod met, there was considerable excitement in all parts of the Brethren's Church. The American Province had held a Synod which had resolved to demand independence with respect to all American matters. The German Province had held a Synod which declared the American demands impossible, and when the General Synod assembled in Herrnhut, there were signs of a party contest. But a meeting of opposing parties in the Brethren's Church was not like a meeting of opposing parties in the House of Commons. The American proposals were brought forward; a committee was appointed to examine them; the salt of

brotherliness sweetened the bitter waters of discord; the bonds of union were drawn tighter instead of looser; and, after many a speech, and many a query, and many a difference of opinion, the new Constitution was established as it exists at the present day.

As before, the General Synod was the supreme legislative body, and the Unity's Elders' Conference the supreme administrative body. But the General Synod was no longer an assembly composed of ministers and deputies from every congregation in the Church. It was an elected body. It consisted of—the members of the Unity's Elders' Conference; all Bishops of the Church; one member of the English and one of the American Provincial Elders' Conference; certain other officials; and nine representatives from each of the three Provinces, elected by the Synods of those Provinces. As before, the General Synod had supreme power in all matters concerning the general welfare of the Church; made laws as to doctrine and practice; had the sole right of altering the Church constitution; and elected the Unity's Elders' Conference, which ruled the Church in the inter-synodal periods. It was also decided that the American and British Provinces should henceforth hold their own Synods*; that these Provincial Synods should have supreme legislative power in all matters relating purely to the Province, and should each elect a governing Board called Provincial Elders' Conference; and that while the Unity's Elders' Conference should take in hand the general management of the Church finances, each Province should manage its own separate property. The Unity's Elders' Conference—which acted as Provincial

* Before they were only Conferences.

Elders' Conference for Germany—was still divided into three departments—Educational, Financial, and Missionary.

In 1879, however, an alteration in this constitution was made. As Mission-work was the only work in which the whole Church took part as such, it was decided that only the Mission Department of the Unity's Elders' Conference should be elected by the General Synod; and then—so that the British and American Provinces could have a Court of Appeal—a new department of the Unity's Elders' Conference (the Unity Department) was created.

Such, then, is the general system of Government in the Church of the Brethren. As a specimen of the Government of a separate Province, let us take the case of the United Kingdom.

It will be seen at once that it is in part a rule of the clergy and in part a rule of the people. The legislative body is the Synod, which is composed, first, of all ordained ministers of the Church; secondly, of lay representatives elected by each congregation. It has power to settle the time and place of its own meetings, to supervise the administration of finances, to establish new congregations, to superintend all Church publications, to nominate Bishops, to elect deputies to the General Synod, and to elect the Provincial Elders' Conference, which, acting in the name and under commission of Synod, shall have supreme administrative control of all affairs of the Province. As the Unity's Elders' Conference acts in the name of a General Synod, so the Provincial Elders' Conference acts in the name of a Provincial Synod. They see to the execution of the laws, appoint and superintend all ministers, pay official visitations from time

to time to inspect the state of each congregation, examine candidates for the ministry, administer the finances of the Province, and act as a Court of Appeal in case of disputes.

In the same manner, as each Province manages its own affairs subject to the general laws of the Church, so each congregation manages its own affairs subject to the general laws of the Province. As far as its own affairs are concerned, each congregation is self-ruling. It elects its own committee and council; and it is the duty of that committee, in co-operation with the minister, to watch over and maintain good conduct, honesty, and propriety among the members of the congregation, to administer due discipline and reproof, to keep in order the Church, Sunday School, Minister's House, and other congregation buildings, and to be responsible for all temporal and financial concerns.*

Thus, then, we see that every portion of the Church constitution is fitly and aptly joined together. There is no earthly head of the Brethren's Church. It is ruled by Conferences and Synods, and its only head is the Lord Jesus Christ, Who is acknowledged to be the Supreme Ruler of the Church, of her congregations, of her members, in all their affairs and operations.

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* The use of the lot finds no longer any place in the regulations of the Moravian Church. Just at the time of writing, a new arrangement, whereby a German Provincial Elders' Conference is created, has come into force: thus making the constitution more symmetrical and consistent.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

A Bird's-eye View.

WHEN the Brethren made their maiden speech in the little valley of Kunwald some four hundred and fifty years ago, and lifted up their voices in the great debate between good and evil, they little knew, of course, that, though they spoke with stammering tongues, though then the world would fain not hearken, the time would come when the little Society would spread into every quarter of the globe. As we imagine ourselves in Herrnhut and take a bird's-eye view of the widening landscape, we can hardly believe that we are but gazing at the fruit of the seed that was sown in the valley of Kunwald.

The Brethren's Church is an historical Church, and is bound by unbreakable links to the past. It is a Church, and not a sect; a fellowship of Christians who walk hand in hand with all who serve Jesus Christ; a broad Protestant Evangelical Episcopal Church, that takes its stand upon the Word of God and pins its faith to no other creed than that which God Himself has given. As the Brethren had read their Bibles by the watch-fires in the forests of Bohemia, as they had been the first to give a printed Bible to the people in their native tongue, as they had buried their Bibles as priceless treasures in their gardens at the time of the Hidden Seed, so now the Brethren revere the Sacred Word as the heirloom of ages past and the treasure for ages to come. It is their

never-erring compass on the sea of life, their never-failing well of truth. "We acknowledge no other standard or test of doctrine than the Holy Scriptures alone. We are fully persuaded that they contain all things requisite or necessary to salvation. They are the only rule of our faith and practice. We hold that every truth revealed to us by the Word of God is a priceless treasure, and in our hearts believe that the gain or loss of everything, even of life itself, can be brought into no comparison with any one of these truths. Above all we hold fast the truth which the Church of the Brethren has ever regarded as its most important doctrine, which our forefathers thus expressed :—

> "Whoe'er believeth in Christ's redemption
> Will find free grace and a complete exemption
> From serving sin."

The cross of Christ is the pivot of the Brethren's teaching. Jesus Christ is the beginning, middle and end of all their preaching. "In Him is the grace of the Son, the love of the Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost." Standing firm on the Eternal Rock, they are broad and charitable amidst the shifting sands of modern thought. "In essentials unity, in matters of doubt liberty, in all things charity," is the stand they take on such questions. "*Vicit Agnus noster, Eum sequamur*," "Our Lamb has conquered, Him let us follow" : that is the Church's motto.

The field of labour is divided into four provinces: the German Province, the British Province, the American Province, and the mission field.

In Germany the Brethren have five branches of work.

First, there is the ordinary Church work in the settlements. There we find many an institution which British Moravians have lost: the "Church schools," the daily evening meetings, the Brethren's Houses and Sisters' Houses, the Church Diaconies, the white caps of the sisters, with pink, blue, or white ribbons. Every congregation is a settlement, and every settlement is, or aims to be, a closely united band of earnest disciples. That close heart-to-heart life has an object. It is to show the world, amid the modern uproar in society, that it is still possible for Christians to live in faithful fellowship with each other and with Christ.

Second, there is the Diaspora work, in which the Brethren's Church, as a part of the Evangelical Church, takes it as her call, through the care of souls, to form little societies and to give a helping hand to the National Church. In this work the Brethren make no attempt to add to their own numbers. This is shown clearly by the following fact. In the Diaspora field there are sixty stations, 120 Brethren and Sisters in service, and 70,000 souls under their care. Yet, during the last thirty years, the Brethren's Church in the German Province has increased by only eight settlements and 2,500 members. The Diaspora work is peculiar to the Church of the Brethren.

Third, there is the work of Christian education, which is conducted in from twenty to thirty boarding schools with about 2,000 pupils. The requirements of modern education are linked with strict Christian teaching and discipline. The work of a teacher is generally the first work which a candidate for the ministry undertakes after the completion of his theological course.

Fourth, there is the "Inner Mission." That is, it is the duty of each congregation to care for the poor living near at hand. There are Bible and tract distributors, free day schools, Sunday Schools, work schools, technical schools, houses of refuge, reformatories, orphan homes, young men's associations. Each settlement is a centre of good works and charity, and the members care for the bodies and souls of beggars, tramps and homeless children.

Fifth, there is the "Diakonissen-Verband," which we may translate by "Nurses' Union." Its work is, of course, medical, and its home is "Emmaus" at Niesky. There are several small hospitals or sick-houses, stations under local care, boys' schools, girls' schools, and Sisters' houses. At Gnadenfeld is a somewhat larger infirmary, known as the Heinrichstift.*

All these methods of work are quiet methods. The Brethren make no great stir. They think more of the good of separate human beings than of Church parade or display.

In the American Province the Brethren have adopted the new methods employed by other Churches. The story is too recent to say much. American ideas on all things in this world are, it seems, very different from our ideas. The American Brethren have, therefore, got their wheels out of the old well-worn ruts, and are now advancing with comfortable speed on the high road of modern progress. The country is so large that they can find many openings for work. They know little of settlements, and very wisely, because settlements do not suit the American people. Their Home Mission pushes

* This branch of Church work was founded by Dr. Hermann Plitt.

forward, new preaching-places are established, new societies are formed. As soon as convenient they provide the preaching place with a church, and turn the society into a congregation. In Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Virginia are the Churches of the Northern Division; in North Carolina the Churches of the Southern. At Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, is the Theological College; at Nazareth Hall, the Classical School; at Bethlehem, Salem, Linden, Hope and Chiska are boarding schools; at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Salem, New York, Utica and Elizabeth, parochial schools for poorer children. What the Brethren in Germany do by their Diaspora the Brethren in America do by their Home Mission. They do more, however. In Germany the Brethren leave strangers hanging on the outskirts, with one foot in the Brethren's Church and the other outside. In America the Brethren give strangers a welcome, and admit them as full members of the Church, an example which the other provinces have only lately begun to follow. Although they run on rapidly they succeed at the same time in keeping the bond of union as strong as it is in the mother country. The spirit of progress is abroad in the air, the spirit of genuine hard work; and history has yet to show the sea whereto this new river will flow.

But all streams of Moravian activity run, after all, towards the Missions. Wherever we go in the Brethren's Church we find signs of the missionary spirit; it is the life blood of her veins, the marrow of her bones, the very breath whereby she lives. We have had no space to tell in this book the soul stirring story of Moravian

Missions. Many a tale has been left untold, many a song unsung. Of Kohlmeister, the explorer, of Jaeschke, the famous linguist, of Hagenauer in Australia, of Redslob in Tibet, of Henry Smith in South Africa, of Leitner and the lepers in Robben Island, of Erasmus Schmidt in Surinam, of the Leper Home in Jerusalem, of the prisoners in St. Petersburg, of Pfeiffer on the Moskito Coast—of these and many another we might wish to speak. But it may be enough to point out that the Brethren's Church is now chiefly a Missionary Church.

There are numerous societies to raise money for the work. In the German Province is the "Missionary-Union of North-Schleswig"; in the English, the "Brethren's Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel among the Heathen," the "London Association in Aid of Moravian Missions" (chiefly composed of friends of the Church), the "Juvenile Missionary Society," which finds its home in the schools, the "Edinburgh Association," and the "Glasgow Auxiliary"; in Holland, the "Missionary Society of Zeist"; in North America, the "Society of the United Brethren for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen," Female Missionary Societies, Young Men's Missionary Associations. In all Sunday Schools and Boarding Schools the scholars are taught that Missions are the first work of the Church. It is the duty of every minister to look out for candidates. At Niesky is the training school for missionaries, at Berthelsdorf the Mission Department of the Unity's Elders' Conference. In the Church Litany is the prayer for "our congregations gathered from among the heathen."

In each Province is the missionary-periodical—in Germany, the "Missions-Blatt," in England the "Periodical

Accounts," in America, the "Little Missionary." When the Brethren assemble at Herrnhut in a General Synod, Missions are ever the topic that demands most attention. Already the Mission-Field contains ten times as many members as the German Province, and three times as many as the three Provinces put together. In the German Province eight per cent. of all full-grown members of the Church go out to missionary service.

There are now seventeen Provinces in the Mission-Field, and brilliant and attractive is the scene that lies before us. In Greenland and Labrador we see the neatly-built settlements, the fur-clad missionary in his dog-drawn sledge, the hardy Eskimos, the squat little children in the village school, the fathers and mothers at worship in the pointed church. In Alaska, the Brethren are exploring in the wide-stretching wilds. We pass on to the West Indies, and behold the prim plantations, the crowded churches, the islands of cocoa-nuts, oranges, yams, and bananas—the islands where in days of yore the whip, the lash, the branded slave made every hut a hell; the islands where now the palms of peace whisper, in what is called the "West Indian Province." On the Moskito Coast, where cedars and gum-trees grow, and jaguars, alligators, serpents, and gigantic tortoises flourish, large white churches deck the scene: there the Indians have been brought to bend the knee in prayer, and spend days without sleep and without food till they find the heaven-born peace: there "every house is a house of prayer, and every face a picture of joy." We find our way to Surinam, the dread land of death, where the graves of the missionaries lie in rows, and where churches filled by thousands rise

stately among the palm trees. We cross the Atlantic to South Africa, and find stations among the Hottentots and Kaffirs; to Australia, and behold Brethren among the dying Papuans; to British India, near Tibet, where the missionary pitches his tent in the snow-clad valleys of the Himalaya Mountains; to the Holy City, Jerusalem, where a Brother and several Sisters take care of the languishing lepers. And last—last of all—we find the Brethren once again in Moravia and Bohemia, in the land of Gregory and Luke, in the old loved homeland, in the nestling hamlets, in the streets of Prague. The prayer of Comenius is being answered at last; the Hidden Seed has begun to grow; orphan homes and congregations have sprung up, the faint dawning of another day.

Great and hard is the work. The missionaries find crosses everywhere, as our Saviour foretold would be the case. But, in the midst of all their work, they hold fast the promise that the time shall come when scorn and pain will cease, and when all who love the Redeemer shall be enrolled in the countless white-robed choir that stands face to face with the Eternal.

Vicit Agnus noster: Eum sequamur.

THE END.