

We have sometimes wondered whether we could hope for the conversion of this country without the shedding of blood; the principle received, it seems, in the Church of [28] God, that the blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians, made me at one time conclude that this was not to be expected,—yea, that it was not even to be desired; considering the glory that redounds to God from the constancy of the Martyrs, with whose blood all the rest of the earth has been so lately drenched, it would be a sort of curse if this quarter of the world should not participate in the happiness of having contributed to the splendor of this glory.

But I confess,—now that I am here, and see what is taking place, namely, the combats, battles, attacks, and the general assaults against all Nature, which the Gospel laborers suffer here every day, and at the same time their patience, their courage, and their continual assiduity in pursuing their object,—that I begin to wonder whether any other martyrdom than this is necessary for the results that we aim at; and I do not doubt that many persons could be found who would prefer to receive at once a hatchet blow upon the head, than to spend their years enduring the life that one must every day lead here, working for the conversion of these barbarians.

[29] If you go to visit them in their cabins,—and you must go there oftener than once a day, if you would perform your duty as you ought,—you will find there a miniature picture of Hell,—seeing nothing, ordinarily, but fire and smoke, and on every side naked bodies, black and half roasted, mingled pell-mell with the dogs, which are held as dear as the children of the house, and share the beds, plates, and