

as these people are not in the habit of using candles, seeing many lights shining and sparkling [49] in this Chapel, they had some reason to question whether it were day or night.

Our Christian,—it is thus we call Joseph Chiwatenhwa, both because he was the first one in this Village, and for nine or ten months the only one who, with his family, made a profession of Christianity, notwithstanding all the speeches and the verbal persecutions of his Countrymen; and because he is incomparably superior to all the others in knowledge of and pious affection to our mysteries and to the spirit of Christianity,—this brave Christian, I say, did not fail on this occasion often to address the people, and to perform the duty of an elder brother by instructing and teaching his juniors with most special benefit and success, because he had at once intelligence, eloquence, integrity, reputation, the knowledge of our mysteries, and the affection for them, in an eminent degree; so we are beginning to regard him as an Apostle rather than a Barbarian of these countries. “Ah, my Brothers,” said he, “what do these lights shining and sparkling in the midst of the night mean, if not that he whose memory we are now honoring has through his birth [50] dissipated the shadows and the ignorance of the world; having done this the first time so many centuries ago, he is about to grant us to-day, for the first time in these countries, the same grace and mercy. There are purposes and reasons, which can only be adored, for which he has not done this sooner; but it is a grace and a favor toward us, which cannot be sufficiently estimated or acknowledged, that his providence has arranged this blessing for our country while we are still living.”