

strengthening for me today. In the person of a New England man's (Phillips) little child, that was obliged to travel from Danbury back to the North River, I had the Child Jesus before me, as He was obliged to make a pilgrimage while still in swaddling clothes.

December 26. In Benjamin Smith's house I felt that I could read aloud the London discourse on Saving Faith. And when I came to the house of Heinrich Schoonhofer and his brother Nicolas and others arrived there also, I was encouraged to conduct a meeting, using as a text Heb. 2 : 14-18. Now the Delaware had risen dangerously, and many tree trunks floated down the strong current. Yet I risked crossing in Thom. Brink's canoe, and came safely to the house of Gortrecht. There the Bushkill was so high that I could go no further. On the way I had planned a meeting, and the word (Glory to God in the highest ! Peace on Earth, Good-will toward men,) was in my mind. Accordingly I conducted a service for the families there, who had heard Brother Shaw. Some others were present, - as Johannes Kasselmann, from Schochery, (Schoharie) and a New England man, a peddler, and an old Tachicasa, who understood a little English. Gortrecht's little son, four years of age, named Flishu, listened attentively to what I told him concerning the Lamb of God. The others were friendly.

December 27. Rudolphus Schoonhofer came early with horses and helped me across the Bushkill. In his house I began to sing "Would you be well all over, etc.", and spoke about this matter. Afterwards I talked with the youth Nicolas Brinck. I went on and stopped at the home of Isaac Jack, (This name should be Jack, - F. R. H.) who is generally opposed to us ; then I called at the house of Susanna Kay's neighbor, a High German named Schmidt, from Kantwied on the Rhine, whose wife is ill. At the home of the Smith Rehab, whom I had met in liquor on the 19th of this month, I found an open ear, and I could tell him that it was not necessary that he should be such a slave, if he would love and accept the Saviour. Afterward I reflected on the word of the Saviour, concerning the preaching of the Gospel to every creature. Then I was taken to the sick Joseph Wheeler, where Schoonmasher's people helped me across the creek. For this I was thankful to the Saviour, and thus I arrived in safety at Brodhead's. There I heard much concerning the Brethren Reutz and Okely, and was glad that they had reached Bethlehem safely before this high flood.

December 28. This night I dreamed much about our dearest Johannes, and it was pleasant when I awoke. I also thought of his dearest Benigna (daughter of Zinzendorf and wife of de Watteville,) whose birthday two years ago had been for us a notable pilgrim day, from the ship to Lewistown. I thanked the Saviour for her birth and life on earth, and spent the day at Brodhead's house in singing, reading aloud, conversation, and silent prayer, until evening, when the creek had so far fallen that I could cross on a tall horse. I was happy to be in my little room again, where I could commune with the gracious Lamb and rest. I prayed that my soul and the souls of these people might be flooded with grace.