

ACCOUNT
OF
REGINA.

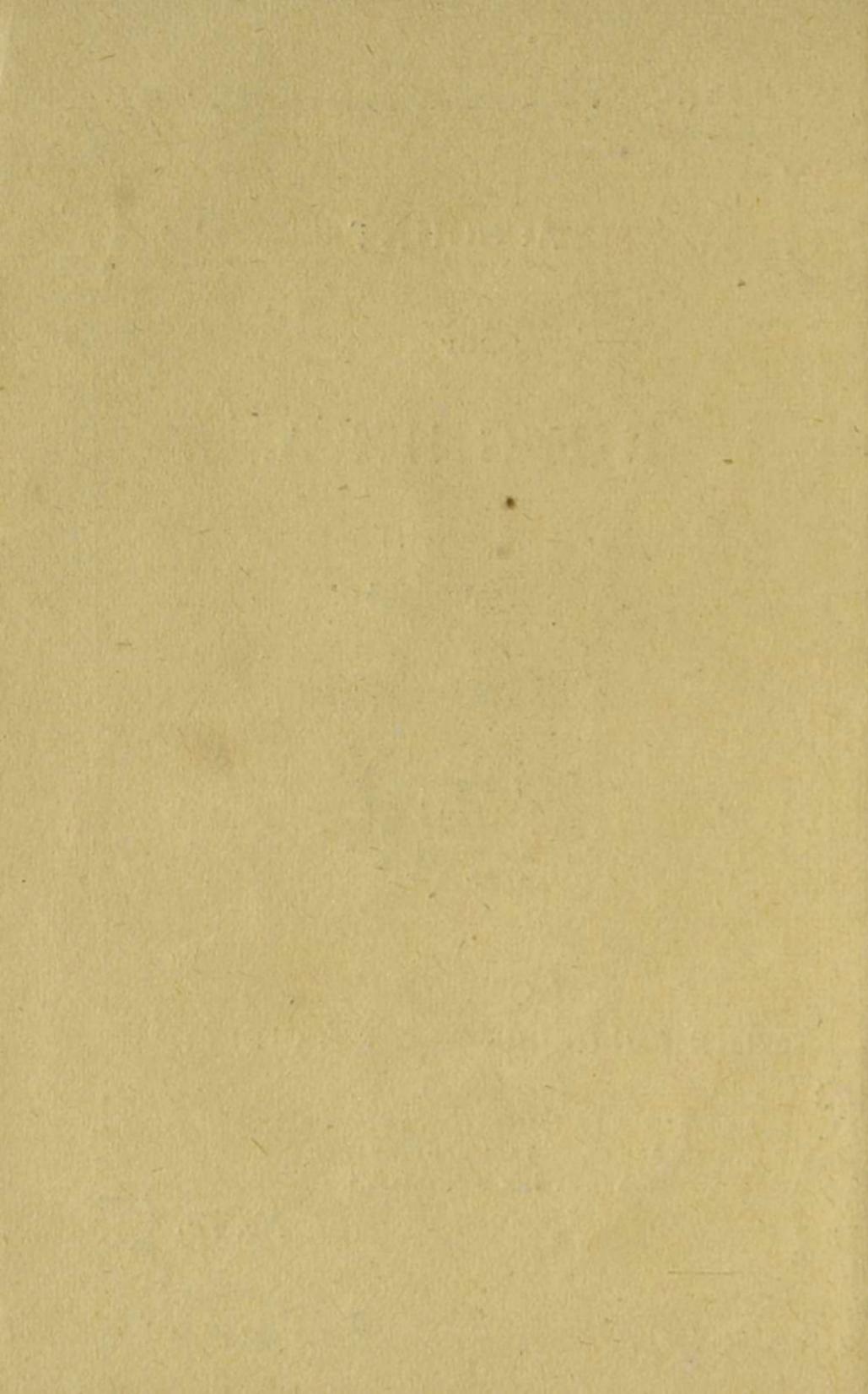


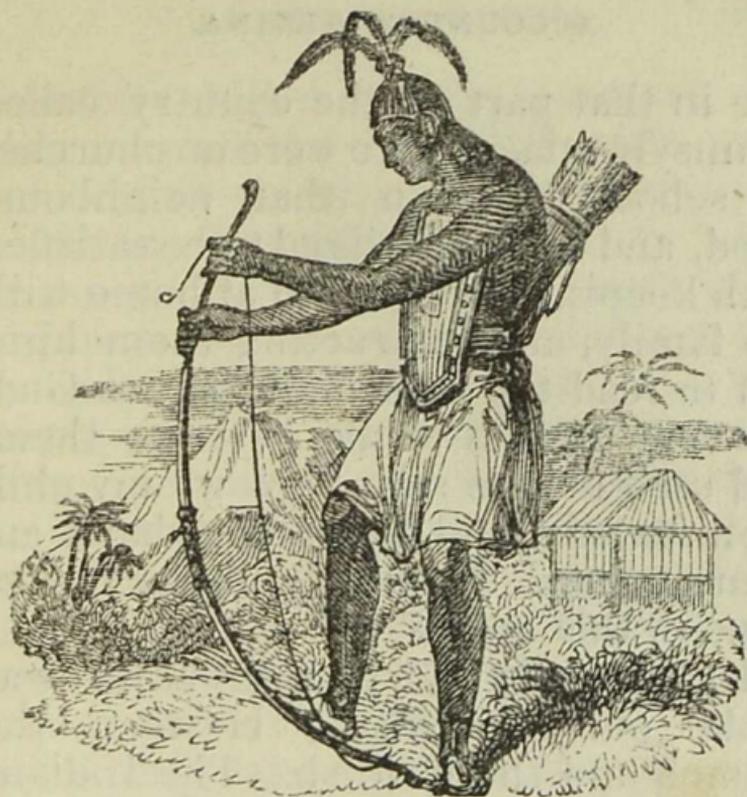
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No. 78.





ACCOUNT OF REGINA,

A little girl of Wurtemberg, who was carried away from her mother, by the savages in North America, and after nine years absence restored to her. Taken from a narrative, written in Danish, by Pastor Rønne, of Elsinore.

MANY years ago, several German families left their country and settled in North America. Amongst these was a man from Wurtemberg, who, with his wife and a large family, went to

live in that part of the country called Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighbourhood, and he was obliged to be satisfied with keeping the sabbath at home with his family, and instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He very often read the Bible to them, and used first to say, " Now, my children, be still and listen to what I am going to read ; for it is God who speaks to us in this book."

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and the English. The Indians took the side of the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wurtemberg, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill, a few miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were

instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them, and the clothes of the poor children were so torn that they soon became quite naked.

In this miserable condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided amongst themselves all the children whom they had taken captives. Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her, but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor little children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her

enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were near being killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated those prayers to the Lord Jesus, and those hymns which her father had taught her, then the little girl prayed with her, and learned to say the same hymns and prayers.

In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. They were both fine looking girls, particularly Regina. While captives, their hearts seemed to have always been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she had taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one hymn which begins,

‘ Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear.’

They constantly hoped that the Lord

Jesus would, some time, lead them back to their Christian friends. In 1764, their hope was realized. The merciful providence of God, brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than 400 captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet. It was a woful sight, to see so many young people without clothes, wretched and distressed. The Colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, and Colonel Bouquet brought them all to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents, who had lost their children, might come to this place, and in case of finding any, they should be restored to them.

Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle ; but, alas ! her child

had become a stranger to her: Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughter. She wept, in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Bouquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which your children might be discovered?" She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn, which she used often to sing with them and which was as follows:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear,
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with him, and he with me,
E'en here alone I cannot be."

The Colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel restored the daughter to her mother.

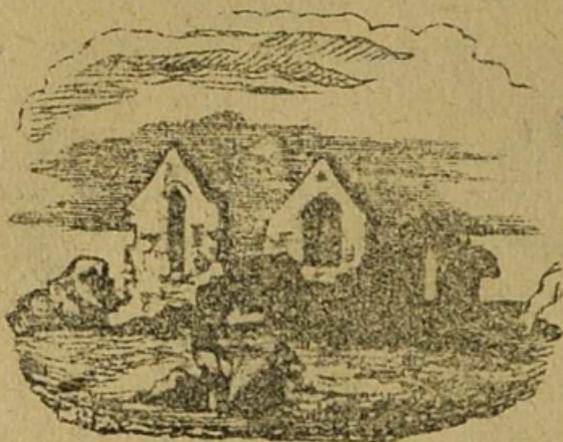
But there were no parents or friends in search of the other little girl; it is supposed that they were all murdered: and now the child clung to Regina, and would not let her go; and Regina's mother, though very poor, took her home with her. Regina repeatedly asked after "the book in which God speaks to us." But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost everything when the natives burned her house. She resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy one there, but the Pastor Müklenberg, of that place, gave her one. It was most extraordinary, that Regina still retained her early instructions, and was able to read it immediately.

In how remarkable a manner did the Lord, who all these nine years answered, as it were, "My time is not yet come," at length realize his words, "Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

And what reward did the mother who had diligently taught her children,

while yet in their infancy, the word of God, receive in finding her lost daughter, by the means of those instructions! Why do so many parents forget to communicate this best of gifts to their children? To dress and adorn them, to leave to them earthly treasures, to advance them in their lifetime to honour and dignities—these they trouble themselves much about; but to teach them to know the Saviour, who died on the cross for poor sinners, to pray to him, to believe in him, to love and obey him; how many forget these things! To know Christ as our Saviour is the best knowledge, and a treasure, which none can take away. But “what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

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THIS is the way to know the Lord,
And this will please him too,
To hear and read his holy word,
That tells us what to do.

He lives in heaven, and does not need
Such little ones as we ;
But God is very kind indeed,
And even cares for me.

Then let me love him for his care,
And love his holy word,
Because he teaches children there
To know and please the Lord.