

to any souls, and the church is edified thereby.

NOTICES OF MISSIONARIES.

Some notices of eminent missionaries may not be inappropriate in our pages, devoted to the Record of missionary or evangelical operations whether in connexion with our own or with other churches. The memories of Eliot, Zeisberger, Brainerd, and Haven, ought to be especially dear to the inhabitants of this western world. Brainerd alone of these was a native of the western continent; but all of them had their field of labour here—we mean on this side of the Atlantic. Haven in his self-denying labours gave himself to the bleak and frozen regions of Labrador, to the unpromising field of the Esquimaux mind: Eliot, Zeisberger, and Brainerd, to the various tribes then inhabiting the districts which have been appropriated and formed at different times into States of the Union.

John Eliot, "the apostle of the Indians," as he has been emphatically called, was a native of England. Having early embraced nonconformist views, and, in common with many others, deeming England no longer a safe harborage for such principles, or sphere for their operation, he embarked for New England in America, where he expected to find a field more adequate to his energies, and more open to the devotion of his faculties to the great cause he had so much at heart. "He embarked" says Carne, from whose "Lives of eminent missionaries" we shall take most of our extracts, "in the summer of 1631, and arrived at Boston in the month of November in the same year: so long were voyages oftentimes at this period." He became pastor of a Congregation at Roxbury, and continued there for a period of nearly 15 years, before he devoted himself to the work which he had especially in view, the instruction and conversion of the Indian. On this his mind was much set, and he had prepared himself for the work by a long and laborious study of the native language.

"On the 28th October, 1646," says Carne, "he set out from his home, in company with three friends to the nearest Indian settlement: he had previously sent to give this tribe notice of his coming, and a very large number was collected from all quarters. If the savages expected the coming of their guest, of whose name they had often heard, to be like that of a warrior sachem, they were greatly deceived. They saw Eliot on

foot, drawing near, with his companions: his translation of the scriptures, like a talisman of peace and love, in his hand. He was met by their chief, Waubon, who conducted him to a large wigwam. After a short rest, Eliot went into the open air, and standing on a grassy mound, while the people formed around him in all the stillness of strong surprise and curiosity, he prayed in the English tongue, as if he could not address heaven in a language both strange and new. And then he preached for an hour in their own tongue, and gave a clear and simple account of the religion of Christ, of his character and life, of the blessed state of those who believed in him. Of what avail would it have been to set before this listening people the terrors of the Almighty, and the doom of the guilty? This wise man knew, by long experience as a minister, that the heart loves better to be persuaded than terrified—to be melted than alarmed. The whole career of the Indian's life tended to freeze up the finer and softer feelings and make the more dark and painful passions familiar to him. He resolved to strike a new chord, and when he saw the tear stream down their stern faces, and the haughty head sink low on the breast, as he painted the ineffable love of Christ, he said it was "a glorious and affecting spectacle to see a company of perishing forlorn outcasts, so drinking in the word of salvation." The impressions this discourse produced, were of a very favourable nature: as far as the chief, Waubon, was concerned, they were never effaced. Afterwards the guest passed several hours conversing with the Indians, and answering their questions. When night came, he returned to the tent with the chief, and the people entered their wigwams, or lay down around, and slept on the grass.—What were Eliot's feelings on this night? At last, the longing of years was accomplished; the fruit of his prayers was given to him.

"Could the walls of his loved study speak," says his friend, "they would tell of the entreaties poured forth before the Lord, of the days and nights set apart with fasting—that thus, thus it might be." A few of the chiefs' friends alone remained, after the people were retired. One of the Christians perceived an Indian, who was hanging down his head, weeping: the former went to him, and spoke encouraging words, after which he turned his face to the wall, and wept yet more abundantly: soon after, he arose and went out. "When they told me of his tears," says Eliot, "we resolved to go forth, and follow him into the wood, and speak to him. The proud Indian's spirit was quite broken: at last we parted, greatly rejoicing for such sorrowing." He now resolved to continue his labours: but, on the 26th of November, when he met the assembly of the Indians for the third time, he found that, though many of them had constructed wigwams at the place of meeting,