

Academy Committee for managing the business hitherto conducted by the College Board, the Academy Committee, the College Building Committee, and the Current Expenses Committee.

The Committee was continued to correspond with the Presbytery of New-Brunswick; and Professor Lyall, and the Rev John Mc... appointed a deputation to correspond with said Presbytery at their next meeting.

The Synod adjourned on Monday afternoon, to meet at New Glasgow on the last Thursday of June, 1852.

NOTICES OF MISSIONARIES.

Passing over the sore trials with which Eliot was exercised in the early death of four sons,—two, after they had entered upon the work of the ministry, and two while in most promising preparation for it; passing over also the clouding of his prospects by the war in which the colonists of New England were involved with Philip, son of Massasoit, a celebrated chief who, during the last years of his life, had been the firm friend of the English; we resume our extracts from *Carne* at the close of his account of the defeat and death of Philip.

“With his death, all resistance ceased: his dominions fell into the hands of the colonists, and peace was restored to the settlements, but prosperity came not with it. It was a cruel blow to Eliot, nearly all whose life had been given to his beloved cause, to look around on the plantations ravaged, the dwellings empty, the defences broken, and, more than all, the spirits of his people in despair. Of twelve towns, at the beginning of the war, four only were now undestroyed. Where was he to look for help? It was easy for the colonists, who were in general men of enterprise and commerce, to repair the losses and devastations of the strife; but many and painful years alone had raised his settlements into comfort and order; moreover, the countenance and favour hitherto given them were now withdrawn; public suspicion and distrust were abroad. He had to lament also the total defection of some of the Indians, whose professions had lately cheered his heart; the zeal of others also had waxed cold; and he mourned the death of many, whose firm aid and attachment would, in this moment of trial, have been very dear to him.

“He writes, ‘My heart hath much ado to hold up my head; it doth daily lead me to the everlasting arms, where alone is my hope and help; the world is a place and state on which I will lean no more.’ Pakeunit was in ruins, like Mount Hope, at a

few miles’ distance, where Philip lately dwelt in his pride; so was Concord, and most of the other settlements; Naticke alone was not wholly wasted, and here he retired for a time, and sought to gather his scattered people together, and restore their habits of industry and tranquility. The store-house was no longer filled with skins and furs for the market; the happy circles were no more gathered beneath their roofs; the sounds of prayer and praise came seldom on the ear; even the psalms that he had composed were neglected; it was a dark dispensation. At the age of seventy-two, it is sweet to sit in the shadow of the tree that we have planted, to listen to familiar sounds; to see the sun go down on our labours; and the faces we have long loved, grow more kind as the night draws near. But he was called to build and to plant at the eleventh hour, to go forth again to the forest and plain, to wait for his reward in eternity; and he was content to do so.—Eagerly and cheerfully as in the days of his youth, with his staff in his hand, and his leathern girdle about his loins, he left the blackened homes of his settlements, and journeyed to the ‘howling wilderness,’ if he might but gain new converts to God. It is not easy to regard this man without admiration. It was not with him as in days past, when public approval at home and abroad followed every step, and every lip hailed him as the apostle: men branded him as insidious, traitorous, a lover of himself more than of his country; and for the first time in his life the iron entered into his soul. Wherever he went, the traces of the war were fearfully distinct: the two remote settlements, beside the falls of the Merrimack, were desolated; many of the warriors had mingled in the strife, and their thirst of blood had come again; others listened carelessly to his words, and the lonely missionary saw that his hope was vain. ‘I have studied to be faithful to their souls,’ he said, as he looked sadly round. Yet his zeal and perseverance were at last rewarded; never was his preaching attended with greater success; his head was lifted again from the dust; perhaps there was something irresistibly impressive, to the Indians, in the venerable man seeking their wilds again, and addressing them with the fire, as well as the charity, of his earlier days. Perhaps, also, it was the will of Heaven to shed a glory round the latter days of its faithful servant, and bid the morn break more beautiful from the night of tears. During the few succeeding years, he had the inexpressible comfort of seeing his churches gradually restored; the assemblies gathered again, and, if a great number of old faces were not among them, there were others equally earnest from other tribes; the plantations again rose around the towns, and good conduct, as well as feelings of kindness and mercy, prevailed