

familiar to his Indians, was a useful as well as an ingenious one; and it is probable that Wesley many years afterwards borrowed it from this missionary.

He knew how greatly they admired the art of speaking in others, and would be delighted, as well as flattered, to possess it themselves. He drew them on to state in public, before their own people, their views of divine truth, and the feelings of their hearts. "In doing this," he says, "they were daunted much at first to speak before the grave assembly of their countrymen"; but habit gave confidence: Wauhon and two or three more chiefs had broken the ice, and their example was followed by others. The advantage of this kind of confession was very evident; it gave the speakers a fluency and command of expression, when dwelling on religious themes, and riveted the attention of their hearers. It was a most engaging thing, that those warriors, to whose despotic will they lately bowed down, should now be affectionately urging them to happiness.

Eliot's toils of translation, to which we must again allude, were of a character far different from his long journeyings through the wilds, or his exciting addresses to the tribes; they were painful in the extreme, and sufficient of themselves to have occupied a large portion of life. Mention has been already made of his Indian Grammar. In September, 1661, he published the New Testament, with marginal references; it consisted of fifteen hundred copies, and was printed at the expense of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel." Previous to this, he had printed a few tracts, as well as catechisms, for the use of his people. Before the end of the year 1663, he had finished the translation of the Old Testament also, which had long occupied him; thus the whole Bible was printed in the Indian tongue: it may be imagined with what eagerness it was received by the Indians. The commissioners of the "United Colonies" beheld with joy the completion of these works, and "were bold," to use their own language, "to present them to his majesty." This was Charles the Second, who had now ascended the throne, and cared as little about the conversion of the heathen as he did about hunting the wild bear. "Publications also of these sacred writings to the sons of men," they remark, "is a work that the greatest princes have honoured themselves by. But to publish the same to a lost people, a people without law, within riches, or any such thing, that sat in darkness and the shadow of death—this puts a lustre on it that is superlative. The colonies of the Spanish nation have sent home much gold and silver; that, we confess, is a scarce commodity in this colder climate; but we present this, and other fruits of our endeavours to plant the Gospel here, which, upon a true account, are as much better than gold,

as the souls of men are more worth than the whole world." It may be imagined how cordially the profligate Charles sympathized in such an address, and how sincerely he admired this diffusion of truth in preference to a few piles of gold laid at his feet. That excellent professor, Oliver, would have shed tears of joy at the news,* and written a touching letter on the occasion.

Eliot lost no time, after the publication of the Scriptures, in turning his attention to other things; namely, the translation of Baxter's Practice of Piety, and one or two of his other works, a few religious treatises, and, lastly, the Psalms of David in metre, which he called Indian Peater. He speaks of these things in a letter to his friend and correspondent, Baxter: "However black the cloud is, and angry the storm, the work of truth goeth on; from that cloud, the glory of Christ shall soon break forth. We are not without our snares and troubles, but we must not cease and wait till the calm shall be. I purpose in my heart to translate for the Indians a little book of yours; the keenness of the edge, the liveliness of the spirit, of that book, through the blessing of God, may be of great use to them. I have begun the work already, and find a great difference from my former translations. I am forced sometimes to alter the phrase, for the facilitating and fitting it to our language, in which I am not so strict as I was in the Scripture. Some things which are fitted for English people, are not fitted for them, and in such things I make bold to fit it for them. But I do little that way, knowing how much beneath wisdom it is, to show a man's self witty in mending another man's work. To show my people clearly the way and manner of a Christian life and conversation, in their daily course, is my constant wish. Sir, I beseech you, in your holy retirements, in your silent chambers, when the door is shut, and your heart burns with the power of the Divine presence—think of me!" Baxter, in his reply, seems to envy his friend—but in all kindness—the possession of this eminent gift:—"There is no man on earth whose work is more honourable or comfortable than your's. There are many here that would be ambitious of being

* We believe that "the excellent professor" Oliver, if he had shed tears at all, would have shed sincere tears of joy at the news.—Such rulers as Cromwell have been seldom afforded to the world, but the lesson which his administration teaches is not the less edifying. Rulers may copy from the great Puritan. The Protector threw his broad shield over more than England's liberties. We suspect the Pope would have been learning some lessons from his excellency, had he been alive at the present day; and that Cardinal Wiseman would not have been the worse of a doctrine or two out of the same college.