

lated the Bible, and several other books, such as Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, the Psalms of David in Metre, Catechisms, Primers, &c., into the Nipmuck language. Dr. Cotton Mather says of Eliot's Bible: "This Bible was printed here at our Cambridge; and it is the only Bible that ever was printed in all America, from the very foundation of the world. The whole translation was writ with but one pen, which pen, had it not been lost would have certainly deserved a richer case than was bestowed upon that pen with which Holland writ his translation of Plutarch." More than one hundred and twenty years ago, Dr. Douglass, in his History of America, said: "Mr. Eliot, with immense labour, translated and printed our Bible into Indian. It was done with a good, pious design, but it must be reckoned among the *Ottosorum hominum negotia*. It was done in the Natick (Nipmuck) language. Of the Naticks at present, there are not twenty families subsisting, and scarce any of them can read. *Cui bono?*" This is, alas! true—the translation is useless, and the tribes which Eliot and the scholarly Mayhews gave their lives' work for, are no longer known. In the far west, a few strangers among the Chippawas and Crees and other Algonquins may still carry the tradition of a New England name in their memories. The great Indian war broke out, called King Philip's war, Philip, the son of old Massasoit, of the Pokanokets, being the ruling spirit therein. It was a cruel, unjust war, like too many of those which the people of the United States have waged with the former possessors of their vast domain. Eliot and his brethren had to stand by and see, not only the destruction of pagan tribes, but of their quiet and unoffending converts.

In 1675 a massacre of some Wamesit women and children, all of whom were Christians, and some of them of good report for piety, took place, the authors of it being fourteen men of Massachusetts, from Chelmsford. This calamity caused the flight of the Wamesits to Canada, whither others of the converts had fled. Speaking of this people, Drake in his American Indians says: "Six or seven old persons remained behind, who were hindered from going by infirmity; these poor blind and lame Indians were all burned to death in their wigwams. This act, had it occurred by accident, would have called forth the deepest pity from the breast of every human creature to whose knowledge it should come. But horror, anguish and indignation take the place of pity, at being told that the flames that consumed them were lighted by the savage hands of white men!" Many others of these neutral Indians, were either sold into slavery or executed at Boston. Such occurrences as these almost broke Eliot's loving heart. He died in 1690. His letters to the Honourable Robert Boyle, for a long time the head of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians, are full of sad stories that counterbalance the good news of the favorable reception of the truth by these unhappy people. The following rude verse of a New England ballad of a somewhat later period, 1725, describing Lovewell's fight with the Pequawkets, is characteristic of the spirit of the times, when one who is elsewhere spoken of as "the polished and brave, well-learned and kind Jonathan Frye, from Harvard's learned halls" could be found doing work as unlike Eliot's as well may be imagined:

"Our worthy Captain Lovewell, among them there did die;
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew."

What a contrast between John Eliot, surrounded by a group of single-hearted and attached converts, clothed and in their right mind, singing