

"This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest man."

"He listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs ; then tun'd his ear
To angel harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial, sigh'd and died."

"Death does not always warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live.
Repent in time, no time delay,
I in my prime was called away."

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I ;
As I am now, so you will be,
Therefore, prepare to follow me."

"This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did.
Death but entombs the body,
Life the soul :
Hers was the meekness of the rising morn."

The epitaph of Tabitha Plasket, written by herself, breathes such a spirit of defiance that it attracts much attention :

"Adieu vain world, I have seen enough of thee ;
And I am careless what thou say'st of me ;
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear,
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here."

Mrs. Plasket, in her widowhood, taught a private school for small children, at the same time, as was the custom of her day, doing her spinning. Her mode of punishment was to pass skeins of yarn under the arms of the little culprits and hang them on nails. A suspended row was a ludicrous sight.

One tombstone commemorates seventy-two seamen, who were wrecked in the harbour. Near by is the cenotaph of Adoniram Judson—whose body, deeper than plummet sinks, lies buried in the Indian Sea.

In Pilgrim Hall, a model museum, is an extremely interesting collection of relics of the forefathers of New England : Governor Hancock's clock, with its appropriate motto, *Tempus fugit*, still keeping time correctly, though 180 years old ; Elder Brewster's chair ; Alden's Bible and halberd ; the cradle of Peregrine White,