

arrest the motion of the ships. The fate of the ancient mariner threatens these daring men—"the first that ever burst into this lonely sea." Now it is that the greatness of Columbus rises into sublimity. His confidence mounts higher as difficulties thicken. By firmness, patience and kindness he is able to control this crowd of superstitious, frightened men; to repress their rage and despair, and to lure them on. What though the dash of endless waves is in his ear, a hand is stretched to him from out the darkness, and grasping it fearlessly he is led onward. As the sea heaves beneath the stern, and the cordage rattles in the wind, he seems to hear from afar the plunge of mighty Amazon, as it leaps from its Continent into Atlantic's arms; and with clear-glancing, prophetic eye he already beholds the billows laving the green isles that lie before him, and breaking in foam on the shores he has dreamed of.

Onward glide the caravels. To all remonstrances the daring captain's answer is, that he has come out in search of the Indies, and, by the blessing of Heaven, he will not turn back till he has done his work. His faith flings the mountains of doubt and difficulty into the sea. But now, at last, the star of hope rises: messengers from the land of promise, in the shape of strange, bright birds, come around the ships. Another day, and lo! a thorn-branch, with berries on it, floating past. What a blessed sight to the despairing seamen! Then a board is picked up, and then a rudely-carved staff—the work of human hands. Doubt vanishes; land is near; gloom gives way to confidence. It is now the evening of 11th October, 1492, the thirty-sixth day out. The sun goes down on the same weary round of waters which, for so long a time, their eyes had ached to see beyond. Every eye is eagerly peering into the darkness for the first glimpse of land. It is the eagle glance of the heroic commander that gets the first vision of his own New World. At ten o'clock he is ranging the dusky horizon; sees a light ashore and points it out to others. At two o'clock in the morning, the leading ship gives the signal of land by firing a gun. What a night was this, when with the morning's sun the curtain shall rise on a new world, on which the eyes of European had never gazed! How impatiently the sleepless eyes look out for the dawn! Slowly the morning mists rise; and lo! before their eager gaze lies a small, green island, beautiful exceedingly, its shores lined with the Red-men, the children of another hemisphere. Columbus named it San Salvador. With becoming pomp and ceremony, and attended by a retinue of his followers, the heroic leader lands; and by one common impulse they all fall on their knees with tears—tears of that deepest kind that men know not the cause of—and "poured forth their immense thanksgiving to Almighty God." The noble deed is done, not to be done again at all for ever: one that must stand alone in the records of time, encircling the name of the doer with imperishable renown. The secret of the great deep is disclosed: once and forever a knowledge of the New World is secured for all men.

The hour of triumph for Columbus has arrived. He returns to Spain; lands at Palos amid the ringing plaudits of the populace; marches in triumphal procession, like a Roman conqueror, to Barcelona, surrounded by his peaceful spoils—his Indians, gold, strange animals and plants—the joy-bells ringing as he passes through the towns; the people crowding the house-tops to view the peaceful victor of the hour. Seated on their thrones, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, Ferdinand and Isabella await his approach; and as he enters the magnificent saloon, they rise to receive him, bid him be seated in their presence, and having listened to his wondrous tale, they all fall on their knees and give thanks to God with many tears, and rising chant the