

under which his aged head rolled from the headsman's block. But the dream which he had of a New England in the West has been realized to an extent which even he, in his most sanguine moments, could hardly have imagined. Look now over the continent of America,—the home of free, energetic communities, and we have the eloquent answer to the poetic anticipation of the poet laureate more than two centuries ago:—

Who in time knows whither we may vent,
The treasures of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds, in th' yet unformed Occident
May come refined with accents that are ours?

THE PILGRIMS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Some years after Raleigh's death, whilst the French were endeavouring to establish themselves in Acadie and Canada, the ships of Captain Newport conveyed to the banks of James River, in that colony of Virginia to which the adventurous Englishman had cast such longing eyes, the first vital germ of English colonization on this continent. Twelve years later than the foundation of Jamestown—now nearly two centuries and a half ago—the *Mayflower* brought to the shores of New England a little colony of men who had become exiles for conscience sake. "With almost religious veneration a grateful posterity," says the American historian, "has always preserved the rock at New Plymouth where the Fathers of New England first landed." A grim and firm-faced band of men were they, not very lovable certainly, not always tolerant of those who differed from them in opinion. Yet they possessed and exhibited all those qualities of indomitable energy and fortitude amid difficulties, which were best fitted to enable them to win a new home in that rugged wilderness. Think how strongly rooted must have been their convictions, how remarkable their adherence to principle, when they could so resolutely leave the old world and face the perils of that wilderness continent. Imagine the solitude that reigned around them—a few stragglers in Canada, a few Englishmen at Jamestown, a few Spaniards in Florida. Unknown perils beset them at every step. The fires of the Indian were alone to be seen along the streams, or marked his hunting paths amid the illimitable forests that stretched over that virgin continent, now at last to be won to civilization. Yet these men courageously accepted the *fatigue* that destiny had marked out for them, and even welcomed the solitude of that untamed wilderness, where they could openly avow and practise their religious principles, in fear neither of men nor monarchs.

FRENCH MARITIME ENTERPRISE.

Let us now look to France, and see what her love for maritime adventure has achieved on this continent. It is to the enterprise of some of her resolute seamen that those countries of British America owe the first settlements on their shores. So far there has been two eras in the history of these provinces. First, there was the era when the French occupied or rather laid claim to so large a portion of the conti-

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