

"Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people. Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible. Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in earnest entreaty. Then from their homes in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth, Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*, Homeward bound o'er the seas and leaving them there in the desert.

Meanwhile the master Taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Sprang into his boat and in haste shoved off to his vessel, Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and sickness and sorrow, Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel. Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back with the *Mayflower*! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing. Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel, Much endeared to them all as something living and human. Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic, Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth Said, "Let us pray," and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage. Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred Seemed to wake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered. Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean, Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of returning."

We make no apology for quoting so fully Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims. We have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal, and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact, both in minute details and even in the speeches of its principal characters.*

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not only unprovided with food, but the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During the cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." "Tradition declares," says Bancroft, "that at one time the colonists were reduced to a pint of corn, which being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels; but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together they had no corn whatever." They were forced to live on mussels, ground nuts, and clams, which they dug up on the shore, and returned thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, "of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.) Meanwhile the village was inclosed with a stockade, a brazen howitzer was mounted on the roof of the church,—

"A preacher who spoke to the purpose, Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen;"—

and the little garrison kept "watch by night and ward by day on their half

*Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapon beside him ready for battle."

Thus, among manifold privations and sufferings, amid famine and fever, and perils, and deaths, but sustained by a lofty hope and an unfaltering faith, the foundations of empire were laid.

BURIAL HILL.

As one walks to-day beneath the venerable elms of Leyden Street, whose name commemorates the old Dutch town where for a time the Pilgrims sojourned, the past is more real than the present. The scene is haunted with oldtime memories, and with the ghosts of the Pilgrim forefathers of New England. Inexpressibly sad to me was the outlook from Burial Hill, thickly studded with grave stones bearing the historic names of the Pilgrims. The tide was out, a broad expanse of dulce and seaweed spreading far and wide beneath the eye. Not a sail was in sight, and only a solitary seagull gleamed white against a sullen sky, and hung poised on unmoving pinion, "like an adventurous spirit o'er the deep." Here amid the graves of that first sad winter, with loving hearts and eyes that were dimmed with long watching and with tears, I felt sure that the fair Priscilla must often have gazed wistfully upon the sea—"the awful, pitiless sea"—hoping for the needed succour whose long delay made their hearts sick.

Burial Hill is thickly studded with gravestones, bearing rudely-carved inscriptions of the descendants of the Pilgrims. Among the characteristic Puritan names I noted the following: Consider, Experience, Patience, Mercy, Thankful, Desire, Abigail, Selah, Abiel, Antipas, Bethiah, Silvanus, Seth, Nathaniel, Bathsheba, Elnathan, Ebenezer, Job, Perez, Eliphalet, Mehetabel, Tabitha, Zilpah, Bethian, Gideon, Ichabod, Israel, Zabdial, Pella, Zeruah, Eunice, Jerusha, Lois, Lemuel, Priscilla, Penelope, and many others. Sarahs and Rebeccas were especially numerous. One of the oldest epitaphs read as follows:

"He glanced into our world to see
A sample of our miserie."

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.

PILGRIM HALL.

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, the first child born in New England; the sword of Miles Standish, the valiant captain, "who knew, like Cæsar, the names of each of his soldiers." This is an ancient Saracen blade, brought from the east during the crusades. There is shown a piece of embroidery, wrought by the redoubtable Captain's daughter, and bearing the following verse:—

Lorea Standish is my name,
Lord guide my heart that I may do Thy will;
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill

As will conduce to virtue void of shame,
And I will give the glory to Thy name.

There are also in a glass-case, the originals of Mrs. Heman's ode, "The breaking waves dashed high," and of Bryant's poem: "Wild was the day, the wintry sea;" a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, whose strange words no man on earth can read; and other objects of interest. A noble painting of the embarkation of the Pilgrims will rivet the attention. The faith and hope and high resolve written on each countenance; the pathos of the partings, "such as wring the life out from young hearts;" the high-souled heroism of even the women and the children will long linger in the mind. Near Plymouth Rock is the old Winslow House, with its quaint interior architecture and decorations, which I was kindly permitted to examine. Near the town is the noble Forefathers' Monument,—crowned with a majestic statue of Liberty—over eighty feet high.*

British Land Agitation.

FOR some months there has been serious trouble in the island of Skye. The island is one of that famous group of the Hebrides which lies off the west coast of Scotland. It is noted for the visit once paid to it by the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, and for the loyalty of its people, in the last century, to the Stuart "pretender," Charles Edward.

Skye is a bleak and rugged, yet romantic island. It lies in a very stormy and gloomy sea. Its soil is for the most part difficult and little fruitful. Yet a large part of its people derive their existence from the cultivation of the soil.

The trouble which has for sometime disturbed the tempest-worn little island arises from the dispute between the proprietors of the land and the tillers of the soil. The latter are called "crofters." They have long been subject to oppression and extortion on the part of their landlords; and have at last combined to resist them with all their resources.

A hardy, stubborn race are these crofters. The men of the isles for centuries played a notable part in the repeated wars in which the Scots were engaged. They followed Bruce and Wallace, and fought bravely on the field of Culloden.

The evils of which they now complain are much the same as those which have made Ireland so long discontented. The Skye landlords demand high rents, which the crofters find it hard to pay, and yet live and support their families. The landlords also pitilessly use their legal right of eviction. If the crofter does not promptly pay his rent, he and his wife and children are turned out into the road.

But the present attitude of the crofters amounts to outright rebellion. They have combined throughout the island both to resist the collection of rent, and to defy the landlord's power to evict them. Not only have they paid no heed to the land bailiffs, but they have refused to submit to the sheriffs and the officers of the law.

Sooner or later, no doubt, the crofters will be forced to obey the power of the

*For the information of readers, statistically inclined, I may mention that the figure is 216 times life-size. The nose is 16 inches, the upraised arm 20 feet, and the fore-finger two feet long. It is the largest granite statue in the world.

Government. It will not do to allow the laws to be defied, and disorder to reign, in any part of the British kingdom.

On the other hand, the condition of the crofters, if they have again to submit to the exactions of their landlords, will be a pitiable one. It is even doubtful if they can continue to till the almost barren soil of the island. The alternative of starvation or emigration is likely to stare them in the face.

This agitation of the land question, however, in the remote north-western island, has already called attention afresh to the unjust condition of the land laws throughout Scotland and England. It bid fair to arouse a powerful agitation for their reform.

Ireland has already obtained a welcome change in her land system; the English peasant also needs and should have relief from the inequalities and oppressions of the present law, which had its origin in the feudal system.—*Youth's Companion*.

"Making up Your Mind."

PERHAPS there is no one habit that has greater effect upon the character and prosperity of human beings than that of indecision. The people who do not know their own minds, or who have great difficulty in what is called "making up their minds," are too frequently people who have not any great amount of mind to make up. They wait, and worry, and ask others what to do, without ever, for a moment, intending to follow anybody's way but their own. One moment they decide; the next they change their minds; and, which ever way they finally settle any point, they are sure to wish they had chosen the other way.

It is mistaken kindness to try to help such people in their decisions, as they are pretty certain to regret any step they have taken, and not always so considerate as not to say, "Well, I never should have done it that way if it had not been for you." Indeed, one marked characteristic of people who cannot make up their minds is that of holding other people responsible for their mistakes. They want to find fault with some one, and cannot quite "make up their minds" whom to blame, and do not like to blame themselves, and end by great injustice to their friends. The little mind such people have is really in a pitiable state, and indecision is the most uncomfortable and exasperating of all possible mental frames. It is exasperating and wearisome to other people as well as to one's self, for we are so linked together that we cannot do or be anything without affecting the comfort or welfare of others.

The ability or inability to look promptly at the reasons for or against a decision, and the power to decide wisely and readily, is largely a matter of habit. Practice in small things will prepare the mind to think vigorously and to act promptly in greater matters, as they come up. Create the habit, young friends. Do not spend time in a "valley of decision" that should be spent in the highways of action.

Men seldom die of hard work, activity is God's medicine. The highest genius is willingness and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous, possession.