

Meanwhile the village was inclosed with a stockade, a brazen howitzer was mounded 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 rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapon beside him ready for battle.”

Even the seed entrusted to the ground seemed to have perished. For six weeks there was no rain. The land was consumed with drought. The heavens were brass and the earth iron. “It seemed as if God had forsaken them.” But they feared lest they had forsaken Him. They therefore sought Him in solemn fasting and prayer, “in hope,” says Winslow, “that God would grant the request of their dejected souls, if their countenance might in any way stand with His glory and their good.” They were not troubled with scientific doubts as to the efficacy of prayer. From nine o’clock in the morning, for eight or nine hours, they continued in religious exercise and devout supplication. And lo! while they were yet assembled, the clouds began to gather, and for fourteen days “distilled soft, sweet and moderate showers of rain. It was hard to say,” they devoutly add, “whether our withered corn or our drooping affections were most revived, such was the bounty and goodness of God.”

Thus, amid 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.

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 dulse 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