

• Massey's Illustrated •

[TORONTO.]

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

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SELECTED LITERATURE

John Robinson of Leyden Town.

JOHN ROBINSON, of Leyden town,
Ne'er left the Zuyder-Zee,
Nor saw the Mayflower's anchor down
Within a foreign sea,
But knelt upon the Speedwell there,
Amid the sails and spars,
Poured out his soul in fervent prayer
To Him who holds the stars.

God's open Word was in his hand,
His face transfigured bright,
The centre, to that exile band,
Of a celestial light.
And lo! an unscen multitude,
Drawn as to holy ground,
Heroic souls for truth who've stood,
Encompassed them around.

A continent was waiting fair,
Beyond the watery waste,
Where they faith's deeds might do and dare,
And faith's high triumphs taste.
And out across those unknown seas,
God gave to them command
To go as his first witnesses
For man's true rights to stand.

To wield the ax and gun, knew they,
Alike, the state to build:
And sages past had seen their day;
Man's dreams in them fulfilled.

They went as kings and priests to God,
By truth's persuasions drawn,
And on this now-found world abroad
Awoke fair freedom's dawn.

John Robinson of Leyden town
Long sleeps at Zuyder-Zee:
The truth for which he stood is sown
O'er every land and sea.
The centuries drive on apace,
They cannot blot the day
The Mayflower turned cold seas to face,
Or anchored in the bay.

—J. E. Rankin, L. L. D.

The Runaway.

WOULD they put her in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught her?"
Folks would surely think she was crazy.

She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.

Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and green in the late fall. Here and there beside a sunken boulder stood the golden rod, or berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood solitary trees, where fluttering, brittle leaves fell in the gentle, chill air. In summer time she remembered

well the haymakers rested in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed as she sat there to remember everything. The house was all right, she was sure of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire was out in the stove, and the cat locked in the barn.

She held her work-hardened hand to her side, panting a little, for it was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was eighty years old on her last birthday. The cows feeding looked homelike and pleasant.

"Goodby, critters," she said aloud; "meny's the time I've druv' ye home an' milked ye, an' I allus let ye eat by the way, nor never hurried ye as the boys done."

With a farewell glance she went on again, smoothing, as she walked, the scattered locks of grey hair falling under the pumpkin hood and keeping her black scant gown out of the reach of briars. Across another field, then through a leafy lane where the wood was hauled in winter, then out through a gap in a stump fence, with its great branching arms like a petrified octopus, to the dusty high road.

Not a soul in sight in the coming twilight. John, the children and the scolding wife who made her so unhappy, would not be home for an hour yet, for East Mills was a long drive.

Down the steep hill went the brave little figure, followed by an old shadow of itself in the waning light, and by the tiny stones that rolled so swiftly—they passed her often and made her look behind with a start to see if a pursuer was coming.

"They'd put me in the asylum, sure," she muttered wildly, as she trudged along.

At the foot of the hill she sat down upon an old log and waited for the train.

Across the road guarded by a big sign, "Look out for the engine," ran two parallel iron rails that were to be her road when the big monster should come panting around the curve.

At last the dull rumble sounded, a shrill whistle, and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl to signal.

This, in the conductors' vernacular, was a cross-roads station, where he was used to watch for people waving articles frantically. The train stopped and the passenger was taken aboard. He noticed she was a bright-eyed old lady, very neat and precise.

"How fur?" he asked.

"Boston."

"Get there in the mornin'," he said, kindly, waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little reticule, where, under her knitting, wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief, was her purse with her savings of long years—the little sums Sam had sent her when he first began to prosper in the west, and some money she had earned herself by knitting and berry picking.

At a cross road, as they went swiftly on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the rattling wagon, and John with his family driving homeward. She drew back with a little cry, fearing he might see her and stop the train, but they went on so fast that could not be, and the old horse jogged into the woods, and John never thought his old Aunt Hannah, his charge for twenty long years, was running away.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a through ticket for Denver.

"It's a long journey for an old lady like you," he said.