

the sea was heavy, and the rudder broke, so that they were obliged to steer with oars; the storm increased in violence and night was at hand; in order to reach the harbour before dark, as much sail as possible was set, when in a few minutes the mast was broken into three pieces and the sails fell overboard, but fortunately the tide was favourable. The pilot, in dismay, would have run the boat on shore, in a cove full of breakers. "About with her," cried a sailor, "or we are cast away." They put her about immediately, and passing over the surf, they entered a fair sound, and sheltered themselves under the lee of the rising land. It was dark and the rain beat furiously; the men were wet, cold, and weary; yet, regardless of the danger to be apprehended from the savages, they went on shore, and with great difficulty succeeded in kindling a fire.

When morning broke they found themselves on a small island in the entrance of a harbour. The weather still continued stormy, and the men required rest after the fatigue they had endured the foregoing day. But time was precious, the winter season was advancing, and their companions were left in suspense. The next day was the Christian Sabbath, and nothing marks the character of the Pilgrims more fully, than that they kept it sacredly, though every consideration demanded haste.

On Monday, the 11th day of December, the little exploring party of the forefathers landed at Plymouth; for so was the first New England colony named, in memory of the hospitality which the company had received at the last English port from which they sailed. In a few days the *MAYFLOWER*, with the rest of the party was safely moored in Plymouth harbour. They now began to build; but who can describe the difficulties that surrounded these conscientious men? Intense cold, miserable diet, and want of shelter had already caused fevers and consumption. The living were hardly able to bury the dead, and not till summer advanced did the mortality cease.