

The sowing had been generous. English debtors, French Huguenots, the German Salzburgers and Moravians, Jews, Quakers, persecuted for conscience' sake; Scotch Highlanders with their Lowland brethren; all abode for a time within its limits, and left their mark upon its harvest as though the field had been sown with varying seeds.

In 1743 Oglethorpe went home to England never to return to this cherished colony of his. He was still a young man in the vigorous plenitude of early middle age, and he lived to be very old. Active always in the affairs of his country, he won much distinction both as soldier and statesman. He lived to see the American colonies in revolt against England, and to decline a commission in the army sent over to quell that rebellion. A loving historian says of this that he refused to lend his aid to strike down the young colony he had rooted and fostered. If he considered England his mother, he regarded Georgia as his child.

The wife whom he married soon after his return from Georgia to permanent residence in England, leaves her tribute to his worth in a touching inscription upon his tomb; but the monument by which he is better known is hewn in the imperishable mountains and coasts of Georgia, and graven in that mark of selfless living which he set before the men of his generation.

The little lad, Salequah, untimely cut off from the land of the living, filled his small part in the planting for eternal harvest. The strong and wayward soul of Alexander Bucleugh learned, through being broken upon the wheel of anguish when this cherished child was torn from him, whether in fact