

for the bold attempt to solve the mystery of the western ocean; and on the morning of the 3rd of August, 1492, the bold navigator left the shores of the old world to travel over seas where no sail had ever been spread before.

Away went the little fleet, touching at the Canary Islands the farthest known land, to repair an injury to the steering gear of the *Pinta*, one of his three small vessels, and then on the 6th of September, he proceeded to cross the unknown seas, or, as the sailors called the Atlantic "The great sea of darkness."

Soon the shores of the Canary Islands were lost in the distance, and only sea and sky were around and above them. Now the hearts of the sailors failed them, for they seemed to have bid adieu forever to home, family and friends, and all before them was unknown. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the sailors, and some of them burst into loud cries of wailing. Then would come crowding back into the mind all the wild tales that their forefathers had believed, and many a stout hearted fellow on board fervently wished himself again at Palos, and called himself "fool" for having embarked on such a mad quest.

Columbus went from one to another, trying to soothe and encourage them. He talked to them of the rich and beautiful countries he had heard so much in Iceland; and promised them all their hearts might desire. The Admiral from the first had kept a daily journal, and the opening line under the title, "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" quite represents the feeling with which he regarded the voyage and the record of it. Columbus was firmly convinced that he was "called of God," and that the whole enterprise so long postponed, was directly under divine guidance. It was this, as much as his natural perseverance, and the knowledge he had gathered relative to the new land, that strengthened him against all temptations to turn back,

Early in September his flagship the *Santa Maria*, ship-