

# Home and School

## HARVEST HOME.

BY THE REV. JOHN WOOD.

The summer's toil is over,  
The fields are reaped and bare,  
And corn and grain and clover  
Are housed away with care :  
Our barns are filled with plenty,  
Our homes with all good cheer ;  
While many a cluster dainty  
Tells "*Harvest Home*" is here !

Raise high your happy voices,  
Ring out your merriest chime,  
For heaven with earth rejoices  
In the joy of harvest time.  
Young men and maidens gather,  
Old men and children come,  
And bless the loving Father  
Who sends us "*Harvest Home*."

All praise to Him whose blessing  
Renews each opening year,  
And still with care unceasing  
Brings the full corn to ear.  
In vain were all our labour,  
And all our watching vain,  
Did not His loving favour  
Send "*Harvest Home*" again.

Then bless ye God the Giver,  
Your Maker and your King ;--  
With presses running over,  
Ye well may laugh and sing,  
Yea, bless His name for ever,  
Who all t' invite has come  
To share the feast He's spreading  
For Heaven's great "*Harvest Home*."

## PLYMOUTH ROCK.

What is Plymouth Rock? It is, curiously enough, the only rock that is to be found on the coast for many miles ; a solitary ledge or huge boulder, now nearly buried in the sand ; differing in geological structure from any stone in the vicinity. How it came there nobody can tell, but it made a very good stepping stone from oppression to freedom, a threshold to a new civilization and a new world.

The natural growth of the shore, and

the building of wharves have left the rock so far up the beach now that a giant could not reach it at one stride from a boat in the bay ; but, fortunately, we need feel no doubts as we stand upon it, that it is the very spot first pressed by Pilgrim feet. In 1741 it formed part of the natural shore where waves flowed at high tide. It was proposed that year to build a wharf which would cover it, but an old man was living in Plymouth, Thomas Faunce, the last ruling elder in the first church there. He was ninety-five years old, and had known some of the Pilgrim Fathers intimately. When he heard of this intended sacrilege he tottered weeping to the stone, and in the presence of many of the citizens pointed out the rock made sacred by the Pilgrims' feet. In 1818 a man was living, for fifty-two years town clerk in Plymouth, who was present at this memorable scene. From that day the Rock has been held in reverence.

When the Revolutionary War was impending the citizens of Plymouth undertook to remove the whole of the Rock to Town Square to make of it a "liberty pulpit," from which to rouse the patriotism of the people. A large piece was split off in the attempt, and they concluded to be satisfied with this. Twenty yoke of oxen dragged it to the Square, where a liberty-pole was put up beside it, and many a rousing speech was made from the "liberty pulpit," doubtless.

There it was left until 1834, when it was set up, with appropriate ceremonies, in front of the Pilgrim Memorial Hall, where it now stands, enclosed with an iron railing. The date 1620 is printed on the stone in large white letters, and all around the railing are inscribed the names of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Within the Memorial Hall are gathered many curious relics of the Pilgrims : the sword of brave Miles Standish ; Governor Carver's high-backed, magisterial chair ; tables and stoves, andirons,