

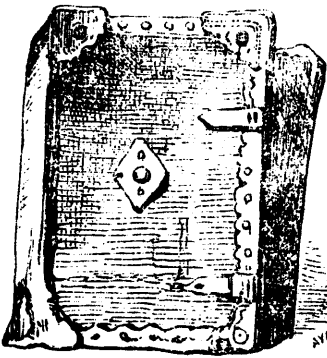


For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The First Settlers of New England.

We now call them the Pilgrim Fathers. In England they had been classed among the Puritans. Their mode of Church government was Presbyterian. King James I. wished all his subjects to belong to the Church of England. But some of them thought they had a right to worship God according to their own consciences, and they refused to conform to the Church of England. That gave them still another name, Nonconformists. I am telling you these names, so that when you read about them in history you will remember that these were the same people from whom the present Yankees of New England are descended.

King James tried hard to make them do as he wished, and when he found that arguments and commands would not answer he punished. He burned two at the stake, but that made so much



talk that he preferred to shut others in prison and let them die there. Many left the kingdom. Some fled to Holland, and quite a large congregation settled with their minister in Leyden. They could worship God here as they thought right, but they disliked the government and the manners of the Dutch, and especially their loose way of keeping the Sabbath. It was rather devoted to pleasure than observed as a day sacred to the Lord. But the worst part of the case was that their dear children, whom they wished to bring up in the fear of the Lord, mingled with the people of the land and practiced their customs, and became as wicked as they were. So they began to look about for a better home.

This happened a little more than one hundred years after the discovery of America. Some settlements had already been made there, and these people began to look to that as to a land of

promise. They thought that they could live there under the protection and the laws of England, while they would not be likely, at that distance, to be troubled about their modes of worship. So they at last selected a location in New England. They wished to send only a part of their number first, to open the way and to report to the rest. These were mostly young men, or those in the prime of life, with their families, in all one hundred and one souls. Their good pastor and many of their friends came

down to the seaport, Delft Haven, to see them off. They had a sad time at leave-taking, for it was a great task to cross the ocean. It takes from eleven to fourteen days now; it often took as many weeks in those times. They sailed on the fifth of August in two small ships, but a severe storm soon drove them back and made one of the vessels leak so badly that they were obliged to leave it and all go on board the other, the famous Mayflower. They had very severe storms on the way, but they would not turn back, and it was the ninth of November before they came to land at Cape Cod. This was not their desired haven, for they intended to go to the southwestern part of New England, or what is now New York; but the Dutch had some notion of making a settlement there, and so they had bribed the captain of the Mayflower to take these people further north. They were much disappointed, but it was late in the season, and they did not wish to keep their wives and children any longer shut up in the crowded ship. So they sent out men in a boat to find a good place to live in. They were out several days, one of which was Sunday. This they spent, under the rude shelter of boughs, among the snow as quietly and sacredly as if they had been in comfortable homes. The very next day they found a good place for a settlement



and then they went back to the ship. They all landed at Plymouth on December 20, 1620.

It was very cold weather, but they all went to work bravely and built a large house and got their stores into it from the ship. But the cold and the exposure made many of them sick, and soon their house burned down and they lost some of their stores. After that they built smaller houses; but they had a very hard winter of it, and about half their number died. The Indians around them were few and scattered, so that they could neither help nor hurt them much. They had recently been killed off by some pestilential disease. But if the pilgrims had gone, as they intended, to the mouth of the Hudson River, the strong Indian tribes there would probably have fallen on the little band and cut them all off. So God often makes our seeming misfortunes a blessing to us.

In spite of all their troubles they liked their new home so well that when the Mayflower returned to Europe in the spring not one of the pilgrims returned with her. They had no minister with them at first, but a good elder in the Leyden Church, named Brewster, conducted divine service for them many years. The chair which he used is still preserved. Above is a picture of it, and also of a Dutch Bible which they brought with them, and one of their window panes lighted with oiled paper instead of glass. The latter was too expensive for them. Some other relics also remain, which we may mention at another time.

AUNT JULIA.



The Children's Sabbath Pathway.

There's a pressure to-day of many feet
Left on the meadow soil,
And the step which sounds in the city street
Is not the tread of toil.
They come in groups and they come in pairs;
What errand this Sabbath-day is theirs?

They are children's feet. But all forgot
Is childhood's sportive play;
The wild flowers smile, but they lure them not,
Nor tempt them from their way.
Quick, yet happy, cheerful, yet slow,
Further and further the children go.

A chastened look is on each young cheek,
And a calm upon the brow,
Which seems of the Sabbath peace to speak,
Resting on Nature now.
And the ringing voices are only heard
Whispering softly some sacred word.

Over the snow in its waste so white,
Down the summer lanes so cool,
Through the autumn cornfields, yellow and bright,
They pass to the Sunday-school,
Waiting to welcome them, waiting to hold
The scattered lambs of the Shepherd's fold.

At the open door they enter in,
Their teacher's love to share;
And the teacher's task is for God to win
The young hearts gathered there;
To break the furrows and sow the seed,
And then before God for the harvest plead.

O, little ones, happy as thus ye meet,
God's grace be o'er ye shed!
His blessing shall rest on the willing feet
This Sabbath road which tread:
And many shall find when this life is past,
It has led to the golden gates at last.

M. K. M.

Little Sunshine.

Who is Little Sunshine? The child who does not pout, or frown, or say cross words, but who goes about the house laughing, smiling, singing, saying kind words, and doing kind deeds—that child is Little Sunshine. Does anybody know Little Sunshine? Where does Little Sunshine live?

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